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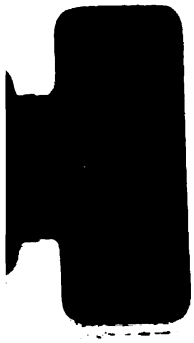
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXIX.—DECEMBER, 1876.—Vol. LIV.

THE HOME OF COLUMBUS.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—[FROM THE VENETIAN MOSAIC.]

IT is not our purpose to discourse in guide-book fashion of the old historic names and places of Genoa—to speak of the Dorias and Spinolas, the Fieschi and Grimaldi, or the Fregosi and Adorni; still less to give an account of that financial marvel, the Bank of St. George, once so famous when the Genoese were the bankers of Europe; or to describe the cathedral, with its Holy Grail and mortuary relics of John the Baptist; or dilate upon the outer shabbiness and inner glories of the Annunziata and its sister churches; or give an inventory of its many palaces, the Doria, the Brignole, the Durazzo, the palace of the king, and the rest. Are not all these to be found in Bædeker and Murray? We propose rather to give fugitive glimpses of the proud old sea queen in her every-day dress and holiday attire; to speak of the full, throbbing life of the city of the living, and its unique, populous, pulseless city of the dead; and most of all with reference to some names that posterity will not willingly suffer to die.

Genoa is not a city to detain the tourist long with its sight-seeing, though it will probably be the one on his way southward and eastward where he will first encounter a decided flavor of Orientalism. It can boast no world-renowned masterpiece in art or

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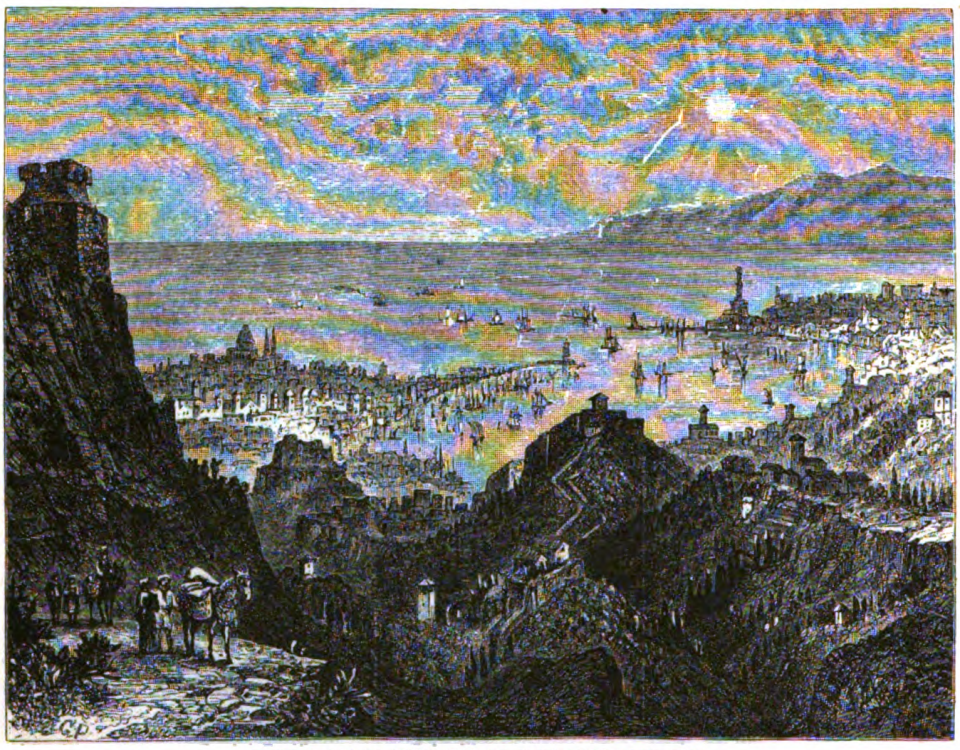
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architecture, like the Venus de' Medici or the Transfiguration, or that wondrous miracle in marble, the cathedral of Milan. It lacks the art treasures of Florence, the hoary monumental glories of Rome, the romantic charm of the Venetian "sea swan," or the dreamy, *dolce far niente* voluptuousness of incomparable Naples. But Genoa can boast, instead, of being the commercial metropolis of Italy —a city that belongs to the present as well as the past, and hence a city of brilliant contrasts, where the old and the new civilizations meet in fierce though friendly encounter; where Italian *vis inertia* and indolence are stimulated by Anglo-Saxon enterprise and energy; where the shrill whistle of the locomotive startles the slumberous chimes of the monastery bells, and the mediæval donkey brays out his solemn protest against the encroachments of the aggressive iron horse—a quaint, picturesque old city, with a subtle charm that grows upon you in spite of unfavorable first impressions, together with I know not what of transport in the majestic breadth of her glorious gulf, and the sublime sweep of its encircling mountains clad in purple and capped with snow.

Proudly seated upon her amphitheatre of vine-clad, olive-crowned hills, where many a sinuous fold gives interminable play to sunshine and shadow, for beauty of situation Genoa yields only to Naples and Constantinople in the Mediterranean. From her crescent-shaped port, with its forest of masts, to the mountain summits frowning with fortifications, palaces and villas, churches and convents, rise one above another in endless succession. It would seem as if the queenly city, too deeply enamored of her beautiful bay, were every where on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of its broad expanse of liquid sapphire, whose prismatic play of reflected light and color, as it loses itself in a rich autumnal sunset, with its opulence of purple and scarlet and gold, neither pen nor pencil can adequately portray.



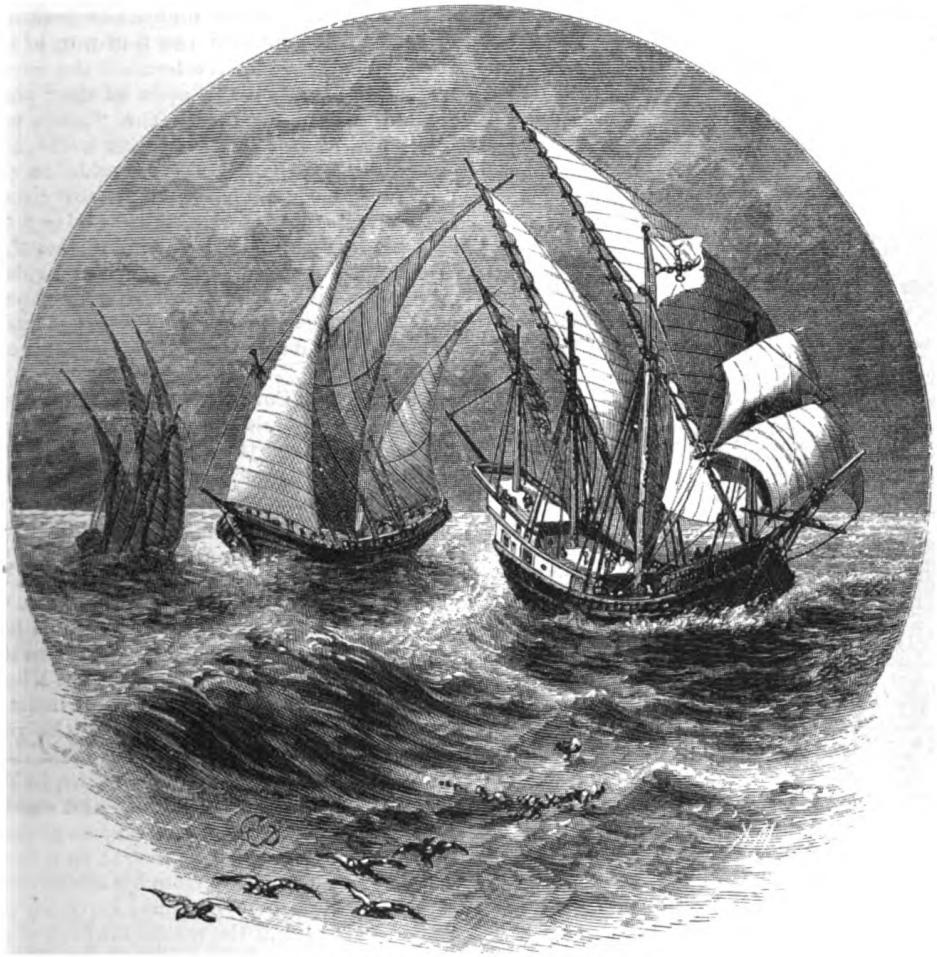
VIEW OF GENOA FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE CITY.

The principal thoroughfare, which is to Genoa what the Grand Canal is to Venice, rambles along through the great heart of the city in so uncertain a fashion as to be constantly losing its name, if not its identity. Here *La Superba* holds her carnival, and displays her pomp and pageantry. From this great artery, all athrob with the pulses of a restless, surging crowd, *vicoli* branch off laterally—narrow winding streets sacred to everlasting shade, but not to silence—and the still more remarkable *salite*—preposterous alleys set on end, where donkeys and sedans maintain their supremacy in spite of the nineteenth century—all together constituting a cunning net-work of streets so perplexing and involved that the city becomes a labyrinth, where the normal condition of every stranger without a guide is that of being lost.

Genoa is pre-eminently a city of magnificent vestibules. As you thread its narrow

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streets—in truth, so narrow that lovers on opposite balconies might span them with a kiss—your first impressions are for the most part unfavorable. Forbidding exteriors, with heavily grated windows and iron-clad doors, frown down upon you from every side, so that you can easily imagine



CARAVELS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

yourself in the midst of a city of prisons. But as you catch frequent glimpses of spacious courts and stately colonnades, grand marble stairways, broad sunny terraces, and beautiful gardens adorned with fountains and statuary, and all abloom with the orange or magnolia, you look upward and around, surprised to find yourself instead in a city of palaces, weather-stained and decayed it may be, but truly palatial, with walls massive enough for a mediæval castle, and with as many stories as Dante's Paradise.

Few men belong less to the age in which they lived than Columbus. In truth, he can scarcely be said to belong to any age. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of chivalry, he was a Knight Templar who had lost his way amidst the romantic cycles of the twelfth century, to find himself a discoverer among the practical though daring enterprises of the fifteenth. Had he lived during the first Crusade, he might have been sung by Tasso as the "star of knighthood" and the protagonist of the "Jerusalem Delivered." A singular compromise between a paladin and a philosopher, he would have been about equally at home with Peter the Hermit or Copernicus, Godfrey of Boulogne or Galileo. While he challenged philosophy at every point where she appeared to conflict with his cherished theories, in matters of religion he yielded a blind, unreasoning faith. To him a dream was a revelation. In his sleeping visions he heard a voice that to him was the voice of God.

His piety, though deep and fervent, was nevertheless tinctured with the superstition of his times. He engages in every important enterprise in the name of the "Holy Trinity," whether it be a voyage of discovery or the shipment of a cargo of slaves to be sold in the shambles of Seville. If, however, he enslaves untutored savages, it is with a view

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REPUTED BIRTH-PLACE OF COLUMBUS.

to Christianizing them—such is his implicit faith in the saving power of baptism and the efficacy of the holy wafer. At a time when the popular imagination had not thoroughly purged itself of the legendary lore of fairies and salamanders, hippogriffs and anthropophagi, dog-faced women and lion-bodied men, flying islands and fountains of perpetual youth, it is not surprising that Columbus should have seen "mermaids," though "not so like ladies as they are painted," or should become the bearer of dispatches to that mythical potentate Prester John, or, fancying he had discovered the river that flowed from the fountain of the tree of life, should have located the terrestrial paradise upon the apex of the "pear-shaped" earth, far above the "heats and frosts and storms" of this lower world, like the enchanted gardens of Armida in the Fortunate Isles. It is somewhat surprising, however, in view of the apprehensive fears of his superstitious crew, that on his first voyage he should have set sail on a Friday, and not a little remarkable that he should have discovered America, and returned again to the port of departure, all on the same unlucky day.

In the life of Columbus, so full of illusions and strange vicissitudes, there is a striking disparity between the ends he aimed at and those he actually accomplished. Like Saul, the son of Kish, he went out in search of his father's asses, and found a kingdom. The son of a wool-comber, with the key-note of a grand discovery ringing in his brain, he emblazons on his shield the royal arms of Castile and Leon. His favorite dream had been to find a direct route westward to the rich and populous realms of Kublai Khan, and he discovered a new world instead, though he died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his achievement. He had stipulated with the Spanish sovereigns, in the event of his success, for honors and emoluments that were regarded at first as absurdly extravagant. But if he insists on a tenth of all the profits arising from his discoveries, it is not in his own personal interest, but that he may obtain the means for fitting out an expedition for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre and the evangelization of the heathen. And yet at a time when he had vowed to furnish an army of 4000 horse and 50,000 foot for a crusade against the infidel Turk, he, who had "staked both soul and body on his success," had no resort but an inn, and was, for the most part, without the wherewithal to pay his bill; while it was reserved for another to confer his name upon the continent he had discovered: "a fine example," as Voltaire remarks, "of the *quid pro quos* of glory."

He went out in quest of gold, and discovered tobacco, the "divine weed" of Spenser—a discovery that has proved more productive, financially and commercially, than all the mines of Mexico or Peru. He sought to Christianize the untutored Indians, and thereby elevate them in the scale of modern civilization; but the lust, cruelty, and rapac-

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ity of his followers transformed a paradise of almost primeval beauty and simplicity into a land of cruel bondage, desolation, and death.

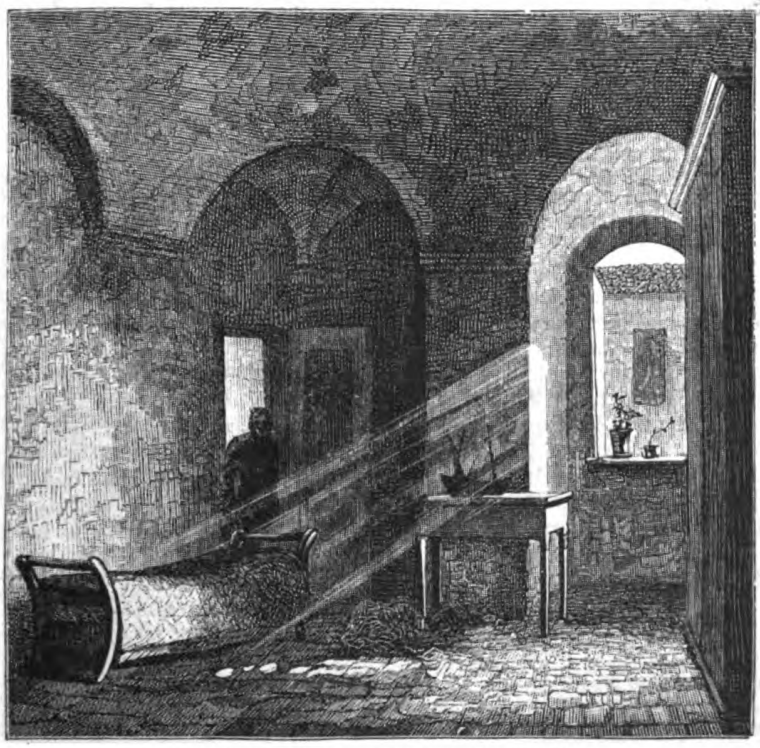
But whoever he is or whatever he does; whether a penitent at the confessional or a suppliant at court, a desperate adventurer or a successful discoverer, a viceroy of the Indies or a prisoner in chains; whether chanting a *Salva Regina* or performing a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe; whether quelling a mutinous crew, or combating a junto of cosmographical pedants, or curbing a cabal of Spanish hidalgos; whether engaged in piratical expeditions against the infidel or erecting wooden crosses on every headland of the New World—he is ever inspired with the same glowing enthusiasm—that sublime fervor of an ardent imagination that dignified his failures scarcely less than his success, and shed a halo of romance around the simplest of his acts as well as the grandest of his achievements.

While seven cities disputed the honor of being the birth-place of the divine Homer, and an almost equal number claim the nativity of the scarcely less divine Tasso, Columbus bears away the palm from both. Genoa, Cogoleto, Savona, Nervi, Piacenza, Cuccaro, Monterosso, and Quinto do not exhaust the list of ambitious cities and villages that aspire to the glory of having given to the world the Corypheus of Genoese heroes. And still another rival claim-



A GENOESE WOOL-COMBER.

ant has recently appeared. We see it stated, on the authority of the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*, that documents have lately been discovered in the island of Corsica and city of Calvi, purporting to be the original register of birth and baptism of Columbus, in which it is expressly affirmed that he was a native of that city. In the absence of similar documents to be found elsewhere, this would appear to open up again the whole of this vexed question.



ROOM WHERE COLUMBUS IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BORN.

The uncertainty in which the early life of Columbus is involved is the more to be regretted, as Humboldt observes, when one remembers all that the historians have so minutely preserved relative to the life of the dog Becerillo or the elephant Abulababat that Haroun-al-Raschid presented to Charlemagne. Without entering, however, upon the discussion of a question that would occupy the space of a score of magazine articles, we may say that the claims of Genoa,

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COGOLETO.

and those of Cogoleto, a village about fifteen miles distant from the former, on the Ligurian coast, appear to be the best. The will of Columbus, not long since discovered, seems to settle the point conclusively in favor of Genoa; but as its authenticity has been called in question, we have deemed it best, in furnishing our illustrations, to give the rival claims of Cogoleto the benefit of the doubt; the more so as the inscriptions found here upon the façade of his traditional birth-place are said to be the only ones in all Liguria relating to the birth of the great navigator. Of these, the following, in Italian, dates back to December 2, 1650, and is subscribed by Anthony Columbus, who appears to have been a priest:

"Con generoso ardir dall' Arca all' onde
Ubbidiente il vol Columba prende,
Corre, s' aggira, terren scopre, e fronde
D' olivo in segno, al gran Noè ne rende.
L' imita in cio Colombo, nè s' asconde
E da sua Patria il mar solcando fende;
Terreno al fin scoprendo diede fondo
Offerendo all' Ispano un nuovo Mondo.

"PRETE ANTONIO COLOMBO.

"Li 2 *Dicembre*, 1650."

Then follow the two Latin epigraphs:

"Hospes siste gradum: Fuit *Hic* lux prima Columbo
Orbe Viro majori; Heu! nimis arcta Domus!"

"Unus erat mundus; duo sunt ait *Iste*, fuere."

The room that is shown as the one where the great discoverer was born, and of which we furnish a faithful illustration, exhibits in its broken brick pavement evident traces of the vandalism of relic hunters; while the peasant woman who now occupies and exhibits it informed us, with a great deal of Italian fervor, that an American tourist had recently carried off one of the doors bodily. There is also preserved in the town-hall of Cogoleto what claims to be a faithful portrait of Columbus, more than three hundred years old, the large frame of which is covered with the autographs of ambitious travelers vainly seeking a cheap immortality.

One of the objects of interest that will first arrest the attention of the tourist on his arrival in Genoa from the north will be the monument erected to Columbus in front

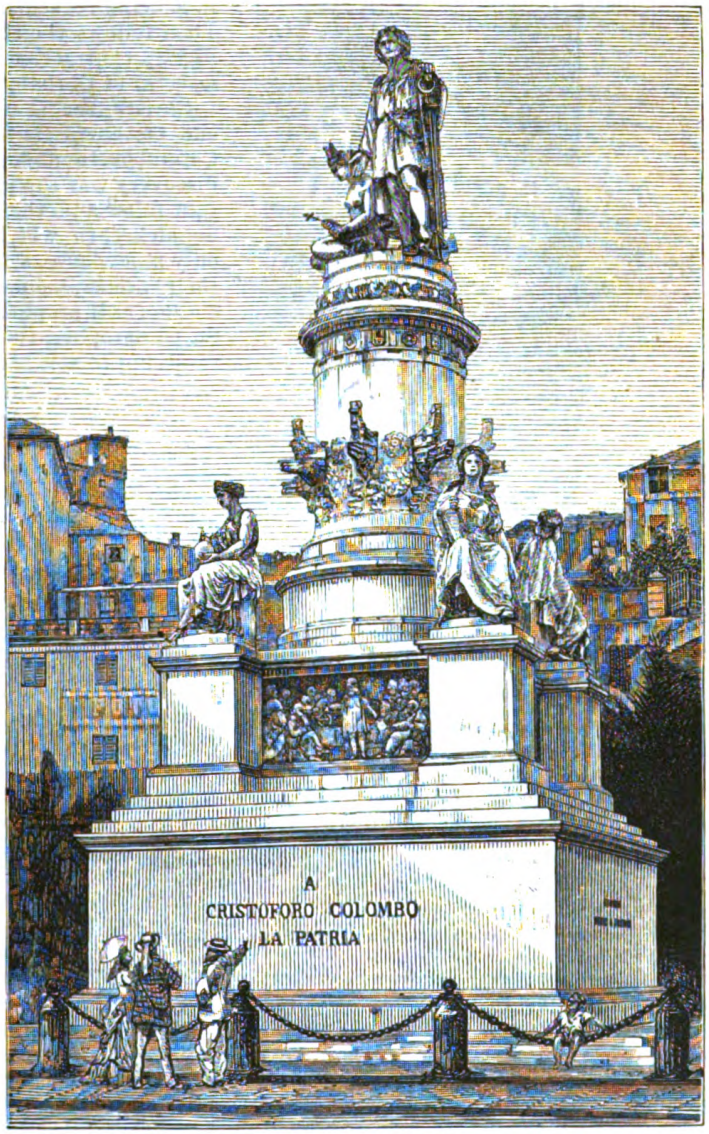
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of the railway station—a rather unsuccessful attempt to render in marble the immortal epic of the great Genoese navigator. It consists of a huge quadrangular pediment, at the angles of which are seated allegorical figures of Religion, Geography, Strength, and Wisdom. Resting on this pediment is a large cylindrical pedestal, decorated with ships' prows, upon which stands a colossal statue of Columbus, with his left hand resting upon an anchor. At his feet, in a half-sitting, half-kneeling posture, is an allegorical figure of America in the act of adorning a cross or crucifix which she holds in her right hand. The four bass-reliefs on the sides of the pediment represent the most important events in the life of the great discoverer: (1) Columbus before the Council of Salamanca; (2) Columbus taking formal possession of the New World; (3) his flattering reception on his return by the Spanish sovereigns; and (4) Columbus in chains.

The two-story house on the opposite side of the square, with a bass-relief and inscription relating to the discovery of America, is not unfrequently mistaken for the traditional birth-place of Columbus. This, however, is to be found not far from the prison of San Andrea, in a narrow alley—the Vico di Morcento. Whatever doubt may exist as to Columbus having been born here, it is quite certain that his father once lived here, and carried on his trade as a wool-carder—a fact that is attested by the commemorative marble tablet inserted in the wall near the main entrance.

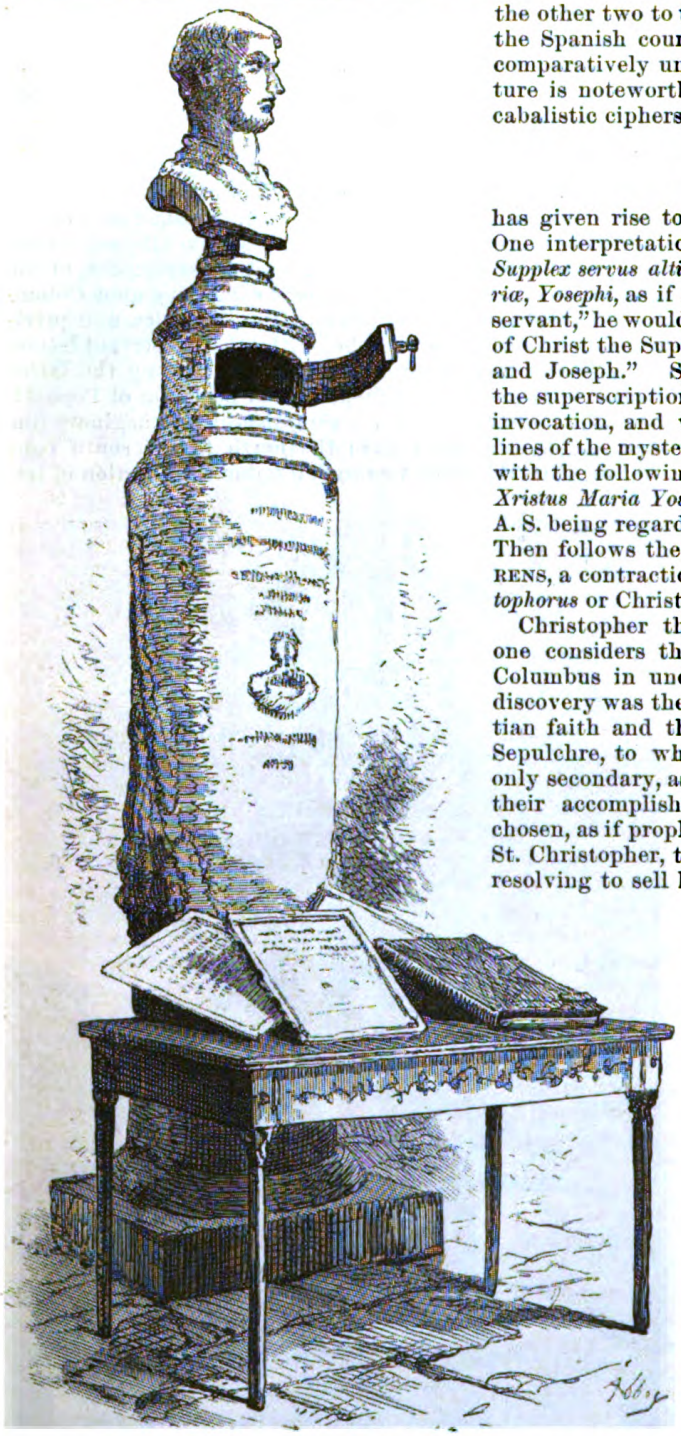
The American tourist will hardly fail to visit the Municipal Palace, where, among other objects of interest, will be found a fine mosaic portrait, the *Codice Diplomatico*, and some autograph letters of Columbus. The portrait is the gift of Venice to Genoa, sent, it may be, as a peace-offering to her ancient rival on her annexation to the great sisterhood of states that now constitute the Kingdom of Italy. Inclosed in an elegant frame of ebony inlaid with ivory, and superior as a work of art, it is a gift well worthy of the giver, and in the absence of any authentic likeness of the illustrious hero, is probably as reliable as any other extant.

The *Codice Diplomatico*, sometimes called the Portfolio, contains authenticated copies, beautifully engrossed on parchment, of the royal letters patent conferring upon Columbus his various titles, dignities, and privileges, together with other important letters and public documents. Among the latter is the famous bull of partition of Pope Alexander VI., establishing an imaginary line drawn from the north to the south pole, which was to determine the question of ter-



MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS.

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BUST, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, AND PORTFOLIO OF COLUMBUS.

ritorial right between the crowns of Castile and Portugal as to all future discoveries made by Portuguese and Spanish navigators, preserved under triple lock and key.

The autograph letters, within a marble column surmounted by a bust of Columbus, are three in number. One is addressed to the directors of the old Bank of St. George, the other two to the Genoese embassador at the Spanish court. The subject-matter is comparatively unimportant, but the signature is noteworthy. Its superscription of cabalistic ciphers,

.S.
.S. A .S.
X M Y,

has given rise to not a little controversy. One interpretation is that they stand for *Supplex servus altissimi Salvatoris Xristi, Mariæ, Yosephi,* as if instead of "Your obedient servant," he would say, "The humble servant of Christ the Supreme Saviour, and of Mary and Joseph." Spotorno, however, regards the superscription rather in the light of an invocation, and would read the last two lines of the mysterious characters vertically, with the following interpretation: *Salva-me Xristus Maria Yosephus,* the three letters S. A. S. being regarded as final and not initial. Then follows the simple signature, Xpō FERENS, a contraction for *Xristo-ferens—Christophorus* or Christopher.

Christopher the Christ-bearer! When one considers that the leading object of Columbus in undertaking his voyages of discovery was the propagation of the Christian faith and the rebuilding of the Holy Sepulchre, to which his discoveries were only secondary, as furnishing the means of their accomplishment, his name, so fitly chosen, as if prophetic, recalls the legend of St. Christopher, the traditional giant who, resolving to sell his services to the mightiest, after serving the emperor and one who was greater than the emperor, the Black Prince of the forest, set out in search of the Son of Mary as mightier than either—sought Him in obedience to the good Carthusian prior by carrying pilgrims on their way to Rome across a mighty river without money or price—sought Him until he had grown gray in this service, when one stormy night, in response to the plaintive call of a little child, he found the Saviour of the world, the mightiest of all, who, after baptizing the good giant, surnamed him Christopher, and then vanished in light. It was thus that another Christopher bore the Christ-child over the seas. Regarding himself as an instrument for the accomplishment of a divine purpose, his first act on landing was to unfurl the banner of the cross, thereby becoming the pioneer apostle of the Christian faith to the Western World.

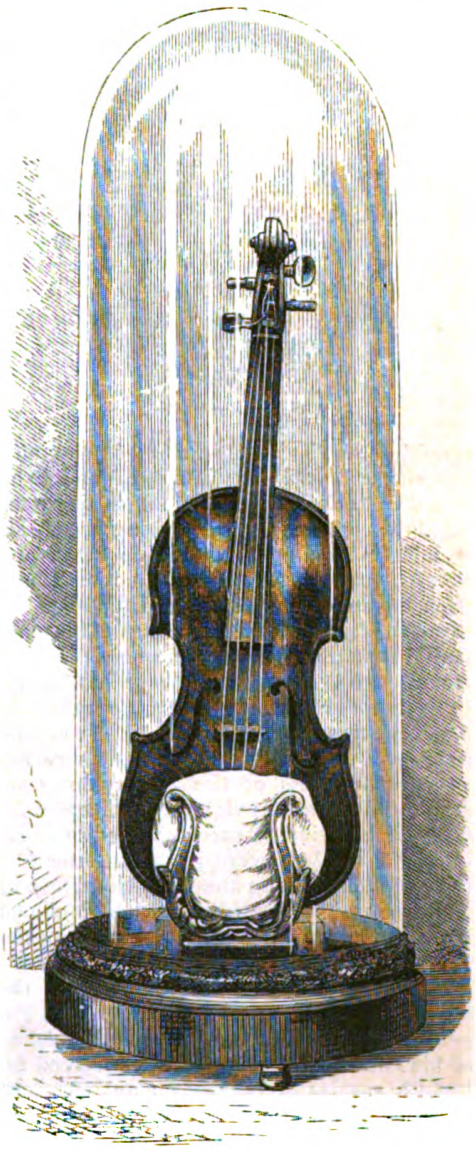
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To a prophetic or retrospective eye what an outlook there must have been from the mast-head of the *Pinta* as, on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, a common sailor shouted out the *Eureka* of a newly discovered continent! To say nothing of a new world, with all its sublime possibilities, slowly emerging from the watery wastes of the Atlantic, what perspectives of progress opened up from the quarter-decks of those frail caravels! The Rubicano of Astolfo, born from the union of wind and flame, that distanced in his rapid course the thunder-bolt, is no longer a myth; while that marvelous steed, the hippogriff of the wizard Atlantes, has ceased to be a marvel of magic. The electric spark annihilates time and space; steam, the giant offspring of wedded fire and water, drives the machinery of the world; while that iron-clad Cyclops, the railroad locomotive, with its sinews of steel and eye of flame and heart of fire, challenges a comparison with the most renowned genii of ancient romance or fable.

Here, too, in the Municipal Palace, is the violin of Paganini. We are not among those who would place the "divine" fiddler at the head of the universe, or shout, "One God, one Farinelli!" But it would seem ungracious to pass by the violin of the great Genoese musician without some recognition of the sublime possibilities of horse-hair and catgut in the hands of such a master.

Hector Berlioz has somewhere said that if Weber was a meteor, Paganini was a comet. And a comet he was, and comet-like his career. The son of a Genoese *imballatore*, or embaler, at five years of age he is thrown into an ecstasy on hearing the guitar-like notes of his father's mandolin. At eight he composed his first *aria*, and at nine gave his first concert, where, executing the *Carmagnola* with variations of his own composition, he achieved a great success. Henceforth his career was one continuous triumph. Visiting the various European capitals, wherever he appeared he was greeted with an enthusiasm that often became delirium. The phlegmatic Germans outdid the volatile Italians or mercurial French. If in Paris he was the "king of violinists," in Vienna he was the "god of the violin." Orpheus and Apollo were not to be compared to Paganini. If we are to believe the musical critics of the times, he achieved not only the incredible, but the impossible. He commenced where others left off, and vanquished even art itself.

Paganini was something more than a grand musician. He was a whole orchestra. He represented a hundred performers. Playing at sight the most difficult compositions, to say nothing of his wonderful improvisations, and not less wonderful execution upon a single string, he seemed to have at his command the whole range of natural sounds —the diapason of human passion. Love, rage, jealousy, tenderness, devotion, successively animated the strings of his inspired instrument, so responsive to his masterly touch. Now it was the strain of an Æolian harp, or the pastoral song of the shepherd, or the lament of a love-lorn maiden; and then, with a flourish of his magical wand, you heard the braying of a donkey, or the



PAGANINI'S VIOLIN.

roar of the tempests, or the clash of arms, with the shout of the victors and the cry of the vanquished; when, suddenly transported to the nethermost circles of Dante's Inferno, you listen with horror to the derisive laughter of demons, amidst the groans and laments of the damned.

It is related of the great violinist that, arriving at Frankfort one night at an unsea-

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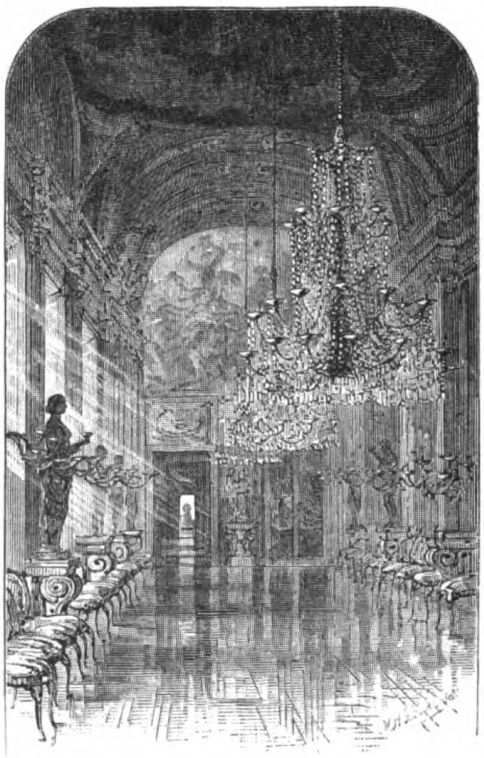
NICOLO PAGANINI.

sonable hour, he stopped at an inn outside the city gate. Finding himself unable to sleep, he took his violin, went to the open window, and commenced playing one of his wonderful medleys. Feminine sighs and groans, then the crying of an infant, and then joyous outbursts of laughter issued in rapid succession from the strings of his magical instrument. The whole neighborhood was aroused. Night-caps peeped out timidly from upper windows, worthy burghers in scant undress reconnoitred stealthily behind half-open doors. At length the more adventurous guests of the inn, rushing up stairs and knocking violently at Paganini's door, with a view of ascertaining the cause of all this hubbub, were quietly informed by the artist that, being unable to sleep, he was simply amusing himself by reproducing upon his violin the varying humors of an *accouchement.*

Still more remarkable, perhaps, was the strange and mysterious influence which Paganini exerted over the most distinguished of his fellow-artists. Rossini conceived for him "a species of fanaticism not unmixed with awe," while Meyerbeer, fascinated by his wonderful genius, sought in vain to detect the mystery of his phenomenal power. "Imagine," says the latter, "the most surprising effects it is possible to produce upon the violin, and Paganini will even then surpass your highest expectations." But the mystery that Meyerbeer failed to penetrate was solved by a simple Viennese burgher, who affirmed that, during one of Paganini's concerts in Vienna, he distinctly saw the devil, with his traditional horns and tail, standing behind the great violinist and directing his bow, while his pedigree was sufficiently apparent from his striking resemblance to his Satanic master.

"Behold Paganini!" exclaims Romani. "He appears as if inspired, and from his ample brow, from his sparkling eyes, from his thin and pallid countenance, radiates the god that flames within. With one hand he grasps his violin, with the other he shakes the bow which is to dominate it, as the lion-tamer shakes the rod that intimidates the lion. At the first touch of his long knotted fingers the violin groans as if it had a presentiment of the power that is about to subdue it. At the second, it shudders and weeps and complains, like the magnetized patient when interrogated by the mesmerizer. At the third, it obeys the impulse of the superior will which controls it, and breaks forth into sounds prolonged and sonorous. The thaumaturgus bends over it, shaking his wavy locks, brooding it, if we may say so, with his gaze; the inmost fibres of the hollow instrument are shaken, then waver, then yield to the irresistible fascination; the spectators gaze upon him in silence and astonishment, and hang upon him without winking an eyelid, as he pours forth a continuous torrent of harmony."

And his ruling passion was beautifully strong in death. He had lived for art, and he died for it. Having overtasked his failing strength during the carnival of '39, he repaired to Nice to recruit his shattered



BANQUET HALL, KING'S PALACE.

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health, but in reality to die. One beautiful May evening, as his end visibly drew near, awaking from a short but tranquil slumber, and perceiving an unusual light in his chamber, he asked his attendant what it meant.

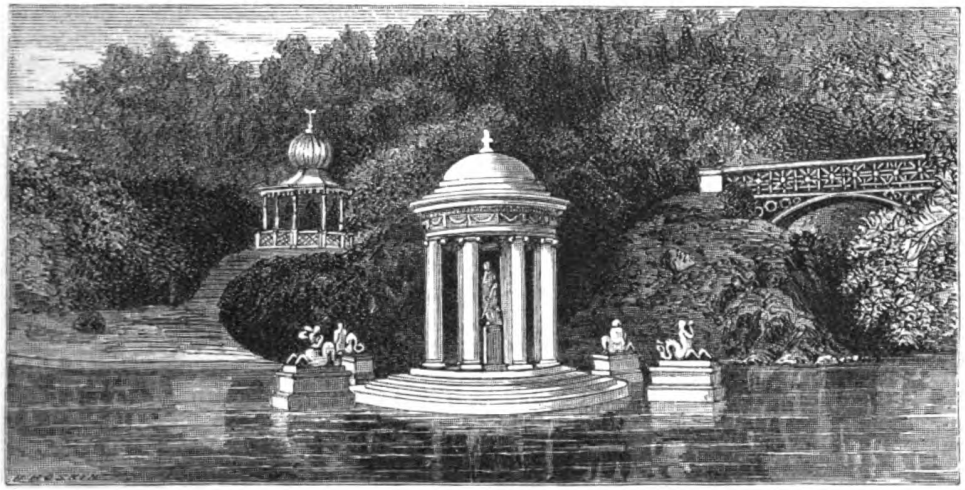
"*Maestro,* it is the moon," the latter replied.

"The moon? Draw aside the curtain, that I may see it once again before I die."

The curtains were drawn, and the dying musician, raising himself upon his elbow, gazed out through the orange groves of the villa upon the broad zone of reflected moonlight as it streamed over the rippling waters of the blue Mediterranean. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then a smile played over his pale features, as he turned to his attendant and called for the companion of his many triumphs, his beloved violin. Then taking it reverently in his hands, and kissing it tenderly, as he commenced playing, he poured out his departing soul in a plaintive, dirge-like air that sounded like a requiem. He ceased, and as the magical notes of the swan-like music died away, Paganini was no more.

Having died suddenly, without the consent of the Church or the sanction of a priest, his remains, like those of Molière, were denied the rites of Christian sepulture, and lay for many years unburied in a basement room of the hospital at Nice. It was not until after a long and vexatious lawsuit that his son at length obtained permission to inter them in the villa of Gaiona. Thus this strange, mysterious man, this incomparable artist, whose pathway had been strewn with flowers and sonnets and laurel crowns; who had been courted and knighted by sovereigns, and the honored guest of the proudest princes; who had astonished all Europe with the prodigies of his violin, and filled two hemispheres with his musical fame—this man, thus honored and courted while living, found at last with difficulty a most reluctant grave.

Leaving the Municipal Palace, let us turn aside into the Aqua Sola—a pretty bit of landscape gardening that constitutes the public drive and promenade of Genoa. Blossoming out along the crest of the old city fortifications, like a laurel wreath upon the rugged brow of a stern warrior, it commands a fine view of the city and the sea,



VIEW IN THE PALLAVICINI GARDENS.

and is the favorite resort of the goodly Genoese. Here, on Sundays and holidays, attracted by the sunshine and the music of the military band, all Genoa turns out on dress parade, the rich to display their finery, and the poor to ventilate their rags: not that all social distinctions are absolutely ignored, or even temporarily in abeyance. The undistinguished crowd promenades back and forth in front of the music-stand and along the principal avenues in solid, compact columns. The aristocracy whirl around the Corso in their fine turn-outs until they grow dizzy, and then they turn and spin in the opposite direction. Less pretentious respectability cantons out for itself little social Goshens by the payment of a couple of sous for a rush-bottom chair—a luxury which downright penury can not afford, though it were to go supperless to bed.

The Aqua Sola is a misnomer; for with its many fountains, fish-ponds, and waterfalls, it is your own fault if you do not see a great deal besides "water alone." Not to speak of the peacocks, ostriches, antelope, and chamois, of the condor, Bengal tiger, and American eagle, there is a colony of monkeys, where, if you have Darwinian proclivities, you may study the peculiar habits of your remote progenitors. But we have a preference for animated nature in its higher forms of development, and so we stroll down toward the promenade, past the cir-

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cular music-stand with its forty or fifty performers, and then along the noble avenue of stately sycamores to where the great central fountain

"Shakes its loosened silver in the sun,"

all the while catching charming glimpses of the suburbs and the sea.

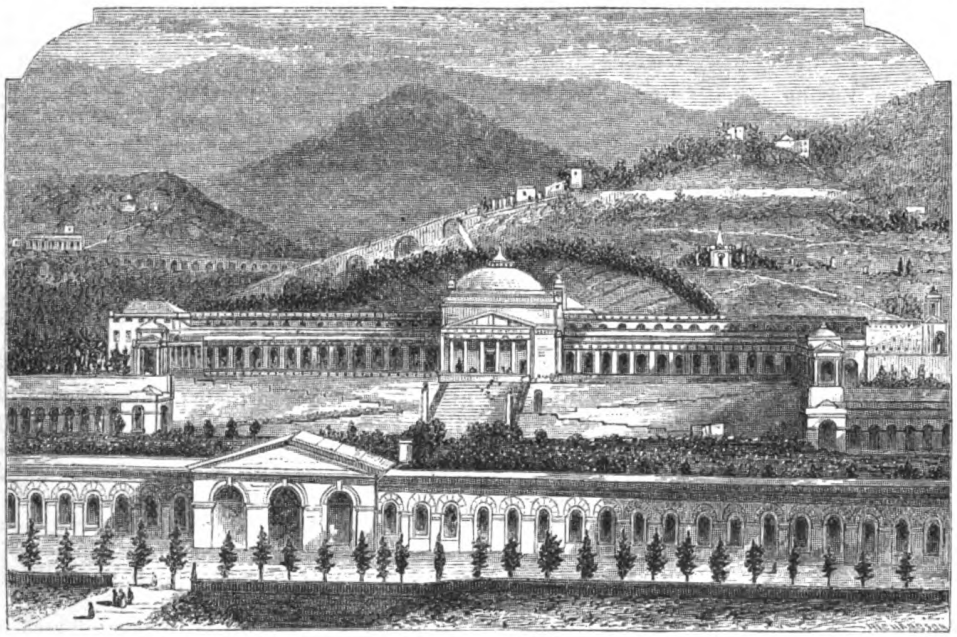
There sits a mother, with her child drinking at the maternal fountain, both alike unconscious of the passers-by, and there goes the "baby" in the arms of its pretty *bonne;* there is the nurse to take care of the child, a footman in livery to look after the nurse: and if appearances are not deceptive, it would be just as well to send some one to look after the footman. Children of larger growth await with impatience the arrival of a dainty little omnibus—scarcely larger than Queen Mab's diminutive chariot—which, with its little black pony, dashes around the Corso, its precious freight of juvenile humanity bubbling over with childish joy and laughter.

The Aqua Sola has its ebb and flow as regularly as the tides. When in its merriest mood, you may go a great way and not find so motley a crowd, such striking contrasts of form and color, life and character—patrician and plebeian, *beau monde* and *demi-monde*, aristocratic scions of noble families whose patents of nobility, for aught I know, antedate the Crusades, and enterprising ragamuffins looking among the crowd with eager eye for cast-away cigar stumps. The *mezzero*, or white veil, of the Genoese matron or maid, which gives an added charm to beauty, is in pretty contrast with the red *berretta* of the peasant, drawn in and out at pleasure, like the pendulous crest of a turkey-cock; the three-cornered cocked hats and black *sottane* of well-fed priests look down with a patronizing air upon the skull-caps and brown cassocks of barefooted monks. Then there are obese Turks whose picturesque costume relieves the stark rigidity of Parisian modes, and dashing young officers in brilliant uniforms and showy decorations—tall, superb, and handsome fellows, you would say, reminding you of some of Tasso's heroes, those

"conquerors strong
Of ladies fair,"

who were conspicuous for their gallantry on other fields than those of battle. But in the midst of all this joy and youth and beauty, there comes the *memento mori*, as miserable old men and women, so thin and gaunt as scarcely to cast a shadow, crawl out into the genial sunshine, as if there was still gladness in its ray for them, and they too could treasure up a stock of warmth and comfort for the approaching winter.

The Campo Santo, or cemetery, situate about two miles from the city, in the valley of the Bisagno, is unique, and will well repay a visit. It consists, for the most part, of a large quadrilateral or hollow square inclosed by a succession of arcades and terraces, underneath which are ranged the principal sepulchral monuments. Running parallel with these, and traversing three sides of the quadrangle, is an inclosed gallery somewhat resembling the Roman *columbaria*, where the mortuary remains are deposited in niches in



THE CAMPO SANTO.

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the wall on either hand, and then hermetically inclosed. On the side opposite the main entrance a double flight of marble steps leads to a fine circular chapel, which, with its stately portico and beautiful dome supported by sixteen Doric columns of black marble, constitutes its most striking architectural feature. The Campo Santo, combining as it does more or less of the beauty of a cemetery with the compactness of a catacomb, is perhaps better worth seeing than any thing of the kind in Europe. In truth, with its many fine sepulchral monuments by the most distinguished Genoese artists, who vie with each other in enriching it with bust and bass-relief, sarcophagus and statue, medallion and fresco, it well deserves a visit simply as a gallery of art.



AN UPPER GALLERY, CAMPO SANTO.

Here, by the side of his mother, lies the great Italian patriot and republican agitator, Mazzini, who was the first to raise, in the face of all Europe, the banner of Italian unity and independence, when to pronounce the name of Italy in any other sense than that of Prince Metternich's "geographical expression," was branded as a crime but little short of high treason.

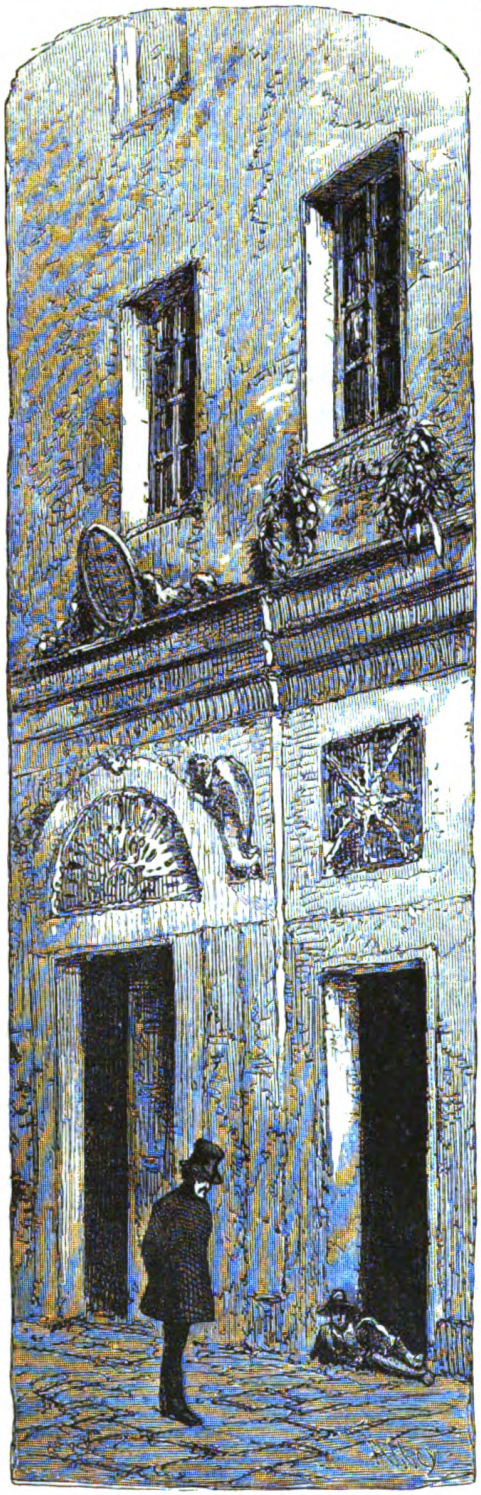


AN INNER GALLERY, CAMPO SANTO.

Without sharing the idolatry of his more devout worshipers, for whom he was the apostle of a new faith, if not the evangel of a new dispensation, in Mazzini we must recognize one of the most extraordinary men of his time. He was not a soldier, like Garibaldi, nor a statesman, like Cavour, and yet he was the precursor of both, and as moral must ever precede political revolutions, he occupies no subordinate position in the great Italian triumvirate. Mazzini gave to Italy a faith and a conscience. His motto was, "Thought and action," his creed, "God and the people." He was the civil educator *par excellence* of the masses. He is the oracle of Italian liberals, and his *Doveri dell' Uomo* is the working-man's catechism. In the grand national epopee Mazzini was the symbol of the national energy and intelligence working out the problem of the national regeneration.

The constant ideal of Mazzini was to see Italy one, free, independent, and republican, with Rome as its capital—that Rome which had been the centre of two great civilizations, and which, on the ushering in of the universal republic, was to become the head of the political, as it long had been of the ecclesiastical, world. His was "the Titanic dream," as he himself says of Dante, "of an Italy the leader of humanity and the angel of liberty among the nations." To secure the triumph of this lofty ideal he suffered poverty, exile, persecution, and imprisonment. Branded as a conspirator and assas-

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MAZZINI'S BIRTH-PLACE.

sin, calumniated by his enemies, betrayed by his political friends, denounced as the "evil genius of Italy" by such liberals as Manin and Gioberti, condemned to the gallows by such a champion of Italian independence as Carlo Alberto—in fine, proscribed by all the Italian governments and exiled from Europe, he never doubted for a moment of the sacredness of his cause, or despaired of its ultimate success. Neither exile, nor imprisonment, nor defeat could make him hesitate or waver, and he never lost sight of the objective point toward which his operations were constantly directed. And thus, without arms, or men, or material resources, he maintained for nearly forty years, almost single-handed, the unequal struggle in favor of nationalities against dynasties, and of popular rights against royal prerogative and priestly domination.

The political faults of Mazzini were of the same type as his political virtues. His fanaticism was the dynamometer of his patriotism. His *non possumus* was as irrevocable as the Pope's. He was actuated by the profound conviction that he had a divine mission to fulfill, and though it must be confessed that the means he sometimes employed to secure its accomplishment were unworthy of himself and the holy cause he had espoused, no one can call in question the singleness of his purpose or the purity of his motives. In presenting to the monarchy the alternative of "liberty of propagandism or conspiracy," he was compelled to embrace the latter; yet he was not a conspirator in the ordinary sense of the term. He belonged to the same school as Dante, Macchiavelli, Arnoldo, and Savonarola, and was the legitimate interpreter of their doctrines. A radical republican, he abhorred Communism and denounced the International. He may have been an idealist, but his ideal was a grand and lofty one. Mazzini was doubtless a dreamer, but he fortunately lived to see his splendid dream for the most part realized.

But whatever may have been his faults and extravagances, whether we regard him as the founder of "Young Italy" or master of the Carbonari, as Florentine deputy or Roman triumvir, as a political prisoner in the fortress of Gaeta or political refugee on the free soil of England; whether we see him reduced to the extremity of pledging an old coat at a pawnbroker's or issuing incendiary proclamations and exciting political revolutions; whether teaching gratuitously a night school of organ-grinders or proclaiming the constitution from the heights of the Capitol at Rome, while French republican bomb-shells were every where bursting over the ill-fated city—Mazzini was ever governed by what he himself calls the "sacred, inexorable, dominant idea of duty."

His birth-place is in the "Via Lomillina," not far from the Oratorio of San Filippo, and is now occupied as a Mazzinian club-room. The façade, still decorated with funereal

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wreaths and garlands, bears upon a marble tablet the following inscription:

Qui Nacque
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI
Il 22 Giugno, 1805.

Over the main entrance is another in Greek, which, though probably antedating the birth of the Genoese exile, is singularly appropriate.

'Ο ΒΙ'ΟΣ ΒΡΑΧΥΣ 'Η ΔΕ' ΤΕ'ΧΝΗ ΜΑΚΡΗ'.

Life is short, but art is long. In dying, Mazzini only commenced to live. The day of his death was his coronation day. Though, after an exile of nearly a quarter of a century, he breathed his last in humble state in Pisa, surrounded by a few of his more intimate friends, a hundred Italian cities presented the sublime spectacle of a whole people, without distinction of party, uniting in the last tribute of respect to the great Italian patriot. Florence decreed him a monument in Santa Croce by the side of Dante and Macchiavelli, while the Roman people carried his bust in triumphal procession to the Capitol and placed it beside those of her illustrious men in her Pantheon of glory. His obsequies in Genoa, at which all parts of Italy were represented, were the most imposing it has ever been our fortune to witness. And every year on the anniversary of his death the solemn pageant repeats itself. His funeral seemed an apotheosis. His tomb has become an altar.



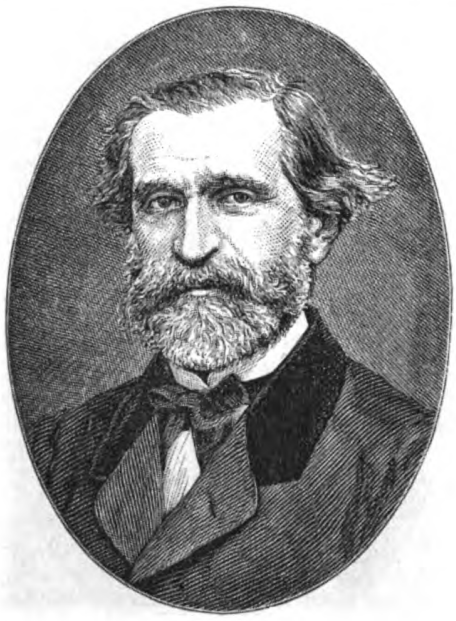
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

Verdi, the "Euripides of Italian opera," though not a native, is a resident of Genoa. The son of a peasant of Busseto, from his first "ineffable joy" on hearing the church organ in his native village, his career was decided. From henceforth he dedicated himself to music. At eight years of age, his fa-



TOMB OF MAZZINI.

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GIUSEPPE VERDI.



ERNESTO CAMILLO SIVORI.

ther having purchased for him a spinet or clavichord, he commenced his musical studies. At seventeen, with a few *quattrini* in his pocket, and some of his musical compositions under his arm, he goes to Milan, where, on presenting himself to the Conservatory for admission, he is rejected as being destitute of musical talent. His father, finding his art an unprofitable investment, advised him to return to the plow. But the young Verdi, suspecting that the Conservatory can claim neither infallibility of judgment nor a monopoly of success, though disappointed, was not disheartened. Taking a private master, he studies composition, spending his evenings in his desolate room with the Bible and the classics, only too happy when he can save enough from his monthly gratuity of twenty-five francs from the *Monte di Pietà* to gain admittance to the gallery of the Scala.

His first opera met with indifferent success. His second was a complete failure, compelled as he was by his contract and a cruel fortune to write a comic opera over the open graves of his wife and two children. But his heart, thus stricken by bereavement, was touched to diviner harmonies, that found expression in the sublime choruses of the *Nabucco*, which obtained at once a brilliant success. Verdi suddenly became famous. Milan was wild with enthusiasm. The young composer became the hero of the day, was lionized and patronized by the wealth and beauty of the Lombard capital, while Verdi hats, Verdi shawls, and even ragouts *à la* Verdi became epidemic.

Fortune followed fame. Verdi had become the fashion, and tempting offers poured in upon him from all parts of Italy. Operatic managers tendered him engagements at fabulous figures, or left the contract price in blank for the composer himself to fill up. Other operas followed each other in rapid succession. The popularity acquired with a rapidity almost unexampled, has been maintained with a constancy truly extraordinary. For thirty-three years the magic *baton* of Verdi has ruled the Italian operatic stage. From the *Nabucco*, with its choral symphonies full of Biblical inspiration, to the grand Requiem Mass in commemoration of the death of the great Italian poet Manzoni, his career has been an almost uninterrupted series of brilliant triumphs. In the musical heavens the harpsichord of the peasant boy of Busseto has taken its place among the constellations.

Verdi divides his time between Genoa and his native village, where he owns an estate valued at a million of francs. Here he diversifies his musical studies with agricultural pursuits, of which he is very fond. He loves the sea and the sunshine, and his Genoese residence commands both. The latter appears to constitute an important factor in his musical success. Like the sundial, his genius marks only the sunny hours. On dark and rainy days it appears to desert him, though he composes for the most part shut up in his cabinet, and then he devotes himself to reading or other light occupations. Paris is his favorite city, whither he repairs when in need of relaxation; but he imagines that he never could have produced any thing good under either a Parisian or English sky.

I am indebted to an intimate friend of

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the great composer for some interesting details relating to his personal habits and manner of composition.

One evening, he remarks, Madame Verdi having expressed a wish that the *maestro*, on account of his hysterical humor during the period of musical "gestation," might never compose another opera, Verdi observed that nearly all composers had their peculiar moods and methods of composition, and after citing Meyerbeer as an example, thus referred to himself:

"When I compose, I first study thoroughly the characters of the *dramatis personæ;* then I commit the *libretto* to memory, and girding myself for the task, work away for eight or nine months, and more if necessary, until the opera is completed. Meanwhile I only live in my imagination. Hence my irritability, ill humor, and incivility; for though I am a bear by nature, at such times I become more of a bear than ever."

Verdi rarely attends the theatre, especially the opera. It is said that he never witnessed the representation of his *Ballo in Maschera* until ten years after its first appearance upon the stage. Perhaps there is less music in his household than almost any other where there is a piano-forte. Here one will find only *Don Carlos* and *Aïda* of his many operas, his celebrated Requiem Mass, and some compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Wagner. A man of culture, he is a *connoisseur* in art, is thoroughly versed in Italian, French, and Spanish literature, and is familiar with the best German and English authors. He has frequent recourse to the original source of his inspiration—the Bible—delights in Dante, and is a great admirer of Tasso and Ariosto.

Though he styles himself a "bear," and often alludes with a spice of pleasantry to his peasant birth, he is courteous though simple in his manners, easy and fluent in his conversation, and personally a great favorite among his more intimate friends. A good smoker, with a passion for billiards, he is not decidedly domestic in his tastes. He seems to prefer the artistic freedom of hotel life to the more exacting requirements of home, and during the winter months may frequently be seen at the Caffè Rossini taking his coffee or smoking his cigar.

A senator of the kingdom, he betrays no ambition to shine as a parliamentary leader, but, content with his laurels, will doubtless go down to posterity as Verdi the composer, and not as Verdi the statesman.

During one of Paganini's concerts in Genoa, while he was executing the finishing notes of a brilliant *agitato*, the profound silence of the theatre was broken by a prolonged groan that issued from one of the boxes. A moment later a fainting woman was borne away hurriedly to her home, where she soon after gave premature birth to one who was destined to inherit the sceptre of the great Genoese violinist. It was Sivori, the future pupil rushing forward with precipitate haste to greet Paganini, his future master.

But little known in America, Sivori, regarded in Italy as second only to Paganini himself, is thus characterized by Romani: "Young in years and delicate in person, he advances, his violin in hand, with calmness and grace. Modest, composed, and I would say almost timid, he seems to ignore himself, and to have no confidence in his own masterly skill. There is no ostentation, no studied gesture, no artifice. One does not think of the performer; you do not see, as



A PALACE ENTRANCE.

it were, that he plays. You would say that the strings, untouched by the bow, vibrated spontaneously, or that an invisible zephyr breathed upon them as upon an Æolian harp, and disclosed all their hidden melodies. So many are these, so various and variable, they overflow and then unite, dissolve and blend together so naturally, smoothly, and harmoniously, that no one on hearing them would believe them to be the result of art. You would imagine the rather that Nature had poured them out into that musical instrument with the same prodigality with which she lavishes perfumes in a garden, the murmurs in a brook, or the zephyrs in a summer morning. Amidst such an opu-

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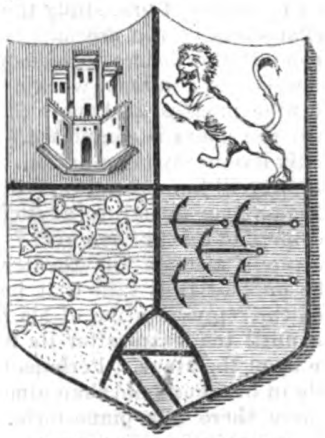
lence of harmonies, such an interlacing network of notes, such a complexity of rhythm, delight leaves no place for wonder, or wonder and delight constitute one and the same emotion."

"Do you think heaven's as pretty a place as this is, papa?" chimed in a childish treble of seven summers, as, weary with sight-seeing and intent upon some ices, we entered the brilliantly illuminated gardens of the *Caffè d'Italia*.

"I hardly think—" But the orchestra, with a *crescendo* of Rossini, drowned the paternal reply.

It is indeed a "pretty place," with its arcades, kiosks, and rustic arbors, its groves of ilex and orange and venerable pines; with its revolving lights that reproduce themselves a hundredfold in multiplying mirrors; with its luminous arches patriotically displaying the red, white, and green of the national colors; with its illuminated fountains, where pale-faced lilies with hearts of flame shed an uncertain light upon phosphorescent gold-fish, and sportive dolphins spout jets of crystal that break and kindle into brightness like a continuous shower of diamonds. An altogether fairy-like scene, where hundreds of happy groups are seated around marble-topped tables, eating, drinking, talking, smoking, the fumes of the fragrant narcotic scented with the sweet breath of orange blossoms; and the ringing laughter of childhood, whose restless feet keep measured step to the waltzing notes of the music, is softened and subdued by the silver voices of the fountains.

All this is very beautiful, and has its moral as well as æsthetic side, were our readers so disposed, or had we the time and space for following out the deeper suggestions of the subject.



COAT OF ARMS OF COLUMBUS.

CLOUDS.

WHAT change with happiest thrill my pulse may start,
Of all the unnumbered changes that I view
In these brief-lingering moods of heaven's deep heart,
These tireless pilgrims of the buoyant blue?

Is it when drowsily through halcyon air
They float in pillowy fleeces chaste as snow?
Or when against the horizon they loom fair,
In towering Alpine peak and pale plateau?

Is it when, shadowy as the vaguest dream,
Their pearly gossamers film the skies afar?
Or when like isles in quiet seas they gleam,
Purple below the tremulous evening star?

Or yet when beauteous dawn, with rosy speed,
Sunders their drapery where it darkly falls?
Or when from earth to sunset lands they lead,
As stately stairways to imperial halls?

Or when, like scales on fabulous dolphins' backs,
They fleck with loveliest color evening gray?
Or when they move in grim tempestuous wracks,
And through them javelins of hot lightning play?

Ah, no! whatever of joy such changes wake,
That change above all others my soul sets,
Of when, beneath some full-orbed moon, they make
On sapphire calms their ghostly silhouettes.

For then, as through this dubious gloom they stray,
Spirits they seem, with garments fluttering white,
Whose noiseless feet, in some miraculous way,
Walk the great awful emptiness of the night.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

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BOYS AND GIRLS.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.



SCIENCE VERSUS MOTHER GOOSE.

"I've told you a story, of Jack in his glory,
And my story is well begun;
Now I'll tell you another, of Jack and his brother,
And then my story is done."

HUMAN society, like the human body, is subject to epidemics, which in their course invade and subjugate all the provinces of life. We have sentimental epidemics, when the world becomes languid and puling, like a milk-gorged baby. Then (in the language of our current philosophy) certain dynamical conditions arise, influenced by correlative forces, progressing from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous by differentiation, until sentiment evolves dogma; then society is resolved into a vast debating club, and we have ages of polemical wrangling. With increasing diversity we advance from coherency to incoherency, and, as a logical resultant (according to the leading mind of the age), "the fundamental postulate of evolution is evolved, the simple law of persistence of force;" war follows, and we have an era of dramatized romance. Used up, at length, with abnormal stimulants, the body social sinks into sentimental exhaustion, with all its succulent juices desiccated —a kind of dry-rot. Then science becomes epidemic (practical and speculative), and rages with all-pervading virulence. It muddles our beer, adulterates our wine, and poisons our whiskey. We can't eat an old-fashioned mince-pie but Science thrusts his bony finger into our plate, or treat ourselves to a contemplative pipe without being bored with a lecture on nicotine. Science has laid the devil long ago, and is endeavoring to swallow our colleges and meeting-houses together. We might have stood that, had he not attempted to abduct our Johnny to show him round for a monkey; that we won't tolerate. What has science to do with our boys and girls? Children are not scientific, and we will back Granny Goose forever in her efforts to defend their rights and dignity.

We may acknowledge the current philosophy of the day so far as to agree that boys and girls are derived from babies by a process of evolution and natural selection. In proof, let Santa Claus empty his pack in the midst of a promiscuous crowd of emancipated babies, and observe with what eager and unerring instinct a portion of them will select the dolls, tea sets, brooms, knitting-needles, ribbons, and jauntily fashioned bonnets. These, Mother Goose assures us, are the girls, who shall be allowed to retain forever the baby petticoat, with all its royal powers and privileges. The other moiety of the crowd will as frankly lay hands on the guns, swords, drums, boots, spades, hammers, and hobby-horses. It requires but little science to understand these are the boys, and they may be put into breeches without further question. Some thousands of years ago, the wisest and most subtle of all the Greeks proved the experiment by selecting the disguised Achilles from amidst the confusion of petticoats in which his fond mother had hoped to conceal him.

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When at length indued with their respective liveries, it is wonderful to observe how rapidly the little people develop in the direction of their diverse yet ever-united destinies. Yesterday they chattered, gamboled, scratched, bawled, and kissed together on terms of absolute and unconscious equality. Hereafter we will have to deal with little men and women.



LITTLE MOTHER.

Observe now how naturally the future mother begins the lessons of her coming life: how tenderly she fondles the waxen effigy of her hopes and joys, smoothing its silken curls, kissing the paint from its roseate cheeks, and daintily tucking it in its little bed; with what unreserved feminine faith does she invest it with all the attributes of life and reality; and when dawning knowledge has at length wilted this innocent credulity, how does her motherly heart still cherish the beloved fiction!

We knew a little maiden of precocious intelligence and high-wrought sensibility whose favorite doll was accidentally smashed beyond all possibility of repair, whereat she wept so long and bitterly that her mother rebuked her. "Are you not ashamed," she said, "to go on so about a trifling toy—an inanimate doll that had neither soul nor sense?"

"It is just that which grieves me so," replied the daughter, with a fresh burst of sobs and tears. "If I could only believe she had a soul, I might meet her again in heaven, and be comforted; but when I know she was but a thing of bran and wax, I can never hope to see my darling more."



QUEEN PETTICOAT.

In another phase, less emotional but none the less womanly, we recognize the incipient housewife, fussily busied with her mimic *menage*, ordering and scolding, arranging and re-arranging, pulling and hauling, sweeping and scrubbing, until her whole domain is a chaos of shreds and slops.

Then comes the budding Queen of Society, with her dainty airs and graces, her curls and ribbons, with

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a handkerchief pinned to her brief skirts to ape the dignity of a train, coquettish smiles, and sidelong glances at the glass to study the effect. With what precocious and delicate instinct she seems to comprehend the true position, powers, and privileges of her sex, and with what womanly tact she applies her knowledge! Unconscious of chemistry, she understands the respective solvent powers of a kiss or a tear; ignorant of mathematics, she can calculate to a fraction the comparative forces of a wheedling smile or a reproachful pout. Long before her literary culture has surpassed the A B C stage, she is well instructed in the historic *rôle* of her sex.

"Little Miss Muffet, who sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey,"

was a historic and typical girl; so were little Red Riding-hood, the beautiful Andromeda, and the like. She knows it is her place to be frightened by spiders, deceived and eaten up by wicked wolves, and to be delivered from sea-monsters by her little cousin in breeches, so she studies her *rôle* (like a conscientious "comedienne"), sedulously cultivating all those dainty little shams, weaknesses, and timidities so alluring and flattering to the masculine conceit of the sterner sex.

Mankind being now too conscious of his own intellectual powers to tolerate the rule of superior wisdom, too thoroughly imbued



THE QUEEN OF SOCIETY.

with ideas of personal independence and revolving fire-arms to submit to open force, still gracefully bows to an authority which flatters while it commands, whose most tyrannical exactions seem rather to stimulate than offend his chivalric pride. And as our girls have intuitively perceived their social influence is proportioned to their apparent



THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

helplessness and need of protection, so they may logically apprehend this influence will decline as the sex advances in learning, science, and self-assertion.

"That's so, cousin!" exclaims a grim old Californian adventurer and ex-gold-digger, who, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, holds us with his glittering eye until he is delivered of his story.

"It was in the early days of the California gold fever, when the epidemic had apparently burned out all the ordinary sentiments of humanity from men's breasts; cut loose from family, law, religion, and all the conservative appliances of society, the pistol and bowie-knife were considered the most essential articles of clothing, and men fought over their claims and nuggets like wolves around the carcass of a buffalo, when in their savage selfishness they would sometimes clean out the pockets of a dead or dying comrade ere they abandoned the body to perish by the wayside. In these days I was chief of a company organized for co-operative labor and self-protection while we worked a claim high up on a tributary of the Sacramento River. Here, day after day and month after month, we pursued our cheer-

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less and adventurous toil, digging, damming, washing, and prospecting, carefully hoarding our hard-earned gains, jealously estimating each man's capacity for daily production, and grudgingly envying his ability for reduction of our stock of coarse and costly provisions. One day as we were gathered in camp waiting for our evening meal and recklessly discoursing of murders, misery, and gold, the figure of a man was seen descending the rugged path which led to our valley. As we were far away from the usual routes of travel, the stranger's appearance excited surprise and suspicion, and his approach was greeted with jealous and inhospitable murmurs. Who can he be, and what does he want here? Some bummer looking for a free boarding-house? An itinerant thief sneaking about for an opportunity to hook a nugget or two? or perhaps some cut-throat that has been allowed to leave the settlements to save the expense of a gallows? Can't ring in here, stranger; no tavern nor spare accommodations at this camp.

"Regardless of unfriendly growls and lowering looks, the stranger neither spoke nor halted until he stood in our midst, where, unbuckling a strap, he disengaged a rag-enveloped pack from his shoulders, and carefully stooping, deposited it standing up endwise on the ground; then pushing back the top covering, which had some vague and far-fetched resemblance to a woman's sunbonnet, he revealed the features of a child, haggard and famine-pinched as his own, but with a pair of great, sad, appealing eyes that might have melted even the gold-bearing quartz itself.

"The grim circle was suddenly thrilled with a strange and uncontrollable emotion, which burst into shouts and ejaculations. Great God! it is a child, and a girl at that. Then our head bully, a great rude ruffian, stepped forward, knelt beside the little apparition, and pushing back a curtain of tangled sunburnt hair, reverently kissed her hollow freckled cheek. One after another the whole camp followed his example, even the cooks deserting pots and pans to claim the privilege of yearning humanity.



THE RESCUE.

"During the salutation the stranger's toil-worn countenance was lighted with a smile, and he spoke for the first time: 'Men, I knowed you couldn't turn *her* off to starve.'

"Thus welcomed and re-assured, while supper was serving, the stranger told his brief story. He had started from Kentucky with his family to seek the new El Dorado by the usual route across the plains. Having lost his horses and cattle, he was forced to abandon his equipage, and with such scanty provision as they could pack on their backs, he and his people essayed to continue their journey on foot. The wife soon sunk under the accumulating fatigue and exposure. They had no tools to dig a grave, so, to hide the body from the wolves, they covered it

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with a heap of stones. The baby died two days after, which was a relief; but it seemed too awful lonesome to leave it by itself in the midst of the desert, so they carried it back and laid it with its mother. This was a mighty satisfaction, but it was heavy loss of time, and provisions were getting down near to starvation point. The man and his three boys still trudged on, by turns giving the little sister a lift over the rough places, and always reserving her the biggest share of the provisions. But, in spite of their pluck, the boys dropped one after another, 'and only she and I have stuck it out.' So saying, the stranger wiped his moistening eyes with his coat sleeve, composed his troubled countenance, and took the proffered seat beside his little girl at the supper table.

"A sudden and curious change appeared in the manners and temper of our party. From the hour that our new guests were established among us, gold ceased to be the leading topic of conversation, and its value depreciated to an extent that might have puzzled and alarmed the most able financier in Wall Street. The men worked languidly, gave up prospecting, hurried home earlier to their meals, and lingered longer about the camp, apparently for the sole purpose of being near the little girl, holding her on their knees, caressing and talking to her—a privilege which was as eagerly claimed and jealously divided as had been heretofore the glittering dust of the placer. Cards were forgotten, oaths were suppressed, and we talked pleasantly and dreamily together of our distant homes, mothers, wives, sweethearts, and friends in the old States. Wild Indian whoops and ribald songs no longer roused the harsh echoes of the rocky cañon, and we searched our memories for all the scraps of sacred or sentimental music that might have survived our long exile from the land of church bells and Sunday-schools. It was even suggested that we might have better luck in our diggings if we should resolve hereafter to abstain from work and give some recognition to the Sabbath; but it appeared we had lost the run of the calendar so completely that not a man of us could have guessed within four days of Sunday. The idea was abandoned reluctantly. So, during the week this poor little sunburnt skinny suggestion of womanhood remained with us, it seemed as if an angel sojourned in our camp, rebuking our wild greediness and brutality, and filling our hearts with humanizing hopes and memories.

"At length, rested, strengthened, and comforted, the stranger prepared to resume his journey, and although it appeared the result of that week's labor had fallen at least thirty per cent. below the usual average, we all with one voice entreated our guests to remain. But the poor man was unwilling to trespass longer on our hospitality, and his vague hopes and plans still beckoned him onward. Then came the leave-taking, with a cheery grip for his hand, a regretful kiss for the child's cheek, and a more substantial remembrance from each rugged heart in the shape of a plump nugget or a purse of shining dust, until the joint contributions made quite a load to carry, amounting to several hundred dollars in value, without reckoning in the count the shamefaced tears that trickled down the bronzed cheeks and hid in the shaggy beards of some of our company.



THE MINER'S PIOCIOLA.

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"After they were gone, our community soon relapsed into its old ways, to all outward appearance; but I have reason to know that for some of the inmates of that dreary prison 'Picciola' had not bloomed in vain."

Turning from these pictures, we will now proceed to illustrate the peculiar influences of the bifurcate garment on the soul and standing of the boy, who is father to the coming man. The trembling mother has resisted and postponed the great event until the last possible moment, then yielding to urgencies that will no longer be denied, she submissively buttons on the little breeches, with a tear for the baby she has lost, and a prayer for the son she has gained. Now off with the golden ringlets, lest peradventure he may be mistaken for a girl in disguise. So the burly little head is clipped fighting-fashion, the metamorphose is complete, and he struts forth a man all over—prouder than a bantam cock, pouching his cherry mouth, and striving to hide the innocence of his baby eyes under corrugated brows; scornful of dolls, sucking bottles, and all effeminate delights; spurning with his booted foot the rejected and despised petticoat: simple little soul, all unaware that what he now kicks will one day be the cynosure of all his hopes and arbiter of all his happiness. But



BOOTS.

his thoughts don't lead in that direction now; he feels that his newly acquired dignity must hereafter be maintained by hard knocks; he is ready for the combat, and only wants a penny trumpet to blow his challenge to fate.

So bravely does the young knight bear himself that mamma begins to forget her fears, realizing the full meaning of the antique matron's boast, that she "is the mother of a man"—one who will have courage to battle for the right, strength to overcome enemies, genius to win honors, goodness to wear them nobly — the sustenance, stay, and crowning glory of her life.



THE FIRST LOVE.

Practically, young master commences his career on a somewhat lower key. The boy's *régime* of cold rolls, drumsticks, and gizzards he accepts with Spartan resignation, but growls a little when told to wait for the second table on feast-days. He will sleep three in a bed, or any where he may happen to drop, and never complains unless you attempt to wake him up. He bears bumps, cut fingers, and stumped toes with more fortitude than he exhibits under tansy bitters and having his face washed on cold mornings, perhaps because he

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can comprehend the necessity of the first, but not of the last named inflictions. With a little training, however, he learns to regard the hardships incident to his position with stoical indifference, especially after he has mixed freely with his equals, and becomes interested in their competition for the prizes of life — cakes, apples, marbles, school medals, tournament wreaths, etc. In this part of his career he acquires the rudiments of free citizenship, learns something of war and strategy, of the value of pluck, and the occasional necessity of diplomacy in the affairs of boys as well as those of the nation. This life of novelty and adventure, of alternating successes and defeats, soon develops another necessity in our boy's rapidly progressing career—the necessity of sympathy.



CURIOSITY.

Mammas don't usually sympathize very cordially with torn clothes, scratched and dirty faces, and marbles won at forbidden games. She don't care for the tournament wreath, and is not prepared to munch cakes and apples at all hours for simple sociability.



TOO FAST.

Johnny wants a sweetheart. In his first passion the boy will invariably select a valentine considerably older and taller than himself, showing thereby his boyish estimate of the value of age and inches, with some vague notion, perhaps, that so mature and tall a love will help to expedite his attainment of the goal of all his present ambition—manhood. His chivalric senti-



THE LITTLE MAN.

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ments are stimulated and flattered by the greatness of his undertaking, as the sportsman rejoices in the spoils of his guns and hooks in proportion to their weight and measurement.

The chosen one, generally verging on womanhood, and far less precocious in her fancies than her little knight, readily accepts his proffered homage — an innocent plaything, half lover and half baby, with whom she may flirt and fondle alternately—a rehearsal of the leading parts she is expected to play in the comedy of life. These early romances can not last long in the nature of things, and some morning poor Johnny is rudely awakened from his ambitious love dreams by a heavy chunk—of wedding cake,



THE CHUB.

offered as an atonement for her broken faith and a poultice for his wounded affections. He is at first incredulous, then, enraged, seizes his wooden sword and glares fiercely on the bearded rival who has stolen his love.

At length, convinced of the futility of opposition, he retires, humiliated and bewildered, eats his cake salted with tears, but never forgets the lesson; and we need not wonder when he comes of age to find him ever so shy and mistrustful of the girls.

In a fertile soil the crops spring in uninterrupted succession; as the flowers perish, weeds occupy their places; so, in the warm succulent nature of boyhood, disappointed love is speedily succeeded by hatred—not a mean personal spite, a truculence despicably limited, but a sentiment dignified by its depth and universality, sublimated by its controlling influence over human society. The objects of his animosity are giants, dragons, magicians, ogres, and all those mighty monstrosities that insult, oppress, and devour little folks. Jack the Giant-killer becomes his favorite hero, and his heart thrills joyfully in unison with all humanity at the triumph of littleness, feebleness, and simplicity over tyrannical strength and subtlety. With what breathless interest he hangs upon the narrative of his young hero's valor, wit, and hair-breadth 'scapes! with what uncontrollable delight he hails the final victory, encoring the piece again and again and again, and gloating over the carcass of the fallen monster with a vindictiveness sharpened, perhaps, by a sense of personal wrong, as he remembers the burly fellow who lately robbed him of his lady-love.

In this age of science and six-shooters, when any fivepenny boot-black or saucy girl may emulate the prowess of these traditional heroes, when magicians and giants are exhibited at country fairs with the learned pigs and prize oxen, ten cents admittance, the boy soon learns to laugh at the subjects of his childish dread or admiration; but the ineradicable sentiment directed against another class of monsters which insult and oppress modern society continues to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength, and at no period has the great multitude of breeches-clad Jacks waged more vindictive war against every thing that towers above the average littleness. Bloated bond-holders, giant corporations, tyrannical monopolies, gas companies, oppressive reputations, eminent rascality, and monsters of virtue, all fare alike, being weighed in the balance and found superfluous.

As a counter to this rather unamiable propensity of human nature, we may observe that it is always accompanied and complemented by as deep-rooted and ardent a sentiment of pity for the poor, humble, unfortunate, and unworthy. The most savage giant-killer of boyhood will wade middle deep into a horse-pond to rescue a sore-eyed kitten from drowning, and cherish the most greedy, ungrateful, flea-infested puppy in his heart of hearts. So the innate nobil-

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ity of the popular heart is verified by their persistence in elevating weaklings to places of honor, and investing rogues and incompetents with the most important trusts.

Of all the attributes of childhood, the imagination is the most admirable and enviable. Potent as the wand of a fairy or the muttered spells of the enchanter, it can transmute the veriest dirt and dross into fairest flowers and brightest jewels with a simple effort of the will. No wealthy and cultured dame, parading her costly wares of Sèvres or Dresden on high days and holidays, appreciates their artistic splendor or receives such unalloyed pleasure as does our little rustic maiden arranging her store of potsherds and broken "chanies" on a buffet of dirty boards and brickbats. No famous horse-fancier ever galloped into bankruptcy on a nobler strain of steeds than Johnny can show you in that stud of canes, broomsticks, and bean-poles which he keeps stabled in the corner of the porch, and maintains so economically on a few handfuls of grass. Indeed, it would seem that children preferred these rude and readily improvised playthings, metamorphosed at will by their uncontrolled imaginations, to the more artistic and skillfully made toys, whose nearer approach to reality limits the exercise of this ever-charming faculty.

We know of no phase in adult life where this happy faculty is so innocently exhibited as in the critical domain of high art, where profound connoisseurship affects disdain for the varied and brilliant achievements of modern skill, and turns with childish conceit to the corn-cobs, sticks, and potsherds of the preraphaelistic schools.



THE BRAT.

A sad cynic must he be who does not feel rather disposed to envy than to sneer at the simple enjoyments of our boys or bearded dilettanti — pleasures, alas! evanescent as they are innocent. All too soon little mamma wearies of her cracked crockery, cherry bobs, and sham babies, and demands realities, while Johnny becomes precociously ambitious to risk his neck on a horse that grows his own mane and tail, and asks our butter-man to give him the bay colt that trots so gayly after his sober-faced "*mère*." The cautious peddler replies, "Why, sonny, I'm afraid you're not quite big enough to break that colt if you owned him." Johnny retorts with assurance, proudly indicating the disjointed proofs of his prowess: "Don't you see I've broken two hobby-horses already, and I don't think it would take me very long to break a colt like that."

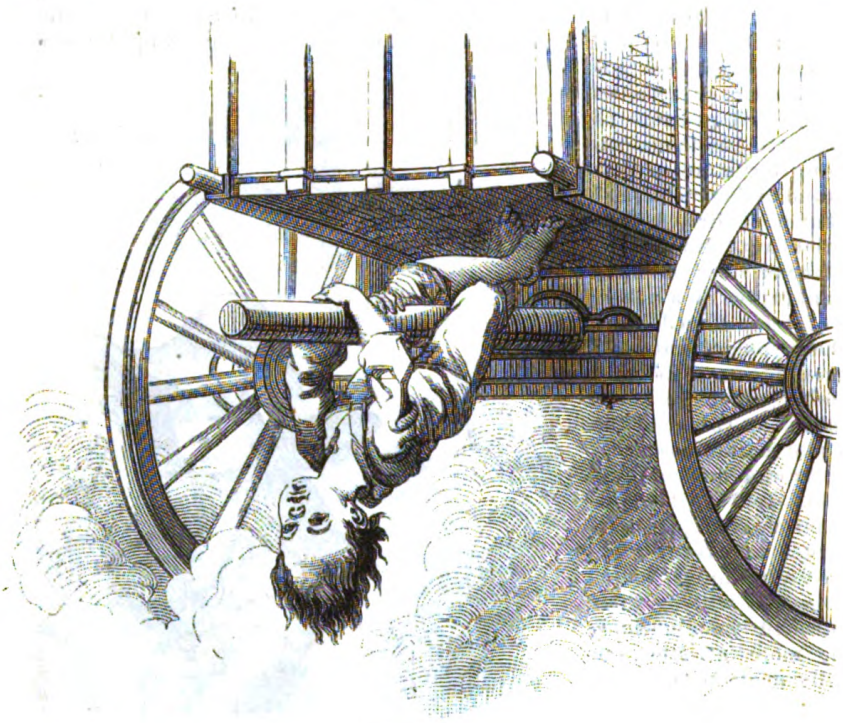
It requires a deal of faith to sustain a lively imagination in its flights, but our little people are rarely lacking in that regard. They believe in Santa Claus, and hang up their stockings on Christmas-eve, never doubting that they will find them filled in the morning according to their wishes. But it occasionally happens that fancy has been exorbitant in its demands, and the long-expected morning brings disappointment in the quantity and character of the presents. Then we have heard Johnny pitch into Santa Claus as savagely as some grown people feel toward Providence when their prayers are not answered to their liking.

Last Christmas-eve Johnny desired a sword, a suit of armor, and a Shetland pony,

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and, on retiring to rest, put up his stocking and a petition to that effect. At early dawn he was up, and lifting his hose from the door-knob, sat down on the foot of the bed to examine the contents. A book. "Pshaw! when I am so tired of books." Next, a new slate and pencil. "What nonsense! when for all the ciphering I need to do, my old broken slate would answer as well." A blank copy-book. Now Johnny's face looked as blank as the book. A pair of gold sleeve-buttons. "This is too bad. Intended to make me conceited and proud as Tommy Merton was of his silver knee-buckles." The stocking was empty, and not even hope remained at the bottom. Here was a whole year's accumulating expectations come to naught. Then his swelling grief and indignation broke forth. Santa Claus was a humbug and a fool. The tears started into his eyes, and he raised his foot to spurn the despicable gifts. We were eavesdropping, and now suggested that if he showed such temper, Santa Claus would cut his acquaintance, and fill his stocking with bran next winter. These prudential considerations checked his angry demonstrations, and by the time he had dressed himself the clouds had cleared, and the sun of childhood again beamed in his face. So he gathered up his presents respectfully, and started to exhibit them to the household. Presently we heard a shout of triumph, and he burst into the room arrayed in helmet, sword, and coat of mail radiant with tinsel. "Look, papa; the very thing I have been wishing for all this year! Santa Claus knew it, but finding it too big to go in my stocking, he left it on the hall table. He's a glorious old fellow, after all!"

As we grow old we often perceive the lamp of our faith burning dim, and turn to our little ones in the fond hope that we may borrow some drops of oil from their full blazing cressets. But here, alas! we are met by such a breeze of curious cross-questionings that we run serious risk of extinguishing the little light which lingering sentiment and timorous reason have permitted us to cherish.



GYMNASTICS.

He who affects the society of little boys and girls must carry a dictionary in one pocket, an encyclopedia of general knowledge in the other, and, like the good Saint Francis, be prepared to assert a good many things, "not because he knows them to be so, but because he can't afford to be stumped."

"Papa, what is this on my finger?"

"My son, it is a wart."

"What is a wart?"

After some reflection we reply, "It is an excrescence."

"Well, what is an excrescence?"

Now we are puzzled, get out the dictionary, and proceed to explain. "A wart is an excrescence, or a preternatural protuberance."

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"In the name of sense, what is that?"

"Well, to give you a more satisfactory and scientific elucidation of the subject, we will call it an 'insensible extuberance.'"

"Pap, I believe you are fooling me. If that's all you know about it, we may just as well call it a wart."

"So we have always thought, my son; but when you grow up, and have studied Latin and Greek and philosophy, and have got through college, you will be astonished to perceive what an advantage it gives one in the world to command an extensive vocabulary of jaw-cracking words and sonorous titles for very common thoughts and things."

As the natural result of this prurient appetite for knowledge, our little ones soon lose that exquisite but indefinable charm of Eden which clothes all childhood with a certain uniformity. Then we begin to remark the diverse traits and peculiarities which indicate character, and oftentimes furnish a clew to the future destiny of the individual.

More than half a century ago two little boy cousins sat together earnestly speculating on the arrival of a beloved aunt, just from the South, with a big trunk reported to be laden with tropical fruits expressly for the children. Very soon their expectancy was resolved by the receipt of a ripe golden orange each. Now at that day the orange was so rarely seen by us that it was encircled with the glamour of romance—an exotic so costly that when we occasionally got a pale, half-wilted specimen, it was carefully peeled and divided into compartments enough to give every member of the family a taste. But here each cousin held in his hands a whole globe of fresh and succulent delight, to dispose of and enjoy according to his own will. Without pausing a moment to admire the beauty or snuff the external fragrance of his fruit, the first hurriedly tore it open, and burying his face in the luscious pulp, squirting the rich juice from his hair to his heels, swallowed what he managed to get in about three gulps, threw the skin into the street, and wished he had another. The other cousin meanwhile handled his golden gift as if it had been "a gem too rich for use," tenderly manipulating its yielding plumpness, voluptuously inhaling its refreshing fragrance, and when he could no longer abstain, carefully opening a pin-hole in one end, and sucking samples of the contents, like a modest gauger, until he had extracted the last drop from the precious cask. The seeds, accurately counted, were kept to plant an orangery, and the skin dutifully delivered to mamma to flavor a promised cake.

As might readily have been foreseen, when these boys became men, the first stuck his two thumbs into his world, recklessly tearing it open as he had done his orange, devouring estate, body, and soul in three greedy swallows, dying at twenty-seven, so palled with the flavor of this life that he scarcely wished for another. The careful cousin, now past threescore years, is still sucking his portion through a pin-hole, still straining for the last sweet drop, having squeezed his world until it is flat, stale, and unprofitable as a ship-biscuit after a long voyage.

Individual observation, however, will throw but little light on so comprehensive a subject, and to treat systematically the varieties and subvarieties of the puerile species, we will find it convenient to adopt the popular classification and descriptive nomenclature, arranged on the descending scale as follows:

The little Gentleman, a variety chiefly found in cities and towns, more rarely in country houses; generally the sons of widowed mothers, or the only boy, with elder sisters; characterized by peculiar mildness of manner, politeness to seniors, and obedience to mammas and guardians; repeats hymns prettily, stays awake in church, refuses candy for fear of spoiling his teeth; is careful of his clothes, and exhibits an abnormal dread of dirt; is rather timid and unenterprising; seldom gets



"DONE STUNG HISSELF WID A BUMBLY-BEE."

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THE DRUM-MAJOR.

hurt, and prefers playing with the girls; is a charming little fellow as a boy, but develops feebly in this climate, and is rarely distinguished in after-life out of his own family or social coterie.

The little Man is a sturdier and more spicy specimen than the foregoing, with higher temper and more physical vitality; restless, noisy, and unmanageable; running into danger and dirt with reckless audacity, and risking his bones and habiliments without stopping to count the cost of mending. Yet he is generous as brave; will share his cake or candy with all comers; loves his mamma, and listens dutifully to her sweet counsels, which enter at one ear and escape by the other; won't tell a lie to his papa, unless injudiciously cornered; at once the joy and vexation of the household, the terror and pride of his parents, who, foreseeing the important part such a character is destined to play in the world, are naturally solicitous about the career best fitted to develop his genius. Ever since the days of little Samuel, pious mammas continue to nurture a preference for that calling, in their opinion the most safe and honorable in this life, and promising the largest interest in the world to come; so the little man is invited to join the consultation, and, with a fond caress, she asks if he wouldn't like to be a preacher.

"A preacher!" reiterates young Hopeful, looking chap-fallen and alarmed. "Why, mamma, I'm the only little boy you have got, and you surely don't want me to follow such a dangerous business as that?"

"How dangerous, my son?" she answers, in surprise.

"Why, d'ye see, if I was to be a preacher, I might very likely have a call to be a missionary among the heathens, and then, d'ye see, I should be roasted and eaten."

A little mortified at her bold boy's open confession of timidity, mamma then asks, "Pray what business do you mean to follow?"

"Why, of course, I mean to be a soldier," he answers, gallantly baring his baby sword.

The best specimens of the *Chub* are to be found in our most fertile rural districts. This variety is round, rosy-cheeked, and omnivorous. He lingers at the breakfast table until it is cleared off; then descends with a sigh of regret and a roll in each hand. As he stuffs these in his pockets with prudent foresight, he says, "Mam, when will dinner be ready? for I am going up in the orchard to eat some peaches, and I reckon I'll be hungry pretty soon." Our chub is moderately addicted to play, but despises books, and don't like work of any kind. He is agrarian in principle, and looks upon locked pantries and inclosed orchards as crimes against society. His watch-word is Divide and Eat; then divide and eat again until all monopolies have perished. Yet he is content with a piece of pie in each hand, even if his neighbor happens to have none.

The Brat is a somewhat contemptuous sobriquet given to the next variety in the descending scale—the most influential class in country towns and villages, ruling by numbers and persistent activity, like the grasshopper in Kansas, with the advantage of being lively at all seasons. In summer he spends his time turning somersaults in the



THE WHELP.

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dirt, swinging on cows' tails, and "skinning the cat" on wagon poles, throwing stones, robbing birds' nests, fighting bumble-bees, and wrangling over games of marbles, hop-scotch, and the like. In winter he concentrates himself upon sliding on gutters and ponds, sledding, and snow-balling at the street corners. Unlike the chub, he would rather play than eat, and luxuriates in noise and mischief. He despises literature, and is careless to a fault in the matter of dress. He will, however, condescend to wear boots in winter if he happens to have a pair; don't



MOUNTAINEERS.

object to a hat, if the crown is sufficiently ventilated; and if he wears a shirt, carefully avoids any foppish display of that garment about the neck and wrists. The brat is exuberant in his cheerfulness, delighting in his free and irresponsible estate, envying neither fame nor riches, respecting neither age, sex, nor condition—with one exception: in the presence of that great Being he is overpowered, breathless with mingled awe and admiration, shrinking with the consciousness of his own insignificance, doubting the sufficiency of republican institutions, and ready to question even the justice of Providence itself. That Being is the Drum-Major in all his glory.

The Whelp is a thoroughly mean specimen of boyhood, lacking in moral sense and natural affections; cowardly, cruel, and untrustworthy; a positive character which may be temporarily repressed and cowed by terror, but never to be relied on. He is usually dirty and unlettered, but is confined to no class, and sometimes appears in his worst phases amidst the advantages of pious training and surrounded by affluence. Fortunately for society, these specimens are few and far between, scarcely numerous enough to constitute a distinct class, but rather to be regarded as monstrosities, the accidental mistakes of freakish nature.

To the above list we might add the *Mountaineer*, with tow head and rodent teeth—a virile living class with numerous subvarieties, but local; and finally the children of the poets, the boy who stood on the burning deck, the boy of the *Arctic*, and divers *gamins*, and little draggle-tailed children that have served as stocks for the roman-

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THE ARTIST'S SON.

cers, Sunday-school books, and tract societies for ever so many years. From some inherent defect of constitution, these children always die early, and as we don't see them around nowadays, we presume the breed is extinct. At the conclusion of all our reflections on boys and girls, we are invariably met with the spectre of an interrogation point propounding the solemn and perplexing query, What shall we do with them?

God bless our sweet girls! If that "youth with flaunting feathers" fails to come to time, or Gratiano lacks the wit and courage to win the charmed casket, we are always thankful enough to keep them to adorn our own homes and cherish our declining years; but "Little Breeches" must have a career of his own.

The wise Caliph Omar has said, "A man is not like his father, but resembles the age in which he lives." Yet a wiser than the caliph solemnly asserts that, "As the old cock crows, the young one learns." And we see for evermore, by the combined influence of hereditary instinct and the faculty of imitation, the son following in the footsteps of the father. All unbidden, the gardener's boy limbs his parent's trees and transplants his potted flowers; the carpenter's son cuts his big toe off with his daddy's adze; the artist's hope sticks his fat little thumb through the palette, and bedaubs papa's pictures with the complacency of patented genius; as soon as the young hero can fairly toddle, he drags the old sabre from its sheath and smashes the tea-things, just as he has heard the old soldier say he used to "slither" his country's enemies: so we may fairly trust to stock as a basis for direction. In training, we prefer Rarey's method to Solomon's; and for the rest, we are beginning gravely to suspect that we learn more good from our children than we are able to teach them in return.

LOVE'S SOVEREIGNTY.

THOUGH Love loves well all things of outward grace
That poets praise and gentle ladies prize,
Yet lives he not by favor of blue eyes,
Or black or brown, or aught that he may trace
In features faultless as the perfect face
Of Art's ideal. No! his essence lies
Deep in the heart, not in its changing dyes
On lip and cheek. He has his dwelling-place
In the life's life. As violets deck the May—
Which yet survives when these have passed away—
All lovely things are Love's; but, ne'ertheless,
Health, youth, and beauty, though they serve him well,
Are but Love's ministers; his sovereign spell
Lives in his own immortal loveliness!

JOHN G. SAXE.

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THE KNICKERBOCKERS OF NEW YORK TWO CENTURIES AGO.

By GENERAL EGBERT L. VIELE.



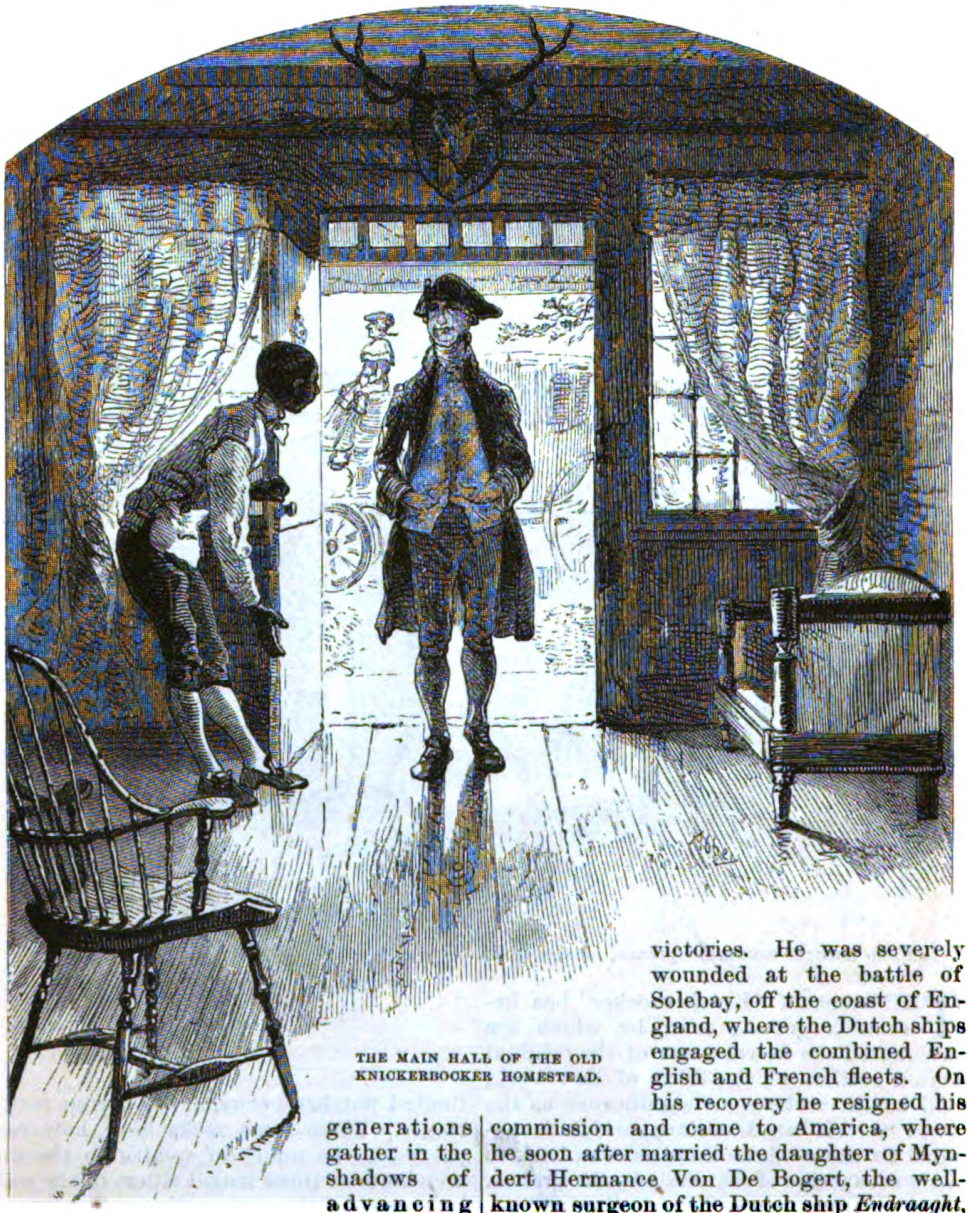
THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER HOMESTEAD, SCHAGHTICOKE.

THE name of "Knickerbocker" has become a generic term, by which are designated the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of the State of New York, and has here the same significance as the word "creole" in Louisiana, which is applied to those whose families date back to early occupation of that State by the French. In more recent times "Knickerbocker" has become a favorite prefix to numerous products of industry, and a popular name for ships, steamers, hotels, and companies of every description, until the very origin of the word has been almost lost in its multitudinous significations.

In reality, this now universal patronymic belongs to one of those ancient Dutch families who, as long ago as the seventeenth century, were large proprietors in the fertile valleys of the Mohawk and Upper Hudson, that section of the State having been selected for occupancy by the early settlers of means and social position, in preference to the uninviting region now the metropolis, which was left to traders and market-gardeners, the scanty soil offering no attractions, as it could only be cultivated in limited patches between the barren rocky ridges. These same rocks have, however, proved to be mines of wealth to the descendants of those frugal tillers of the soil, by reason of the extraordinary increase in population and the conversion of their vegetable gardens into city lots at fabulous prices. The maternal head of one of the present wealthy families of the city of New York occupied for many years a stall in the public market, where she disposed of the prolific cabbages her own hands had cultivated.

The early Dutch residents of Albany and its vicinity constituted a kind of landed aristocracy, and, with their numerous retainers and slaves, held a sort of feudal court in the grand mansions which may still be found dotted here and there in the interior of the State. The family seat of the Knickerbockers at Schaghticoke is one of these ancestral homes, around whose hearth-stones the associations of by-gone

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THE MAIN HALL OF THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER HOMESTEAD.

generations gather in the shadows of advancing time. The spacious edifice is built in the quaint Flemish style of architecture, with its steep pyramidally shaped roof like that of the venerable Dutch church that formerly stood in the centre of State Street, in the city of Albany. Among the founders of the now prosperous commonwealth of New York this family was conspicuous in the council and the field.

The head of the family in America was Herman Jansen Knickerbocker, son of Johannes Von Bergen Knickerbocker. He was born in Friesland, Holland, in the year 1648, entered the Dutch navy at an early age, and served under Van Tromp and De Ruyter during that period in the history of Holland which was so remarkable for its naval victories. He was severely wounded at the battle of Solebay, off the coast of England, where the Dutch ships engaged the combined English and French fleets. On his recovery he resigned his commission and came to America, where he soon after married the daughter of Myndert Hermance Von De Bogert, the well-known surgeon of the Dutch ship *Endraaght*, and subsequently commissary of Fort Orange. Von De Bogert was an eccentric and high-tempered individual. At one time, in a dispute with Pieter Stuyvesant, the Director-General, while they were crossing the river, he attempted to throw the testy Pieter overboard, and would have succeeded if not prevented. He died a violent death, brought about by his ungoverned temper. Seven children resulted from this marriage, the eldest of whom, Johannes, inherited the paternal estates of Schaghticoke; and the second son, Lawrence, succeeded to his mother's property in what is now Dutchess County, where that branch of the family still resides.

Schaghticoke—pronounced Skat-e-coke—is said to be an Algonquin word, signifying

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"the meeting of the waters." It is a township in the northwesterly part of Rensselaer County. The waters of the Hoosick and Tomhannock meet here in a circular valley surrounded on nearly all sides by high hills. The soil is exceedingly fertile and the landscape very beautiful. In the midst of this valley stands the mansion of the Knickerbockers, shown in the engraving on page 33.

The principal entrance is reached through an avenue of ancient trees, time-worn and scarred, that climb high above the roof, like watch-towers overlooking the plain. The vine-covered porch, with its hospitable seat on either side, welcomes the visitor, and the huge brass knocker on the upper leaf of the old-fashioned oaken door summons the cheerful host.

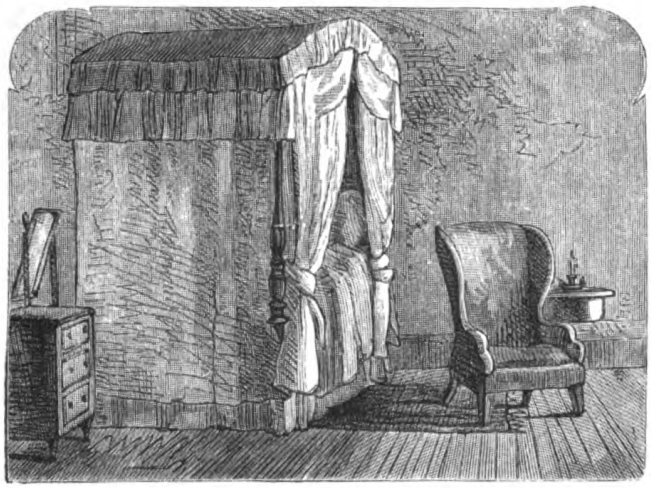
The main hall is in itself a room. Quaint settees and an antique book-case, with rare old engravings on the walls, constitute the furniture, while over all an air of quiet comfort and repose pervades. The principal stairway is in the second hall, separated from the first by folding-doors. On either side of the main hall are the reception and drawing



MEMENTOS IN THE EAST ROOM.

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rooms, while the dining-room and library open into the rear hall. In the olden time the dining-room contained the historic fireplace, with its tiled front and sides representing the scenes and events of Bible history—the lives of the apostles and martyrs in blue figures on a white ground, the bearing of the cross, the crucifixion and resurrection, with all the attendant incidents of sorrow and sadness. These crude delineations were well calculated to impress the great truths of the Bible upon the minds of those who gathered around the glowing embers during the long winter evenings—more forcibly, perhaps, than years of reading and patient study of the sacred text itself. Beyond the dining-room, in the large wing, are the kitchen and servants' apartments. The great cellar, which extends under the entire building, was the slaves' quarters in winter. In summer they lived in cabins for the most part; but for greater comfort during the extreme cold weather, and also as a measure of security against attack or siege from the French or Indians, these subterranean quarters were provided. The huge fireplace in the cellar, represented on page 39, was just as it still appears. How many volumes of marvelous conceptions from the half-developed Ethiopian brain might these old bricks relate! Wonderful feats of purely imaginary valor, unearthly tales of ghosts and goblins, all intermingled with that vein of quaint humor which the African, with his rare powers of imitation, so readily imbibed from his Dutch master. All the slaves in the State of New York were emancipated in the year 1824, but many of them remained at the old homestead until death removed them from it, their attachment to home and to the members of the family remaining undiminished to the last moment. In fact, the treatment of their slaves, as well as of the Indians, by the Dutch settlers of this State was always marked by the highest elements of humanity and Christian kindness. In many respects the policy which they pursued toward the Indians formed a marked contrast to that which was followed by the New England and Virginia settlers. It would seem that these sturdy pioneers of freedom desired to exemplify in all their acts those grand principles of civil and religious liberty which they had transplanted from Holland to America. The Indians and the negroes shared alike in the benefits arising therefrom, and the seed was at the same time sown of those free institutions that forty millions of people now enjoy undisturbed by prejudice or caste. It was not alone in their public policy, but also in their domestic life, that we find a strong development of the peculiar Dutch characteristics. The family altar was held in sacred esteem. The cradle, the bridal, and the tomb were surrounded by the highest attributes of filial affection, conscientious devotion to duty, and reverent love. Among no other people are the ties of kindred more clearly recognized or more firmly maintained. Through the long, terrible, and heroic struggle that the people of the Netherlands maintained for seventy years with Spain in all the plenitude of its power, they fought with desperation for the homes they had created in a conflict almost as desperate with the gigantic forces of nature. The land they had redeemed from the sea with so much skill, patience, and fortitude, whose barren wastes they had replaced with luxuriant harvests, whose opulent cities attested their great industry and thrift, whose strong fortresses exhibited their indomitable energy and courageous determination, whose seats of learning illustrated their intellectual development, and whose cheerful firesides every where gave evidence of domestic comfort and social enjoyment—this land, the only spot on all the continent of Europe where the tree of liberty found nourishment and life, while the surging tide of bigotry and despotism assailed it on every side—this land became the citadel of freedom, and its people assumed of right the heroic place in the history of civilization.



HAUNTED CHAMBER.

It would be strange indeed if the seeds sown by such husbandmen in the virgin soil of the New World should fail to produce an abundant harvest. Yet they were not suffered to gather that harvest in peace, or to enjoy in security the fruits of their labors.

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The great contest for principle in which they had struggled so long and so successfully with a sublime faith and an unequaled courage was renewed with a terrible fury almost from the moment the ships of Holland touched the shores of America. Simultaneously with the arrival of the intrepid Hudson in the bay of New York in 1609, the adventurous Champlain unfurled the standard of France on the lake that now bears his name, and from that hour began a repetition on this continent of the relentless warfare between Celt and Saxon, Latin and Teuton, that marks with crimson lines the dark pages in the history of Europe. But the descendants of the defenders of Antwerp were equal to the contest. The spirit that incited the massacre of St. Bartholomew and instigated the cruelties of "the bloody Alva" was met by the same high courage that inspired the "Beggars of the Sea" for three generations of successful resistance to oppression and persecution. The strife was bitter and protracted, and the valley of the Upper Hudson was the scene of many sanguine struggles before its conclusion. Every plain became a battle-ground, and every hill a sepulchre. No one who is unacquainted with the early history of the State of New York can form a just conception of the innumerable trials and hardships that were forced upon the first settlers. The home we are endeavoring to describe is situated in the very channel through which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed that for nearly two centuries swept up and down the great natural pathway to the Canadas. Every where the relics of war can still be found, and the traditions of those terrible days are still repeated around the winter fireside.

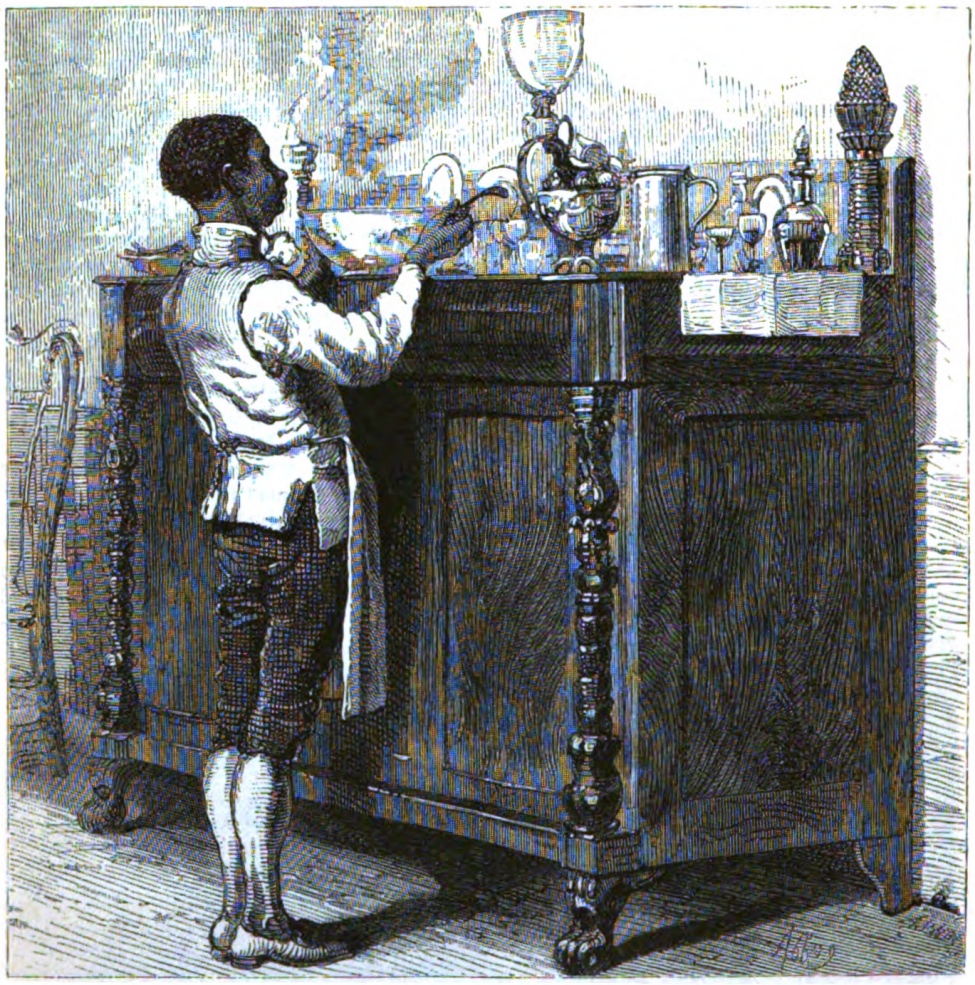
The beautiful valley of Schaghticoke was a *point d'appui* through all those years of incessant turmoil. It is now nearly two centuries since it was selected by Governor Andros as an outpost for the defense of the infant colony against incursions from the north. The French with their proselyted Indian allies in the year 1689, by a forced march in the dead of the winter, surprised and burned the town of Schenectady, massacring nearly all the inhabitants, the French officers even rivaling the Indians in the use of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. This terrible tragedy spread consternation among the colonists, and impaired the faith of the Six Nations of Indians, until that time the faithful friends and allies of the Dutch and English.



THE ONONDAGA COUNCIL.

A council of all the tribes was called at Onondaga to decide upon what course they should pursue. At that council appeared the French officers, *en grande tenue*, with rich presents, which they lavishly distributed.

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THE OLD SIDEBOARD.

The Jesuit fathers were there also, with all their force of persuasion and anathemas to throw into the scale. It was a critical and momentous period in the history of the colony. *Le Grande Guelle*, the orator and leader of the council, had been bribed with costly gifts, inflamed by the appeals of the Jesuit emissaries, and intimidated by the boldness and success of the attack on Schenectady. The deliberations of the council were marked by all those mingled emotions of aboriginal eloquence and savage fury that characterized such assemblages of the children of nature. There was present but one single representative of all those whose very lives were hanging in the balance, but one man to meet the fearful storm that was gathering for the utter destruction of the colony.* There is no picture in all our early history that can rival in dramatic interest that "Council of Onondaga" — the dark shadows of the primeval forest trees, illumined by the light of the council fire, the gathered savages crouching in a circle, the warriors in their paint and trappings, the French officers in their showy uniforms, the rich presents strewed around, the wily priests in cowl and cassock; while facing the restless and menacing assemblage stands alone the one individual who was to stem the rising tide of discontent and treachery that would sweep from the face of the earth the Dutch and English colonists. It was indeed a fearful moment, and had the representative of the colonists for one instant wavered, or forgotten the gravity and importance of his mission, the scenes of carnage and destruction that would have followed can not be imagined. This great horror was, however, averted by wonderful tact and courage. Nevertheless, the escape, so miraculous in its character, aroused the colonists from their supineness, and Schaghticoke was selected as a stronghold for future protection and defense. The remnants of the Pequods and other Eastern tribes were assembled together, and with due form and ceremony the Wittegamotte, or tree of

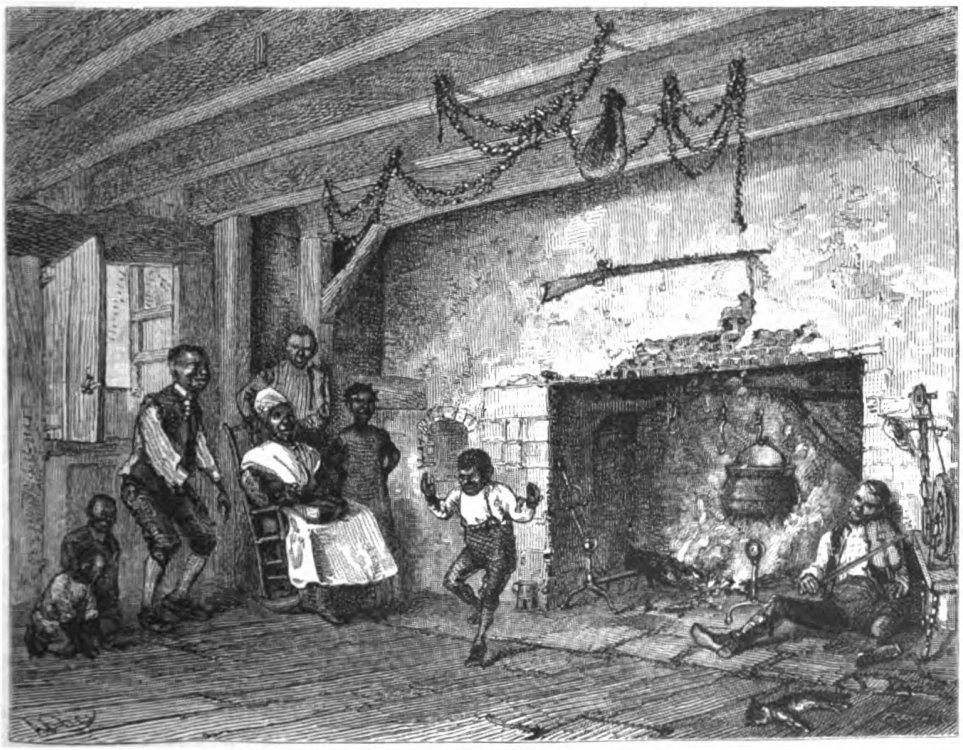
* Arnaud, the interpreter.

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peace, was planted. This grand council tree is still standing in all its vigorous growth and symmetry. It is the principal feature of the park which surrounds the Knickerbocker mansion. It is twenty feet in circumference, and covers with the shadow of its far-reaching branches nearly an acre of ground.

The number of Indians thus collected together was about one thousand. They could not, however, be absolutely relied upon, and it became necessary that a sufficient number of settlers should be found who would act in conjunction with the Indians to establish this bulwark of defense. It required great sacrifices and great courage to undertake this perilous and important duty. A leader was found in Johannes Knickerbocker, who, with a few trusted companions, established himself at this point, and having acquired a title to the lands, constituted a secure obstacle against any future surprise of the settlements below. The names of these daring pioneers deserve to be remembered with honor for the trials they overcame, the sufferings they endured, and the great end they accomplished. They were Johannes Knickerbocker, Wouter Quackenbush, Ludovickus Viele, Johannes De Wandelaer, Daniel Kittlehuyn, Diedrich Van Vechten, Johannes Hermans Visscher, Martin De La Monte, Wouter Groesbeck, Philip Livingstone, Corset Voeder, David Schuyler, Peter Yates, Corneilus Vandenburg, and Ignace Kip. Their descendants still occupy the family estates. As a matter of course, these early settlers depended greatly upon each other; there was ever present a common danger to bind them together, while the social necessities of life held them in firm bonds of friendship. As a natural result, intermarriages between the families soon added the still stronger ties of consanguinity; and at the present time there is scarcely an individual for many miles around that is not in some way related to all the others.

Life at Schaghticoke was for many years like an armed reconnaissance. The lurking savage was always on the look-out for a victim, and the subtle Canadian ever conspiring for an attack. Each and all were compelled to be constantly on the alert. In the midst of their troubles the settlers did not for a moment lose sight of their religious duties. A Dutch Reformed church was erected under the auspices of the Classis of Amsterdam. Over this the venerable Dominie Van Benschooten ministered. The rude place of worship originally built was soon replaced by a more imposing edifice. This quaint building was sixty by forty feet, with low side walls and a high-pitched Mansard-roof, and turret surmounted by a weathercock over the southern gable. The services of the church were, of course, in the Dutch language, and the old time-stained Bible with brass corners and huge brass clasps then in use is now an heir-loom reverently preserved in the Knickerbocker mansion.



SLAVES' QUARTERS IN THE CELLAR OF THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER MANSION.

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Social life at Schaghticoke during these earlier years wore an aspect of general uniformity, varied by those occasional tragedies incident to an exposed frontier life of that kind. Diedrich Van Vechten, one of the original settlers, was killed by the Indians, and a number of years afterward his eldest son lost his life in the same way. The characteristic Dutch hospitality was always a distinguishing feature of every-day life. Every guest received a most cordial welcome. The massive old sideboard was always supplied with tempting viands, and the dish of olekocks and krullers was never allowed to be empty. These old-fashioned sideboards were capable of holding a very large amount of good cheer. They were always kept in a high state of polish, and the huge mahogany doors shone like mirrors. Social gatherings were very frequent, and always attended with infinite pleasure and mirth and merry games by the young folks. The introduction of slaves from the West Indies, while it added greatly to lighten the burden of labor, had a social aspect in the musical element which was thereby added, one or more violinists being thus always easily obtained, giving an additional zest to the numerous entertainments.



OLD CHEST OF DRAWERS.

The negroes themselves enjoyed their leisure hours immensely. In the winter nights they gathered around their huge fire-place to sing and tell stories, or, with a great back-log in the chimney, surrounded by pine knots that illuminated their large kitchen with a brilliant light that seemed almost reflected from the well-scrubbed floor, they would fairly revel in the delights of a dance. They were certainly a happy race, for they were treated with the utmost kindness, their wants well provided for, and carefully nursed in sickness. They have all passed away. The last at the homestead was "Old Tom." He was nearly ninety when he died. Four generations had grown up around him, and very many of them had gone before him. He lingered like the gnarled old oak that survives the destruction of the forest around it. His mind was full of legends, traditions, and wonderful stories; and as he gathered the eager little listeners around him in the chimney-corner, while the wailing of the winter storm without gave an additional sense of security within, the big round eyes of the children would dilate with wonder and awe as, in a half-broken jargon, Old Tom reeled out the marvelous tales of which he was so prolific. No one was ever more gentle and kind to children; and yet poor old Tom had his grumpy moods, in comparison with which a bear would be considered polite. He had one peculiarity which resembled a story recently told of the arithmetical faculty of the crow. The story goes that a farmer having suffered from the depredations of the crows in his corn field, endeavored to conceal himself in a small building near by, from which he

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could shoot the crows as they descended into the field; but the crows, having observed him from a neighboring tree, would not come down until they saw him leave. The farmer then adopted the ruse of taking his son into the building with him and afterward sending him away, thinking the crows would thus be deceived; but they were not. Then he took a second person in, and sent two away, with the same result. Finally he took a third person in the little house, and sent three away. This deceived the crows. They flew into the field, where the farmer shot them—showing that the arithmetic of the crow extended no farther than the figure three. Old Tom's arithmetic was, singularly enough, also limited to number three. On one occasion it became necessary to count the number of sheep in a very large flock. Tom was stationed at the entrance of the field where the sheep



"DAR GOES ANUDDER."

were to come out one by one, and told to count them aloud. As the sheep came through the gate, Tom called out, "One! two! tree! Dar goes anudder! dar goes anudder! dar goes anudder!" "Stop!" cried his master; "what do you mean by that?" "Why, massa," said Tom, "I done count no more dan tree; I tought I could, but I couldn't." So that Tom and the crows seem to have resembled each other in arithmetic as well as color. Poor faithful Tom! He was borne to his grave with kind and reverent hands, and laid in the venerable family cemetery, where six generations lie side by side. No grave is cared for more tenderly than the one which has at its head a stone with the simple inscription, "Old Tom."

The time came at length when, after years of constant anxiety and watching, the quiet repose of peace settled over the valley of Schaghticoke; but this was soon rudely disturbed by the gathering clouds that presaged the struggle of the colonies with Great Britain. The Dutch settlers had loyally served the States General and their authorized agents, and had afterward been equally true to the Duke of York and to the British sovereign. The several generations of the Knickerbocker family, as they came upon the active stage of life, took their place and performed their part in current affairs. Colonel Johannes Knickerbocker served in various expeditions against the hostile Indian tribes; was afterward attached to the staff of Lord Howe in the attack on Ticonderoga in 1758. He was commissioned a colonel in the Revolutionary army October 20, 1775, raised a regiment in Schaghticoke, and was severely wounded at the battle of Saratoga. He was also a member of the State Legislature in 1792. His eldest son, Johannes Knickerbocker, a colonel of State troops, and a prominent member of the State Legislature, served in the war of 1812.

Herman Knickerbocker, his son, known as "Prince Knickerbocker," on account of his princely hospitality, was first judge of Rensselaer County, and Representative in the eleventh Congress of the United States, during the administration of President Madison. His genial wit and humor, the possession of many of the traits of his Dutch ancestors, together with an ample fortune, made him for many years a conspicuous representative of the old Dutch characteristics. An intimate friendship between himself and Washington Irving was the origin of Irving's humorous history of New York under the *nom de plume* of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Very many anecdotes are related of "Prince Knickerbocker," who was particularly fond of practical jokes, always, however, of a harmless nature, although some of them were extremely ludicrous in their consequences. One of the conditions of proprietorship by which the Knickerbocker estate was held was that the Mayor and Council of the city of Albany should once in each year be entertained at the family mansion. "Prince Knickerbocker," having erected a spacious residence for himself some distance from the homestead, decided to become the entertainer of the Mayor and Council of Troy, as an offset to the festivities at the paternal home. On the arrival of these gentlemen, with appetites sharpened by a long drive, he pretended

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COLONEL JOHANNES KNICKERBOCKER AND HIS WIFE.—[FROM A PAINTING IN THE EAST ROOM.]

to have forgotten the day, and to be perfectly unprepared to receive them, and allowed his guests, while suffering the keen pangs of hunger, to overhear him in an apparent dispute with his butler as to how to make one pair of chickens suffice for so many famishing mouths. The consternation—not to say rage—of the guests may be imagined. A sudden relief came when the dining-room doors opened on a most sumptuous repast, and a hearty enjoyment of the practical joke followed.

The state dinners and official receptions at the old homestead were of a more sedate description than those given by "the prince." Here all was punctilious ceremony. The guests were formally received at the main entrance, and their conveyances driven to great cathedral-like barns, whose massive timbers seem to have been selected from the largest trees of the forest. These barns, as large as cathedrals, have been the scenes of many old-time festivities, the memories of which have long since passed into tradition. They had their origin in the necessities of the times, which required a certain amount of industrial co-operation that can hardly be appreciated or even understood in these days of labor-saving inventions. But the husking bees and quilting frolics of the olden days, with their accompaniments of right good cheer and genial, kindly feelings, had a social significance of no ordinary character, and out of them came most of the marital unions which decided the domestic life of the early inhabitants. An unbounded hospitality exhibited itself in all the appointments of the dwelling. In the old mansion the upper rooms have the same spacious character as those on the lower floors. The antique furniture that for so many years served the purposes of the guest and host still adorns the bed-chambers—the high-post bedsteads, with their snowy white canopies and valance; the quaint brass-mounted chest of drawers; the old clock in the corner, with its loud, monotonous tick, and the moon in all its phases depicted on its face, tells the hour as faithfully as it told the lapse of time to generations for whom time is now no more. The old portraits on the walls are dim with age, but the lineaments there depicted can be readily discerned in the descendants of those whom

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they represent, and are treasured with no small degree of veneration and care. There are many legends, some tragedies, and a great deal of history connected with all these faces that it is hoped may some day be written; but for the present we will close this article with a descriptive poetical tribute written by the gifted and lamented Mrs. Sigourney while on a visit to the old mansion some years ago:

SCHAGHTICOKE AND THE KNICKERBOCKERS.

O vale of peace! O haunt serene!
O hill-encircled shades!
No footstep rude, or fiery neigh
Of iron steed o'er graded way,
Your sylvan steep invades.

The red-browed Indian's planted name
Your blended waters bore,
Though they who erst that baptism gave
Beneath oblivion's blackening wave
Have sunk to rise no more.

Here, clad in ancient honor, dwelt
The Knickerbocker race,
And wisely ruled in hall and bower,
And held their old manorial power
With firm and honest grace.

Then gatherings grand of social joy
The ancestral mansion knew,
While roof and rafter shook with mirth,
And hospitality had birth,
Which still is warm and true.

So may the Knickerbocker line
Their prosperous harvest sow,
Nor ever lack a noble heir
Their dynasty and name to bear
While mingling waters flow!



THE KNICKERBOCKER COAT OF ARMS.

THE SO-CALLED PYGMY GRAVES IN TENNESSEE.

THE frequent allusions in the daily newspapers to pygmy graves in Tennessee revive an old story set on foot, or at least confirmed, by John Haywood, in his *Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee*, written fifty-three years ago. This fanciful notion, although now and formerly commonly entertained by the people of that State, has been thoroughly exploded by the labors of Troost, Putnam, Clark, Haskins, and others, but especially by the explorations of Dr. Joseph Jones, who "examined the bones from fifteen aboriginal cemeteries without discovering a single skeleton of an adult of unusually small stature."

While giving a death-blow to this myth, these gentlemen have disclosed other facts of more thrilling interest, which prove that in Tennessee are to be found the evidences of the most advanced civilization which obtained in the Mississippi Valley. As this evidence lies mainly in the tombs of the dead, it will be interesting to pass in review the subject of aboriginal burial in Tennessee.

The skeletons of the aboriginal race are found in caves and in stone graves.

The caves of the limestone regions were used by the aborigines as receptacles for the dead. When one died, the body was usually doubled up, the knees touching the chin, and wrapped in skins and mats, the number and fineness depending undoubtedly upon the wealth and importance of the deceased. In one instance the skeleton of a man was found wrapped in fourteen deerskins, over which were blankets of bark. In some cases they were shrouded in a curious cloth made of bast fibre, into which feathers were twisted, so as to give the appearance of a variegated silk mantle. Over these were coarser wrappings; but the order in which they were laid on was by no means uniform. I was very much reminded of this snug nest while watching Mr. Dall unwrapping one of the mummies from Kagamil Cave, Alaska.

The body, with its coverings, was often placed in a wicker basket, pyramidal in form, and smaller at the top. Sometimes the basket was covered; at other times the head protruded from an opening.

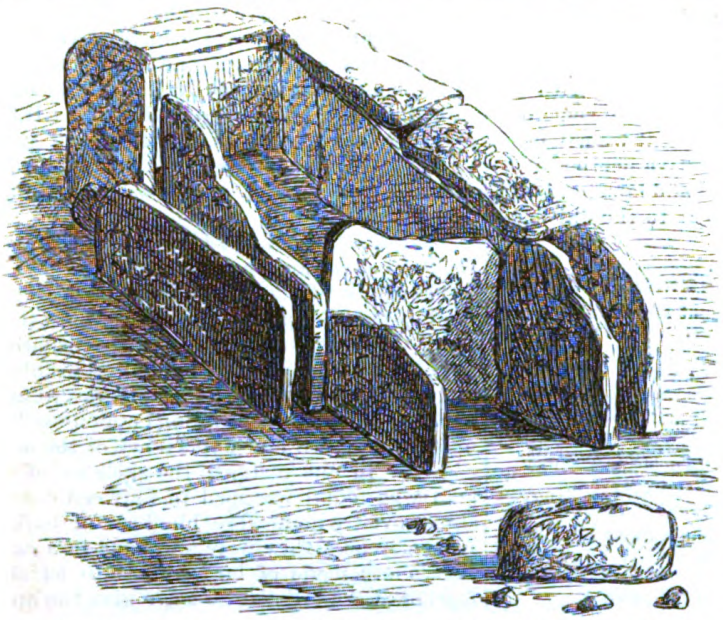
Owing to the nitre in the soil of the caves, the corpses have not altogether decayed, the flesh being dried up and the hair turned red or yellow.

The working of the caves for saltpetre during the last century has nearly destroyed these witnesses of ancient civilization; so we turn from them, with their cliff paintings and scattered relics, to the better-preserved testimony of the stone graves.

The stone graves were as much the suggestion of nature as they are the characteristics of a race, for they are found only in those parts of Tennessee where slabs of limestone and sandstone abound—in the central and western portions of the State, along the fertile valleys, and on the bluffs of the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries. They were constructed by digging a hole of the required dimensions, and lining it at the bottom, sides, and ends with flat slabs. The corpse or bones were laid in the cist, and slabs laid over all. The drawings on page 44 are of a similar one lately found near Auvernier, Switzerland, and belonging to the lacustrine period.

There are three kinds of cists—the small, the short, and the long. The small cists are both short and narrow, and are made of very thin slabs. These are the graves of

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OSSUARY OF AUVERNIER, SWITZERLAND, WITH THE DIRT CLEARED AWAY.

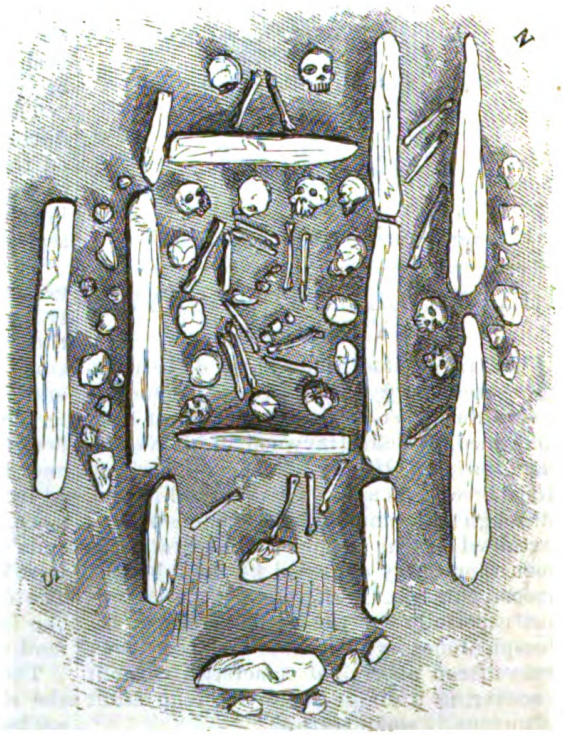
children, which is proved by the frequent occurrence of two sets of teeth, as well as by the fragile condition of the cranial and other bones. These are the graves so often mistaken for those of pygmies.

The short cists are somewhat similar to the first in structure, but they are nearly square, deeper, and made of thicker slabs. They vary from fourteen to thirty-six inches in dimensions. They are sometimes empty of human remains, but are more commonly ossuaries, or places of deposit for the bones of several bodies, constructed on the occasion of some funereal festival, and filled at one time with the bones of deceased friends saved up for the occasion, or brought along on some journey. The skulls are usually in the centre, and the other bones are piled around with little order or system.

The long cists were evidently intended for burial by inhumation at length, although the skeletons in some are doubled up and lying in various positions. They are coffin-shaped, narrow at the head and foot, and broad at the shoulders. Sometimes a small grave is appended to a long one, apparently containing a mother and child.

These three forms of slab graves are found in mounds, in cemeteries, and occasionally isolated. Both the mounds and cemeteries are inclosed by long lines of earth-works containing oftentimes many acres of land abutting upon some stream of water, or they are in the immediate neighborhood of one of these earth-works. These embankments frequently have the ditch on the inside, and are entered by a gateway which is defended by a blind wall leading to a cul-de-sac. At various places are passways and bastions, making the position one of great strength. The mounds in these inclosures are of two classes — those containing human remains and those containing none, or, if any, those interred after the mound was finished. Those containing no bodies are either immense piles, the supposed location of ancient council-houses, or they are the so-called sacrificial mounds, built up by successive layers of ashes and burned clay in their centres.

The burial mounds are the most interesting, on account of the variety and peculiar character of the interments. The slab graves in these mounds have three methods of arrangement—in layers, in lines radia-



VIEW OF THE OSSUARY OF AUVERNIER WITH THE BONES INCLOSED.

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ting from a fire pan or a central grave, and promiscuous.

The burial in layers was in the following manner: A series of graves was constructed at or near the natural surface, so that the right wall of one formed the left wall of the next. When the stratum was as extensive as desired, the whole was covered with earth, and the process repeated upward until the mound was finished. In some of these burial mounds over a hundred skeletons are inclosed in layers at least four deep, and the inclosing tumulus is fifty feet in diameter and twelve feet high. In one of these, explored by Dr. Jones, the bottom graves were of the short variety, and contained bones much broken, while the upper graves contained skeletons buried at full length.

The radiate burial consisted in arranging a series of graves around a central mass of hard-baked clay, called the "altar," dish-shaped, and filled with ashes, bones, and fragments of pottery. The feet of the dead were all turned inward, so that the coffin-shaped cists would fill up more conveniently the circular space. Outside of these a circular row of graves, perpendicular to the radii, completed the series. In some cases the central pan of ashes was replaced by a deep octagonal grave containing a single skeleton buried in a sitting posture. These radiate graves were evidently the receptacles of royal persons, since the most elaborate and precious deposits are found in them.

By promiscuous burial is meant the interment of the corpse in unlooked-for localities—on the sides of or about the mounds, or in isolated places.

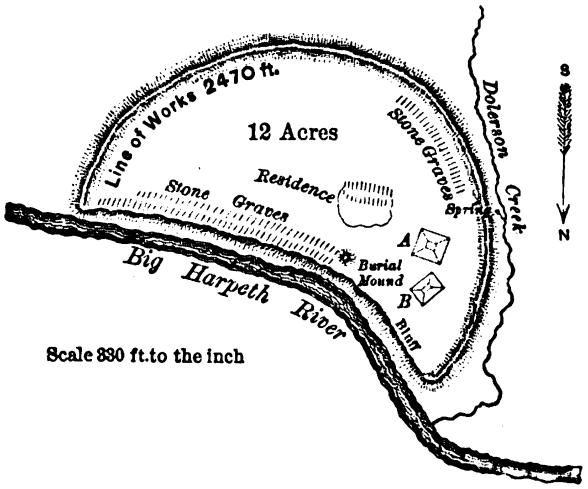
In addition to this careful burial in mounds, extensive grave-yards are found at various places in Tennessee and Kentucky—within and near the earth-works, along the rivers, in the valleys, and around springs of water. The city of Nashville is partly built over one of them. These cemetery graves are precisely like the others in all respects, excepting the value of their deposits. They are sometimes found protruding a few inches above the surrounding soil. Frequently the washing away of a bluff exposes a whole series. The plow has unearthed and exposed many. The best-preserved specimens are found by the skillful explorer by sounding with an iron rod, for they are never over a few inches below the surface. In the mounds, even, many are found in the same way.

In the cave, mound, and cemetery burials we have enough of similarity to justify us in supposing them to have been the work of the same race, for slab graves have been found in the cave earth, mounds and cemeteries occur near burial caves, and the same deposits and paintings are found in all.

Having reviewed the different methods of burial practiced by the Tennessee stone-grave race, it will be a matter of interest to examine their contents, embracing skeletons and burial deposits. Dr. Joseph Jones, during his extensive explorations, paid especial attention to both of these, and will give an interesting report of them in his forth-coming paper in the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."

The position of the skeletons in the cists—at length, doubled up, and with the bones of the body and limbs around the skull—and the occurrence of the cists singly and in groups, have been sufficiently noticed.

All the evidence collected by Dr. Jones and the others not only contradicts the assertion that these graves contained a pygmy race or a people of short stature, but confirms the opinion that they were a tall and handsome people. One skeleton gave the measurement of a man seven feet in height, and the internal capacity of Dr. Jones's largest cranium gave 103 cubic inches, against 109 cubic inches for the largest Caucasian reported by Dr. Morton.



MOUND BURIAL GROUND ON THE BIG HARPETH RIVER, TENNESSEE.

Two features of especial interest to the scholar were carefully investigated by Dr. Jones—the marks of syphilis, and head-flattening. To the history of the former the author has devoted much time and many pages of his contribution, to which I must refer the reader on this point, while our attention will be given to the latter subject.

It is well known that all American Indians carry their infants in a pappoose case. This is a board or wattled frame, upon which the child is strapped and kept until done nursing. The constant pressure of the hard case upon the back of the head must necessarily give it a flattened appearance. The

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same occurs with white children who have been long bedridden by scarlet fever and other complaints. If from any cause the child acquired the habit of lying upon one side, the pressure exerted unequally seems



NAVAJO CRADLE.—[AFTER SCHOOLCRAFT.]

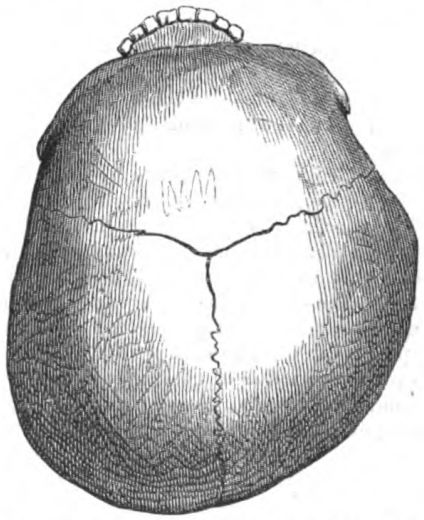
to have modified the form and relation of every bone in the cranium. This accidental head-shaping must not be confounded with the custom of the Chinooks and very many other tribes in different parts of the earth of head-shaping by bandages, pads of bast or wool, bags of sand, or by kneading with the hands. The Tennessee race do not appear to have practiced any of these. If any artificial pressure was exerted at all, it was to the back of the head and not to the front. Dr. Jones, in speaking of the effects of this pressure, says: "When viewed from behind, the stone-grave skull presents a conical or wedge-shaped outline, the base being wide at the occipital protuberances and at the opening of the ears; from thence to the parietal protuberances it is almost perpendicular, and slopes regularly thence to the vertex." Owing to the pressure, in many skulls the *foramen magnum* does not occupy a strictly symmetrical position, being thrown further back, or to one side. From the same cause, one of the glenoid *fossæ* is frequently in advance of the other, and the lower jaw asymmetrical. The parietal diameter is out of all proportion with the longitudinal diameter, in one or two cases exceeding it. The frequent occurrence of Wormian bones in these crania leads us to compare them with the Inca Peruvians; but Dr. Jones thinks that it would be hardly fair to attribute their occurrence to head-shaping, inasmuch as many crania which do not exhibit flattening to a marked degree contain a large proportion of these intercalary bones. The fact comes out, from a very extensive measurement, that the whole volume of the brain is not diminished, that compression at one point means expansion in another, and that as age advances many of its effects fade out entirely.

We turn now to the grave deposits in order to hear their story of the social state of this extinct race. The *mardelles*, or sunken places, on the mounds and elsewhere, lead us to believe that this people, like their descendants, used wigwams and communal lodges for houses, and basked and slept under the shelter of a hedge or stockade built around a shallow pit.

The occurrence of the bones of game animals and of weapons of the chase in connection with the bones of the dead points us to the hunter life of the people, although the cleared areas and the unmistakable corn hills as readily testify to their agricultural pursuits, and the woven bast mats and feather mantles around the dead in caves witness to their progress in weaving.

One of the most interesting grave deposits is the pottery, composed in every instance of clay with powdered shell *dégraissant*, and never glazed. Of this material we find images and vessels. Of the former we shall speak presently; of the latter, every variety is found in the graves; the finer kinds in the more elaborate mound graves; the coarser kinds in the cemetery and isolated graves.

These vessels are found in every position



ASYMMETRICAL SKULL FROM ABIQUIU, NEW MEXICO. [BESSELS.]

—by the side of the cranium, inverted over the face, by the thorax, near the hands and feet. Some of the specimens are thickly coated with ochre, and were, no doubt, aboriginal cosmetic pots; others are painted in

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patterns on the inside and outside with the same ochre, some of them bearing the sign of the cross inclosed with scalloped bands.

They assume a variety of shapes, so that one might think freedom in art to be an aboriginal idea, and yet, together with this variety, which is a necessity with an artist who works in clay without a mould or a wheel, there is but a limited number of forms toward which those early efforts aspired. In addition to those rudest forms, called forth by the simplest wants, and for which nature furnished the models, we have matter for thought in the animal forms and the bottle-shaped vessels with the opening in the side of the neck.

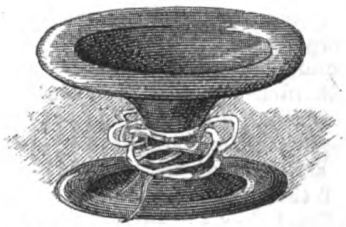


COPPER CROSS FROM TENNESSEE. [JONES.]

The pipes of clay and stone furnish in this section, as in the mounds north of the Ohio River, the most remarkable specimens of sculpture and the plastic art.

The implements of general use, such as hoes, plummets, celts, knives, scrapers, drills, whetstones, mealing-stones, and paint-grinders, are very similar to those described and figured by Squier and Davis in Vol. I. of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." Some of Dr. Jones's specimens are very handsome, and many in the collection of Mr. Devereux make it difficult to decide between the two sides of the Ohio River. Two of Dr. Jones's objects—a chipped blade-like jasper, twenty-two inches in length, and a greenstone axe, the handle and blade being in one piece—are perhaps the most beautiful stone implements of the kind yet discovered.

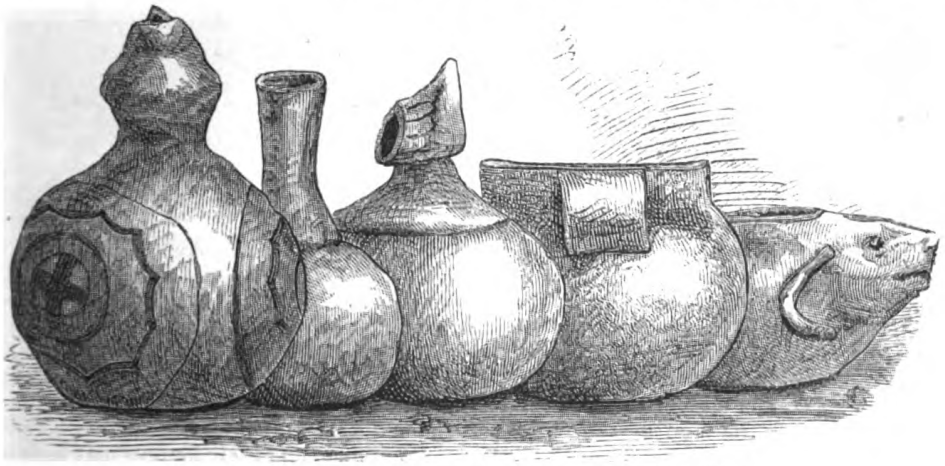
The copper specimens show no signs of having been moulded. Fragments of remarkably pure ore have been flattened out into shape with stone hammers and anvils. Dr. Jones found three small plates, about an inch in length, on which the sign of the cross was stamped. They were pierced at one end for suspension. This, of course, has no connection with Christianity, nor indeed with phallic worship, and if not the merest accident in the world, may have some reference to the four points of the compass.



COPPER BOBBIN FROM TENNESSEE.—[CLARK.]

Mr. C. M. Clark discovered in a mound, four hundred feet in circumference and twenty feet high, an eyelet-shaped tube, about an inch and a half in diameter, resting upon a layer of ashes and burned clay on a level with the surrounding soil. Above this were three other similar layers, sometimes called altars. In the same locality a copper mask was found, consisting of four thin plates, two welded together down the centre form the face, and two small plates riveted on at the sides stand for ears. On the surface of the mask the features of the human face are traced as if with a small punch. In an adjacent mound another bobbin, figured above, was found, on which some hempen thread was wound.

Many personal ornaments made from sea shells are found upon the breasts and around the necks of the dead. The larger ones are carved and painted with devices unintelligible to us, but whose frequent recurrence proves them to have had a standing significance to their wearers. Pearls are also found in the graves, and beads of stone, shell, clay, and other materials. In several



VESSELS FROM THE SLAB GRAVES OF TENNESSEE.—[JONES.]

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of the stone coffins lumps of galena and plates of mica attest some fictitious value set upon them also.

Rock paintings on high, precipitous cliffs, over streams of water, and visible for three or four miles, represent in animal and runic forms the efforts of this rude race to embody thoughts in written speech.

The relics which are somewhat unique and more interesting than all others are the stone and clay images, varying in height from six inches to two feet, and found in great numbers by all diligent explorers in this region. They are hardly ever found in the slab graves, but on the summit or sides of the great mounds, often buried a few inches below the surface, and more frequently still are plowed up in the areas inclosed by the earth-works or in the neighborhood of outlying mounds. Fig. 1 is from a stalactite, and was carved from the stone in position, and left attached by the back of the head. It measures twenty-two inches in length. Fig. 2 is a small white pottery image, and bears the sign of the cross in black pigment on the shoulder. Fig. 3 is a part of a sandstone image dug up in Henry County, Tennessee, by a Mr. Hartsfield. Fig. 4 is a pottery image, about four inches in height. Fig. 5 is from a coarse reddish-brown sandstone, from a mound surrounded with stone graves, in Perry County. These will suffice to show the "style and finish" of the Tennessee sculpture and ceramic art.

In conclusion, after a careful examination of these wonderful relics, we are bound to reject not only the pygmy theory, but also the not much more plausible speculations of those who look to Prince Madoc or to Chinese immigration for the source of Tennessee culture. In the most fertile portion of the American continent, upon the very sites where modern civilization finds its best abiding-place, flourished a nation of semi-agricultural, semi-nomadic Indians. Probably an offshoot of Western or Southern nations, they brought along with them the idea of communal labor and dwelling. In seasons of relaxation, or when the rains had softened the soil, they joined together, men, women, and children, to build their earth-works. They scraped up the surface soil into cane or leather baskets, and carried it on their heads to the place of deposit. Many hands made merry work, and in a few days the mound or rampart was completed.



Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3. Fig. 4. Fig. 5.

STONE AND POTTERY IMAGES FROM TENNESSEE.—[JONES.]

They buried the dead in slab graves, because the slabs were there at hand, and suggested the thing. Their implements and ornaments are in no wise unique, except perhaps in finish, and their images may only go to prove that they who have the best natural advantages have the most leisure for mental and æsthetic improvement.

How they met their doom, by what fell disease or at the hand of what ferocious enemy they were destroyed, none will ever know. With them the words of Palgrave are true: "Lost is lost; and gone is gone forever."

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EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A LOST LANDMARK.

"The sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

THESE are the words that have followed me always. This is the curse which has fallen on my life.

If I had not known my father, if I had not loved him, if I had not closed his eyes in desert silence deeper than the silence of the grave, even if I could have buried and bewailed him duly, the common business of this world and the universal carelessness might have led me down the general track that leads to nothing.

Until my father fell and died I never dreamed that he could die. I knew that his mind was quite made up to see me safe in my new home, and then himself to start again for still remoter solitudes. And when his mind was thus made up, who had ever known him fail of it?

If ever a resolute man there was, that very man was my father. And he showed it now, in this the last and fatal act of his fatal life. "Captain, here I leave you all," he shouted to the leader of our wagon train, at a place where a dark, narrow gorge departed from the moilsome mountain track. "My reasons are my own; let no man trouble himself about them. All my baggage I leave with you. I have paid my share of the venture, and shall claim it at Sacramento. My little girl and I will take this short-cut through the mountains."

"General!" answered the leader of our train, standing up on his board in amazement. "Forgive and forget, Sir; forgive and forget. What is a hot word spoken hotly? If not for your own sake, at least come back for the sake of your young daughter."

"A fair haven to you!" replied my father. He offered me his hand, and we were out of sight of all that wearisome, drearisome, uncompanionable company with whom, for eight long weeks at least, we had been dragging our rough way. I had known in a moment that it must be so, for my father never argued. Argument, to his mind, was a very nice amusement for the weak. My spirits rose as he swung his bear-skin bag upon his shoulder, and the last sound of the laboring caravan groaned in the distance, and the fresh air and the freedom of the mountains moved around us. It was the 29th of May —Oak-apple Day in England—and to my silly youth this vast extent of snowy mountains was a nice place for a cool excursion.

Moreover, from day to day I had been in most wretched anxiety, so long as we remained with people who could not allow for us. My father, by his calm reserve and dignity and largeness, had always, among European people, kept himself secluded; but now in this rough life, so pent in trackless tracts, and pressed together by perpetual peril, every body's manners had been growing free and easy. Every man had been compelled to tell, as truly as he could, the story of his life thus far, to amuse his fellow-creatures—every man, I mean, of course, except my own poor father. Some told their stories every evening, until we were quite tired—although they were never the same twice over; but my father could never be coaxed to say a syllable more than, "I was born, and I shall die."

This made him very unpopular with the men, though all the women admired it; and if any rough fellow could have seen a sign of fear, the speaker would have been insulted. But his manner and the power of his look were such that, even after ardent spirits, no man saw fit to be rude to him. Nevertheless, there had always been the risk of some sad outrage.

"Erema," my father said to me, when the dust from the rear of the caravan was lost behind a cloud of rocks, and we two stood in the wilderness alone—"do you know, my own Erema, why I bring you from them?"

"Father dear, how should I know? You have done it, and it must be right."

"It is not for their paltry insults. Child, you know what I think all that. It is for you, my only child, that I am doing what now I do."

I looked up into his large, sad eyes without a word, in such a way that he lifted me up in his arms and kissed me, as if I were a little child instead of a maiden just fifteen. This he had never done before, and it made me a little frightened. He saw it, and spoke on the spur of the thought, though still with one arm round me.

"Perhaps you will live to be thankful, my dear, that you had a stern, cold father. So will you meet the world all the better; and, little one, you have a rough world to meet."

For a moment I was quite at a loss to account for my father's manner; but now, in looking back, it is so easy to see into things. At the time I must have been surprised, and full of puzzled eagerness.

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Not half so well can I recall the weakness, anguish, and exhaustion of body and spirit afterward. It may have been three days of wandering, or it may have been a week, or even more than that, for all that I can say for certain. Whether the time were long or short, it seemed as if it would never end. My father believed that he knew the way to the house of an old settler, at the western foot of the mountains, who had treated him kindly some years before, and with whom he meant to leave me until he had made arrangements elsewhere. If we had only gone straightway thither, night-fall would have found us safe beneath that hospitable roof.

My father was vexed, as I well remember, at coming, as he thought, in sight of some great landmark, and finding not a trace of it. Although his will was so very strong, his temper was good about little things, and he never began to abuse all the world because he had made a mistake himself.

"Erema," he said, "at this corner where we stand there ought to be a very large pine-tree in sight, or rather a great redwood-tree, at least twice as high as any tree that grows in Europe, or Africa even. From the plains it can be seen for a hundred miles or more. It stands higher up the mountain-side than any other tree of even half its size, and that makes it so conspicuous. My eyes must be failing me, from all this glare; but it must be in sight. Can you see it now?"

"I see no tree of any kind whatever, but scrubby bushes and yellow tufts; and oh, father, I am so thirsty!"

"Naturally. But now look again. It stands on a ridge, the last ridge that bars the view of all the lowland. It is a very straight tree, and regular, like a mighty column, except that on the northern side the wind from the mountains has torn a gap in it. Are you sure that you can not see it—a long way off, but conspicuous?"

"Father, I am sure that I can not see any tree half as large as a broomstick. Far or near, I see no tree."

"Then my eyes are better than my memory. We must cast back for a mile or two; but it can not make much difference."

"Through the dust and the sand?" I began to say; but a glance from him stopped my murmuring. And the next thing I can call to mind must have happened a long time afterward.

Beyond all doubt, in this desolation, my father gave his life for mine. I did not know it at the time, nor had the faintest dream of it, being so young and weary-worn, and obeying him by instinct. It is a fearful thing to think of—now that I can think of it—but to save my own little worthless life I must have drained every drop of water from his flat half-gallon jar. The water was hot and the cork-hole sandy, and I grumbled even while drinking it; and what must my father (who was dying all the while for a drop, but never took one)—what must he have thought of me?

But he never said a word, so far as I remember; and that makes it all the worse for me. We had strayed away into a dry, volcanic district of the mountains, where all the snow-rivers run out quite early; and of natural springs there was none forth-coming. All we had to guide us was a little traveler's compass (whose needle stuck fast on the pivot with sand) and the glaring sun, when he came to sight behind the hot, dry, driving clouds. The clouds were very low, and flying almost in our faces, like vultures sweeping down on us. To me they seemed to shriek over our heads at the others rushing after them. But my father said that they could make no sound, and I never contradicted him.

CHAPTER II.

A PACIFIC SUNSET.

At last we came to a place from which the great spread of the earth was visible. For a time—I can not tell how long—we had wholly lost ourselves, going up and down, and turning corners, without getting further. But my father said that we must come right, if we made up our minds to go long enough. We had been in among all shapes, and want of shapes, of dreariness, through and in and out of every thrup and thrum of weariness, scarcely hoping ever more to find our way out and discover memory of men for us, when all of a sudden we saw a grand sight. The day had been dreadfully hot and baffling, with sudden swirls of red dust arising, and driving the great drought into us. To walk had been worse than to drag one's way through a stubbly bed of sting-nettles. But now the quick sting of the sun was gone, and his power descending in the balance toward the flat places of the land and sea. And suddenly we looked forth upon an immeasurable spread of these.

We stood at the gate of the sandy range, which here, like a vast brown patch, disfigures the beauty of the sierra. On either side, in purple distance, sprang sky-piercing obelisks and vapor-mantled glaciers, spangled with bright snow, and shodden with eternal forest. Before us lay the broad, luxuriant plains of California, checkered with more tints than any other piece of earth can show, sleeping in alluvial ease, and veined with soft blue waters. And through a gap in the brown coast range, at twenty leagues of distance, a light (so faint as to seem a shadow) hovered above the Pacific.

But none of all this grandeur touched our

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hearts except the water gleam. Parched with thirst, I caught my father's arm and tried to urge him on toward the blue enchantment of ecstatic living water. But, to my surprise, he staggered back, and his face grew as white as the distant snow. I managed to get him to a sandy ledge, with the help of his own endeavors, and there let him rest and try to speak, while my frightened heart throbbed over his.

"My little child," he said at last, as if we were fallen back ten years, "put your hand where I can feel it."

My hand all the while had been in his, and to let him know where it was, it moved. But cold fear stopped my talking.

"My child, I have not been kind to you," my father slowly spoke again, "but it has not been from want of love. Some day you will see all this, and some day you will pardon me."

He laid one heavy arm around me, and forgetting thirst and pain, with the last intensity of eyesight watched the sun departing. To me, I know not how, great awe was every where, and sadness. The conical point of the furious sun, which like a barb had pierced us, was broadening into a hazy disk, inefficient, but benevolent. Underneath him depth of night was waiting to come upward (after letting him fall through) and stain his track with redness. Already the arms of darkness grew in readiness to receive him; his upper arc was pure and keen, but the lower was flaked with atmosphere; a glow of hazy light soon would follow, and one bright glimmer (addressed more to the sky than to the earth), and after that a broad, soft gleam; and after that how many a man should never see the sun again, and among them would be my father.

He, for the moment, resting there, with heavy light upon him, and the dark jaws of the mountain desert yawning wide behind him, and all the beautiful expanse of liberal earth before him—even so he seemed to me, of all the things in sight, the one that first would draw attention. His face was full of quiet grandeur and impressive calm, and the sad tranquillity which comes to those who know what human life is through continual human death. Although, in the matter of bodily strength, he was little past the prime of life, his long and abundant hair was white, and his broad and upright forehead marked with the meshes of the net of care. But drought and famine and long fatigue had failed even now to change or weaken the fine expression of his large, sad eyes. Those eyes alone would have made the face remarkable among ten thousand, so deep with settled gloom they were, and dark with fatal sorrow. Such eyes might fitly have told the grief of Adrastus, son of Gordias, who, having slain his own brother unwitting, unwitting slew the only son of his generous host and savior.

The pale globe of the sun hung trembling in the haze himself had made. My father rose to see the last, and reared his tall form upright against the deepening background. He gazed as if the course of life lay vanishing below him, while level land and waters drew the breadth of shadow over them. Then the last gleam flowed and fled upon the face of ocean, and my father put his dry lips to my forehead, saying nothing.

His lips might well be dry, for he had not swallowed water for three days; but it frightened me to feel how cold they were, and even tremulous. "Let us run, let us run, my dear father!" I cried. "Delicious water! The dark falls quickly; but we can get there before dark. It is all down hill. Oh, do let us run at once!"

"Erema," he answered, with a quiet smile, "there is no cause now for hurrying, except that I must hurry to show you what you have to do, my child. For once, at the end of my life, I am lucky. We have escaped from that starving desert at a spot—at a spot where we can see—"

For a little while he could say no more, but sank upon the stony seat, and the hand with which he tried to point some distant landmark fell away. His face, which had been so pale before, became of a deadly whiteness, and he breathed with gasps of agony. I knelt before him and took his hands, and tried to rub the palms, and did whatever I could think of.

"Oh, father, father, you have starved yourself, and given every thing to me! What a brute I was to let you do it! But I did not know; I never knew! Please God to take me also!"

He could not manage to answer this, even if he understood it; but he firmly lifted his arm again, and tried to make me follow it.

"What does it matter? Oh, never mind, never mind such a wretch as I am! Father, only try to tell me what I ought to do for you."

"My child! my child!" were his only words; and he kept on saying, "My child! my child!" as if he liked the sound of it.

At what time of the night my father died I knew not then or afterward. It may have been before the moon came over the snowy mountains, or it may not have been till the worn-out stars in vain repelled the daybreak. All I know is that I ever strove to keep more near to him through the night, to cherish his failing warmth, and quicken the slow, laborious, harassed breath. From time to time he tried to pray to God for me and for himself; but every time his mind began to wander and to slip away, as if through want of practice. For the chills of many wretched years had deadened and benumbed his faith. He knew me, now and

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then, betwixt the conflict and the stupor; for more than once he muttered feebly, and as if from out a dream,

"Time for Erema to go on her way. Go on your way, and save your life; save your life, Erema."

There was no way for me to go, except on my knees before him. I took his hands, and made them lissome with a soft, light rubbing. I whispered into his ear my name, that he might speak once more to me; and when he could not speak, I tried to say what he would say to me.

At last, with a blow that stunned all words, it smote my stupid, wandering mind that all I had to speak and smile to, all I cared to please and serve, the only one left to admire and love, lay here in my weak arms quite dead. And in the anguish of my sobbing, little things came home to me, a thousand little things that showed how quietly he had prepared for this, and provided for me only. Cold despair and self-reproach and strong rebellion dazed me, until I lay at my father's side, and slept with his dead hand in mine. There in the desert of desolation pious awe embraced me, and small phantasms of individual fear could not come nigh me.

By-and-by long shadows of morning crept toward me dismally, and the pallid light of the hills was stretched in weary streaks away from me. How I arose, or what I did, or what I thought, is nothing now. Such times are not for talking of. How many hearts of anguish lie forlorn, with none to comfort them, with all the joy of life died out, and all the fear of having yet to live, in front arising!

Young and weak, and wrong of sex for doing any valiance, long I lay by my father's body, wringing out my wretchedness. Thirst and famine now had flown into the opposite extreme; I seemed to loathe the thought of water, and the smell of food would have made me sick. I opened my father's knapsack, and a pang of new misery seized me. There lay nearly all his rations, which he had made pretense to eat as he gave me mine from time to time. He had starved himself; since he failed of his mark, and learned our risk of famishing, all his own food he had kept for me, as well as his store of water. And I had done nothing but grumble and groan, even while consuming every thing. Compared with me, the hovering vultures might be considered angels.

When I found all this, I was a great deal too worn out to cry or sob. Simply to break down may be the purest mercy that can fall on truly hopeless misery. Screams of ravenous maws and flaps of fetid wings came close to me, and, fainting into the arms of death, I tried to save my father's body by throwing my own over it.

CHAPTER III.

A STURDY COLONIST.

FOR the contrast betwixt that dreadful scene and the one on which my dim eyes slowly opened, three days afterward, first I thank the Lord in heaven, whose gracious care was over me, and after Him some very simple members of humanity.

A bronze-colored woman, with soft, sad eyes, was looking at me steadfastly. She had seen that, under tender care, I was just beginning to revive, and being acquainted with many troubles, she had learned to succor all of them. This I knew not then, but felt that kindness was around me.

"Arauna, arauna, my shild," she said, in a strange but sweet and soothing voice, "you are with the good man in the safe, good house. Let old Suan give you the good food, my shild."

"Where is my father? Oh, show me my father!" I whispered faintly, as she raised me in the bed and held a large spoon to my lips.

"You shall—you shall; it is too very much Inglese; me tell you when have long Sunday time to think. My shild, take the good food from poor old Suan."

She looked at me with such beseeching eyes that, even if food had been loathsome to me, I could not have resisted her; whereas I was now in the quick-reviving agony of starvation. The Indian woman fed me with far greater care than I was worth, and hushed me, with some soothing process, into another abyss of sleep.

More than a week passed by me thus, in the struggle between life and death, before I was able to get clear knowledge of any body or any thing. No one, in my wakeful hours, came into my little bedroom except this careful Indian nurse, who hushed me off to sleep whenever I wanted to ask questions. Suan Isco, as she was called, possessed a more than mesmeric power of soothing a weary frame to rest; and this was seconded, where I lay, by the soft, incessant cadence and abundant roar of water. Thus every day I recovered strength and natural impatience.

"The master is coming to see you, shild," Suan said to me one day, when I had sat up and done my hair, and longed to be down by the water-fall; "if, if—too much Inglese—old Suan say no more can now."

"If I am ready and able and willing! Oh, Suan, run and tell him not to lose one moment."

"No sure; Suan no sure at all," she answered, looking at me calmly, as if there were centuries yet to spare. "Suan no hurry; shild no hurry; master no hurry: come last of all."

"I tell you, Suan, I want to see him. And I am not accustomed to be kept wait-

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ing. My dear father insisted always— But oh, Suan, Suan, he is dead—I am almost sure of it."

"Him old man quite dead enough, and big hole dug in the land for him. Very good; more good than could be. Suan no more Inglese."

Well as I had known it long, a catching of the breath and hollow, helpless pain came through me, to meet in dry words thus the dread which might have been but a hovering dream. I turned my face to the wall, and begged her not to send the master in.

But presently a large, firm hand was laid on my shoulder softly, and turning sharply round, I beheld an elderly man looking down at me. His face was plain and square and solid, with short white curls on a rugged forehead, and fresh red cheeks, and a triple chin—fit base for remarkably massive jaws. His frame was in keeping with his face, being very large and powerful, though not of my father's commanding height. His dress and appearance were those of a working—and a really hard-working—man, sober, steadfast, and self-respecting; but what engaged my attention most was the frank yet shrewd gaze of deep-set eyes. I speak of things as I observed them later, for I could not pay much heed just then.

"'Tis a poor little missy," he said, with a gentle tone. "What things she hath been through! Will you take an old man's hand, my dear? Your father hath often taken it, though different from his rank of life. Sampson Gundry is my name, missy. Have you ever heard your father tell of it?"

"Many and many a time," I said, as I placed my hot little hand in his. "He never found more than one man true on earth, and it was you, Sir."

"Come, now," he replied, with his eyes for a moment sparkling at my warmth of words; "you must not have that in your young head, missy. It leads to a miserable life. Your father hath always been unlucky—the most unlucky that ever I did know. And luck cometh out in nothing clearer than in the kind of folk we meet. But the Lord in heaven ordereth all. I speak like a poor heathen."

"Oh, never mind that!" I cried: "only tell me, were you in time to save—to save—" I could not bear to say what I wanted.

"In plenty of time, my dear; thanks to you. You must have fought when you could not fight: the real stuff, I call it. Your poor father lies where none can harm him. Come, missy, missy, you must not take on so. It is the best thing that could befall a man so bound up with calamity. It is what he hath prayed for for many a year—if only it were not for you. And now you are safe, and for sure he knows it, if the angels heed their business."

With these words he withdrew, and kindly sent Suan back to me, knowing that her soothing ways would help me more than argument. To my mind all things lay in deep confusion and abasement. Overcome with bodily weakness and with bitter self-reproach, I even feared that to ask any questions might show want of gratitude. But a thing of that sort could not always last, and before very long I was quite at home with the history of Mr. Gundry.

Solomon Gundry, of Mevagissey, in the county of Cornwall, in England, betook himself to the United States in the last year of the last century. He had always been a most upright man, as well as a first-rate fisherman; and his family had made a rule—as most respectable families at that time did—to run a nice cargo of contraband goods not more than twice in one season. A highly querulous old lieutenant of the British navy (who had served under Nelson and lost both arms, yet kept "the rheumatics" in either stump) was appointed, in an evil hour, to the Cornish coast-guard; and he never rested until he had caught all the best county families smuggling. Through this he lost his situation, and had to go to the workhouse; nevertheless, such a stir had been roused that (to satisfy public opinion) they made a large sacrifice of inferior people, and among them this Solomon Gundry. Now the Gundries had long been a thickset race, and had furnished some champion wrestlers; and Solomon kept to the family stamp in the matter of obstinacy. He made a bold mark at the foot of a bond for £150; and with no other sign than that, his partner in their stanch herring-smack (the *Good Hope*, of Mevagissey) allowed him to make sail across the Atlantic with all he cared for.

This Cornish partner deserved to get all his money back; and so he did, together with good interest. Solomon Gundry throve among a thrifty race at Boston; he married a sweet New England lass, and his eldest son was Sampson. Sampson, in the prime of life, and at its headstrong period, sought the far West, overland, through not much less of distance, and through even more of danger, than his English father had gone through. His name was known on the western side of the mighty chain of mountains before Colonel Fremont was heard of there, and before there was any gleam of gold on the lonely sunset frontage.

Here Sampson Gundry lived by tillage of the nobly fertile soil ere Sacramento or San Francisco had any name to speak of. And though he did not show regard for any kind of society, he managed to have a wife and son, and keep them free from danger. But (as it appears to me the more, the more I think of every thing) no one must assume to be aside the reach of Fortune because he has gathered himself so small that she should not care to strike at him. At

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any rate, good or evil powers smote Sampson Gundry heavily.

First he lost his wife, which was a "great denial" to him. She fell from a cliff while she was pegging out the linen, and the substance of her frame prevented her from ever getting over it. And after that he lost his son, his only son—for all the Gundries were particular as to quality; and the way in which he lost his son made it still more sad for him.

A reputable and valued woman had disappeared in a hasty way from a cattle-place down the same side of the hills. The desire of the Indians was to enlarge her value and get it. There were very few white men as yet within any distance to do good; but Sampson Gundry vowed that, if the will of the Lord went with him, that woman should come back to her family without robbing them of sixpence. To this intent he started with a company of some twenty men—white or black or middle-colored (according to circumstances). He was their captain, and his son Elijah their lieutenant. Elijah had only been married for a fortnight, but was full of spirit, and eager to fight with enemies; and he seems to have carried this too far; for all that came back to his poor bride was a lock of his hair and his blessing. He was buried in a bed of lava on the western slope of Shasta, and his wife died in her confinement, and was buried by the Blue River.

It was said at the time and long afterward that Elijah Gundry—thus cut short—was the finest and noblest young man to be found from the mountains to the ocean. His father, in whose arms he died, led a sad and lonely life for years, and scarcely even cared (although of Cornish and New England race) to seize the glorious chance of wealth which lay at his feet beseeching him. By settlement he had possessed himself of a large and fertile district, sloping from the mountain-foot along the banks of the swift Blue River, a tributary of the San Joaquin. And this was not all; for he also claimed the ownership of the upper valley, the whole of the mountain gorge and spring head, whence that sparkling water flows. And when that fury of gold-digging in 1849 arose, very few men could have done what he did without even thinking twice of it.

For Sampson Gundry stood, like a bull, on the banks of his own river, and defied the worst and most desperate men of all nations to pollute it. He had scarcely any followers or steadfast friends to back him; but his fame for stern courage was clear and strong, and his bodily presence most manifest. Not a shovel was thrust nor a cradle rocked in the bed of the Blue River.

But when a year or two had passed, and all the towns and villages, and even hovels and way-side huts, began to clink with money, Mr. Gundry gradually recovered a wholesome desire to have some. For now his grandson Ephraim was growing into biped shape, and having lost his mother when he first came into the world, was sure to need the more natural and maternal nutriment of money.

Therefore Sampson Gundry, though he would not dig for gold, wrought out a plan which he had long thought of. Nature helped him with all her powers of mountain, forest, and headlong stream. He set up a saw-mill, and built it himself; and there was no other to be found for twelve degrees of latitude and perhaps a score of longitude.

CHAPTER IV.

THE "KING OF THE MOUNTAINS."

If I think, and try to write forever with the strongest words, I can not express to any other mind a thousandth part of the gratitude which was and is, and ought to be forever, in my own poor mind toward those who were so good to me. From time to time it is said (whenever any man with power of speech or fancy gets some little grievances) that all mankind are simply selfish, miserly, and miserable. To contradict that saying needs experience even larger, perhaps, than that which has suggested it; and this I can not have, and therefore only know that I have not found men or women behave at all according to that view of them.

Whether Sampson Gundry owed any debt, either of gratitude or of loyalty, to my father, I did not ask; and he seemed to be (like every one else) reserved and silent as to my father's history. But he always treated me as if I belonged to a rank of life quite different from and much above his own. For instance, it was long before he would allow me to have my meals at the table of the household.

But as soon as I began in earnest to recover from starvation, loss, and loneliness, my heart was drawn to this grand old man, who had seen so many troubles. He had been here and there in the world so much, and dealt with so many people, that the natural frankness of his mind was sharpened into caution. But any weak and helpless person still could get the best of him; and his shrewdness certainly did not spring from any form of bitterness. He was rough in his ways sometimes, and could not bear to be contradicted when he was sure that he was right, which generally happened to him. But above all things he had one very great peculiarity, to my mind highly vexatious, because it seemed so unaccountable. Sampson Gundry had a very low opinion of feminine intellect. He never showed this contempt in any unpleasant way, and indeed he never, perhaps, displayed it in any posi-

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tive sayings. But as I grew older and began to argue, sure I was that it was there; and it always provoked me tenfold as much by seeming to need no assertion, but to stand as some great axiom.

The other members of the household were his grandson Ephraim (or "Firm" Gundry), the Indian woman Suan Isco, and a couple of helps, of race or nation almost unknown to themselves. Suan Isco belonged to a tribe of respectable Black Rock Indians, and had been the wife of a chief among them, and the mother of several children. But Klamath Indians, enemies of theirs (who carried off the lady of the cattle ranch, and afterward shot Elijah), had Suan Isco in their possession, having murdered her husband and children, and were using her as a mere beast of burden, when Sampson Gundry fell on them. He, with his followers, being enraged at the cold-blooded death of Elijah, fell on those miscreants to such purpose that women and children alone were left to hand down their bad propensities.

But the white men rescued and brought away the stolen wife of the stockman, and also the widow of the Black Rock chief. She was in such poor condition and so broken-hearted that none but the finest humanity would have considered her worth a quarter of the trouble of her carriage. But she proved to be worth it a thousandfold; and Sawyer Gundry (as now he was called) knew by this time all the value of uncultivated gratitude. And her virtues were so many that it took a long time to find them out, for she never put them forward, not knowing whether they were good or bad.

Until I knew these people, and the pure depth of their kindness, it was a continual grief to me to be a burden upon them. But when I came to understand them and their simple greatness, the only thing I was ashamed of was my own mistrust of them. Not that I expected ever that any harm would be done to me, only that I knew myself to have no claim on any one.

One day, when I was fit for nothing but to dwell on trouble, Sampson Gundry's grandson "Firm"—as he was called for Ephraim—ran up the stairs to the little room where I was sitting by myself.

"Miss Rema, will you come with us?" he said, in his deep, slow style of speech. "We are going up the mountain, to haul down the great tree to the mill."

"To be sure I will come," I answered, gladly. "What great tree is it, Mr. Ephraim?"

"The largest tree any where near here—the one we cut down last winter. Ten days it took to cut it down. If I could have saved it, it should have stood. But grandfather did it to prove his rights. We shall have a rare job to lead it home, and I doubt if we can tackle it. I thought you might like to see us try."

In less than a minute I was ready, for the warmth and softness of the air made cloak or shawl unbearable. But when I ran down to the yard of the mill, Mr. Gundry, who was giving orders, came up and gave me an order too.

"You must not go like this, my dear. We have three thousand feet to go upward. The air will be sharp up there, and I doubt if we shall be home by night-fall. Run, Suan, and fetch the young lady's cloak, and a pair of thicker boots for change."

Suan Isco never ran. That manner of motion was foreign to her, at least as we accomplish it. When speed was required, she attained it by increased length of stride and great vigor of heel. In this way she conquered distance steadily, and with very little noise.

The air, and the light, and the beauty of the mountains were a sudden joy to me. In front of us all strode Sampson Gundry, clearing all tangles with a short, sharp axe, and mounting steep places as if twoscore were struck off his threescore years and five. From time to time he turned round to laugh, or see that his men and trained bullocks were right; and then, as his bright eyes met my dark ones, he seemed to be sorry for the noise he made. On the other hand, I was ashamed of damping any one's pleasure by being there.

But I need not have felt any fear about this. Like all other children, I wrapped myself up too much in my own importance, and behaved as if my state of mind was a thing to be considered. But the longer we rose through the freedom and the height, the lighter grew the heart of every one, until the thick forest of pines closed round us, and we walked in a silence that might be felt.

Hence we issued forth upon the rough bare rock, and after much trouble with the cattle, and some bruises, stood panting on a rugged cone, or crest, which had once been crowned with a Titan of a tree. The tree was still there, but not its glory; for, alas! the mighty trunk lay prostrate—a grander column than ever was or will be built by human hands. The tapering shaft stretched out of sight for something like a furlong, and the bulk of the butt rose over us so that we could not see the mountains. Having never seen any such tree before, I must have been amazed if I had been old enough to comprehend it.

Sampson Gundry, large as he was, and accustomed to almost every thing, collected his men and the whole of his team on the ground-floor or area of the stump before he would say any thing. Here we all looked so sadly small that several of the men began to laugh; the bullocks seemed nothing but raccoons or beavers to run on the branches or the fibres of the tree; and the chains and

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the shackles, and the blocks and cranes, and all the rest of the things they meant to use, seemed nothing whatever, or at all to be considered, except as a spider's web upon this tree.

The sagacious bullocks, who knew quite well what they were expected to do, looked blank. Some rubbed their horns into one another's sadly, and some cocked their tails because they felt that they could not be called upon to work. The light of the afternoon sun came glancing along the vast pillar, and lit its dying hues—cinnamon, purple, and glabrous red, and soft gray where the lichens grew.

Every body looked at Mr. Gundry, and he began to cough a little, having had lately some trouble with his throat. Then in his sturdy manner he spoke the truth, according to his nature. He set his great square shoulders against the butt of the tree, and delivered himself:

"Friends and neighbors, and hands of my own, I am taken in here, and I own to it. It serves me right for disbelieving what my grandson, Firm Gundry, said. I knew that the tree was a big one, of course, as every body else does; but till you see a tree laid upon earth you get no grip of his girth, no more than you do of a man till he lieth a corpse. At the time of felling I could not come anigh him, by reason of an accident; and I had some words with this boy about it, which kept me away ever since that time. Firm, you were right, and I was wrong. It was a real shame, now I see it, to throw down the 'King of the Mountains.' But, for all that, being down, we must use him. He shall be sawn into fifty-foot lengths. And I invite you all to come again, for six or seven good turns at him."

At the hearing of this, a cheer arose, not only for the Sawyer's manly truth, but also for his hospitality; because on each of these visits to the mountain he was the host, and his supplies were good. But before the descent with the empty teams began, young Ephraim did what appeared to me to be a gallant and straightforward thing. He stood on the chine of the fallen monster, forty feet above us, having gained the post of vantage by activity and strength, and he asked if he might say a word or two.

"Say away, lad," cried his grandfather, supposing, perhaps, in his obstinate way (for truly he was very obstinate), that his grandson was going now to clear himself from art or part in the murder of that tree—an act which had roused indignation over a hundred leagues of lowland.

"Neighbors," said Firm, in a clear young voice, which shook at first with diffidence, "we all have to thank you, more than I can tell, for coming to help us with this job. It was a job which required to be done for legal reasons which I do not understand, but no doubt they were good ones. For that we have my grandfather's word; and no one, I think, will gainsay it. Now, having gone so far, we will not be beaten by it, or else we shall not be Americans."

These simple words were received with great applause; and an orator, standing on the largest stump to be found even in America, delivered a speech which was very good to hear, but need not now be repeated. And Mr. Gundry's eyes were moist with pleasure at his grandson's conduct.

"Firm knoweth the right thing to do," he said; "and like a man he doeth it. But whatever aileth you, Miss Rema, and what can 'e see in the distance yonner? Never mind, my dear, then. Tell me by-and-by, when none of these folk is 'longside of us."

But I could not bear to tell him, till he forced it from me under pain of his displeasure. I had spied on the sky-line far above us, in the desert track of mountain, the very gap in which my father stood and bade me seek this landmark. His memory was true, and his eyesight also; but the great tree had been felled. The death of the "King of the Mountains" had led to the death of the king of mankind, so far as my little world contained one.

CHAPTER V.

UNCLE SAM.

THE influence of the place in which I lived began to grow on me. The warmth of the climate and the clouds of soft and fertile dust were broken by the refreshing rush of water and the clear soft green of leaves. We had fruit trees of almost every kind, from the peach to the amber cherry, and countless oaks by the side of the river—not large, but most fantastic. Here I used to sit and wonder, in a foolish, childish way, whether on earth there was any other child so strangely placed as I was. Of course there were thousands far worse off, more desolate and destitute, but was there any more thickly wrapped in mystery and loneliness?

A wanderer as I had been for years, together with my father, change of place had not supplied the knowledge which flows from lapse of time. Faith, and warmth, and trust in others had not been dashed out of me by any rude blows of the world, as happens with unlucky children huddled together in large cities. My father had never allowed me much acquaintance with other children; for six years he had left me with a community of lay sisters, in a little town of Languedoc, where I was the only pupil, and where I was to remain as I was born, a simple heretic. Those sisters were very good to me, and taught me as much as I could take of secular accomplishment. And

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it was a bitter day for me when I left them for America.

For during those six years I had seen my father at long intervals, and had almost forgotten the earlier days when I was always with him. I used to be the one little comfort of his perpetual wanderings, when I was a careless child, and said things to amuse him. Not that he ever played with me any more than he played with any thing; but I was the last of his seven children, and he liked to watch me grow. I never knew it, I never guessed it, until he gave his life for mine; but, poor little common thing as I was, I became his only tie to earth. Even to me he was never loving, in the way some fathers are. He never called me by pet names, nor dandled me on his knee, nor kissed me, nor stroked down my hair and smiled. Such things I never expected of him, and therefore never missed them; I did not even know that happy children always have them.

But one thing I knew, which is not always known to happier children: I had the pleasure of knowing my own name. My name was an English one—Castlewood—and by birth I was an English girl, though of England I knew nothing, and at one time spoke and thought most easily in French. But my longing had always been for England, and for the sound of English voices and the quietude of English ways. In the chatter and heat and drought of South France some faint remembrance of a greener, cooler, and more silent country seemed to touch me now and then. But where in England I had lived, or when I had left that country, or whether I had relations there, and why I was doomed to be a foreign girl—all these questions were but as curling wisps of cloud on memory's sky.

Of such things (much as I longed to know a good deal more about them) I never had dared to ask my father; nor even could I, in a roundabout way, such as clever children have, get second-hand information. In the first place, I was not a clever child; for the next point, I never had underhand skill; and finally, there was no one near me who knew any thing about me. Like all other girls—and perhaps the very same tendency is to be found in boys—I had strong though hazy ideas of caste. The noble sense of equality, fraternity, and so on, seems to come later in life than childhood, which is an age of ambition. I did not know who in the world I was, but felt quite sure of being somebody.

One day, when the great tree had been sawn into lengths, and with the aid of many teams brought home, and the pits and the hoisting tackle were being prepared and strengthened to deal with it, Mr. Gundry, being full of the subject, declared that he would have his dinner in the mill yard. He was anxious to watch, without loss of time, the settlement of some heavy timbers newly sunk in the river's bed, to defend the outworks of the mill. Having his good leave to bring him his pipe, I found him sitting upon a bench with a level fixed before him, and his empty plate and cup laid by, among a great litter of tools and things. He was looking along the level with one eye shut, and the other most sternly intent; but when I came near he rose and raised his broad pith hat, and made me think that I was not interrupting him.

"Here is your pipe, Uncle Sam," I said; for, in spite of all his formal ways, I would not be afraid of him. I had known him now quite long enough to be sure he was good and kind. And I knew that the world around these parts was divided into two hemispheres, the better half being of those who loved, and the baser half made of those who hated, Sawyer Sampson Gundry.

"What a queer world it is!" said Mr. Gundry, accepting his pipe to consider that point. "Who ever would have dreamed, fifty years agone, that your father's daughter would ever have come with a pipe to light for my father's son?"

"Uncle Sam," I replied, as he slowly began to make those puffs which seem to be of the highest essence of pleasure, and wisps of blue smoke flitted through his white eyebrows and among the snowy curls of hair—"dear Uncle Sam, I am sure that it would be an honor to a princess to light a pipe for a man like you."

"Miss Rema, I should rather you would talk no nonsense," he answered, very shortly, and he set his eye along his level, as if I had offended him. Not knowing how to assert myself and declare that I had spoken my honest thoughts, I merely sat down on the bench and waited for him to speak again to me. But he made believe to be very busy, and scarcely to know that I was there. I had a great mind to cry, but resolved not to do it.

"Why, how is this? What's the matter?" he exclaimed at last, when I had been watching the water so long that I sighed to know where it was going to. "Why, missy, you look as if you had never a friend in all the wide world left."

"Then I must look very ungrateful," I said; "for at any rate I have one, and a good one."

"And don't you know of any one but me, my dear?"

"You and Suan Isco and Firm—those are all I have any knowledge of."

"'Tis a plenty—to my mind, almost too many. My plan is to be a good friend to all, but not let too many be friends with me. Rest you quite satisfied with three, Miss Rema. I have lived a good many years, and I never had more than three friends worth a puff of my pipe."

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"But one's own relations, Uncle Sam—people quite nearly related to us: it is impossible for them to be unkind, you know."

"Do I, my dear? Then I wish that I did. Except one's own father and mother, there is not much to be hoped for out of them. My own brother took a twist against me because I tried to save him from ruin; and if any man ever wished me ill, he did. And I think that your father had the same tale to tell. But there! I know nothing whatever about that."

"Now you do, Mr. Gundry; I am certain that you do, and beg you to tell me, or rather I demand it. I am old enough now, and I am certain my dear father would have wished me to know every thing. Whatever it was, I am sure that he was right; and until I know that, I shall always be the most miserable of the miserable."

The Sawyer looked at me as if he could not enter into my meaning, and his broad, short nose and quiet eyes were beset with wrinkles of inquiry. He quite forgot his level and his great post in the river, and tilted back his ancient hat, and let his pipe rest on his big brown arm. "Lord bless me!" he said, "what a young gal you are! Or, at least, what a young Miss Rema. What good can you do, miss, by making of a rout? Here you be in as quiet a place as you could find, and all of us likes and pities you. Your father was a wise man to settle you here in this enlightened continent. Let the doggoned old folk t'other side of the world think out their own flustrations. A female young American you are now, and a very fine specimen you will grow. 'Tis the finest thing to be on all God's earth."

"No, Mr. Gundry, I am an English girl, and I mean to be an Englishwoman. The Americans may be more kind and generous, and perhaps my father thought so, and brought me here for that reason. And I may be glad to come back to you again when I have done what I am bound to do. Remember that I am the last of seven children, and do not even know where the rest are buried."

"Now look straight afore you, missy. What do you see yonner?" The Sawyer was getting a little tired, perhaps, of this long interruption.

"I see enormous logs, and a quantity of saws, and tools I don't even know the names of. Also I see a bright, swift river."

"But over here, missy, between them two oaks. What do you please to see there, Miss Rema?"

"What I see there, of course, is a great saw-mill."

"But it wouldn't have been 'of course,' and it wouldn't have been at all, if I had spent all my days a-dwelling on the injuries of my family. Could I have put that there unekaled sample of water-power and human ingenuity together without laboring hard for whole months of a stretch, except upon the Sabbath, and laying awake night after night, and bending all my intellect over it? And could I have done that, think you now, if my heart was a-mooning upon family wrongs, and this, that, and the other?"

Here Sampson Gundry turned full upon me, and folded his arms, and spread his great chin upon his deer-skin apron, and nodded briskly with his deep gray eyes, surveying me in triumph. To his mind, that mill was the wonder of the world, and any argument based upon it, with or without coherence, was, like its circular saws, irresistible. And yet he thought that women can not reason! However, I did not say another word just then, but gave way to him, as behooved a child. And not only that, but I always found him too good to be argued with—too kind, I mean, and large of heart, and wedded to his own peculiar turns. There was nothing about him that one could dislike, or strike fire at, and be captious; and he always proceeded with such pity for those who were opposed to him that they always knew they must be wrong, though he was too polite to tell them so. And he had such a pleasant, paternal way of looking down into one's little thoughts when he put on his spectacles, that to say any more was to hazard the risk of ungrateful inexperience.

CHAPTER VI.

A BRITISHER.

THE beautiful Blue River came from the jagged depths of the mountains, full of light and liveliness. It had scarcely run six miles from its source before it touched our mill-wheel; but in that space and time it had gathered strong and copious volume. The lovely blue of the water (like the inner tint of a glacier) was partly due to its origin, perhaps, and partly to the rich, soft tone of the granite sand spread under it. Whatever the cause may have been, the river well deserved its title.

It was so bright and pure a blue, so limpid and pellucid, that it even seemed to outvie the tint of the sky which it reflected, and the myriad sparks of sunshine on it twinkled like a crystal rain. Plodding through the parched and scorching dust of the mountain-foot, through the stifling vapor and the blinding, ochreous glare, the traveler suddenly came upon this cool and calm delight. It was not to be descried afar, for it lay below the level, and the oaks and other trees of shelter scarcely topped the narrow comb. There was no cañon, such as are—and some of them known over all the world—both to the north and south

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of it. The Blue River did not owe its birth to any fierce convulsion, but sparkled on its cheerful way without impending horrors. Standing here as a child, and thinking, from the manner of my father, that strong men never wept nor owned the conquest of emotion, I felt sometimes a fool's contempt for the gushing transport of brave men. For instance, I have seen a miner, or a tamer of horses, or a rough fur-hunter, or (perhaps the bravest of all) a man of science and topography, jaded, worn, and nearly dead with drought and dearth and choking, suddenly, and beyond all hope, strike on this buried Eden. And then he dropped on his knees and spread his starved hands upward, if he could, and thanked the God who made him, till his head went round, and who knows what remembrance of loved ones came to him? And then, if he had any moisture left, he fell to a passion of weeping.

In childish ignorance I thought that this man weakly degraded himself, and should have been born a woman. But since that time I have truly learned that the bravest of men are those who feel their Maker's hand most softly, and are not ashamed to pay the tribute of their weakness to Him.

Living, as we did, in a lonely place, and yet not far from a track along the crest of the great Californian plain from Sacramento southward, there was scarcely a week which did not bring us some traveler needing comfort. Mr. Gundry used to be told that if he would set up a rough hotel, or house of call for cattle-drovers, miners, loafers, and so on, he might turn twice the money he could ever make by his thriving saw-mill. But he only used to laugh, and say that nature had made him too honest for that; and he never thought of charging any thing for his hospitality, though if a rich man left a gold piece, or even a nugget, upon a shelf, as happened very often, Sawyer Gundry did not disdain to set it aside for a rainy day. And one of his richest or most lavish guests arrived on my account, perhaps.

It happened when daylight was growing shorter, and the red heat of the earth was gone, and the snow-line of distant granite peaks had crept already lower, and the chattering birds that spent their summer in our band of oak-trees were beginning to find their food get short, and to prime swift wings for the lowland; and I, having never felt bitter cold, was trembling at what I heard of it. For now it was clear that I had no choice but to stay where I was for the present, and be truly thankful to God and man for having the chance of doing so. For the little relics of my affairs—so far as I had any—had taken much time in arrangement, perhaps because it was so hard to find them. I knew nothing, except about my own little common wardrobe, and could give no information about the contents of my father's packages. But these, by dint of perseverance on the part of Ephraim (who was very keen about all rights), had mainly been recovered, and Mr. Gundry had done the best that could be done concerning them. Whatever seemed of a private nature, or likely to prove important, had been brought home to Blue River Mills; the rest had been sold, and had fetched large prices, unless Mr. Gundry enlarged them.

He more than enlarged, he multiplied them, as I found out long afterward, to make me think myself rich and grand, while a beggar upon his bounty. I had never been accustomed to think of money, and felt some little contempt for it—not, indeed, a lofty hatred, but a careless wonder why it seemed to be always thought of. It was one of the last things I ever thought of; and those who were waiting for it were—until I got used to them—obliged in self-duty to remind me.

This, however, was not my fault. I never dreamed of wronging them. But I had earned no practical knowledge of the great world any where, much though I had wandered about, according to vague recollections. The duty of paying had never been mine; that important part had been done for me. And my father had such a horror always of any growth of avarice that he never gave me sixpence.

And now, when I heard upon every side continual talk of money, from Suan Isco upward, I thought at first that the New World must be different from the Old one, and that the gold mines in the neighborhood must have made them full of it; and once or twice I asked Uncle Sam; but he only nodded his head, and said that it was the practice every where. And before very long I began to perceive that he did not exaggerate.

Nothing could prove this point more clearly than the circumstance above referred to—the arrival of a stranger, for the purpose of bribing even Uncle Sam himself. This happened in the month of November, when the passes were beginning to be blocked with snow, and those of the higher mountain tracts had long been overwhelmed with it. On this particular day the air was laden with gray, oppressive clouds, threatening a heavy downfall, and instead of faring forth, as usual, to my beloved river, I was kept in-doors, and even up stairs, by a violent snow-headache. This is a crushing weight of pain, which all new-comers, or almost all, are obliged to endure, sometimes for as much as eight-and-forty hours, when the first great snow of the winter is breeding, as they express it, overhead. But I was more lucky than most people are; for after about twelve hours of almost intolerable throbbing, during which the sweetest sound

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was odious, and the idea of food quite loathsome, the agony left me, and a great desire for something to eat succeeded. Suan Isco, the kindest of the kind, was gone down stairs at last, for which I felt ungrateful gratitude —because she had been doing her best to charm away my pain by low, monotonous Indian ditties, which made it ten times worse; and yet I could not find heart to tell her so.

Now it must have been past six o'clock in the evening of the November day when the avalanche slid off my head, and I was able to lift it. The light of the west had been faint, and was dead; though often it used to prolong our day by the backward glance of the ocean. With pangs of youthful hunger, but a head still weak and dazy, I groped my way in the dark through the passage and down the stairs of redwood.

At the bottom, where a railed landing was, and the door opened into the house-room, I was surprised to find that, instead of the usual cheerful company enjoying themselves by the fire-light, there were only two people present. The Sawyer sat stiffly in his chair of state, delaying even the indulgence of his pipe, and having his face set sternly, as I had never before beheld it. In the visitor's corner, as we called it, where people sat to dry themselves, there was a man, and only one.

Something told me that I had better keep back and not disturb them. The room was not in its usual state of comfort and hospitality. Some kind of meal had been made at the table, as always must be in these parts; but not of the genial, reckless sort which random travelers carried on without any check from the Sawyer. For he of all men ever born in a civilized age was the finest host, and a guest beneath his roof was sacred as a lady to a knight. Hence it happened that I was much surprised. Proper conduct almost compelled me to withdraw; but curiosity made me take just one more little peep, perhaps. Looking back at these things now, I can not be sure of every thing; and indeed if I could, I must have an almost supernatural memory. But I remember many things; and the headache may have cleared my mind.

The stranger who had brought Mr. Gundry's humor into such stiff condition was sitting in the corner, a nook where light and shadow made an eddy. He seemed to be perfectly unconcerned about all the tricks of the hearth flame, presenting as he did a most solid face for any light to play upon. To me it seemed to be a weather-beaten face of a bluff and resolute man, the like of which we attribute to John Bull. At any rate, he was like John Bull in one respect: he was sturdy and square, and fit to hold his own with any man.

Strangers of this sort had come (as Englishmen rove every where), and been kindly welcomed by Uncle Sam, who, being of recent English blood, had a kind of hankering after it, and would almost rather have such at his board than even a true-born American; and infinitely more welcome were they than Frenchman, Spaniard, or German, or any man not to be distinguished, as was the case with some of them. Even now it was clear that the Sawyer had not grudged any tokens of honor, for the tall, square, brazen candlesticks, of Boston make, were on the table, and very little light they gave. The fire, however, was grandly roaring of stub-oak and pine antlers, and the black grill of the chimney bricks was fringed with lifting filaments. It was a rich, ripe light, affording breadth and play for shadow; and the faces of the two men glistened, and darkened in their creases.

I was dressed in black, and could not be seen, though I could see them so clearly; and I doubted whether to pass through, upon my way to the larder, or return to my room and starve a little longer; for I did not wish to interrupt, and had no idea of listening. But suddenly I was compelled to stop; and to listen became an honest thing, when I knew what was spoken of—or, at any rate, I did it.

"Castlewood, Master Colonist; Castlewood is the name of the man that I have come to ask about. And you will find it worth your while to tell me all you know of him." Thus spoke the Englishman sitting in the corner; and he seemed to be certain of producing his effect.

"Wal," said Uncle Sam, assuming what all true Britons believe to be the universal Yankee tone, while I knew that he was laughing in his sleeve, "Squire, I guess that you may be right. Considerations of that 'ere kind desarves to be considered of."

"Just so. I knew that you must see it," the stranger continued, bravely. "A stiff upper lip, as you call it here, is all very well to begin with. But all you enlightened members of the great republic know what is what. It will bring you more than ten years' income of your saw-mill, and farm, and so on, to deal honestly with me for ten minutes. No more beating about the bush and fencing with me, as you have done. Now can you see your own interest?"

"I never were reckoned a fool at that. Squire, make tracks, and be done with it."

"Then, Master Colonist, or Colonel—for I believe you are all colonels here—your task is very simple. We want clear proof, sworn properly and attested duly, of the death of a villain—George Castlewood, otherwise the Honorable George Castlewood, otherwise Lord Castlewood: a man who murdered his own father ten years ago this November: a man committed for trial for the crime, but who bribed his jailers and escaped, and wan-

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dered all over the Continent. What is that noise? Have you got rats?"

"Plenty of foreign rats, and native 'coons, and skunks, and other varmint. Wal, Squire, go on with it."

The voice of Uncle Sam was stern, and his face full of rising fury, as I, who had made that noise in my horror, tried to hush my heart with patience.

"The story is well known," continued the stranger: "we need make no bones of it. George Castlewood went about under a curse—"

"Not quite so loud, Squire, if you please. My household is not altogether seasoned."

"And perhaps you have got the young lady somewhere. I heard a report to that effect. But here you think nothing of a dozen murders. Now, Gundry, let us have no squeamishness. We only want justice, and we can pay for it. Ten thousand dollars I am authorized to offer for a mere act of duty on your part. We have an extradition treaty. If the man had been alive, we must have had him. But as he has cheated the hangman by dying, we can only see his grave and have evidence. And all well-disposed people must rejoice to have such a quiet end of it. For the family is so well known, you see."

"I see," Mr. Gundry answered, quietly, laying a finger on his lips. "Guess you want something more than that, though, Squire. Is there nothing more than the grave to oblige a noble Britisher with?"

"Yes, Colonel; we want the girl as well. We know that she was with him in that caravan, or wagon train, or whatever you please to call it. We know that you have made oath of his death, produced his child, and obtained his trunks, and drawn his share in the insurance job. Your laws must be queer to let you do such things. In England it would have taken at least three years, and cost a deal more than the things were worth, even without a Chancery suit. However, of his papers I shall take possession; they can be of no earthly use to you."

"To be sure. And possession of his darter too, without so much as a Chancery suit. But what is to satisfy me, Squire, agin goin' wrong in this little transaction?"

"I can very soon satisfy you," said the stranger, "as to their identity. Here is their full, particular, and correct description—names, weights, and colors of the parties."

With a broad grin at his own exquisite wit, the bluff man drew forth his pocket-book, and took out a paper, which he began to smooth on his knee quite leisurely. Meanwhile, in my hiding-place, I was trembling with terror and indignation. The sense of eavesdropping was wholly lost in that of my own jeopardy. I must know what was arranged about me; for I felt such a hatred and fear of that stranger that sooner than be surrendered to him I would rush back to my room and jump out of the window, and trust myself to the trackless forest and the snowy night. I was very nearly doing so, but just had sense enough to wait and hear what would be said of me. So I lurked in the darkness, behind the rails, while the stranger read slowly and pompously.

MY NEIGHBOR IN PORTUGAL.

"Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles
miles and miles
On the solitary pastures."

BROWNING says "pastures:" substitute the word "sea," and you have a vivid description of my outlook. Cut off from the pleasures and pains of society by these "miles of sea," what wonder that my thoughts turn lovingly to my nearest neighbor—a girl in Portugal? She lives in a tumble-down castle in Coimbra, just opposite me, only separated by the sea. Coimbra, Portugal's university town, nestles cozily on the mountain-side, and looks down from pleasant heights upon the sea.

But I will not describe this quaint old city, with its crowded crooked streets, its high overhanging houses, its many curious shops, and the merry groups of students in their picturesque mediæval attire. I will not linger here, because my little neighbor in the old castle waits for me to tell her story.

Just after you pass the nunnery of Santa Clara, you will see the ruins of the grand old château whose tower alone has been spared by time. Here dwells Catilina with her grandmother and two aged servants. Wrinkled and bent, they seem fit inhabitants of such a time-worn home.

The grandame, stately despite her years, seems so stern and sad that one falls to wondering how this bright bit of childhood has grown so beautiful and gay amidst this mouldy atmosphere of the past.

If you will look into this lower room, you will know you are in the presence of poverty, but poverty fallen from its high estate. The furniture of the spacious apartment is scanty and worm-eaten, but grand withal; the high wainscoting, so richly carved, is a treasure of art; from the time-stained walls the portraits of dead grandees look down upon you with solemn state; the reed mats hanging in door and window give a cool shade, and the soft summer wind rustles pleasantly through them.

There by her favorite window in her high-backed chair sits the señora, finding beauty amidst the desolation; for nature is here abundant, as if to repair the waste of man.

Rich grass, fresh climbing plants, grow on every side; the orange-tree, beautiful with blossoms, fills the air with its odor. Palm-

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trees and the blooming magnolias crowd in close friendship with the black cypress, and render the garden of the castle a wilderness of magnificent beauty.

Not far away a little palm-shaded stream makes its way to the sea. On its very edge is a broad overhanging stone, the favorite resort of Catilina during the long summer afternoons.

There you will find her now, lying on the mossy rock, with her small head, crowned with a wealth of dusky brown hair, pillowed on her arm. The scarlet skirt does not hide the little slippered feet. Looking at her, you forget her idleness, and think only of her beauty as you enjoy this picture of perfect repose in this work-day world of ours. She is thinking of the handsome stranger whom she found here yesterday, and of how pleasant it was to hear him apologize for the intrusion; and she falls to wondering if he will come again, and to wishing that her unknown *fianoé* might be like him. She knows that a husband is chosen for her, and the time even for the marriage appointed. This was arranged by her parents when she was a little child, and she is so powerless to change her fate that until now she had troubled herself but little about the future. Sometimes, finding her life rather dull, she had wished for some other partner in her dance than her own shadow, and at such moments the thought of the coming husband had promised a pleasant change. But now she has met a hero for her dreams, and she feels that, unless like him, her husband will be unwelcome.

As she recalls the handsome bright face and pleasant voice, she sighs, and shudderingly thinks that perhaps her husband will be like the priest's nephew Pierro, ugly and crooked. Even while she is comparing the only two young men she has ever met, the hero of her thoughts approaches. Her bright blush and sunny smile give him a warm welcome, and happily pass the hours of that summer afternoon.

Walking slowly home, Catilina determines to tell her grandmother of her adventure, and to implore that her marriage may be delayed for another year. Trembling at the thought even of her boldness, she enters the room where the señora sits gently fanning herself near her favorite window. An expression on her face warns Catilina that something unusual has happened. She has but a moment to wait before hearing words that seem an answer to her thoughts. She is bidden to array herself in her holiday dress at once, for that within a few hours her betrothal will take place, as even now the appointed husband is on his way to the château. The words of remonstrance, so bravely planned, die on her lips; she stands quite white and speechless, with a scared, hopeless look in her large dark eyes.

Quietly she leaves the room to obey; but how different from the gay happy girl who entered, is this sad, slow-footed young maiden! Unwilling fingers and a heavy heart make slow haste, and it is a long time before the clicking of the little slippers is heard descending the stone stairs.

With eyes cast down in dull despair, she enters the large dimly lighted room, dreading to see the man fancy has painted as old and ugly. She hears the priest's voice as in a dream, and scarce heeds when he takes her hand and joins it with another; but strong warm fingers grasp so firmly her cold limp hand that, startled, she raises her tearful eyes, and beholds in her lover the handsome face of her hero.

The goodly pictured company look down approvingly from their heights on the wall, the kind old priest smiles beneficently, the happiness on the face of the grand old dame has renewed for the moment the beauty of her youth. Through the reed mats in the windows rustles the summer wind, and between the chinks creep bright streaks of moonlight and look upon the happy faces of the young lovers. That same moon shines down upon me, and as I gaze out into brightness, makes a path of glory across these miles of sea that separate me from my neighbor in Portugal.

THE PIN GHOST.

NO! I am certain I did not dream it, because, you see, I wasn't asleep. I was very tired, I know, for I had been sewing busily all day, helping my good friend Miss Fairbairn, the dress-maker, to put the finishing touches to my new walking suit, and I had just thrown myself down on the lounge for five minutes' rest, but I was wide awake all the time.

My husband laughs and shakes his head when I say this; but perhaps you, dear reader, will be more reasonable when you have heard the whole story.

It was just after dinner. As I have said, I was very tired, and I left my husband engrossed in the evening paper, while I stole away to my little sewing-room, intending to see that the just-finished dress was carefully folded and laid away until such time as it should be needed.

But then my weariness overcame me, and I just closed my eyes as I lay on the lounge, to shield them from the gas, when a slight rustling noise attracted my attention, and I opened them instantly to see the very strangest sight: a tiny, slender figure, perhaps two feet in height, clad in a robe of silvery white—an old woman, to judge by her queer wrinkled face; a young sylph, to look at her light agile movements—who was hovering over the countless scraps and shreds which still littered the floor, and ap-

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parently picking up something with great eagerness.

For a moment I was too much startled to speak; then, gaining courage as I looked at the little creature, I sprang up, exclaiming at the same time,

"Why, who are you? and where did you come from? and pray what are you doing here?"

The little old woman straightened herself as I thus abruptly addressed her, and made a queer little ancient courtesy. Then with great gravity, in a shrill fine voice which almost seemed to prick one's ears with its peculiar sharpness, she answered,

"I am the *Pin Ghost*, and my mission has ever been to gather up in all parts of the world the pins that are dropped by so many hasty or careless hands. Especially do I follow in the wake of dress-makers, because then and there have I always found my richest harvest, and that is why I am here to-night."

"Dear me!" I interrupted; "this vocation of yours explains a mystery which has long puzzled the curious. *This* is the answer to that oft-repeated question of 'Where do the pins go?'"

"Yes," said the sprite, with a queer little smile on her withered face—"yes, and you may congratulate yourself on having fathomed a secret which has baffled wiser heads than yours."

"But tell me," I began, eagerly—"tell me what you do with all the pins you gather, and to what use you can put them. Come, sit down and let us talk comfortably."

"Sit down, indeed!" said the old woman, with a look of disdain. "Why, I'm neither bent nor crooked, that you should ask me to sit down. No; I always stand, as you might perceive."

Seeing that she was really offended, though I did not know why, I hastened to apologize, and at last the smile returned to her face, and she began her story thus:

"As I have told you, my mission is to pick up the pins that every one scatters, and this work keeps me very busy. By day and by night, in town or country, in the houses of the rich or the poor, I gather my pins, and having gathered, I proceed to use them. Whenever I see a rich man, with more money than brains, building an elegant house and furnishing it in the most costly manner, I begin my work on him. I put pins in his luxurious sofas, pins in his softest easy-chairs, pins in his bed of down; I even put pins in his favorite dishes, until they cease to gratify his palate—yes, and pins in the elegant dresses of his wife and daughters too, until the whole family become uneasy and discontented.

"Then, finding no pleasure in their possessions, they sell or rent their fine house on which they had so prided themselves, and try change and travel. In nine cases out of ten they go abroad and make the tour of Europe, but they do not escape *me*. No, indeed! I follow them in their journeyings, keeping them continually on the move, putting a few pins in every new purchase or new place, just to keep them from too much tranquillity. Finally our rich man turns his face homeward again, under a vain impression that among the old familiar scenes the old rest and comfort may yet be found. Delusion! I put pins in his old pleasures, his old pursuits, until he can glean nothing restful from them, and is fain to become a dissatisfied grumbler for the rest of his life.

"Then sometimes I find a clergyman who is too happy, too comfortably settled; he loves his people, they love him, and he finds real delight in his duty. Well, I can soon change all *that*. I stick pins in his sermons, and they prick and vex some sensitive hearer. I stick pins in elder or deacon, warden or vestry-man, as the case may be, until their very hand-shakings only sting the more. I put a few pins in the sewing society, the missionary meeting, the social gatherings, until nearly every one gets a prick or a scratch, and is indignant accordingly. By-and-by the poor harassed minister and his perplexed people are mutually glad to sever their uncomfortable relations.

"Then, again, I amuse myself with lovers' quarrels: and let me tell you in confidence that they are the most foolishly sensitive people in the world. A well-placed pin is quite sufficient to make any man absurdly jealous or any girl unreasonably exacting, and I have often known a broken engagement to follow a few good hard pricks.

"Sometimes I stick a pin into an orator just as he is rising to address an audience; and then how the poor man will stammer and hesitate and fidget, and make all his hearers as nervous as himself.

"But my most effective work is done when I can put a few sharp pins into a married man, and then send him home yet smarting from the effect.

"Of course *he* thinks that his business perplexities have irritated him, and lays his ill humor to some rise or fall in stocks or merchandise; but *I* know better. Naturally he vents some part of his vexation upon his wife, and this saves me a great deal of work, since no thrust of mine, however sharp, could equal the pain her husband's ill temper can give her.

"In fact, that is the easiest way to reach a married woman; for all the pins I can put in the domestic machinery, all the sharp-pointed frictions of social life, are as nothing compared with the smart a husband's looks and words can inflict.

"Very often, too, I make one at a dinner or evening party, and slyly put a few spare pins in here and there. Have you never been

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thoroughly uncomfortable at a social gathering where you expected to find only enjoyment? Ah! *that* was owing to some of my pins."

"Alas!" I exclaimed, as the old woman paused for a moment, "what a list of vexations and annoyances is this! How much real misery you are responsible for, and how complacently you speak of it all! Tell me, do you never do any good, never further any right purpose?"

The sprite looked at me, as I asked this question, with a new expression—a look from which the malice had faded, and was replaced by a gentle gravity.

"I think I may say," she replied, "that my vocation gives me many opportunities of doing good, which I embrace very gladly. Whenever I catch people saying unkind things, repeating foolish gossip, showing selfish disregard for the happiness of others, I never fail to prick them severely. Want of honor or honesty, extravagance, wasted opportunities—all these and countless other causes provoke me to sharpest pricks and thrusts, given with unceasing vigilance."

"But how is it that all these pricks and stings you give don't make the world any better? Unkindness, selfishness, and falsehood abound in every direction, to say nothing of graver errors; and so of what use are your pins, after all?"

"Ah, that is only too true," said my companion, sadly. "I have wondered at that same fact very often, and it is dreadfully discouraging, I can tell you, though I know it is not my fault. But then I sometimes think," she added, brightening visibly as she spoke, "that people get used to my reminders after a while, and so disregard them. For instance, there are the politicians. Now I have tried faithfully to prick and sting some of those men into being honest; but though I have used up nearly all my reserve pins in the effort, I can't say I have ever met with the slightest success. Indeed, it has often seemed to me that the more I disturbed and tormented them, the more they engrossed themselves in schemes of fraud and corruption. Why, I have sometimes been quite in want of pins because of the myriads I have wasted on these people."

"What do you do when you find your supply running low?" I inquired.

"Oh, I practice a little more economy for a time, and then, too, I make use of substitutes."

"I don't see what you can find that would answer the purpose."

"Well, the best of all I employ are the *bores*, and they are really very effective. Why, bless you, with one first-class bore I can make a dozen people uncomfortable, not to say wretched, and, in consequence, I take the bores of all sorts under my special protection. Nothing less powerful than my care could have saved them from the vengeance of their victims long ago."

"Well, notwithstanding all you have said about your efforts for improving people, I must still think that yours is a cruel and a useless occupation, for you cause much needless unhappiness to many innocent people, while, by your own showing, you are unable to do any real good," I said, warmly; for I was, I could hardly tell why, somewhat cross.

The old woman smiled more maliciously than ever as I spoke, and then making a sudden motion toward me with finger and thumb, as if about to prick me with a pin, she exclaimed, sharply,

"There, take that, and see what it is to be rude to the Pin Ghost!" and the next instant she had vanished from my sight and from the room as completely as if she had never existed. At the same moment my husband called me, and, with my mind still occupied with my strange visitant, I returned to the parlor and told him the whole story, which he heard with incredulous laughter, declaring that I must have dreamed it all.

But there is one fact which assures me that I really saw the old woman; for ever since she made that parting thrust at me with finger and thumb—ever since that moment, I say—I have been suffering from a vague uneasiness, which has culminated at last in a restless desire to put this narrative in print. Perhaps this was the consummation the malicious old woman intended, and my punishment may consist of sharp criticism, or total unbelief, or—sharpest pin of all—I may be coolly classed among the bores, and thus find myself at once the weapon and the victim of the Pin Ghost.

LILLIAN'S DYING.

THE sea is blue, the world is fair,
The happy robins course and sing;
Midsummer never seemed to wear
Such grace in every thing.

Fair Lillian's days are nearly sped;
She may not count what hours remain;
But every earthly hope is dead,
And heaven's she would attain.

How few the years since, lithe and young,
A maid just turned a happy wife!
The robins then no gayer sung,
Nor summer gave more life.

Now, when her children bird-like poise
And chatter round her cottage door,
To her frail sense that is but noise
Which music was before.

She has no voice to bid them cease,
No power to curb their youthful strength;
She thinks, "I soon shall be at peace,
The discord done at length."

Lying alone upon her bed,
Her motherless years she lives again,
And rises, half as from the dead,
To kiss her babe with pain.

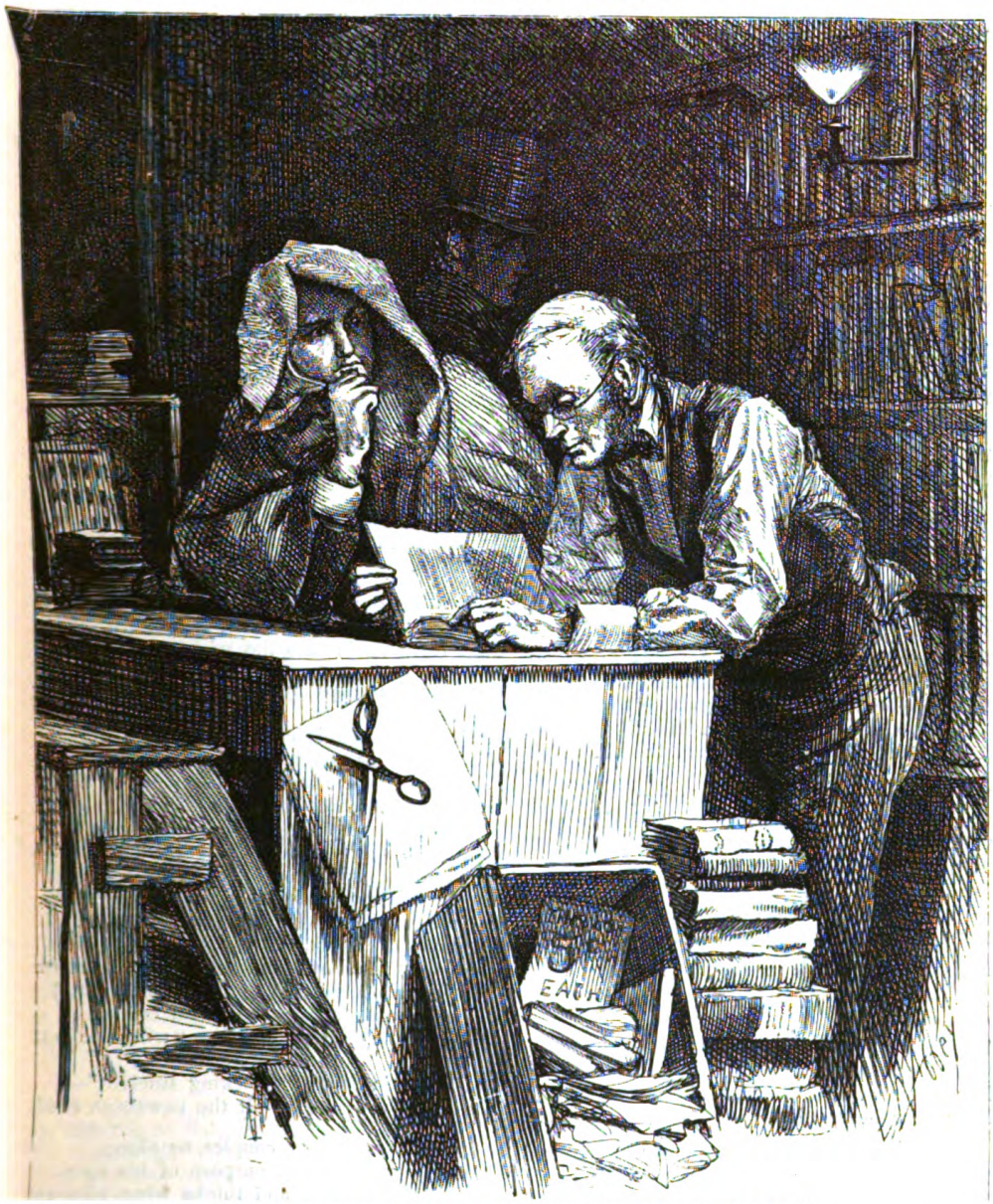
She looks abroad—the fields are sweet,
The bowers are gay, the trees are green.
"Alas!" she says, "can these eyes greet
More love than they have seen?" A. F.

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THE BOOK OF GOLD.

A Christmas Story.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"OVER THE COUNTER, SPECTACLES ON NOSE, OLD RICHARD STOOPED."

I.—CHRISTMAS-EVE.

One snowy Christmas-eve it came to pass,
As Richard Ray was turning down the gas
In the old book-shop, casting into gloom
The dusty rows on rows that lined the room,
And antique folios piled on shelf and floor,
Two strangers, meeting, halted at his door,
And entered singly.

Short and slight the first,
In short black cloak, with ample cape reversed
Above his head to shield him from the snow—
A quaintly improvised capote; below,
A strange bright face, large-eyed, intense, peered out:
A man of forty years or thereabout.

Lightly the snow-flakes from its folds he shook,
And from his cloak produced a ponderous book.
"A fine old *Burton!* I dare swear," quoth he;
"There's not another such this side the sea.
Since I am here to turn an honest penny,
I ought to laud my wares; but what can any
Reasonably fair and candid villain say
In praise of friends he's plotting to betray?
My rare old *Robert Burton!* there he lies!"

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Scanning the shop-man with deep wondrous eyes,
Full of unspeakable great thoughts. "How much?
This leather fellow at your Midas-touch
Should turn to gold; and gold I need, Heaven knows."

Over the counter, spectacles on nose,
Old Richard stooped: "Ah, surely; so it is!
I ought to find a purchaser for this:"
And named a price that touched the stranger's pride.

"What! sell a life-long friend so cheap?" he cried.
"I'd sooner seek an air-hole in the ice
And drown myself!" he vowed—and took the price.
Then, with a smile so quaint it well might move
Another's tears: "Who knows but this may prove
The nucleus of a fortune? Thanks!" he said,
Flung the black cape once more above his head,
And went his way.

In dark and silent mood,
Aside, meanwhile, the second stranger stood:
A tall fair youth, but anxious-eyed and wan;
Brows nobly arched, but all their freshness gone,
Withered and parched by fires that raged within—
The hidden fires of suffering and of sin.

Why he had entered there I scarce can tell.
He neither came to purchase nor to sell;
But, as a hunted wretch, in desperate strait,
Remorse and terror knocking at his gate,
Seeks any corner, Maurice Allanburn,
Harassed, beset, not knowing where to turn,
Had paused at Richard's door. If all were told,
Perhaps he would have clutched the old man's gold.
For Allanburn, a pious widow's son,
Affianced, loved, even to the verge had run
A secret course of ruinous excess,
Till he was ready, in his dire distress,
To fling himself on any frantic deed,
To mount unbridled violence as a steed,
And leap the abyss, or perish utterly.

"Dishonor I will never live to see:
When all has failed, then this!" he said, and pressed
A hidden vial sewed into his vest.
"The swift news of my death shall overtake
The rumor of disgrace, and kindly break
Their poor hearts first."

What hope is there? Suspected
Already by the house he serves; detected,
He fears, and tracked by spies this night; the end
Is menacingly nigh. And now the friend,
With whose forged name he has been forced to borrow
Some thousands in his absence, comes to-morrow.
Gold, only gold, much gold, this very night,
Or ignominious and precipitate flight—
Naught else can save him; and he will not fly.
"There's none so wretched, so insnared, as I!"

So Maurice stood and watched, aloof in shade,
The shop-man and the stranger at their trade.
"What furious need of gold to such as he?"
He mutters. "I could laugh at poverty,
And welcome toil, no matter where or what,
With but a crust by honest labor got.
Has he staked all upon some reckless game—
The hopes of youth, an honorable name?
Is life itself, and more than life, at stake—
A mother's love, a young girl's heart to break?
If not, let him be happy."

With the air
Of one who had a common errand there,
Maurice drew near, and cast an absent look
Over the pages of a little book
Which lay upon the counter, till by chance
A single sentence riveted his glance.

Turn back, turn back; it is not yet too late:
Turn back, O youth! nor seek to expiate
Bad deeds by worse, and save the hand from shame
By plunging all thy soul into the flame.

He started, read again, and still again,
With a strange fascination. But just then—

"An admirable book," the old man said;
"*Right Thinking and Right Living:* 'twill be read,
And, I predict, be famous, centuries hence.
The author is a man of wit and sense—
Charles Masters. Out of print, I think, just now.
Only a shilling. Thank you," with a bow.
"A merry Christmas to you, and good-night;"
And Richard Ray once more turned down the light.

And with a quick glance up and down, to learn
If he is spied and followed, Allanburn
Goes forth again into the whirling storm.

The crowd sweeps by: the shop-girl's flitting form;
The brisk mechanic coming from his work;
The prosperous merchant, and the honest clerk;
The happy poor man, with his pack of toys,
The Santa Claus of his own girls and boys;
The fatherless apprentice lad, who stops
To feast his eyes before the glittering shops—
No Christmas gifts for him, but he can fill
His dreams with presents, and be happy still;
The sleighing parties, in their fairy shells,
The muffled drivers and the jingling bells;
The cheery newsboy, shouting through the storm
(Blowing his finger-tips to keep them warm)
The last great forgery, the awful crime.
"Whose turn," thinks Maurice, "will it be next time?"
And hears in fancy, "Shocking suicide!"—
His own dread fate by all the newsboys cried.

In groups, or friendly couples, or alone,
Each with a hope and purpose of his own,
He sees them pass; and thinks what pleasant things
The season to the humblest fireside brings,
Happy alike who give and who receive;
And all his memories of Christmas-eve—
The expectant stockings by the chimney hung;
The sweet conspiracies of old and young;
The Christmas-tree, with its surprising fruits—
Toys, candies, picture-books, the boy's first boots;
The days of innocence and hope and joy;
The fond proud mother, and the proud fond boy:
And many a fault and many a broken vow
Rush over him; and he beholds even now
In their suburban home that mother wait,
And listen for his footstep at the gate,

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While with light hand some graceful task she plies,
Preparing still for him some sweet surprise.
And Maurice stifles in his throat the cry,
"There's none so wretched and so base as I."

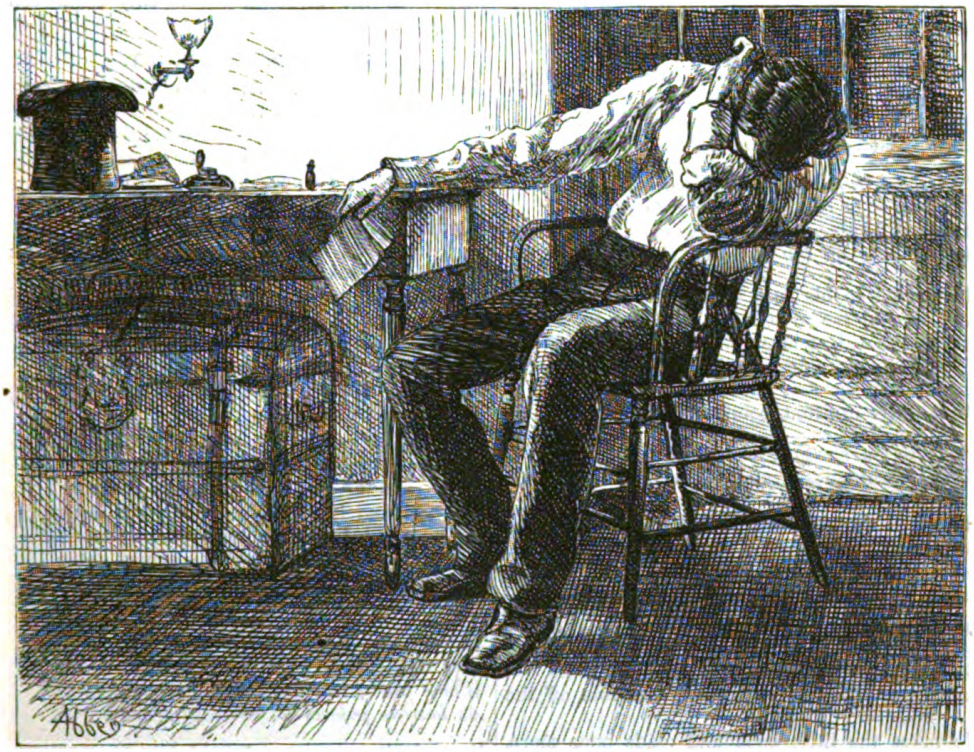
Her image haunts him, waiting there in vain,
And conscience urges with its stinging pain;
And Maurice, entering at a well-known door,
As on like errands, many a time before,
Snatches a pen and sets himself to write:

"Mother, do not expect me home to-night;
Important business."

Flashing through the wire,
The words will find the widow by her fire;
And she will sigh, "His work is never done.
Ah, Laura, what a husband you have won!

The wondrous eyes and the great soul within
Glow with deep fervor as he calls for gin.
He lifts with nervous hand the glass and drinks,
And pays with Richard's coin. And Maurice thinks:
"Was this his fearful need, his mad desire,
To quench a fiery thirst with fiercer fire?
No hope for him! but I may yet restore
All I have periled, by one venture more."

Straight to a gaming palace he repairs;
Climbs with quick step the too familiar stairs;
The hot hope mounting to his head like fumes
Of maddening wine, he walks the gilded rooms,
The scene of half his losses. Seated there,
To Heaven, or Chance, or Fate, he breathes a prayer,
To look with favoring eyes upon his sin,



"'HOPE EVERMORE! LOVE EVERMORE!' THEY SING."

So faithful, so industrious, so sedate!
No wonder he is pale and worn of late,
With so much business on his hands"—the while
He hastens to a bar-room to beguile
His misery for a moment, and impart
Fresh resolution to his faltering heart.

He meets a friend; puts on an easy air
Of gayety, and sees through his despair
A sudden gleam. "Ah, Murdock, you're my man!
Lend me a trifle—any thing you can;
For Christmas gifts have ruined me, and I
Have still to purchase"—forging lie on lie.

The loan obtained, they chat and clink their glasses;
And Maurice notes a short slight man who passes,
Advancing to the bar with eager pace,
In short black mantle, with a strange bright face.

The last, he vows, if he may only win.
Not for his own, but for his mother's sake,
For Laura's, he implores; and his last stake
On the green cloth with trembling hand lets fall,
Wins, loses, wins again, and loses all.

And all is over. Mother's eyes no more
Shall greet him with glad welcome at the door.
No more for him the rose of love shall bloom,
And trance the senses with its charmed perfume;
Beauty delight, or social pleasure blow
The heart's dull embers to a heavenly glow.
The world its myriad industries shall ply,
And all its vast concerns full-sailed sweep by;
And Friendship shall endure, and Hope shall trim
Her deathless lamp, but never more for him.

So Allanburn upon that Christmas-eve,
His ruined youth despairing to retrieve,

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Locked in his melancholy lodging, sits
And meditates, or walks the room by fits,
And writes his everlasting sad farewells
To those he loves, until the Christmas bells
Peal joyously upon the stormy air—
Peal sweet and clear, and through the tumult bear
The golden tidings of the reign of Peace.
"For Love is born: let wrong and sorrow cease!
Sorrow no more! hope evermore!" they ring;
"Hope evermore! love evermore!" they sing,
To all the world; and all the world is blest:
To all the world but one, for whom no rest,
No respite from despair and anguish, save
A shameful death and a dishonored grave.

And after death? He will not pause to think:
Resolved to leap, why falter on the brink?
Folded his letters, with a strangely steady,
Cold hand he seals them, and now all is ready.
He reaches for the vial at his breast,
And finds instead, forgotten in his vest,
The little book placed there some hours ago.
The leaves fall open in his hand, and, lo!
Before him, like a flaming sword that turns
All ways, once more the fiery sentence burns.

Turn back, turn back; it is not yet too late:
Turn back, O youth! nor seek to expiate
Bad deeds by worse, and save the hand from shame
By plunging all thy soul into the flame!

He started to his feet, dashed down the book,
And to and fro across the chamber took
Quick frenzied strides; then hurriedly prepared
The deadly draught, and in the mirror glared
At his own spectre, ghastly pale and grim,
With glass uplifted, coldly mocking him.

"'Tis but a shadow, and what more am I?
Come, Nothingness! and, World and Life, good-by!"
He raised the glass—the shadow did the same;
He closed his eyes, and suddenly, like flame,
Leaped forth the warning to his inner sight,
In living letters read by their own light:

Turn back, turn back; it is not yet too late.

Be it Charles Masters, Providence, or Fate,
Something has stayed his hand. From off the floor
He takes the little book and reads once more.

When all is lost, one refuge yet remains,
One sacred solace, after all our pains;
Go lay thy head and weep thy tears, O youth!
Upon the dear maternal breast of Truth.

Still as he reads, the Christmas bells he hears,
And in their frozen sources start his tears.

Dismiss the evil counsels of Deceit,
Fling off the mask, and downward to thy feet
Let the false vesture of concealment fall,
And, owning all thy wrongs, atone for all.

At every word he feels the searching steel
That probes the quivering heart, but probes to heal.

Every false path, though fair and long it seem,
Leads to some pit; and happy thou may'st deem
Thy wayward youth, whose lesson comes not late—
O fortunate, when most unfortunate!

So Allanburn, with soul absorbed, intent,
Reads on; and each prophetic word seems meant
For his own heart; such broad bright wisdom shines,
Such swift conviction lightens in the lines.
And all the while the holy bells are ringing,
The spirits of the Christmas bells are singing,
Filling the stormy world with hymns of peace.

"For Love is born: let wrong and sorrow cease!
Sorrow no more! hope evermore!" they ring;
"Hope evermore! love evermore!" they sing.
And all the rock of self is cleft and shaken;
And deep within, sweet blessed springs awaken
Of comfort and new courage, not to die
This coward's death, and like a traitor fly
The demons he has conjured, but to live,
Strong in the strength which only truth can give.

II.—CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

And Maurice lived. And as a traveler—lost
By night upon some trackless prairie, crossed
By wind-driven, leaping flames, while ever nigher
Sweeps the red-maned wild hurricane of fire
With hoof of thunder and devouring breath,
And all the air is lit with lurid death—
Kindles before his feet the crisp dry grass,
And burns the path where he will safely pass;
And the flames die behind him, and the morn
Beholds him far on blackened plains forlorn:
But life is left, and hope; so Allanburn,
By frank avowal of his guilt and stern
Self-condemnation, quelled the rage of men,
Forestalled his foes, and won his friends again,
As 'twere, before he lost them.

Desolate
And long the labor seemed, to re-instate
Fallen fortune and lost honor to restore;
But will and heart were strong, and evermore
He kept the little volume by his side—
His savior once, and now his secret guide
And solace in the long ennobling strife,
Incarnating its wisdom in his life.

To lose with high endeavor is to win;
And they but fail who build success on sin,
Whose gilded walls of happiness shall stand
As baseless palaces on sea-washed sand.

Each day's experience taught him to construe
Its old dry truths with meanings fresh and new.

Be then thy conscience as the eternal rock,
Wave-buffeted, unmoved by every shock
Of roaring condemnation, hate, and wrong:
Set thou thereon thy pharos high and strong.

Thus as he played his arduous daily part,
He learned its lofty precepts all by heart.

Let two allied and equal laws control
Thy being—law for body and law for soul;
As the steam-chariot, with obedient wheel,
Flies safely on its parallels of steel.

Nor prudent virtues only; rising thence,
It taught him faith and wise beneficence.

Religion is no leaf of faded green,
Or flower of vanished fragrance, pressed between
The pages of a Bible; but from seeds
Of love it springeth, watered by good deeds.

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So passed the whirling years, some nine or ten;
And now the Christmas-time brings round again
Its innocent revels, and draws near its close,
When homeward through the city Maurice goes.

Tired Nature lets her starry eyelid down,
A wintry quiet falls on all the town,
A tingling frost is in the silent air,
His own breath whitens on his beard and hair,
As Allanburn, with homeward-hasting feet,
Awakes the echoes of the icy street.

The shops, on Christmas-eve ablaze with light,
Are closed and dark on this cold Christmas night.
But in the homes about him, Maurice knows
There waits the partner of his home and life,
Their mother and (ecstatic thought!) his wife,
The ever-faithful Laura. Fondly there
His own good mother from her easy-chair
Watches the baby Maurice on the floor,
Upbuilding still, to see it fall once more,
His toppling house of blocks; or turns to smile
On little Laura by her side the while,
Bending in the warm light her glowing head,
Hushing her doll and putting it to bed.

The last house falls in ruins; in the box
Are packed at last the bright new Christmas blocks;



"HIS OWN GOOD MOTHER FROM HER EASY-CHAIR WATCHES THE BABY MAURICE ON THE FLOOR."

What pleasure sparkles and what comfort glows:
The dance, the song and story, told or sung;
Smiles from the elders, laughter from the young;
Enraptured childhood with its pictured page;
The homely games, uniting youth and age—
Scenes which the curtained windows scarce conceal:
And all the joys which friends and kindred feel
In that glad time—with sympathizing heart,
He seems to see and hear and take a part
In all; and now his eager fancy runs
Before to his own home and little ones.

The doll's asleep, the cradle put away;
And so the happy children end their play.
And in imagination now he sees
Two cherubs in white night-gowns on their knees,
Mingling their curls before the mother's chair,
Lisping with dewy lips their evening prayer.
How sweet the picture! Suddenly the past
Rises to dash it; and he starts aghast,
Seeing his own pale spectral image stand
Within a mocking mirror, glass in hand.

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While thus amid his blessings he must think
Of perils passed, and shudder at the brink
Of one black gulf, the dark remembrance makes
What is seem brighter; as he sometimes wakes
At midnight from the hideous dream, to press
More closely his dear present happiness.

He hurries on with eased and thankful heart;
And of a sudden sees before him start
From a by-street the figure of a child,
A wretched girl in rags, who puts up wild
Entreating hands, and cries out piteously,
"Oh, Sir! who is there—who will come and see
My father? He is very sick! I fear—"
"My child, I will go with you. Is it near?"
And, comprehending what she scarce can say,
He follows where she quickly leads the way.

Down the by-street where red-eyed rum-shops glare,
And with hot breath defile the evening air,
Where pines pale Poverty, while Vice and Crime
With lurid orgies vex the hallowed time;
Across a court and upward through the gloom
Of creaking stairs, she leads to a cold room,
Ill-odored with foul drugs and misery,
Where from his couch a man starts up to see
A stranger come.

"Art thou the Christ?" he cries;
And in the wan white face and wondrous eyes,
Where now the awful fires of fever burn,
Is something which recalls to Allanburn
Old Richard's book-shop and one long ago
White Christmas-eve. "Art thou the Christ or no?"

"Not I," said Maurice, as amazed he stood,
"But in His name I come to do you good."

"Idle your labor, if you be not He.
No Christ at second-hand will do for me.
For know you who I am?—Sir, a lost soul!
Hear overhead Jehovah's thunder roll!
It mutters—do you mark it? 'Woe! woe! woe!'"

Maurice replied: "I do not hear it so.
It says you shall be saved. For Christ is here:
In me He comes to bring you help and cheer,
For you and for your child."

"For her indeed!
And, Sir, I thank you; she has woful need.
But I am driven about the desert world
By my own burning; hither and thither whirled
Forever, a wailing, wandering ghost of sin,
Through regions where Lord Christ has never been.
And yet I was a master once, and taught
Divine Philosophy; preached, wrote, and brought
Refreshment to some hearts, I verily think.
Now I am perishing for a little drink;



"'ART THOU THE CHRIST?' HE CRIES."

And if you bear a charitable mind,
As I must deem—for in your face I find
A certain eloquence—give me some gin.
You'll tell me that has been my special sin:
Not so: it was the world-consuming thirst
For fresher power and larger life which first
Fevered my soul; then, in the sacred name
Of Inspiration, sovereign Opium came.
In gorgeous dreams he stalks, the Lord of Pain:
Gin is a little page that bears his train.
In pomp before us to the feast he goes,
But ever, at the pageant's sorrowful close,
Puts off his robes of fantasy and dream,
And in his naked death's-head grins supreme.

"You're right: that little hunchback last held rum;
That other bottle smells of laudanum.
To purchase that my little girl was sent
Starved through the street, and our last coin was spent.

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Now curse me for a fool, and go your way;
But in your censure don't forget to say,
'He was the bound thrall of Lord Opium.'"

"Unhappy man! think you that I have come
With judgment to condemn you? What am I?"
Says Maurice, as he puts the bottles by,
And takes the sick man's hot dry hand in his.
"A fellow-man, to whom all miseries
Through his own sin and suffering are made known;
Who censures no man's folly but his own."

"And have you kissed Temptation? in the cup
Of madness drunk all hope and manhood up?
I am more guilty; yet I am the same
Who once, and with some reason, bore the name
Of Genius; for my spirit, in my youth,
Explored all knowledge and conceived all truth.
And—let me whisper it—I had a wife
Won from a pleasant home and gentle life:
A violet just opened in the air
Of the sweet May is not so sweet and fair.
And we were happy, and I loved her well;
And hers was greater love; and when I fell,
She strove with me, strove for me, and forgave me,
And would have saved, if mighty love could save me,
Pleading with Heaven and men and me my cause.
But all my resolutions were as straws
That bind a sleeping lion when he wakes.
Why, Sir, for her and our dear children's sakes
To prudence I a thousand times was pledged;
And with that venom-thought the tooth is edged
Which gnaws me here. But now her sleep is sound,
Under the buttercups, in the cool ground,
While I am burning. Where are you, my girl?
Fidelia! child! my brain is all a-whirl.
I can not see you well."

She nestles near:
"Oh, father! don't you know me? I am here."

With feeble hand he takes her thin wan shoulder,
And for an eager moment seems to hold her
In his soul's steadfast gaze: he sees the sad
And patient little face which never had
Its share of smiles; small features, which should be
All freshness, pinched with early penury.
And eyes—still like her mother's, tender blue,
Through every trial heavenly deep and true
In their affection—at this moment dim
With piteous tears, not for herself, but him.

He held her there, and fondly gazed, and smiled
With mournful pathos: "My poor orphan child!
You've had no parent since your mother died."

"Oh, father! I have you." But he replied,

"Your own good father died some years ago.
I *was* that father; but this man of woe,
Who chides, neglects you, makes your dear heart bleed,
I pray you think it is not I indeed.
A father should have cherished this frail flower,
And nourished it in gentle sun and shower,
And kept it, with a father's manifold
Fond troubles, from rude winds and wintry cold.
"I dreamed just now that it was Christmas-day;
And I saw troops of children at their play,
And you among them, and your little brother—
He had not died of hunger. And your mother,
All hope and happy smiles, was at my side.
And with unutterable love and pride
We watched and kept you ever in our sight,
And all was happiness and warmth and light.
You were not cold or hungry any more;
You were like other children. Then the roar
Of laughing fiends awoke me, and I saw
My darling shivering on her bed of straw.
But do not mind. When I am gone, for you,
My poor Fidele, the vision may come true.
Then you'll forgive your father. Do not weep.
I am too weak and ill. Now let me sleep."

So saying, he sank back upon his bed.

And Maurice drew the child aside, and said,
"Have you no friends, no kindred, who should know,
Nor other home to which you two can go?"

"My mother's friends; but they are far away.
They would have had me go to them and stay—
Forsake my father!" weeping, she replied.
"But mother left him to me when she died.
'Be good to him; be always good and true.'
That was her charge, and so what could I do?
They call him wicked. Oh, it is not so!
But, good or wicked, this is all I know:
He is my father, and has need of me."

"And you do well," cries Maurice, cheerily.
"Your little heart is very brave and strong.
Now watch till I return; 'twill not be long."

Five minutes takes him to a coach; ten more,
And he alights in haste at his own door.
There busy hands in ample baskets pack
Fuel and food, and he is whirling back;
Finds a physician by the way; and, lo!
Into that dismal chamber steals a glow
Of comfort. Kindlings crackle in the grate
The table beams with bounty, where of late
Only the rank-breathed empty bottles stood;
While in the child the sense of gratitude
For gifts that seem by Heavenly Mercy sent
Is lost in wonder and bewilderment.

"Eat, child!" But now beside the patient's bed
The doctor sits; and ere she touches bread,
Though from long fasting weak in every limb,
She trembling waits for words of hope from him.

As when an infant gone astray has climbed
Some dizzy height, and any act ill-timed
Of rescuing friends may cause its hold to miss,
And dash it down the dreadful precipice,
But slowly, step by step, with toil and pain,
The way it climbed must it descend again:
So this strayed soul has groped along the ledge
Of life-o'er-death, till at the very edge
He swoons, suspended in the giddy air;
And only tender love and utmost care
And all the skill which ever science gave
Can save him, if indeed even such can save.

The wise physician, seated at his task—
His kindly features moulded to a mask
Of calm grave thought, through which no faintest ray
To kindle expectation finds it way—

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Counts pulse, and ponders symptoms, and prepares
The patient's powders, while the patient glares
Delirious; then takes leave; but at the door,
Seeing the child's eyes question and implore,
Puts off the doctor and resumes the man,
And speaks what comfortable words he can.

And now Fidele is pacified and fed.
She sleeps, and Maurice watches in her stead
Through weary hours; till, just as morning breaks,
The patient from a fitful slumber wakes,
But can not move for utter weariness.
"Fidele!" he whines, in querulous distress;
Sees the strange watcher there, and at the sight
Gropes feebly in his memories of the night
To find again the half-remembered face.

"Let the child rest; command me in her place,"
Says Maurice, pillowing the patient's head.

"Something I do recall," the sick man said.
"But solve me now the riddle if you can:
You are, I deem, a prosperous gentleman;
I, the forlorn self-ruined wretch you see,
Not worth your thought; and yet you waste on me
Your time and thought. We've met, I think, before?
Nay, speak, or I shall only talk the more."

"You are a man—enough for me to know
I can relieve a fellow-mortal's woe.
But you are more to me than common men.
Once, twice, indeed, we've met;" and how and when
(To soothe his patient) Allanburn relates.
"That night the subtle circles of our fates
Appeared to touch; so that in memory
I've seen you still, and wondered what might be
Your fortunes since. Dark as they were that night,
My own were in a far more evil plight.
And I was saved—almost by chance it seemed—
So mere a chance that often I have dreamed
It was your path of life, not mine, it crossed,
And you were saved instead, and I was lost."

The other sighed, "No chance! Our destiny,
With its heaven-reaching branches, is a tree
Which grows from little seeds in our own hearts;
The elements strengthen, bend, or rend the parts,
And we are sound or flawed. My will was weak,
The very pith and root of all. But speak!"

"What was my chance or providence? A book,
Which from the counter carelessly I took—
A little faded volume, thumbed and old,
But to my life and need a BOOK OF GOLD."

The sick man groaned. "Talk not of books to me!
If they could save, be sure I should not be
This burnt-out wick; but a lamp glorified,
Set in the windows of the Lord, to guide
Benighted souls, to cheer the tempest-tossed,
And show the Way of Life, which I have lost."

Quoth Allanburn: "All that you say, and more,
My author in his book has said before.

"Good books are pearl and gold; yet not of them
Is builded bright the New Jerusalem:
Hear thou thyself the Voice the prophets heard,
And shape in thine own life the shining Word.

"But now, we talk too much, and you must rest."

In the pale face a vivid gleam expressed
Surprise, hope, doubt. "I had well-nigh forgot
That such a book was written. Is it not
Right Thinking and Right Living?"

Maurice cried,
"You know it!" And a look almost of pride
And joy into the strange bright visage stole.

"Thank Heaven, if it has helped a single soul!
Enough, O friend! But you are here to gain
A deeper lesson than its leaves contain;
Since he whose words can save, himself may be
Among the lost."

"Charles Masters!"

"I am he:
Be not too much amazed and grieved; for I
Am happy, and contented now to die."

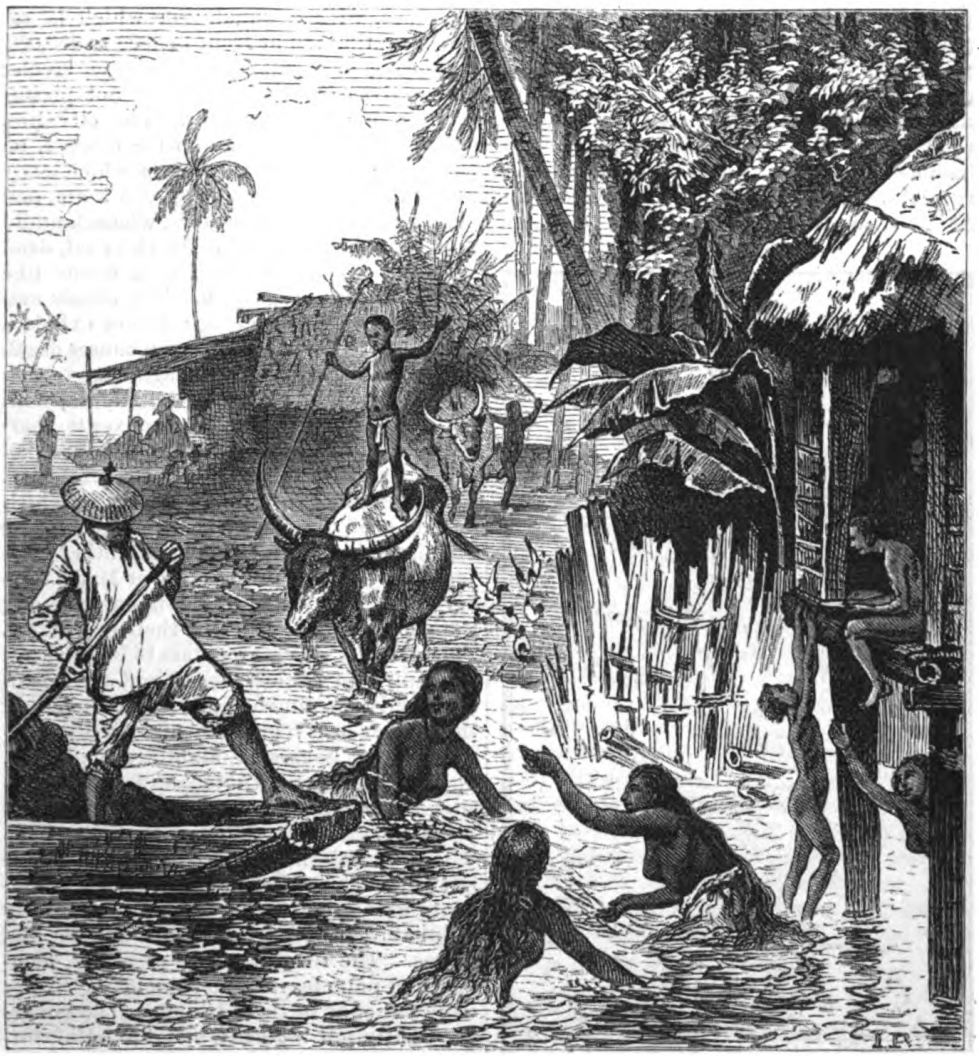
"Dear soul! and have I sought you far and near,"
Cries Allanburn, "at last to find you here?
My benefactor! *'Tis not yet too late!*
All that I have, life, happiness, estate,
I owe to you; and, help me, Heaven! I yet
Will pay some portion of the precious debt
In love and service to your child and you."

"I am repaid," Charles Masters said, and drew
A long deep sigh of peace. "You bring me rest,
And almost make me feel that I am blessed.
Cherish my child—she has a heart of gold.
But all your prayers and patience can not hold
This bruised reed up, and make it grow again.
Seek not to keep my memory among men,
But set these warning words above my grave:
'OTHERS HE SAVED, HIMSELF HE COULD NOT SAVE.'"



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THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.*



LIFE IN THE WATER.

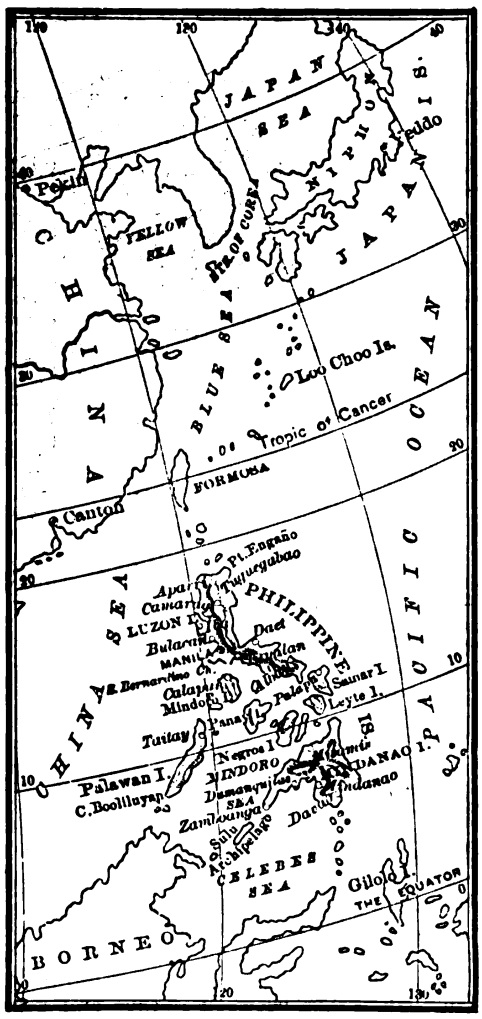
THE Philippine Islands have recently been recalled to public attention by a dreadful hurricane which occurred there on the 30th of November, 1875. By this disaster 250 lives were lost, and 3800 of the fragile and loosely constructed houses of the country were destroyed. The calamity did not affect Manila, the principal city, but appears to have been confined to the southern part of the largest island, Luzon. Many cattle at the scene of destruction perished, and the crops sustained great injury.

This group, which, according to one estimate, has an area of about 120,000 square miles, is composed of no less than 1200 islands, of which twenty are of fair size, four (with Luzon at the head) quite large, and the remainder principally rocky islets. The islands were first discovered by Magellan during his famous circumnavigation of the globe, but were not conquered by the Spaniards until the reign of Philip II., after whom they were named. The Philippine Archipelago lies between Borneo and Formosa, and separates the Northern Pacific from the China Sea. Japan lies to the north of the islands, the southern provinces of China and the English possessions in Malacca to the west, the Spice Islands, Dutch settlements in Java, and Australia to the south, and to the east the Pacific is dotted with small islands. The Spanish sway has never extended over more than one-half the surface of these islands, wild tribes and Mohammedan rulers controlling the rest. The population is variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000, statistical accu-

* *Travels in the Philippines.* By F. JAGOR. London: Chapman and Hall.

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racy being apparently impossible. Circumstances afforded the Spaniards an easy conquest. The natives were ruled by warring petty chiefs, and there was no central power reaching its strong arm to protect the people, no splendid priesthood to inflame their religious zeal, and there were no grand old national traditions. The natives were heathen, or covered with a thin veneer of Mohammedanism, whose martial and missionary zeal seems hardly to have reached them. At first, as there was no gold to tempt



MAP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Spanish cruelty and avarice, the Spaniards ruled the natives with singular discretion; but soon commercial jealousy, by imposing ruinous trade restrictions, hardly yet removed, killed the growing trade which the Philippines carried on between Asia and the Spanish-American colonies.

At the distance of 650 miles from Hong-Kong lies Manila, the principal sea-port of the Philippines, upon the bay of the same name, which washes the shores of five provinces. On its broad bosom the navies of the world might ride at anchor. The earthquake-tossed city of Manila is a hot, dried-up place, with a population which is variously estimated at from 140,000 to 250,000, consisting of Spanish and Chinese, creoles and natives (Tagals), oddly, if not picturesquely, huddled together. The city lies, surrounded by walls and wide ditches, on the southern bank of the Passig, which lazily glides along, covered with green scum, and bearing on its placid waters, whose languid flow resembles that of a Dutch canal, dead cats and dogs surrounded with weeds, like eggs in a dish of spinach. The canals and ditches in the hot, drying weather exhale a poisonous malaria, which often causes death to the unacclimated. Although next to Goa the oldest city in the Indies, Manila, with its numerous monasteries, convents, barracks, etc., reminds one more of a Spanish provincial town than of an Oriental city. Foreigners live in Bidondo, a suburb which is the head-quarters of commerce. The Spaniards and natives view each other with jealousy—the colonial policy of Madrid every where, and which prevents unity among the people, at the price of their prosperity. Then there is no planter class to break down this spirit of exclusiveness, and the Spaniards only too much regard a residence in the islands as a temporary make-shift.

The very houses in Manila are gloomy, ugly, and badly ventilated—a fatal error in such a scorching climate. Instead of light jalousies, they are fitted with heavy sash windows, with thin oyster-shell panes scarcely two square inches in area. The ground-floors, on account of the damp, are generally uninhabited, and are used for stables and offices. The dwellings are of plank, bamboo, and palm leaves, the palm being "every body's friend" in these islands. The houses are lightly put together, and, including furniture, often weigh less than 200 pounds.

Manila is a "slow" place. The plays are poor, the newspapers barren chroniclers of stale court gossip, and the most exciting incidents are religious processions and cock-fights. Every Indian who can afford it keeps a fighting-cock, and the ring around the cockpit, crowded with perspiring and ill-looking natives, is a common and disagreeable sight. Some of the cocks are worth fifty dollars.

Despite all of its drawbacks, Manila has its bright and picturesque side. During the religious festivals especially, beautiful women are to be seen thronging the illuminated and flower-decked streets. Some of the most charming of the Indian women are of the fair European type. From the provinces come the native and half-caste women. The Indian women are beautifully formed, with lustrous black hair and melting dark eyes. The upper part of their bodies is clad

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TAGALS.

in a material of transparent fineness and snowy purity, which but half conceals their charms. From the waist downward comes a flowing drapery in the form of a brightly striped cloth, which, as far as the knee, is so tightly compressed with a dark shawl closely drawn around the figure that the folds of the *saya* (cloth) burst out beneath it like the blossoms of a pomegranate. This swathing only allows the young girls to take short steps, and, with their downcast eyes, makes them look shier than they often turn out to be on better acquaintance. They do not cramp their feet for the benefit of the chiropodist, after the fashion of civilized countries, but wear on their naked feet embroidered slippers of such small size that their little toes protrude for want of room, and grasp the outside of the sandal. A hat, trowsers, and shirt made of coarse cloth furnish the tame and ugly costume of the men of the poorer classes. The wealthy dress in the same way, but use an expensive homespun material, woven from



A MANILA BARGE AND HOUSE WITH BALCONY, ON THE PASSIG.

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AN INDIAN GIRL.

the fibres of the pine-apple or the banana. The hat is an odd-looking round piece of home-made plaiting, used for both umbrella and sun-shade—a great convenience in this hot and rainy climate. A Manila dandy amusingly apes European costume by wearing patent-leather shoes on his naked feet, tight-fitting trowsers of glaringly contrasted colors, a starched pleated shirt of European make, and, for crowning monstrosity, a chimney-pot silk hat, making himself an absurd caricature of the New York exquisite. The half-castes occupy an equivocal position. They disown their native friends, and are in turn looked down upon by the arrogant Spaniards. And yet they constitute the richest part of the population.

The numerous rivers form natural self-maintaining highways, over which loads can be carried to the foot of the mountains, which attain very respectable height. Here the cocoa-palm flourishes, a tree that not only supplies the natives with meat and drink, but with material for building and domestic utensils. Sugar, brandy, and vinegar are manufactured from the stunted Nipa palm.

The luxuriant bamboo-tree is the islander's unfailing resource. It not only excels in majestic beauty, but has so many useful qualities that a few sharp cuts suffice to convert it into all kinds of utensils. Its excellence consists in its happy combination of lightness and extraordinary strength, with toughness of fibre, pliability, and elasticity, and it is also easy to split. It is found in great abundance, and is, on account of its floating power, a priceless treasure in a country poor in roads and rich in watercourses. Nearly every implement necessary to the islander is made out of it by his untaught skill—baskets, tables, chairs, mats, forks, tongs, rafts, nets, hooks, and a host of other things.

The conventos are often large, imposing buildings. Many of the priests who occupy them are Spanish Franciscan monks especially devoted to the colonial missions, and who must end their days in the islands. Most of these spring from the lowest class of Spaniards, are educated on pious trusts and foundations, and on arriving in the islands freely mix with the common people, and exercise a large influence over them. When they first enter upon their duties they are ignorant and narrow-brained, but benevolence and liberality come with time and increasing prosperity. The *padre* is frequently the only European for miles around. He becomes necessarily "Sir Oracle," and his advice is asked on all important occasions. Having no one to lean upon, he becomes very self-reliant. Without education or scientific knowledge, the priests build churches and bridges and construct roads. This plan has its trifling disadvantages, for the bridges are apt to fall in, the churches to look like sheep pens, and the roads to go to ruin.



A MANILA DANDY.

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A TAGAL GIRL.

The Philippines are particularly favored by their position. They enjoy a variety of climate and neighborhood to the equator, with the produce of both the torrid and temperate zones. The palm-tree and fir, pine-apple, the wheat-ear and the potato, flourish side by side. The larger islands contain inland seas, navigable rivers, and safe harbors. Up the numerous water-courses vessels of shallow draught can sail to the very foot of the mountains, and take in cargo. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and both the sea and inland lakes swarm with shell-fish, while in the whole archipelago there is scarcely a wild beast to be found. There are two seasons in the Philippines — the wet and the dry. November, December, and January are the coldest months; April and May the hottest. From June to September there is an almost uninterrupted rain-fall. Despite the long possession of the Spaniards, their language has scarcely acquired any footing, there being a diversity of dialects.

Among the industries of the Philippines, one of the most delicate is the manufacture



A VILLAGE CLOCK.

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CONSTABLE AND ALCALDE.—[AFTER A TAGAL SKETCH.]

of cigar-cases of exquisite workmanship. They are not made of straw, but of the fine strips of Spanish cane. An average case takes six days' labor, and those of very fine workmanship cost over fifty dollars.

In the province of Albay lies the harbor of Marivelés, whose inhabitants have not a very good reputation. Some of the girls are of striking beauty, and of quite a light color, being of mixed race. In this province Mr. Jagor met the model and exceptional alcalde who had entered the province with nothing but a bundle, and, despite his opportunities, would leave it as lightly equipped.

The Camarínes, North and South, are the home of the Bicol Indians, supposed to be aborigines of blue blood, while most of the natives are believed to be of Malay origin. Rice is the principal product of the Bicols, and the agricultural implements used

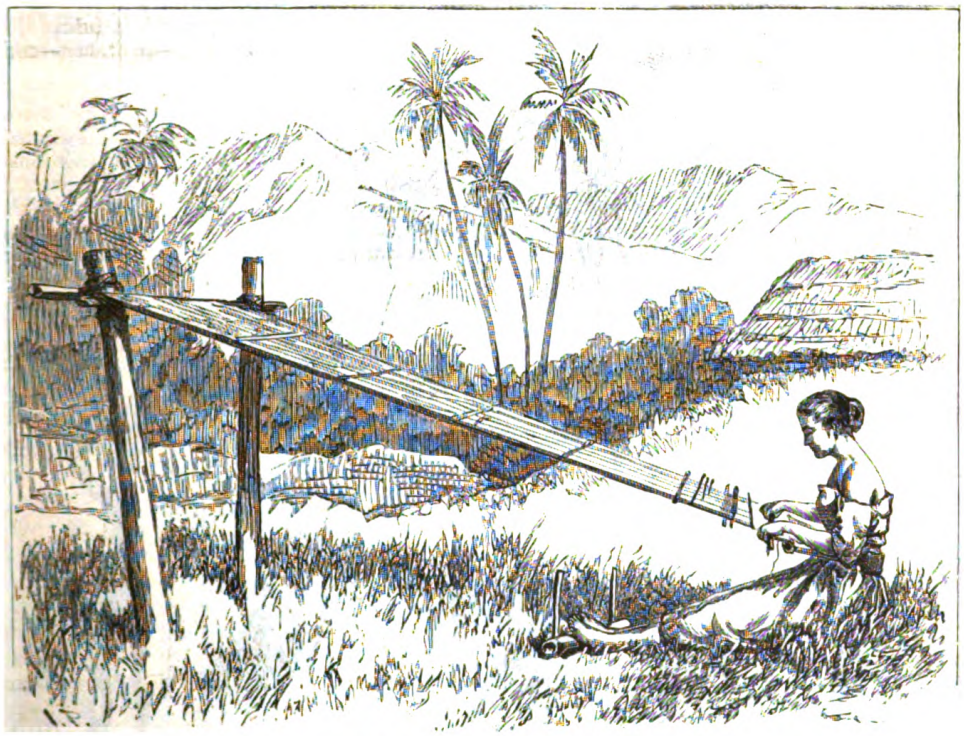


A PAVAVA.

The frame and body of bamboo; the collar and nose band of the buffalo of chair cane; and the roof of pandanus leaves.

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by them in tilling their fields are curious and primitive. Every family has its own house, but as five dollars will build a little bamboo hut, housekeeping need not be long delayed on that account. Notwithstanding the cheapness of construction, the whole family is crowded into the single room with the passing stranger, thus destroying all privacy and decency. Strange to say, the young girls are particularly cleanly, bathe often, cleanse their teeth with brushes made of the areca-tree, and hide their blushes with veils of the same material. The poorer people have no other cooking utensils except an earthen pot, while those better off indulge in a few cast-iron pans and dishes.



AN YGORROTE WOMAN WEAVING.

The ladies' toilet is exceedingly simple. A woman wears a shift of abaca fibre, a gown reaching from the hips to the ankles, a cloth, and a comb. The women seldom marry before attaining the fourteenth year.

The Ysarog Mountain rises up in the middle of the Camarines, and its higher slopes form the dwelling-place of the small body of primitive people called Ygorrotes, who have never been conquered by the Spaniards. These mountain people are simple enough in their industries. Their loom is of the simplest kind. Mr. Jagor saw a woman operating one. The upper end, the chain beam, which consists of a piece of bamboo, is fixed to two bars or posts, and the weaver sits on the ground, and to the two notched ends of a small lath, which supplies the place of the weaving beam, hooks on a wooden bow, in the arch of which the back of the lath is fitted. Placing her feet against two pegs in the ground, and bending her back, she, by means of the bow, stretches the material out straight. A netting-needle, longer than the breadth of the web, serves instead of the weaver's shuttle, but it can be pushed through only by considerable friction, and not always without breaking the chains of thread. A lath of hard wood, sharpened like a knife, represents the trestle, and after every stroke it is placed upon the edge; after which the comb is pushed forward, a thread put through and struck fast, and so forth. The web consisted of threads of the abaca, which were not spun, but tied one to another.

The culture of tobacco in the islands has been much hampered by the government monopoly. The Manila cigars, although of fine quality, are hardly as highly esteemed as they used to be. Sugar, hemp, and palm-oil are also raised and exported.

Large numbers of Chinese have settled in the Philippines, and there, as in California, they are a hard-working and saving race. But the Spanish are very jealous of their success, and, following the "heroic" style of prescription, have undertaken to remedy the matter by massacres. Not less than 35,000 of the children of the Flowery Kingdom are said to have been killed at one time.

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AT TWOSCORE.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



"AND YOU ARE SITTING, AS OF OLD, BESIDE MY HEARTH-STONE, HEAVENLY MAID!"

THE leafless branches snap with cold;
The night is still, the winds are laid;
And you are sitting, as of old,
Beside my hearth-stone, heavenly maid!
What would have chanced me all these years,
As man and boy, had you not come
And brought me gifts of smiles and tears
From your Olympian home?

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"The blackest cloud that ever lowers,"
  You sang when I was most forlorn,
"If we but watch some patient hours,
  Takes silver edges from the morn."
Thanks for the lesson; thanks for all,
  Not only for ambrosia brought,
But for those drops which fell like gall
    Into the cup of thought.

Dear Muse, 'tis twenty years or more
  Since that enchanted, fairy time
When you came tapping at my door,
  Your reticule stuffed full of rhyme.
What strange things have befallen, indeed,
  Since then! Who has the time to say
What bards have flowered (and gone to seed)—
    Immortal for a day!

We've seen pretense with cross and crown,
  And folly caught in self-spun toils;
Merit content to pass unknown,
  And honor scorning public spoils—
Seen Bottom wield the critic's pen
  While Ariel sang in sun-lit cloud:
Sometimes we wept, and now and then
    We could but laugh aloud.

And once we saw—ah, day of woe!—
  The lurid fires of civil war,
The blue and gray frocks laid a-row,
  And many a name rise like a star
To shine in splendor evermore.
  The fiery flood swept hill and plain,
But clear above the battle's roar
    Rang slavery's falling chain.

With pilgrim staff and sandal-shoon,
  One time we sought the Old-World shrines:
Saw Venice lying in the moon,
  The Jungfrau and the Apennines;
Beheld the Tiber rolling dark,
  Rent temples, fanes, and gods austere;
In English meadows heard the lark
    That charmed her Shakspeare's ear.

What dreams and visions we have had,
  What tempests we have weathered through!
Been rich and poor, and gay and sad,
  But never hopeless—thanks to you.
A draught of water from the brook,
  Or *alt hochheimer*—it was one;
Whatever fortune fell we took,
    Children of shade and sun.

Though lacking gold, we never stooped
  To pick it up in all our days;
Though lacking praise we sometimes drooped,
  We never asked a soul for praise.
The exquisite reward of song
  Was song—the self-same thrill and glow
Which to unfolding flowers belong,
    And wrens and thrushes know!

I tried you once—the day I wed:
  Dear Muse, do you remember how
You rose in haste, and turned and fled,
  With sudden-knitted, scornful brow?

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But you relented, smiled, at last
  Returned, and, with your tears half dried,
"Ah well, she can not take the Past,
    Though she have all beside!"

What gilt-winged hopes have taken flight,
  And dropped, like Icarus, in mid-sky!
What cloudy days have turned to bright!
  What sad sweet years have flitted by!
What lips we loved vain memory seeks!
  What hands are cold that once pressed ours!
What lashes rest upon the cheeks
    Beneath the snows and flowers!

We would not wish them back again;
  The way is rude from here to there:
For us the short-lived joy and pain;
  For them the endless rest from care,
The crown, the palm, the deathless youth:
  We would not wish them back—ah, no!
And as for us, dear Muse, in truth,
    We've but half way to go.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHEN I reached Great Britain, the right of women to Medicine was in this condition—a learned lawyer explained it carefully to me; I will give you his words. —The unwritten law of every nation admits all mankind, and not the male half only, to the study and practice of medicine and the sale of drugs. In Great Britain this law is called the common law, and is deeply respected. Whatever liberty it allows to men or women is held sacred in our courts, until *directly* and *explicitly* withdrawn by some act of the legislature. Under this ancient liberty women have occasionally practiced general medicine and surgery up to the year 1858. But, for centuries, they *monopolized*, by custom, one branch of practice, the obstetric, and that, together with the occasional treatment of children, and the nursing of both sexes, which is semi-medical, and is their *monopoly*, seems, on the whole, to have contented them, till late years, when their views were enlarged by wider education and other causes. But their abstinence from general practice, like their monopoly of obstetrics, lay with women themselves, and not with the law of England. That law is the same in this respect as the common law of Italy and France; and the constitution of Bologna, where so many doctresses have filled the chairs of medicine and other sciences, makes no more direct provision for female students than does the constitution of any Scotch or English university. The whole thing lay with the women themselves, and with local civilization. Years ago Italy was far more civilized than England; so Italian women took a large sphere. Of late the Anglo-Saxon has gone in for civilization with his usual energy, and is eclipsing Italy; therefore his women aspire to larger spheres of intellect and action, beginning in the States, because American women are better educated than English. The advance of *women* in useful attainments is the most infallible sign in any country of advancing civilization. All this about civilization is my observation, Sir, and not the lawyer's. Now for the lawyer again.—Such being the law of England, the British legislature passed an Act in 1858, the real object of which was to protect the public against incapable doctors, not against capable doctresses or doctors. The Act excludes from medical practice all persons whatever, male or female, unless registered in a certain register; and to get upon that register, the person, male or female, must produce a license or diploma, granted by one of the British examining boards specified in a schedule attached to the Act.

"Now these examining boards were all members of the leading medical schools. If the legislature had taken the usual precaution, and had added a clause *compelling* those boards to examine worthy applicants, the Act would have been a sound public measure; but for want of that foresight—and without foresight a lawgiver is an impostor and a public pest—the state robbed women of their old common-law rights with one hand, and with the other enabled a respectable trades-union to thrust them out of their new statutory rights. Unfortunately, the respectable union, to whom the legislature delegated an unconstitutional power they did not claim themselves, of excluding

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qualified persons from examination, and so robbing them of their license and their bread, had an overpowering interest to exclude qualified women from medicine; they had the same interest as the watch-makers' union, the printers', the painters on china, the calico engravers', and others, have to exclude qualified women from those branches, though peculiarly fitted for them, but not more so than they are for the practice of medicine, God having made *them*, and not *men*, the medical, and unmusical, sex.

"Wherever there's a trades-union, the weakest go to the wall. Those vulgar unions I have mentioned exclude women from skilled labor they excel in, by violence and conspiracy, though the law threatens them with imprisonment for it: was it in nature, then, that the medical union would be infinitely forbearing when the legislature went and patted it on the back, and said, *You* can conspire with safety against your female rivals? Of course the clique were tempted, more than any clique could bear, by the unwariness of the legislature, and closed the doors of the medical schools to female applicants. Against unqualified female practitioners they never acted with such zeal and consent; and why?—the female quack is a public pest, and a good foil to the union; the qualified doctress is a public good, and a blow to the union.

"The British medical union was now in a fine attitude by Act of Parliament. It could talk its contempt of medical women, and act its terror of them, and keep both its feigned contempt and its real alarm safe from the test of a public examination—that crucible in which cant, surmise, and mendacity are soon evaporated or precipitated, and only the truth stands firm.

"For all that, two female practitioners got upon the register, and stand out, living landmarks of experience and the truth, in the dead wilderness of surmise and prejudice.

"I will tell you how they got in. The Act of Parliament makes two exceptions: first, it lets in, *without examination*—and that is very unwise — any foreign doctor who shall be practicing in England at the date of the Act, although, with equal incapacity, it omits to provide that any future foreign doctor shall be able to *demand examination* (in with the old foreign fogies, blindfold, right or wrong; out with the rising foreign luminaries of an ever-advancing science, right or wrong); and secondly, it lets in, without examination, to experiment on the vile body of the public, any person, qualified or unqualified, who may have been made a doctor by a very venerable and equally irrelevant functionary. Guess, now, who it is that a British Parliament sets above the law, as a Doctor-maker for that public it professes to love and protect!"

"The Regius Professor of Medicine?"

"No."

"Tyndall?"

"No."

"Huxley?"

"No."

"Then I give it up."

"The Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Oh, come! a joke is a joke."

"This is no joke. Bright monument of British flunkyism and imbecility, there stands the clause setting that Reverend and irrelevant Doctor-maker above the law, which sets his Grace's female relations below the law, and in practice outlaws the whole female population, starving those who desire to practice medicine learnedly, and oppressing those who, out of modesty, not yet quite smothered by custom and monopoly, desire to consult a learned female physician, instead of being driven, like sheep, by iron tyranny—in a country that babbles Liberty—to a male physician or a female quack.

"Well, Sir, in 1849 Miss Elizabeth Blackwell fought the good fight in the United States, and had her troubles; because the States were not so civilized then as now. She graduated Doctor at Geneva, in the State of New York.

"She was practicing in England in 1858, and demanded her place on the Register. She is an Englishwoman by birth; but she is an English M.D. only through America having more brains than Britain. This one islander sings, 'Hail, Columbia!' as often as 'God save the Queen!' I reckon.

"Miss Garrett, an enthusiastic student, traveled north, south, east, and west, and knocked in vain at the doors of every great school and university in Britain; but at last found a chink in the iron shutters of the London Apothecaries. It seems Parliament was wiser in 1815 than in 1858, for it inserted a clause in the Apothecaries Act of 1815 *compelling* them to examine all persons who should apply to them for examination after proper courses of study. Their charter contained no loop-hole to evade the Act, and substitute 'him' for 'person;' so they let Miss Garrett in as a student. Like all the students, she had to attend lectures on Chemistry, Botany, Materia Medica, Zoology, Natural Philosophy, and Clinical Surgery. In the collateral subjects they let her sit with the male students; but in Anatomy and Surgery she had to attend the same lectures privately, and pay for lectures all to herself. This cost her enormous fees. However, it is only fair to say that, if she had been one of a dozen female students, the fees would have been diffused; as it was, she had to gild the pill out of her private purse.

"In the hospital teaching she met difficulties and discouragement, though she ask-

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ed for no more opportunities than are granted readily to professional nurses and female amateurs. But the whole thing is a mere money question; that is the key to every lock in it.

"She was freely admitted at last to one great hospital, and all went smoothly till some surgeon examined the students *viva voce;* then Miss Garrett was off her guard, and displayed too marked a superiority; thereupon the male students played the woman, and begged she might be excluded; and, I am sorry to say, for the credit of your sex, this unmanly request was complied with by the womanish males in power.

"However, at her next hospital Miss Garrett was more discreet, and took pains to conceal her galling superiority.

"All her trouble ended—where her competitors' began—at the public examination. She passed brilliantly, and is an English apothecary. In civilized France she is a learned Physician.

"She had not been an apothecary a week before the Apothecaries' Society received six hundred letters from the medical small-fry in town and country; they threatened to send no more boys to the Apothecaries, but to the College of Surgeons, if ever another woman received an Apothecary's license. Now you know all men tremble in England at the threats of a trades-union; so the Apothecaries instantly cudgeled their brains to find a way to disobey the law and obey the union. The medical press gave them a hint, and they passed a by-law forbidding their students to receive any part of their education *privately*, and made it known at the same time that their female students would not be allowed to study the leading subjects *publicly*. And so they baffled the legislature and outlawed half the nation by a juggle which the press and the public would have risen against, if a single grown-up man had been its victim, instead of four million adult women. Now you are a straightforward man; what do you think of that?"

"Humph!" said Vizard. "I do not altogether approve it. The strong should not use the arts of the weak in fighting the weak. But in spite of your eloquence, I mean to forgive them any thing. Shakspeare has provided them with an excuse that fits all time:

"'Our poverty, but not our will, consents.'"

"Poverty! the poverty of a company in the city of London! *Allons donc.* Well, Sir, for years after this all Europe, even Russia, advanced in civilization, and opened their medical schools to women; so did the United States: only the pig-headed Briton stood stock-still, and gloried in his minority of one; as if one small island is likely to be right in its monomania, and all civilized nations wrong.

"But while I was studying in France, one lion-hearted Englishwoman was moving our native isle. First she tried the University of London, and that sets up for a liberal foundation. Answer: 'Our charter is expressly framed to exclude women from medical instruction.'

"Then she sat down to besiege Edinburgh. Now Edinburgh is a very remarkable place. It has only half the houses, but ten times the intellect, of Liverpool or Manchester. And the University has two advantages as a home of *science* over the English universities: it is far behind them in Greek, which is the language of Error and Nescience, and before them in English, and that is a tongue a good deal of knowledge is printed in. Edinburgh is the only centre of British literature, except London.

"One medical professor received the pioneer with a concise severity, and declined to hear her plead her cause, and one received her almost brutally. He said, 'No respectable woman would apply to him to study Medicine.' Now respectable women were studying it all over Europe."

"Well, but perhaps his soul lived in an island."

"That is so. However, personal applicants must expect a rub or two; and most of the professors, in and out of medicine, treated her with kindness and courtesy.

"Still, she found even the friendly professors alarmed at the idea of a woman matriculating, and becoming Civis Edinensis; so she made a moderate application to the Senate, viz., for leave to attend medical lectures. This request was indorsed by a majority of the medical professors, and granted. But on the appeal of a few medical professors against it, the Senate suspended its resolution, on the ground that there was only one applicant.

"This got wind, and other ladies came into the field directly, your humble servant among them. Then the Senate felt bound to recommend the University Court to admit such female students to matriculate as could pass the preliminary examination; this is in history, logic, languages, and other branches; and we prepared for it in good faith. It was a happy time: after a good day's work, I used to go up the Calton Hill or Arthur's Seat, and view the sea and the Piræus and the violet hills and the romantic undulations of the city itself, and my heart glowed with love of knowledge and with honorable ambition. I ran over the names of worthy women who had adorned medicine at sundry times and in divers places, and resolved to deserve as great a name as any in history. Refreshed by my walk—I generally walked eight miles, and practiced gymnastics to keep my muscles hard—I used to return to my little lodg-

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ings; and they too were sweet to me, for I was learning a new science—Logic."

"That was a nut to crack."

"I have met few easier or sweeter. One non-observer had told me it was a sham science and mere pedantry; another, that it pretended to show men a way to truth without observing. I found, on the contrary, that it was a very pretty little science, which does not affect to discover phenomena, but simply to guard men against rash generalization and false deductions from true data. It taught me the untrained world is brimful of fallacies and verbal equivoques that ought not to puzzle a child, but, whenever they creep into an argument, do actually confound the learned and the simple alike, and all for want of a month's logic.

"Yes, I was happy on the hill and happy by the hearth; and so things went on till the preliminary examination came. It was not severe; we ladies all passed with credit, though many of the male aspirants failed."

"How do you account for that?" asked Vizard.

"With my eyes. I *observe* that the average male is very superior in intellect to the average female; and I *observe* that the picked female is immeasurably more superior to the average male than the average male is to the average female."

"Is it so simple as that?"

"Ay; why not? What! are you one of those who believe that Truth is obscure, hides herself, and lies in a well? I tell you, *Sir*, Truth lies in no well. The place Truth lies in is—*the middle of the turnpike-road.* But one old fogy puts on his green spectacles to look for her, and another his red, and another his blue; and so they all miss her, because she is a colorless diamond. Those spectacles are preconceived notions, *a priori* reasoning, cant, prejudice, the depth of Mr. Shallow's inner consciousness, etc., etc. Then comes the *observer*, opens the eyes that God has given him, tramples on all colored spectacles, and finds Truth as surely as the spectacled theorists miss her. Say that the intellect of the average male is to the average female as ten to six, it is to the intellect of the picked female as ten to a hundred and fifty, or even less. Now the intellect of the male Edinburgh student was much above that of the average male, but still it fell far below that of the picked female. All the examinations at Edinburgh showed this to all God's unspectacled creatures that used their eyes."

These remarks hit Vizard hard. They accorded with his own good sense and method of arguing; but perhaps my more careful readers may have already observed this. He nodded hearty approval for once, and she went on:

"We had now a right to matriculate and enter on our medical course. But, to our dismay, the right was suspended. The proofs of our general proficiency, which we hoped would reconcile the professors to us as students of Medicine, alarmed people, and raised us unscrupulous enemies in some who were justly respected, and others who had influence, though they hardly deserved it.

"A general council of the University was called to reconsider the pledge the Senate had given us, and overawe the University Court by the weight of Academic opinion. The Court itself was fluctuating and ready to turn either way. A large number of male students co-operated against us, with a petition. They, too, were a little vexed at our respectable figure in the preliminary examination.

"The assembly met, and the union orator got up; he was a preacher of the Gospel, and carried the weight of that office. Christianity, as well as Science, seemed to rise against us in his person. He made a long and eloquent speech, based on the intelligent surmises and popular prejudices that were diffused in a hundred leading articles, and in letters to the editor by men and women to whom history was a dead letter in modern controversies; for the Press battled this matter for two years, and furnished each party with an artillery of reasons *pro* and *con*.

"He said: 'Woman's sphere is the hearth and the home: to impair her delicacy is to take the bloom from the peach: she could not qualify for Medicine without mastering anatomy and surgery—branches that must unsex her. Providence, intending her to be man's helpmate, not his rival, had given her a body unfit for war or hard labor, and a brain four ounces lighter than a man's, and unable to cope with long study and practical science. In short, she was too good and too stupid for Medicine.'

"It was eloquent, but it was *a priori* reasoning, and conjecture *versus* evidence; yet the applause it met with showed one how happy is the orator 'qui hurle avec les loups.' Taking the scientific preacher's whole theory in theology and science, woman was high enough in creation to be the mother of God, but not high enough to be a sawbones.

"Well, a professor of *belles-lettres* rose on our side, not with a rival theory, but with facts. He was a pupil of Lord Bacon and a man of the nineteenth century; so he objected to *a priori* reasoning on a matter of experience. To settle the question of capacity, he gave a long list of women who had been famous in science: such as Bettesia Gozzadini, Novella Andrea, Novella Calderini, Madalena Buonsignori, and many more, who were doctors of law and university professors: Dorotea Bocchi, who was professor both of philosophy and medicine; Laura Bassi, who was elected professor of philosophy in 1732 by acclamation, and afterward professor of experimental physics; Anna

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Manzolini, professor of anatomy in 1760; Gaetana Agnesi, professor of mathematics; Christina Roccati, doctor of philosophy in 1750; Clotilde Tambroni, professor of Greek in 1793; Maria Dalle Donne, doctor of medicine in 1799; Zaffira Ferretti, doctor of medicine in 1800; Maria Sega, doctor of medicine in 1799; Madalena Noe, graduate of civil law in 1807. Ladies innumerable who graduated in law and medicine at Pavia, Ferrara, and Padua, including Elena Lucrezia Cornaro, of Padua, a very famous woman. Also in Salamanca, Alcala, Cordova, he named more than one famous doctress. Also in Heidelberg, Göttingen, Giessen, Würzburg, etc., and even at Utrecht, with numberless graduates in the arts and faculties at Montpellier and Paris in all ages. Also outside reputations, as of Doctor Bouvin and her mother, acknowledged celebrities in their branch of medicine. This chain, he said, has never been really broken. There was scarcely a great foreign university without some female student of high reputation. There were such women at Vienna and Petersburg; many such at Zurich. At Montpellier Mademoiselle Doumergue was carrying all before her, and Miss Garrett and Miss Mary Putman at Paris, though they were weighted in the race by a foreign language. Let the male English physician pass a stiff examination in scientific French before he brayed so loud. He had never done it yet. This, he said, is not an age of chimeras; it is a wise and wary age, which has established in all branches of learning a sure test of ability in man or woman—public examination followed by a public report. These public examinations are all conducted by males, and women are passing them triumphantly all over Europe and America, and graduate as doctors in every civilized country, and even in half-civilized Russia.

"He then went into our own little preliminary examination, and gave the statistics: In Latin were examined 55 men and 3 women; 10 men were rejected, but no woman; 7 men were respectable, 7 *optimi*, or first-rate, 1 woman *bona*, and 1 *optima*. In mathematics were examined 67 men and 4 women, of whom 1 woman was *optima*, and 1 *bona*; 10 men were *optimi*, and 25 *boni*; the rest failed. In German 2 men were examined and 1 woman; 1 man was good and 1 woman. In logic 28 men were examined and 1 woman; the woman came out fifth in rank, and she had only been at it a month. In moral philosophy 16 men were examined and 1 woman; the woman came out third. In arithmetic 51 men and 3 women; 2 men were *optimi* and 1 woman *optima*; several men failed, and not one woman. In mechanics 81 men and 1 woman; the woman passed with fair credit, as did 13 men, the rest failing. In French were examined 58 men and 4 women; 3 men and 1 woman were respectable; 8 men and 1 woman passed; 2 women attained the highest excellence, *optimæ*, and not one man. In English, 63 men and 3 women; 3 men were good and 1 woman; but 2 women were *optimæ* and only 1 man."

"Fancy you remembering figures like that," said Vizard.

"It is all training and habit," said she, simply.

"As to the study and practice of medicine degrading women, he asked if it degraded men. No; it elevated them. They could not contradict him on that point. He declined to believe, without a particle of evidence, that any science could elevate the higher sex and degrade the lower. What evidence we had ran against it. Nurses are not, as a class, unfeminine, yet all that is most appalling, disgusting, horrible, and *unsexing* in the art of healing is monopolized by them. Women see worse things than doctors. Women nurse all the patients of both sexes, often under horrible and sickening conditions, and lay out all the corpses. No doctor objects to this on sentimental grounds; and why? because the nurses get only a guinea a week, and not a guinea a flying visit: to women the loathsome part of medicine; to man the lucrative! The noble nurses of the Crimea went to attend *males only*, yet were not charged with indelicacy. They worked gratis. The would-be doctresses look *mainly to attending women;* but then they want to be paid for it: there was the rub. It was a mere money question, and all the attempts of the union to hide this and play the sentimental shop-man were transparent hypocrisy and humbug.

"A doctor justly revered in Edinburgh answered him, but said nothing new nor effective, and, to our great joy, the majority went with us.

"Thus encouraged, the University Court settled the matter. We were admitted to matriculate and study medicine under certain conditions, to which I beg your attention.

"The instruction of women for the profession of medicine was to be conducted in separate classes confined entirely to women.

"The professors of the Faculty of Medicine should, for this purpose, be permitted to have separate classes for women.

"All these regulations were approved by the Chancellor, and are to this day a part of the law of that University.

"We ladies, five in number, but afterward seven, were matriculated and registered professional students of medicine, and passed six delightful months we now look back upon as if it was a happy dream.

"We were picked women, all in earnest; we deserved respect, and we met with it. The teachers were kind, and we attentive and respectful; the students were courteous, and we were affable to them, but discreet.

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Whatever seven young women could do to earn esteem, and reconcile even our opponents to the experiment, we did. There was not an anti-student or downright flirt among us: and, indeed, I have observed that an earnest love of study and science controls the amorous frivolity of women even more than men's. Perhaps our heads are really *smaller* than men's, and we haven't room in them to be like Solomon—extremely wise and arrant fools.

"This went on until the first professional examination: but, after the examination, the war, to our consternation, recommenced. Am I, then, bad-hearted for thinking there must have been something in that examination which roused the sleeping spirit of trades-unionism?"

"It seems probable."

"Then view that probability by the light of fact:

"In physiology the male students were 127. In chemistry, 226.

"25 obtained honors in physiology.

"31 in chemistry.

"In physiology and chemistry there were 5 women; 1 obtained honors in physiology alone; 4 obtained honors in both physiology and chemistry.

"So, you see, the female students beat the male students in physiology at the rate of five to one, and in chemistry seven and three-quarters to one.

"But, horrible to relate, one of the ladies eclipsed twenty-nine out of the thirty-one gentlemen who took *honors* in chemistry. In capacity she surpassed them all; for the two who were above her obtained only two marks more than she did, yet they had been a year longer at the study. This entitled her to a 'Hope Scholarship' for that year.

"Would you believe it? the scholarship was refused her—in utter defiance of the founder's conditions—on the idle pretext that she had studied at a different hour from the male students, and therefore was not a member of the chemistry class."

"Then why admit her to the competition?" said Vizard.

"Why? because the *a priori* reasoners took for granted she would be defeated. Then the cry would have been, 'You had your chance; we let you try for the Hope Scholarship, but you could not win it.' Having won it, she was to be cheated out of it somehow or anyhow. The separate class system was not that lady's fault; she would have preferred to pay the University lecturer lighter fees, and attend a better lecture with the male students. The separate class was an unfavorable condition of study, which the University imposed on us as the condition of admitting us to the professional study of medicine. Surely, then, to cheat that lady out of her Hope Scholarship, when she had earned it under conditions of study enforced and unfavorable, was perfidious and dishonest. It was even a little ungrateful to the injured sex; for the money which founded these scholarships was women's money, every penny of it. The good Professor Hope had lectured to ladies fifty years ago; had taken their fees, and founded his scholarships with their money: and it would have done his heart good to see a lady win and wear that prize, which, but for his female pupils, would never have existed. But it is easy to trample on a dead man; as easy as on living women.

"The perfidy was followed by ruthless tyranny. They refused to admit the fair criminal to the laboratory, 'else,' said they, 'she'll defeat more men.'

"That killed her, as a chemist. It gave inferior male students too great an advantage over her. And so the public and Professor Hope were sacrificed to a trades-union, and lost a great analytical chemist, and something more: she had, to my knowledge, a subtle diagnosis. Now we have, at present, no *great* analyst, and the few competent analysts we have do not possess diagnosis in proportion. They can find a few poisons in the dead, but they are slow to discover them in the living; so they are not to be counted on to save a life, where Crime is administering poison. That woman could, and would, I think.

"They drove her out of chemistry, wherein she was a genius, into surgery, in which she was only a talent. She is now house-surgeon in a great hospital, and the public has lost a great chemist and diagnostic physician combined.

"Up to the date of this enormity the press had been pretty evenly divided for and against us. But now, to their credit, they were unanimous, and reprobated the juggle as a breach of public faith and plain morality. Backed by public opinion, one friendly professor took this occasion to move the University to relax the regulations of separate classes, since it had been abused. He proposed that the female students should be admitted to the ordinary classes.

"This proposal was negatived by 58 to 47.

"This small majority was gained by a characteristic manœuvre. The Queen's name was gravely dragged in as disapproving the proposal, when, in fact, it could never have been submitted to her, or her comment, if any, must have been in writing; and as to the general question, she has never said a public word against medical women. She has too much sense not to ask herself how can any woman be fit to be a queen, with powers of life and death, if no woman is fit to be so small a thing, by comparison, as a physician or a surgeon.

"We were victims of a small majority, obtained by imagination playing upon flunkyism, and the first result was, we were not

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allowed to sit down to botany with males. Mind you, we might have gathered blackberries with them in umbrageous woods from morn till dewy eve, and not a professor shocked in the whole Faculty; but we must not sit down with them to an intellectual dinner of herbs, and listen, in their company, to the pedantic terms and childish classifications of botany, in which kindred properties are ignored. Only the male student must be told in public that a fox-glove is *Digitalis purpurea* in the improved nomenclature of science, and crow-foot is *Ranunculus sceleratus*, and the buckbean is *Menyanthes trifoliata*, and mug-wort is *Artemesia judaica;* and that, having lost the properties of hyssop, known to Solomon, we regain our superiority over that learned Hebrew by christening it *Gratiola officinalis*. The sexes must not be taught in one room to discard such ugly and inexpressive terms as snow-drop, meadow-sweet, feverfew, heart's-ease, cowslip, etc., and learn to know the cowslip as *Veris*—by class, *pentandria monogynia;* and the buttercup as *Acris, polyandria monogynia;* the snow-drop as *Galanthus nivalis, Hexandria monogynia;* and the meadow-sweet as *Ulnaria;* the heart's-ease as *Viola tricolor;* and the daisy as *Bellis perennis, Syngenesia superflua.*"

"Well," said Vizard, "I think the individual names can only hurt the jaws and other organs of speech. But the classifications! Is the mild lustre of science to be cast over the natural disposition of young women toward polyandria monogynia? Is trigamy to be identified in their sweet souls with floral innocence, and their victims sitting by?"

"Such classifications are puerile and fanciful," said Miss Gale; "but for that very reason they don't infect *animals* with trigamy. Novels are much more likely to do that."

"Especially ladies' novels," suggested Vizard, meekly.

"Some," suggested the accurate Rhoda. "But the sexes will never lose either morals or delicacy through courses of botany endured together. It will not hurt young ladies a bit to tell them in the presence of young gentlemen that a cabbage is a thalamifloral exogen, and its stamens are tetradynamous, nor that the mushroom, *Psalliata campestris*, and the toad-stool, *Myœna campestris*, are confounded by this science in one class, *Cryptogamia*. It will not even hurt them to be told that the properties of the *Arum maculatum* are little known, but that the males are crowded round the centre of the spadix, and the females seated at the base."

Said Vizard, pompously, "The pulpit and the tea table are centres of similar phenomena. Now I think of it, the pulpit is a very fair calyx, but the tea table is sadly squat."

"Yes, Sir. But more than that: not one of these pedants who growled at promiscuous botany has once objected to promiscuous dancing, not even with the gentleman's arm round the ladies' waists—which the custom of centuries can not render decent. Yet the professors of delicacy connive, and the Mother Geese sit smirking at the wall. Oh, world of hypocrites and humbugs!"

"I am afraid you are an upsetter general," said Vizard. "But you are abominably sincere, and all this is a curious chapter of human nature. Pray proceed."

Miss Gale nodded gravely, and resumed:

"So much public ridicule fell on the union for this, and the blind flunkyism which could believe the Queen had meddled in the detail, that the professors melted under it, and threw open botany and natural history to us, with other collateral sciences.

"Then came the great fight, which is not ended yet.

"To qualify for Medicine, and pass the stiff examination by which the public is very properly protected, you must be versed in anatomy and clinical surgery. Books and lectures do not suffice for this without the human subject—alive and dead. The University Court knew that very well when it matriculated us, and therefore it provided for our instruction by promising us separate classes.

"Backed by this public pledge, we waited on the University Professor of Anatomy to arrange our fees for a separate lecture. He flatly refused to instruct us separately for love or money, or to permit his assistants. That meant 'the union sees a way to put you in a cleft stick and cheat you out of your degree, in spite of the pledge the University has given you; in spite of your fees, and of your time given to study in reliance on the promise.'

"This was a heavy blow. But there was an extramural establishment called Surgeons' Hall, and the University formally recognized all the lecturers in this Hall; so we applied to those lecturers, and they were shocked at the illiberality of the University professors, and admitted us at once to mixed classes. We attended lectures with the male students on anatomy and surgery, and *of all the anticipated evils, not one took place, Sir.*

"The objections to mixed classes proved to be idle words; yet the old-fashioned minds opposed to us shut their eyes and went on reasoning *a priori*, and proving that the evils which they saw did not arise *must* arise should the experiment of mixed classes, which was then succeeding, ever be tried.

"To qualify us for examination, we now needed but one thing more—hospital practice. The infirmary is supported not so much by the University as the town. We applied, therefore, with some confidence for the permission usually conceded to medical students. The managers refused us the *town infirmary*. Then we applied to the subscribers. The majority, not belonging to a trades-

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union, declared in our favor, and intimated plainly that they would turn out the illiberal managers at the next election of managers.

"But by this time the war was hot and general, and hard blows dealt on both sides. It was artfully suppressed by our enemies in the profession and in the press that we had begged hard for the separate class which had been promised us in anatomy, and permission to attend, by ourselves, a limited number of wards in the infirmary; and on this falsehood by suppression worse calumnies were built.

"I shall tell you what we really were, and what foul mouths and pens insinuated we must be.

"Two accomplished women had joined us, and we were now the seven wise virgins of a half-civilized nation, and, if I know black from white, we were seven of its brightest ornaments. We were seven ladies, who wished to be doctresses, especially devoted to our own sex; seven good students, who went on our knees to the University for those separate classes in anatomy and clinical surgery which the University was bound in honor to supply us; but, our prayer rejected, said to the University: 'Well, use your own discretion about separate or mixed classes; but for your own credit and that of human nature, do not willfully tie a hangman's noose to throttle the weak and deserving, and don't cheat seven poor, hard-working, meritorious women, your own matriculated students, out of our entrance fees, which lie to this day in the University coffers, out of the exceptionally heavy fees we have paid to your professors, out of all the fruit of our hard study, out of our diplomas, and our bread. Solve the knot your own way. We will submit to mixed classes, or any thing except professional destruction.'

"In this spirit our lion-hearted leader wrote the letter of an uninjured dove, and said there were a great many more wards in the infirmary than any male student could or did attend; we would be content to divide the matter thus: the male students to have the monopoly of two-thirds, we to have the bare right of admission to one-third. By this the male students (if any) who had a sincere objection to study the sick and witness operations in our company could never be troubled with us, and we, though less favored than the male students, could just manage to qualify for that public examination which was to prove whether we could make able physicians or not.

"Sir, this gentle proposal was rejected with rude scorn, and in aggressive terms. Such is the spirit of a trades-union.

"Having now shown you what we were, I will now tell what our enemies, declining to observe our conduct, though it was very public, suggested we *must* be. Seven shameless women who pursued medicine as a handle for sexuality; who went into the dissecting-room to dissect males, and into the hospital to crowd round the male patient, and who *demanded* mixed classes, that we might have male companions in those studies which every feminine woman would avoid altogether.

"This key-note struck, the public was regaled with a burst of hypocrisy such as Molière never had the luck to witness, or, oh! what a comedy he would have written!

"The immodest sex, taking advantage of Molière's decease without heirs of his brains, set to work in public to teach the modest sex modesty.

"In the conduct of this pleasant paradox, the representatives of that sex which has much courage and little modesty were two professors—who conducted the paradox so judiciously that the London press reprimanded them for their foul insinuations—and a number of young men called medical students.

"Now the medical student surpasses most young men in looseness of life and indecency of mind and speech.

"The representatives of womanhood to be instructed in modesty by these animals, old and young, were seven prudes, whose minds were devoted to study and honorable ambition. These women were as much above the average of their sex in feminine reserve and independence of the male sex as they were in intellect.

"The average girl, who throughout this discussion was all of a sudden puffed as a lily, because she ceased to be *observed*, can attend to nothing if a man is by; she can't work, she can't play, she is so eaten up with sexuality. The frivolous soul can just manage to play croquet with females; but, enter a man upon the scene, and she does even that very ill, and can hardly be got to take her turn in the only thing she has really given her mind to. We were angels compared with this paltry creature; and she was the standing butt of public censure until it was found that an imaginary picture of her could be made the handle for insulting her betters.

"Against these seven prudes, decent dotards and their foul-mouthed allies flung out insinuations which did not escape public censure; and the medical students declared their modesty was shocked at our intrusion into anatomy and surgery, and petitioned against us. Some of the Press were deceived by this for a time, and *hurlaient avec les loups*.

"I took up, one day, my favorite weekly, in which nearly every writer seems to me a scholar, and was regaled with such lines as this:

"'It appears that girls are to associate with boys as medical students, in order that,

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when they become women, they may be able to speak to men with entire plainness upon all the subjects of a doctor's daily practice.

"'In plain words, the aspirants to medicine and surgery desire to rid themselves speedily and effectually of that modesty which nature has planted in women.' And then the writer concludes: 'We beg to suggest that there are other places besides dissecting-rooms and hospitals where those ladies may relieve themselves of the modesty which they find so troublesome. But fathers naturally object to this being done at their sons' expense.'"

"Infamous!" cried Vizard. "One comfort—no man ever penned that. That is some old woman writing down young ones."

"I don't know," said Rhoda. "I have met so many womanish men in this business. All I know is, that my cheeks burned, and, for once in the fight, scalding tears ran down them. It was as if a friend had spat upon me.

"What a chimera! What a monstrous misinterpretation of pure minds by minds impure! To *us* the dissecting-room was a temple, and the dead an awe, revolting to all our senses, until the knife revealed to our minds the Creator's hand in structural beauties, that the trained can appreciate, if wicked dunces can't.

"And as to the infirmary, we should have done just what we did at Zurich. We held a little aloof from the male patients, unless some good-natured lecturer or pupil gave us a signal, and then we came forward. If we came uninvited, we always stood behind the male students: but we did crowd round the beds of the female patients, and claimed the inner row: AND, SIR, THEY THANKED GOD FOR US OPENLY.

"A few awkward revelations were made during this discussion. A medical student had the candor to write and say that he had been at a lecture, and the professor had told an indelicate story, and, finding it palatable to his modest males, had said, 'There, gentlemen; now if female students were admitted here, I could not have told you this amusing circumstance.' So that it was our purifying influence he dreaded in secret, though he told the public he dreaded the reverse.

"Again, female patients wrote to the journals to beg that female students might be admitted to come between them and the brutal curiosity of the male students, to which they were subjected in so offensive a way that more than one poor creature declared she had felt agonies of shame, even in the middle of an agonizing operation.

"This being a cry from that public for whose sake the whole clique of physicians —male and female—exists, had, of course, no great weight in the union controversy.

"But, Sir, if grave men and women will sit calmly down and fling dirt upon every woman who shall aspire to medicine in an island, though she can do so on a neighboring continent with honor, and choose their time when the dirt can only fall on seven known women—since the female students in that island are only seven—the pretended generality becomes a cowardly personality, and wounds as such, and excites less cold-hearted and more hot-headed blackguards to outrage. It was so at Philadelphia, and it was so at Edinburgh.

"Our extramural teacher in anatomy was about to give a competitive examination. Now on these occasions we were particularly obnoxious. Often and clearly as it had been proved, by *a priori* reasoning, that we *must* be infinitely inferior to the average male, we persisted in proving, by hard fact, that we *were* infinitely his superior; and every examination gave us an opportunity of crushing solid reasons under hollow fact.

"A band of medical students determined that for once *a priori* reasoning should have fair play, and not be crushed by a thing so illusory as fact. Accordingly, they got the gates closed, and collected round them. We came up, one after another, and were received with hisses, groans, and abusive epithets.

"This mode of reasoning must have been admirably adapted to my weak understanding; for it convinced me at once I had no business there; and I was for private study directly.

"But, Sir, you know the ancients said, 'Better is an army of stags with a lion for their leader than an army of lions with a stag for their leader.' Now it so happened that we had a lioness for our leader. She pushed manfully through the crowd, and hammered at the door; then we crept quaking after. She ordered those inside to open the gates; and some student took shame, and did. In marched our lioness, crept after by her—her—"

"Her cubs."

"A thousand thanks, good Sir. Her does. On second thoughts, 'her hinds.' Doe is the female of buck. Now I said stags. Well, the ruffians who had undertaken to teach us modesty, swarmed in too. They dragged a sheep into the lecture-room, lighted pipes, produced bottles, drank, smoked, and abused us ladies to our faces, and interrupted the lecturer at intervals with their howls and ribaldry; that was intended to show the professor he should not be listened to any more if he admitted the female students. The affair got wind, and other students, not connected with medicine, came pouring in, with no worse motive, probably, than to see the lark. Some of these, however, thought the introduction of the sheep unfair to so respected a lecturer, and proceeded to remove her; but the professor put up his

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hand, and said, 'Oh, don't remove *her*: she is superior in intellect to many persons here present.'

"At the end of the lecture, thinking us in actual danger from these ruffians, he offered to let us out by a side door; but our lioness stood up, and said, in a voice that rings in my ear even now, 'Thank you, Sir; no. There are *gentlemen* enough here to escort us safely.'

"The magic of a great word from a great heart at certain moments when minds are heated! At that word, Sir, the scales fell from a hundred eyes; manhood awoke with a start—ay, and chivalry too; fifty manly fellows were round us in a moment, with glowing cheeks and eyes, and they carried us all home to our several lodgings in triumph; the cowardly caitiffs of the trades-union howled outside, and managed to throw a little dirt upon our gowns, and also hurled epithets, most of which were new to me; but it has since been stated, by persons more versed in the language of the canaille, that no fouler terms are known to the dregs of mankind.

"Thus did the immodest sex, in the person of the medical student, outrage seven fair samples of the modest sex—to teach them modesty.

"Next morning the police magistrates dealt with a few of our teachers, inflicted severe rebukes on them, and feeble fines.

"The craftier elders disowned the riot in public, but approved it in private, and continued to act in concert with it, only with cunning, not violence. *It caused no honest revulsion of feeling*, except in the disgusted public, and they had no power to help us.

"The next incident was a stormy debate by the subscribers to the infirmary; and here we had a little feminine revenge, which, outraged as we had been, I hope you will not grudge us.

"Our lioness subscribed £5, and became entitled to vote and speech. As the foulest epithets had been hurled at her by the union, and a certain professor had told her, to her face, no respectable woman would come to him and propose to study medicine, she said, publicly, that she had come to his opinion, and respectable women would avoid him—which caused a laugh.

"She also gave a venerable old physician, our bitter opponent, a slap that was not quite so fair. His attendant had been concerned in that outrage, and she assumed—in which she was not justified—that the old doctor approved. 'To be sure,' said she, 'they say he was intoxicated, and that is the only possible excuse.'

"The old doctor had only to say that he did not control his assistants in the street, and his own mode of conducting the opposition and his long life of honor were there to correct this young woman's unworthy surmises—and she would have had to apologize for going too far on mere surmise. But, instead of that, he was so injudicious as to accuse her of foul language, and say, 'My attendant is a perfect gentleman; he would not be my attendant if he were not.'

"Our lioness had him directly. 'Oh,' said she, 'if Doctor So-and-so prefers to say that his attendant committed that outrage on decency when in his sober senses, I am quite content.'

"This was described as violent invective by people with weak memories, who had forgotten the nature of the outrage our lioness was commenting on: but in truth it was only superior skill in debate, with truth to back it.

"For my part, I kept the police report at the time, and have compared it with her speech; the judicial comments on those rioters are far more severe than hers. The truth is, it was her facts that hit too hard, not her expressions.

"Well, Sir, she obtained a majority; and those managers of the infirmary who objected to female students were dismissed, and others elected. At the same meeting the Court of Contributors passed a statute making it the law of the infirmary that students should be admitted without regard to sex.

"But as to the mere election of managers, the other party demanded a scrutiny of the votes, and instructive figures came out. There voted with us twenty-eight firms, thirty-one ladies, seven doctors.

"There voted with the union fourteen firms, two ladies, *thirty-seven doctors*, and three *druggists*.

"Thereupon the trades-union, as declared by the figures, alleged that firms ought not to vote. *Nota bene*, they always had voted unchallenged, till they voted for fair play to women.

"The union served the Provost with an interdict not to declare the new managers elected.

"We applied for our tickets under the new statute, but were impudently refused, under the plea that the managers must first be consulted: so did the servants of the infirmary defy the masters, in order to exclude us.

"By this time the great desire of women to practice medicine had begun to show itself. Numbers came in, and matriculated; and the pressure on the authorities to keep faith, and relax the dead lock they had put us in, was great.

"Thereupon the authorities, instead of saying, 'We have pledged ourselves to a great number of persons, and pocketed their fees,' took fright, and cast about for juggles. They affected to discover all of a sudden that they had acted illegally in matriculating female students. They would, therefore, not give back their fees, and pay them

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two hundred pounds apiece for breach of contract, but detain their fees and stop their studies until compelled by judicial decision to keep faith. Observe, it was under advice of the Lord Justice-General they had matriculated us, and entered into a contract with us, *for fulfilling which it was not, and is not, in the power of any mortal man to punish them.*

"But these pettifoggers said this: '*We* have acted illegally, and therefore not we, but *you*, shall suffer: *we* will *profit* by our illegal act, for we will cheat you out of your fees to the University, and your fees to its professors, as well as the seed-time of your youth, that we have wasted.'

"Now in that country they can get the opinions of the judges by raising what they call an action of declarator.

"One would think it was their business to go to the judges, and meantime give us the benefit of the legal doubt, while it lasted, and of the moral no-doubt, which will last till the day of judgment, and a day after.

"Not a bit of it. They deliberately broke their contract with us, kept our fees, and cheated us out of the article we had bought of them, disowned all sense of morality, yet shifted the burden of law on to our shoulders. Litigation is long. Perfidy was in possession. Possession is nine points. The female students are now sitting with their hands before them, juggled out of their studies in plain defiance of justice and public faith, waiting till time shall show them whether provincial lawyers can pettifog as well as trades-union doctors.

"As for me, I had retired to civilized climes long before this. I used to write twice a week to my parents; but I withheld all mention of the outrage at Surgeons' Hall. I knew it would give them useless pain. But in three weeks or so came a letter from my father, unlike any other I ever knew him write. It did not even begin, 'My dear child.' This was what he said. The words are engraved in my memory: 'Out of that nation of cowards and skunks: out of it this moment, once and forever. The States are your home. Draft on London inclosed. Write to me from France next week, or write to me no more. Graduate in France. Then come north, and sail from Havre to New York. You have done with Britain, and so have I, till our next war. Pray God that mayn't be long!'

"It was like a lion's roar of anguish. I saw my dear father's heart was bursting with agony and rage at the insult to his daughter, and I shed tears for him those wretches had never drawn from me.

"I had cried at being insulted by scholars, in the Press; but what was it to me that the scum of the medical profession, which is the scum of God's whole creation, called me words I did not know the meaning of, and flung the dirt of their streets, and the filth of their souls, after me? I was frightened a little, that is all. But that these reptiles could wound my darling old lion's heart across the ocean— Sir, he was a man who could be keen and even severe with men: but every virtuous woman was a sacred thing to him; had he seen one, though a stranger, insulted, as we were, he would have died in her defense; he was a true American. And to think the dregs of mankind could wound him for his daughter, and so near the end of his own dear life! Oh!" She turned her head away.

"My poor girl!" said Vizard, and his own voice was broken.

When he said that she gave him her hand, and seemed to cling to it a little; but she turned her head away from him, and cried, and even trembled a little.

But she very soon recovered herself, and said she would try to end her story. It had been long enough.

"Sir, my father had often obeyed me; but now I knew I must obey him. I got testimonials in Edinburgh, and started south directly; in a week I was in the south of France. Oh, what a change in people's minds by mere change of place! The professors received me with winning courtesy; some hats were lifted to me in the street with marked respect; flowers were sent to my lodgings, by gentlemen who never once intruded on me in person. I was in a civilized land. Yet there was a disappointment for me. I inquired for Cornelia. The wretch had just gone and married a professor. I feared she was up to no good, by her writing so seldom of late.

"I sent her a line that an old friend had returned, and had not forgotten her, nor our mutual vows.

"She came directly, and was for caressing away her crime, and dissolving it in crocodile tears; but I played the injured friend and the tyrant.

"Then she curled round me, and coaxed, and said, 'Sweetheart, I can advance your interests all the better. You shall be famous for us both. I shall be happier in your success than in my own.'

"In short, she made it very hard to hold spite; and it ended in feeble-minded embraces. Indeed, she *was* of service to me. I had a favor to ask; I wanted leave to count my Scotch time in France.

"My view was tenable; and Cornelia, by her beauty and her popularity, gained over all the professors to it but one. He stood out.

"Well, Sir, an extraordinary occurrence befriended me: no, not extraordinary—unusual.

"I lodged on a second floor. The first floor was very handsome. A young Englishman and his wife took it for a week. She

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was musical—a real genius. The only woman I ever heard sing without whining; for we are, by nature, the medical and unmusical sex."

"So you said before."

"I know I did; and I mean to keep saying it till people see it. Well, the young man was taken violently and mysteriously ill; had syncope after syncope, and at last ceased to breathe.

"The wife was paralyzed, and sat stupefied, and the people about feared for her reason.

"After a time they begged me to come down and talk to her. Of course I went. I found her with her head upon his knees. I sat down quietly, and looked at him. He was young and beautiful, but with a feminine beauty. His head finely shaped, with curly locks that glittered in the sun, and one golden lock lighter than the rest. His eyes and eyelashes, his oval face, his white neck, and his white hand, all beautiful. His left hand rested on the counterpane. There was an emerald ring on one finger. He was like some beautiful flower cut down. I can see him now.

"The woman lifted her head and saw me. She had a noble face, though now distorted and wild.

"She cried, 'Tell me he is not dead! tell me he is not dead!' and when I did not reply, the poor creature gave a wild cry, and her senses left her. We carried her into another room.

"While the women were bringing her to, an official came to insist on the interment taking place. They are terribly expeditious in the south of France.

"This caused an altercation; and the poor lady rushed out, and finding the officer peremptory, flung her arms round the body, and said they should not be parted—she would be buried with him.

"The official was moved, but said the law was strict, and the town must conduct the funeral unless she could find the sad courage to give the necessary instructions. With this he was going out, inexorable, when all of a sudden I observed something that sent my heart into my mouth, and I cried 'Arrêtez!' so loud that every body stared.

"I said, 'You must wait till a physician has seen him; he has moved a finger.'

"I stared at the body, and they all stared at me.

"He *had* moved a finger. When I first saw him his fingers were all close together; but now the little finger was quite away from the third finger, the one with a ring on.

"I felt his heart, and found a little warmth about it, but no perceptible pulse. I ordered them to take off his sheet and put on blankets, but not to touch him till I came back with a learned physician. The wife embraced me, all trembling, and promised obedience. I got a *fiacre* and drove to Doctor Brasseur, who was my hostile professor, but very able. I burst on him, and told him I had a case of catalepsy for him—it wasn't catalepsy, you know; but physicians are fond of Greek: they prefer the wrong Greek word to the right English; so I called it 'catalepsy,' and said I believed they were going to bury a live man. He shrugged his shoulders, and said that was one of the customs of the country. He would come in an hour. I told him that would not do, the man would be in his coffin; he must come directly. He smiled at my impetuosity, and yielded.

"I got him to the patient. He examined him, and said he might be alive, but feared the last spark was going out. He dared not venture on friction. We must be wary.

"Well, we tried this stimulant and that, till at last we got a sigh out of the patient; and I shall not forget the scream of joy, at that sigh, which made the room ring, and thrilled us all.

"By-and-by I was so fortunate as to suggest letting a small stream of water fall from a height on his head and face. We managed that, and by-and-by were rewarded with a sneeze.

"I think a sneeze must revivify the brain wonderfully, for he made rapid progress, and then we tried friction, and he got well very quick. Indeed, as he had nothing the matter with him—except being dead—he got ridiculously well, and began paying us fulsome compliments, the doctor and me.

"So then we handed him to his joyful wife.

"They talk of crying for joy as if it was done every day. I never saw it but once, and she was the woman. She made a curious gurgle; but it was very pretty. I was glad to have seen it, and very proud to be the cause.

"The next day that pair left. He was English; and so many good-natured strangers called on him that he fled swiftly, and did not even bid me good-by. However, I was told they both inquired for me, and were sorry I was out when they went."

"How good of them!" said Vizard, turning red.

"Oh, never mind, Sir; I made use of *him*. I scribbled an article that very day, entitled it, 'While there's Life there's Hope,' and rushed with it to the editor of a journal. He took it with delight. I wrote it *à la Française:* picture of the dead husband, mourning wife, the impending interment; effaced myself entirely, and said the wife had refused to bury him until Doctor Brasseur, whose fame had reached her ears, had seen the body. To humor her, the doctor was applied to, and, his benevolence being equal to his science, he came: when, lo! a sudden

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surprise; the swift, unerring eye of science detected some subtle sign that had escaped the lesser luminaries. He doubted the death. He applied remedies; he exhausted the means of his art, with little avail at first, but at last a sigh was elicited, then a sneeze; and, marvelous to relate, in one hour the dead man was sitting up, not convalescent, but well. I concluded with some reflections on this *most important case of suspended animation* very creditable to the profession of medicine and Doctor Brasseur."

"There was a fox!"

"Well, look at my hair. What else could you expect? I said that before too.

"My notice published, I sent it to the doctor, with my respects, but did not call on him. However, one day he met me, and greeted me with a low bow. 'Mademoiselle,' said he, 'you were always a good student; but now you show the spirit of a *confrère*, and so gracefully that we are *all* agreed we must have you for one as soon as possible.'

"I courtesied, and felt my face red, and said I should be the proudest woman in France.

"'Grand Dieu,' said he, 'I hope not; for your modesty is not the least of your charms.'

"So the way was made smooth, and I had to work hard, and in about fourteen months I was admitted to my final examination. It was a severe one; but I had some advantages. Each nation has its wisdom; and I had studied in various schools.

"Being a linguist, with a trained memory, I occasionally backed my replies with a string of French, German, English, and Italian authorities, that looked imposing.

"In short, I did pass with public applause and cordial felicitation; they quite *fêted* me. The old welcomed me; the young escorted me home, and flung flowers over me at my door. I re-appeared in the balcony, and said a few words of gratitude to them and their noble nation. They cheered and dispersed.

"My heart was in a glow. I turned my eyes toward New York: a fortnight more and my parents should greet me as a European doctress, if not a British.

"The excitement had been too great; I sank a little exhausted on the sofa. They brought me a letter. It was black-edged. I tore it open with a scream. My father was dead."

CHAPTER XIV.

"I WAS prostrated, stupefied. I don't know what I did or how long I sat there. But Cornelia came to congratulate me, and found me there like stone, with the letter in my hand. She packed up my clothes, and took me home with her. I made no resistance. I seemed all broken and limp, soul and body, and not a tear that day.

"Oh, Sir, how small every thing seems beside bereavement! My troubles, my insults, were nothing now; my triumph nothing; for I had no father left to be proud of it with me.

"I wept with anguish a hundred times a day. Why had I left New York? why had I not foreseen this every-day calamity, and passed every precious hour by his side I was to lose?

"Terror seized me. My mother would go next. No life of any value was safe a day. Death did not wait for disease. It killed because it chose, and to show its contempt of hearts.

"But just as I was preparing to go to Havre they brought me a telegram. I screamed at it and put up my hands. I said, 'No, no;' I would not read it, to be told my mother was dead. I would have her a few minutes longer. Cornelia read it, and said it was from her. I fell on it and kissed it. The blessed telegram told she was coming home. I was to go to London, and wait for her.

"I started. Cornelia paid my fees, and put my diploma in my box. *I* cared for nothing now but my own flesh and blood—what was left of it, my mother.

"I reached London, and telegraphed my address to my mother, and begged her to come at once and ease my fears. I told her my funds were exhausted, but of course that was not the thing I poured out my heart about; so I dare say she hardly realized my deplorable condition—listless and bereaved, alone in a great city, with no money.

"In her next letter she begged me to be patient. She had trouble with her husband's executors; she would send me a draft as soon as she could; but she would not leave and let her child be robbed.

"By-and-by the landlady pressed me for money. I gave her my gowns and shawls to sell for me."

"Goose!"

"And just now I was a fox."

"You are both. But so is every woman."

"She handed me a few shillings, by way of balance. I lived on them till they went. Then I starved a little."

"With a ring on your finger you could have pawned for ten guineas!"

"Pawn my ring! My father gave it me." She kissed it tenderly; yet, to Vizard, half defiantly.

"Pawning is not selling, goose," said he, getting angry.

"But I must have parted with it."

"And you preferred to *starve*?"

"I preferred to starve," said she, steadily.

He looked at her. Her eyes faced his. He muttered something, and walked away three steps to hide unreasonable sympathy. He came back with a grand display of cheerfulness. "Your mother will be here next

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month," said he, "with money in both pockets. Meantime, I wish you would let me have a finger in the pie; or, rather, my sister. She is warm-hearted and enthusiastic; she shall call on you, if you will permit it."

"Is she like you?"

"Not a bit; we are by different mothers. Hers was a Greek, and she is a beautiful dark girl."

"I admire beauty; but is she like you—in—in—disposition?"

"Lord! no; very superior. Not abominably clever like you, but absurdly good. You shall judge for yourself. Oblige me with your address."

The doctress wrote her address with a resigned air, as one who had found somebody she had to obey; and, as soon as he had got it, Vizard gave her a sort of nervous shake of the hand, and seemed almost in a hurry to get away from her. But this was his way.

She would have been amazed if she had seen his change of manner the moment he got among his own people.

He burst in on them crying, "There—the prayers of this congregation are requested for Harrington Vizard, saddled with a virago."

"Saddled with a virago!" screamed Fanny.

"Saddled with a—!" sighed Zoe, faintly.

"Saddled with a virago FOR LIFE!" shouted Vizard, with a loud defiance, that seemed needless, since nobody was objecting violently to his being saddled.

"Look here," said he, descending all of a sudden to a meek, injured air, which, however, did not last very long, "I was in the garden of Leicester Square, and a young lady turned faint. I observed it, and instead of taking the hint and cutting, I offered assistance—off my guard, as usual. She declined. I persisted; proposed a glass of wine or spirit. She declined, but at last let out she was starving."

"Oh!" cried Zoe.

"Yes, Zoe—starving. A woman more learned, more scientific, more eloquent, more offensive to a fellow's vanity, than I ever saw, or even read of—a woman of *genius*, starving, like a genius and a ninny, with a ring on her finger worth thirty guineas. But my learned goose would not raise money on that, because it was her father's, and he is dead."

"Poor thing!" said Zoe, and her eyes glistened directly.

"It *is* hard, Zoe: isn't it? She is a physician—an able physician; has studied at Zurich, and at Edinburgh, and in France; and has a French diploma, but must not practice in England, because we are behind the Continent in laws and civilization—so *she* says, confound her impudence, and my folly for becoming a woman's echo! But if I were to tell you her whole story, your blood would boil at the trickery and dishonesty and oppression of the trades-union which has driven this gifted creature to a foreign school for education, and, now that a foreign nation admits her ability and crowns her with honor, still she must not practice in this country, because she is a woman, and we are a nation of half-civilized men. That is *her* chat, you understand, not mine. We are not obliged to swallow all that; but, turn it how you will, here are learning, genius, and virtue starving. We must get her to accept a little money; that means, in her case, a little fire and food. Zoe, shall that woman go to bed hungry to-night?"

"No; never!" said Zoe, warmly. "Let me think. Offer her a *loan*."

"Well done; that is a good idea. Will *you* undertake it? She will be far more likely to accept. She is a bit of a prude and all, is my virago."

"Yes, dear, she will. Order the carriage. She shall not go to bed hungry—nobody shall that you are interested in."

"Oh, after dinner will do."

Dinner was ordered immediately, and the brougham an hour after.

At dinner Vizard gave them all the outline of the Edinburgh struggle and the *pros* and *cons*, during which narrative his female hearers might have been observed to get cooler and cooler till they reached the zero of perfect apathy. They listened in dead silence; but when Harrington had done, Fanny said aside to Zoe, "It is all her own fault. What business have women to set up for doctors?"

"Of course not," said Zoe; "only we must not say so. He indulges *us* in our whims."

Warm partisan of immortal justice, when it was lucky enough to be backed by her affections, Miss Vizard rose directly after dinner, and with a fine imitation of ardor, said she could lose no more time—she must go and put on her bonnet. "You will come with me, Fanny?"

When I was a girl, or a boy—I forget which, it is so long ago—a young lady, thus invited by an affectionate friend, used to do one of two things: nine times out of ten she sacrificed her inclination, and went; the tenth, she would make sweet, engaging excuses, and beg off. But the girls of this day have invented "silent volition." When you ask them to do any thing they don't quite like, they look you in the face, bland but full, and neither speak nor move. Miss Dover was a proficient in this graceful form of refusal by dead silence, and resistance by placid inertia. She just looked like the full moon in Zoe's face, and never budged. Zoe, being also a girl of the day, needed no interpretation. "Oh, very well," said she, "disobliging Thing"—with perfect good humor, mind you.

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Vizard, however, was not pleased.

"You go with her, Ned," said he. "Miss Dover prefers to stay and smoke a cigar with me."

Miss Dover's face reddened, but she never budged. And it ended in Zoe taking Severne with her to call on Rhoda Gale.

Rhoda Gale staid in the garden till sunset, and then went to her lodgings slowly, for they had no attraction—a dark room; no supper; a hard landlady, half disposed to turn her out.

Doctor Rhoda Gale never reflected much in the streets; they were to her a field of minute observation; but when she got home, she sat down and thought over what she had been saying and doing, and puzzled over the character of the man who had relieved her hunger and elicited her autobiography. She passed him in review; settled in her mind that he was a strong character; a manly man, who did not waste words; wondered a little at the way he had made her do whatever he pleased; blushed a little at the thought of having been so communicative; yet admired the man for having drawn her out so; and wondered whether she should see him again. She hoped she should. But she did not feel sure.

She sat half an hour thus—with one knee raised a little, and her hands interlaced—by a fire-place with a burned-out coal in it; and by-and-by she felt hungry again. But she had no food and no money.

She looked hard at her ring, and profited a little by contact with the sturdy good sense of Vizard.

She said to herself, "Men understand one another. I believe father would be angry with me for not."

Then she looked tenderly and wistfully at the ring and kissed it, and murmured, "Not to-night." You see, she hoped she might have a letter in the morning, and so respite her ring.

Then she made light of it, and said to herself, "No matter; 'qui dort dine.'"

But as it was early for bed, and she could not be long idle, sipping no knowledge, she took up the last good German work that she had bought when she had money, and proceeded to read. She had no candle, but she had a lucifer-match or two, and an old newspaper. With this she made long spills, and lighted one, and read two pages by that paper torch; and lighted another before it was out, and then another, and so on in succession, fighting for knowledge against poverty, as she had fought for it against perfidy.

While she was thus absorbed, a carriage drew up at the door. She took no notice of that; but presently there was a rustling of silk on the stairs, and two voices, and then a tap at the door. "Come in," said she; and Zoe entered just as the last spill burned out.

Rhoda Gale rose, in a dark room; but a gas-light over the way just showed her figure. "Miss Gale?" said Zoe, timidly.

"I am Miss Gale," said Rhoda, quietly, but firmly.

"I am Miss Vizard, the gentleman's sister that you met in Leicester Square to-day;" and she took a cautious step toward her.

Rhoda's cheeks burned.

"Miss Vizard," she said, "excuse my receiving you so; but you may have heard I am very poor. My last candle is gone. But perhaps the landlady would lend me one. I don't know. She is very disobliging, and very cruel."

"Then she shall not have the honor of lending you a candle," said Zoe, with one of her gushes. "Now, to tell the truth," said she, altering to the cheerful, "I'm rather glad. I would rather talk to you in the dark, for a little, just at first. May I?" By this time she had gradually crept up to Rhoda.

"I am afraid you *must*," said Rhoda. "But at least I can offer you a seat."

Zoe sat down, and there was an awkward silence.

"Oh dear," said Zoe; "I don't know how to begin. I wish you would give me your hand, as I can't see your face."

"With all my heart: there."

(Almost in a whisper,) "He has told me."

Rhoda put the other hand to her face, though it was so dark.

"Oh, Miss Gale, how *could* you? Only think! Suppose you had killed yourself, or made yourself very ill. Your mother would have come directly and found you so; and only think how unhappy you would have made her."

"Can I have forgotten my mother?" asked Rhoda of herself, but aloud.

"Not willfully, I am sure. But you know geniuses are not always wise in these little things. They want some good humdrum soul to advise them in the common affairs of life. That want is supplied you now; for *I* am here—ha! ha!"

"You are no more commonplace than I am; much less now, I'll be bound."

"We will put that to the test," said Zoe, adroitly enough. "*My* view of all this is, that here is a young lady in want of money *for a time*, as every body is now and then, and that the sensible course is to borrow some till your mother comes over with her apron full of dollars. Now I have twenty pounds to lend, and if you are so mighty sensible as you say, you won't refuse to borrow it."

"Oh, Miss Vizard, you are very good: but I am afraid and ashamed to borrow. I never did such a thing."

"Time you began, then. *I* have—often. But it is no use arguing. You *must*, or you will get poor me finely scolded. Perhaps he was on his good behavior with you, be-

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ing a stranger; but at home obedience is expected. He will be sure to say it was my stupidity, and that *he* would have made you directly."

"Do tell!" cried Rhoda, surprised into an idiom; "as if I'd have taken money from *him*."

"Why, of course not; but between *us* it is nothing at all. There:" and she put the money in Rhoda's hand, and then held both hand and money rather tightly imprisoned in her larger palm, and began to chatter, so as to leave the other no opening. "O blessed darkness! how easy it makes things, does it not? I am glad there was no candle; we should have been fencing and blushing ever so long, and made such a fuss about nothing, and—"

This prattle was interrupted by Rhoda Gale putting her right wrist round Zoe's neck, and laying her forehead on her shoulder with a little sob. So then they both distilled the inevitable dew-drops.

But as Rhoda was not much given that way, she started up, and said, "Darkness? No; I must see the face that has come here to help me, and not humiliate me. That is the first use I'll make of the money. I am afraid you are rather plain, or you couldn't be so good as all this."

"No," said Zoe, "I'm not reckoned plain. Only as black as a coal."

"All the more to my taste," said Rhoda, and flew out of the room, and nearly stumbled over a figure seated on a step of the staircase. "Who are you?" said she, sharply.

"My name is Severne."

"And what are you doing there?"

"Waiting for Miss Vizard."

"Come in, then."

"She told me not."

"Then I tell you *to*. The idea! Miss Vizard!"

"Yes!"

"Please have Mr. Severne in. Here he is sitting—like grief—on the steps. I will soon be back."

She flew to the landlady. "Mrs. Grip, I want a candle."

"Well, the shops are open," said the woman, rudely.

"Oh, I have no time. Here is a sovereign. Please give me two candles directly, candlesticks and all."

The woman's manner changed directly.

"You shall have them this moment, miss, and my own candlesticks, which they are plated."

She brought them, and advised her only to light one. "They don't carry well, miss," said she. "They are wax—or summat."

"Then they are summat," said Miss Gale, after a single glance at their composition.

"I'll make you a nice hot supper, miss, in half an hour," said the woman, maternally, as if she was going to *give* it her.

"No, thank you. Bring me a twopenny loaf and a scuttle of coals."

"La, miss, no more than that—out of a sov'?"

"Yes—THE CHANGE."

Having shown Mrs. Grip her father was a Yankee, she darted up stairs with her candles. Zoe came to meet her, and literally dazzled her.

Rhoda stared at her with amazement and growing rapture. "Oh, you beauty!" she cried, and drank her in from head to foot.

"Well," said she, drawing a long breath, "Nature, you have turned out a *com*-plete article this time, I reckon." Then, as Severne laughed merrily at this, she turned her candle and her eyes full on him very briskly. She looked at him for a moment with a gratified eye at his comeliness; then she started. "Oh!" she cried. He received the inspection merrily, till she uttered that ejaculation, then he started a little, and stared at her. "We have met before," said she, almost tenderly.

"Have we?" said he, putting on a mystified air.

She fixed him, and looked him through and through. "You—don't—remember—me?" asked she. Then, after giving him plenty of time to answer, "Well, then, I must be mistaken;" and her words seemed to freeze themselves and her as they fell.

She turned her back on him, and said to Zoe, with a good deal of sweetness and weight, "I have lived to see goodness and beauty united. I will never despair of human nature."

This was too point-blank for Zoe; she blushed crimson, and said, archly, "I think it is time for me to run. Oh, but I forgot; here is my card; we are all at that hotel. If I am so very attractive, you will come and see me. We leave town very soon. Will you?"

"I will," said Rhoda.

"And since you took me for an old acquaintance, I hope you will treat me as one," said Severne, with consummate grace and assurance.

"I will, *Sir*," said she, icily, and with a marvelous curl of the lip that did not escape him.

She lighted them down the stairs, gazed after Zoe, and ignored Severne altogether.

SYMPATHY.

AH, dearest! nevermore
Will I of fate complain;
Since thou hast wept for me
I can not weep again.

Even so the Blessed Bride
For evermore is glad,
Because the Heaven of heavens
For love of her was sad.

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THE FREIGHT OF THE SCHOONER "DOLPHIN."

MEETING had gone in. Parson Holbrook was in his seat in the high, ugly pulpit, with the sounding-board overhead; the singers, in the singing seats in the gallery, had taken their pitch from Uncle Jethuron's tuning-fork, and were fuguing "And on the wings of mighty winds came flying all abroad;" the first families of Pilgrim Vale were seated in their square pews, each furnished according to the taste or the means of its owners; and the little boys, perched upon the high wooden seats, with no footstools near enough for their little dangling feet to reach, had begun their two hours' fidget—when the door, just closed by black Pompey, the sexton, opened slowly, and Major Cathcart walked up the broad aisle in his usual dignified and deliberate manner. Every head was turned to gaze upon him, every face wore an expression of astonishment and disapproval; the singers, finishing their hymn with hasty quavers of discomfiture, leaned over the front of the gallery and gazed down upon him, and even Parson Holbrook bent his powdered head sidewise to look sternly at the great square pew where his wealthiest parishioner was uncomfortably seating himself with an attempt at unconscious dignity.

A moment of silence fell upon the place—that awful, pregnant silence which speaks as no words can—and then Martin Merivale, the man whom Pilgrim Vale always sent to General Court when he would go, and who led public opinion as he willed in the town where his honorable, steadfast life had thus far passed, rose in his place, deliberately did on his heavy cloak, took his hat in his hand, cast one meaning glance across the aisle into the questioning eyes of Major Cathcart, his old associate and neighbor, and then walked slowly down the aisle. He had not reached the door before Dr. Holcom rose to follow his example, and then Squire Vale, and then the Oldfields, father and son, and finally every man in the congregation who counted himself a person of the least consequence, or able to set an example, until, when black Pompey at last closed the door, and with a joyous grin sat down beside it, the church, so lately filled with the pith and sinew of the stanch old colony town, was empty, save of women, children, and Major Reginald Cathcart, whose ashen-gray face had never moved after the first from its stern straightforward gaze, or his dark eyes blanched, or his heavy eyebrows unbent from the frown of defiant endurance which with some men is the only sign of agony.

And agony it could not fail to be; for this man, to-day so openly and deliberately thrust from their midst by his fellow-townsmen, counted himself only three days earlier their autocrat, claiming by birth, wealth, and haughty self-assertion the place yielded to him in virtue of these qualities, as that of Martin Merivale was thrust upon him in recognition of his own personal character.

And why this terrible insult? why this stern intimation that the men of Pilgrim Vale considered the presence of one so lately their magnate so great a pollution that they preferred even to lose the privilege of public worship to suffering him to join them in it?

Why? O men of 1876, yours is not the temper of your fathers; but yet you must thrill with admiration of their earnestness of purpose, their mighty trust, their contempt of their own advantage, or safety, or comfort, when a Right full of danger and suffering called them to oppose a tyrannous and encroaching Wrong!

It was 1774, and the Governor of Massachusetts, in right of his commission from King George of England, had sent to demand the payment of a tax levied upon the colony for the support of the foreign soldiers, sent over with the avowed purpose of holding the mutinous province in subjection. Pilgrim Vale considered this demand of "the man George," argued upon it, prayed over it, and finally declined to accede to it, but in so mild and temperate a manner that the Governor considered the refusal only a formal protest, and proceeded to enforce his demand by appointing certain collectors of the revenue throughout the colony, and for the town of Pilgrim Vale commissioning Major Reginald Cathcart to this odious office.

When the news came down to Pilgrim Vale, its men smiled after the slow and solemn fashion of their kind, and said, "The Governor does not know the mind of Pilgrim Vale even yet, it seems."

But the next day a rumor pervaded the town—a rumor of dismay and incredulity, yet deepening hour by hour to certainty. Yes, Major Cathcart had accepted the commission, and announced his intention of carrying out its instructions. That was on the Saturday, and we have seen the result upon the Sunday.

As the door closed, Parson Holbrook rose and prayed long and earnestly for the welfare of his native land, and the safety of those whose fathers had been led to these shores, even as the children of Israel were led out of Egypt to find safety and freedom in the land their Lord had promised them, and he closed with a petition for protection against all enemies, both without and within—the foreign foe and those of their own household who had turned against them.

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and whose evil counsels might, he prayed, be turned to foolishness and dishonor.

Then came the sermon; and, laying aside his carefully written discourse upon the Urim and Thummim, Parson Holbrook preached extemporaneously and mightily from the text, "Put not your faith in princes," diverging finally into the story of Judas, and the high crime of domestic or social treachery.

When all was over, and the choir had sung, "See where the hoary sinner stands," black Pompey threw open the doors, and stood aside, as usual, to meet and return the kindly greetings of the congregation; but as Major Cathcart strode down the aisle, his head erect, but his face white and withered, as if he had just arisen from a bed of torture, even Pompey turned his back and stood staring intently out of the open door as the stricken man passed by. But Major Cathcart looked neither to the right nor the left; and if others besides Pompey had intended to show their disapproval of his presence, they found no opportunity, for the king's collector passed quickly through the little throng outside the door, and down the main street until he reached the grave, handsome, middle-aged house so strongly resembling its master, and quietly opening the front-door, passed directly up stairs, and was hastening to the shelter of a room at the back, known as "the major's study," when from the open door of one of the principal bedrooms came a gentle yet eager call, "Reginald, do come in here."

The husband paused reluctantly, and turning his head toward the door, but without showing his face at it, replied, "What is it, Hepzibah? I am going to my study."

"Not first, dear. Please come and see me for a moment. I am all alone."

Without replying, the major obeyed, and passing into the handsome shadowy room, stood beside the bed, where lay a woman whose fair and delicate face bore the patient, almost angelic, look of one who has suffered very long and very cruelly, but whose pains, meekly borne, are consciously drawing to their final close. She was Major Cathcart's wife, and the only being the cold proud man had ever loved, and she was dying.

He stooped and kissed her tenderly, asking, "How have you been this morning, dear?"

"As well as usual. But you, Reginald? how has it been with you? I knew by your step upon the stair that you were suffering, and your face tells the story. Oh, my darling husband, they have insulted you, as we feared. Is not it so?"

"Yes, Hepzibah, they have insulted me, and so cruelly that I will no longer live among them. I have resolved that we will go to the northern provinces. We have good friends at Halifax, good and loyal to the king whom these anarchists are preparing to defy."

"Even the parson and the doctor, reasonable and law-abiding men as they are, say that the colony should be free," said the invalid, timidly, and stealing her thin hand into her husband's. But he frowned impatiently.

"This is not talk for women or children," said he, coldly. "And you are of those whose conversation should be in heaven. It would better become Parson Holbrook to tell you so, instead of disturbing your mind with matters so unfit for it at any time."

The wife remained meekly silent for a moment, and then, softly pressing her husband's finger, said,

"My love, you will wait until I am gone, will you not, before you leave Pilgrim Vale?"

"Gone, Hepzibah!—gone where?"

The wife looked up with tearful eyes, but her reply was prevented by the sudden entrance of a young girl, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright with anger and excitement.

"Father, John Belknap has been in, and told me of the insult they have offered you," exclaimed she. "It is a shame, a burning shame, and I hope you will show them—"

"Dolly, I am not very strong to-day, dear, and you are speaking loudly and unadvisedly."

It was the mother's gentle voice, and Dolly, who would have joyfully taken the part of Joan of Arc, or even Boadicea, fell upon her knees directly beside her mother's pillow, soothing the invalid, and accusing herself of all manner of evil in forgetting even for a moment the consideration and tenderness owing to her.

Major Cathcart stood looking at the two for a few moments, then quietly left the room, and a little later dispatched a servant with a note requesting the immediate attendance of Dr. Holcom. The worthy physician was one of those who had left the church so pointedly a few hours earlier, and the proud man, thus insulted, by no means forgot or forgave the insult, but the feelings of the husband were stronger than all others at that moment, and Hepzibah's words had startled him with a new and terrible idea.

The doctor came, was closeted for half an hour with the major, made a short call upon his patient, and left the house. A little later Major Cathcart summoned his daughter to his private room, and addressed her, briefly and almost sternly:

"Dolly, Dr. Holcom does not disguise from me the cruel truth known for some time to him and to your mother. She is dying, surely and swiftly. Did you know it?"

The girl hid her pale face between her hands. "Mamma has said it, but I hoped—" Her voice died away, and her father's filled the space.

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"Hope no longer. He says two or three months are as much as we may look for, and even that brief respite depends upon quiet and her accustomed comforts. She must on no account be removed even from the room where she now lies. But this people about us will not wait two or three months before they carry out in act the treason they already talk, and I, as the avowed friend of the king, and ready and willing to execute his will in this rebellious province, will very probably fall one of their first victims; or if not personally, I shall surely suffer in property, and be stripped of land and house and even personal belongings. Were your mother able, we should all migrate at once to the still loyal northern provinces; but as it is, you shall go alone, carrying such valuables as we can collect, and remain with your uncle in Halifax until— Perhaps— God's goodness is without limit—perhaps I may bring her with me."

"Must I leave my mother?" cried Dolly, in dismay. "What matter for our possessions, compared with the comfort of her last hours! And how can she spare me? and, oh! how could I spare her?"

"Girl, there are perils in a time of anarchy and war of which you know naught —perils for a young and comely woman of which I may not speak. Your mother will be cared for, since it will be the one duty of my life to care for her, and it will be removing a weight from my mind to know that you are safe and shielded from the possibilities of evil. Say no more: it is decided."

Dolly, stout-hearted as she was, dared say no more, for the girl of a century ago was trained to obedience as the first duty of her sex, and to silence and respect for the authority of man as the next; nor was Dolly's father a man to soften the stern and unquestioned rule every head of a household felt bound to exercise in every particular. So the preparations for the young girl's departure went quietly and silently forward, and the schooner *Dolphin*, a small coasting craft partly owned by Major Cathcart, received a cargo so various in its character that neither master, mate, nor the attentive loungers who inspected the process of loading could positively determine her destination.

Not until the very last days before the *Dolphin's* sailing did any one outside the major's own family surmise that his daughter was to be a passenger, and so rapidly, even secretly, was her luggage carried aboard that very few persons saw it at all. Among the rest was one article singular enough as part of a young lady's outfit, especially so healthy, active, and blithe a girl as Dorothea Cathcart: it was one of those large, square, stuffed easy-chairs still to be found in old country-houses, sometimes dishonored in the lumber-loft, sometimes carefully preserved in cover of white dimity or gay old-fashioned chintz in the chamber of the grandmamma. This one was covered in green moreen, and had stood in Mrs. Cathcart's own bedroom, although that dear lady had not been able to occupy it for many a day. A short time after the decision with regard to his daughter, Major Cathcart had removed this chair to his own study, and both he and Dolly had occupied themselves over it for many hours, until at the last the girl deftly sewed a wrapper of tow-cloth over all, and said to her father, who stood watching the operation,

"There, father, it will stand in the cabin, and I shall say that it is covered lest any but my dear mother should use it, and I am taking it to her invalid sister in Halifax, whom I am about to visit."

"I doubt not your shrewd wit will suggest many a quip and turn," replied the major, with a grim smile; "but take care that you do not pass the bounds of truth and discretion."

"I will take heed, father. The barrels are all ready, are they not?"

"Yes, and shipped. Here is the bill of lading;" and Major Cathcart took from his pocket-book and handed to his daughter a slip of paper worded thus:

"Shipped by the Grace of GOD, in good order and well conditioned, by Reginald Cathcart, in and upon the good Schooner called the *Dolphin*, whereof is Master under GOD for this present voyage William Peters, and now riding at anchor in the Harbour of Pilgrim Vale, and by GOD's Grace bound for Halifax, to say, Twenty barrells and boxes of sundries on Acct. and Risque of the Shipper, and consigned to Cathcart and Kingsbury, Halifax. Being marked and numbered as in the Margent, and are to be delivered in the like good Order and well Conditioned at the aforesaid Port of Halifax (the Dangers of the Seas only excepted) unto said Cathcart and Kingsbury or to their Assigns, he or they paying Freight for the said Goods, Sixpence per cw., English Curryancy, with Primage and Average accustomed. In witness whereof the Master or Purser of the said Schooner hath affirmed to two Bills of Lading, all of this Tenor and Date, one of which two bills being accomplished, the other to stand void.

"And so GOD send the good Schooner to her destined Port in safety. AMEN.

"Dated in Pilgrim Vale, October the 15th, 1774.

"WILLIAM PETERS."*

Dolly rapidly ran her eye over the familiar form, for part of her busy life had been to play the occasional part of confidential clerk in her father's business, and she smiled as she returned it to him, saying,

"'Barrels and boxes of sundries?' Well, and so they are. China and books and household gear are sundries, no doubt, although I dare say your partners think it is mackerel or—"

"It does not concern the other owners of the schooner, since I ship my freight at my own charge and purely as a private venture,"

* The above is a literal copy of a bill of lading given in Boston shortly before the Revolution.

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interrupted Major Cathcart, hastily. "But be careful, Dolly, that you say not a word either here or upon your voyage as to the nature of these same sundries, for William Peters is a fanatic as bitter as the worst, and if he got wind of the matter here, nothing would be more likely than that he should persuade Merivale and the rest to throw off the mask at once, and confiscate my goods to the republic they talk of founding. Even at sea you must be careful, for this man is quite capable even in the harbor of Halifax of giving the order to 'bout ship, and bring you and the easy-chair and the barrels of sundries all back to Pilgrim Vale. It is a large errand for so young a woman as you, Dolly, and you will need to be wily as the serpent, though innocent as the dove."

"I think I can do it, father," said Dolly, quietly; and as the major looked in his daughter's face, he thought she could.

The morning that the *Dolphin* was to sail, Captain Peters found that Thomas Wilson, his first mate, had fallen down the steep ladder leading from his house to the shore, sprained an ankle and broken a wrist, and was obviously unfit for a voyage. As he grimly meditated over this reverse, he encountered a flushed and breathless young man, who thus accosted him:

"Splendid weather, captain. I've a mind to make the cruise with you up to Halifax."

"Cabin's all engaged and paid for, John Belknap," replied the skipper, gruffly. "That old Tory Cathcart is sending his daughter up there to bring down troops upon us, or something of that color, I'll warrant. I wonder the owners don't see through it and refuse; but he's paid for the cabin and both state-rooms, so that madam should not be spied upon, I suppose."

"Oh, never mind; I'll go as clerk, or purser, or steward, or even as a foremast hand. I can hand-reef and steer with any man, you know, and hard work, or hard fare either, don't frighten me."

The skipper looked meditatively at the young man, and turned the quid in his cheek, then carelessly asked,

"Did you know that fool Wilson has tumbled down the cliff steps and disabled himself, at least for this voyage?"

"Your first mate? Hullo, skipper! Is that what you mean? Will you give me the berth?"

"Hold hard, lad! What are you squeezing my old flipper for, and what's your rage for Halifax just now? Is the English lass that was here last year up there, or have you quarreled with your uncle, or—"

"Never mind why I want to get to Halifax," replied the young man, rapidly, seizing upon this version of his eagerness to ship in the *Dolphin*. "But saying I do, will you give me Wilson's place?"

"Why, yes, Belknap, and be glad to get you; for I've seen you handle a boat round the harbor here and up on the fishing ground often enough to know that you're worth having aboard, even if you— But look here; there's the gal. She's got to have the after-cabin, and her meals are to be separate, and no one knows all the fine airs she'll put on. Maybe you couldn't stand it, and I don't know as I can. The little she-Tory!"

But John Belknap did not seem in the least disturbed even at this prospect, and no other objections coming up, the bargain was soon concluded, the young man's name set down upon the schooner's books as mate, *vice* Thomas Wilson, discharged, and he at once entered upon his duties. One of the first of them was to receive and place the last articles of Miss Dolly's luggage, including the arm-chair, which he was about to have stowed in the hold, when the young lady herself came off, attended by her father. At sight of the first mate standing beside the open hatchway, reeving a line around the chair, Miss Dolly showed signs of some embarrassment, whether arising from the sudden appearance of her old friend and school-fellow, or from his employment, no one can say.

"Oh, John—but the chair is for my cabin. And are you helping Captain Peters get ready?" stammered she; and the mate, hardly less disturbed, replied, in much the same style,

"Certainly, Dolly — of course, Mistress Cathcart; it will be as you direct, surely; and—yes, of course; I am mate of the *Dolphin*, you know."

"You mate of the *Dolphin*? Since when, John Belknap?" asked Dolly's father, severely.

"To-day, Sir. I was looking for a voyage, and wanting to go upon my own business to Halifax; and as Wilson is disabled, I took the place," replied Belknap, a little more coherently, and meeting as best he might the piercing regard fixed upon him by the major from beneath his shaggy gray eyebrows. At last the veteran slowly spoke:

"You have a right to your own business, as you say, John Belknap, and I have known you boy and man for an honest, honorable, and true-hearted fellow, until this foul breath of treason swept through the land, tainting you among the rest with its poison. But, for all that, I give this girl into your charge, to guard her with all respect and modest courtesy to her journey's end, remembering that her lonely and unprotected state should be her best defense from even an idle word or look. Will you accept the charge, and give me your hand upon it, John?"

"Indeed I will, Major Cathcart, and you may demand account of her when I return as strictly as you will. I shall not be ashamed to give it."

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As the young man spoke he held out his hand. The elder grasped it heartily, and for a moment the two gazed steadily into each other's eyes. Then John turned to resume his duties, asking,

"Did you say, Mistress Dolly, that you wish this chair in the cabin?"

"If you please, Sir," replied the girl, demurely; and presently the great clumsy structure was wedged in between the table and the transom at the stern of the little schooner, taking up much more than its share of room, and greatly disgusting Captain Peters by its presence the first time he came below. There was little to say, however, this cabin having been secured as far as possible for Dolly's private accommodation, the captain and mate only visiting it for meals, which they took at a different hour from their passenger, and sometimes of an evening, spending the other hours off duty in the house on deck or in their staterooms. The weather was, however, so lovely that Dolly spent much of her time on deck; and as the mate of the schooner was, of course, obliged to stand his watch, whether he liked it or not, and the quarter-deck was his appropriate place at such times, it naturally fell out that the young people were a good deal together, and Dolly found the anxious kindness and attention of the mate a pleasant relief from the decided gruffness and half-concealed suspicions of the captain. Whatever arrangement he could devise for her comfort was sure to be made, even at risk of displeasing his superior, and Dolly had often to beg him not to attempt to serve her so openly or so much, lest he should bring trouble upon both their heads. John promised, but the very same day broke the promise, for, having noticed that Dolly, try as she might, failed to arrange a comfortable seat by the combination of a three-legged stool and a shawl, disappeared from the deck, and presently returned, bringing, with the aid of one of the sailors, the great easy-chair, in which he had noticed that Dolly usually sat when in the cabin.

"Boom won't swing over it, Sir," grumbled the man, as he set it down near the wheel.

"No more it won't," replied John, a little perplexed. "Well, if she needs to go over, we can turn down the chair, Mistress Dolly. At any rate you'll have a comfortable seat."

"My eye! won't the old man growl when he comes on deck and sees that 'ere!" muttered the sailor, slowly returning forward; but Dolly, too pleased with the attention to heed its consequences, seated herself in the chair like a little princess, and thanked her gallant knight so prettily that he altogether forgot the boom, the sail, the captain, and the schooner, until the wind, which had been fitful and gusty all day, and of late had seemed dying out altogether, suddenly revived, gathered itself together, and came swooping down from out the angry sunset as if determined to punish those who had failed to respect its power and guard against its attacks.

"Mr. Belknap, Sir, what are you about, to let the schooner go driving ahead with such a breeze as this coming on?" shouted an angry voice; and John, who had been seated on deck at Dolly's feet, suddenly remembered that he was first mate of the *Dolphin*, and that she was in immediate need of his attention. His first act was to draw Dolly from her seat, and then to throw the chair upon its side, just in time to avoid the great boom, which came flying over, as the captain fiercely cried to the man at the helm,

"Port your helm, you lubber—port! Mr. Belknap, is this your watch on deck, or isn't it?"

"The flaw struck us before any one could have looked for it, captain, or I should have been ready; but there's no harm done yet," replied Belknap, in some confusion, and forthwith began to bellow a series of orders so numerous and vociferous as to drown the steady stream of grumbling abuse that the captain distributed upon his mate, his passenger, her father, and the chair, which latter he strode across the deck for the express purpose of kicking.

"Please not injure my chair, Sir," remarked Dolly, standing pale and haughty beside it. "To be sure, it can not kick back again, but still it may not be safe to abuse it."

Captain Peters was an angry man, and more than one cause combined to increase his wrath and render him glad to vent it where he could. He hated Tories in general, and Major Cathcart in especial; he had not found the major's daughter as genial and familiar as he imagined all young women ought to be; he had not felt quite satisfied with his mate's deportment toward the young lady or toward himself; and, to cap all, he had been suddenly aroused from his after-dinner nap by the steward knocking down and breaking a pile of dishes, and perceiving with the instinct of an old seaman that all was not right with the schooner, he had come up the companionway just in time to meet the squall, and to see that the first mate was in no wise attending to his duties. Remembering all these causes of aggravation, let us condone, so far as possible, the next words and act of the irate skipper, for the words were too profane to repeat, and the act was to seize the poor unwieldy old chair in his sinewy grasp, with the avowed purpose of heaving it overboard.

But the purpose was not effected, for, pushing past him, Dolly seated herself in the chair, as upon a throne, and with flashing eyes and trembling lips asserted herself and her rights.

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"Captain Peters, if you throw this chair overboard, you will throw me with it. How dare you, Sir, to use such language toward me, or to lay hands upon private property intrusted to your care?"

If the captain had been angry before, he was furious now, and roaring profanely, "Dare! I dare lay hands on any old Tory's goods!—ay, and on his brat too, if it comes to that!" he seized the girl's arm, and attempted to drag her from the chair. Dolly did not scream, but her mute resistance was more than the skipper counted upon, and he was grasping for the other arm, when a lithe figure flew with a bound from the top of the house to the deck beside the chair, and a sinewy hand upon the captain's throat hurled him backward with irresistible force.

"What does this mean? What was that man saying or doing, Dolly? I'll fling him overboard, if you say so," panted John Belknap; but before Dolly could reply, the captain, foaming with rage, was upon them, threatening his mate with irons and close confinement on bread and water, and Dolly with nothing less than hanging on the same gallows with her old Tory father. But Belknap had already recovered his mental poise, and standing between Dolly on her throne and the captain, quietly said to the latter,

"See here, Captain Peters; in the new times that you are so fond of predicting, you say there are to be no masters and no servants, and one man is to be just as good as another, or better if he can prove himself so. Now why shouldn't we begin these new times here and now? Say I've as good a right as you to command this schooner, owned in part by my uncle, and say that I've as good a chance as you of the men's good-will, what's to hinder me from trying to take the head of the concern? I could do it, and you know I could, and five minutes from now could call myself master of the *Dolphin*, with the power of ordering irons and bread and water to any body I chose. I could do all this, I say; but I'm a quiet and law-abiding man, and apt to stick to my word when it's once passed, and I don't forget that I shipped for mate and not for skipper; so if this young lady and her property are to have such treatment as she has a right to expect, and such as was engaged and paid for by her father, and if she's content to have it so, I'll agree to let by-gones be by-gones, and return to my duty as mate. What do you say?"

Captain Peters stood for a moment glaring at his mate with red and angry eyes, then turned away, paced the deck twice up and down, paused, and said, in as nearly his usual tone as he could manage,

"Mr. Belknap, see every thing made snug for a gale; we shall have one before dark. Mistress Cathcart, I must have the decks cleared, and this chair carried below at once."

"Certainly, Captain Peters," replied Dolly, willing to accept even so rusty an olive-branch as this; and as she descended the steps of the companionway, followed by two seamen bearing the chair, John Belknap went forward to attend to his duties; but as the chair remained for a moment poised at the top of the steps, a sudden flaw caused the *Dolphin* to lurch so violently that chair, sailors, and all were precipitated down the steps and into the little after-cabin together, all suffering more or less in the descent —the men from bruises and abrasions, but the poor chair from the loss of a leg and fracture of an arm. The sailors would have raised it upon the three remaining legs, but Dolly suddenly begged them to leave it alone, and without apparent intention, interposed between it and them so as to nearly hide it from view, while courteously turning them out of the cabin, and closing the door behind them.

Soon after, Mistress Dolly herself left the cabin, begged a few nails and a hammer from the steward, and, returning, carefully reclosed the door, and proceeded to use them so vigorously that the sound of her hammer resounded even through the howling of the swiftly risen wind and the tramping of the seamen overhead as they obeyed the clear and rapid orders of the first officer.

The breeze grew to a half gale, then to a gale, and at last to a storm so furious and resistless that at the end of the third day the *Dolphin* lay, mastless and rudderless, a mere unmanageable hulk rolling in the trough of an angry sea. The boats were got out, manned, and ready to push off, when John Belknap came down to the cabin for Dolly, who rose from her knees and met him with a white but very calm face.

"Come, Dolly, they can not live a moment beside the wreck, and I think the captain would be glad of an excuse—"

"He has found it!" interrupted Dolly, as a dark object swept past the cabin windows, breaking for an instant the sullen glare of the green and foamy waves. Belknap leaped on deck. It was true. The captain, perhaps unable to control his men, perhaps driven by the waves, had allowed the boats to leave the side of the vessel, and already a dozen oars' lengths divided them.

"We are deserted," said a calm voice beside the young man, as he stamped and vociferated madly upon the deck.

"Yes, Dolly; and, Dolly, I would give my life for yours, if so it might be saved."

"We shall both be saved, John, I am sure of it, I feel it—we and the trust that my father has committed to me."

"What trust, Dolly?"

"The arm-chair and the barrels and boxes below."

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John stared and wondered if the poor child were going mad under this terrible strain; but the peril was too pressing for words, and John Belknap was a man of act rather than speech. Persuading Dolly to go below, he busied himself in rigging a rude substitute for a rudder, and then in getting up a slender spar to serve as jury-mast. With them, feeble and incompetent as they needs must be, he gained some control over the schooner—sufficient at least to keep her before the wind, and thus avert the immediate danger of swamping.

The night passed, and the next day. Dolly contrived to find and prepare food for her guardian, who never was able to leave the helm, although he slept grasping the tiller, and became almost too much exhausted for speech or thought. But help was at hand, and the storm was past. As the sun set he threw a clear flood of light across the subsiding waters, and in its gleam shone out the top-sails of a bark plunging along toward them. The signal raised by the girl, under her lover's direction, was seen, and an hour later the *Fairy Queen* lay alongside the *Dolphin*. The next morning the arm-chair, the twenty boxes and barrels, and, last of all, Dolly herself, were transferred to the British bark, whose captain had consented to carry the young lady's property as well as herself to the port where he as well as she was bound.

Arrived, Dolly was welcomed by her uncle, to whom she at once confided her charge, and received in return no measured praise and commendation.

"Your father says it is your own dowry, lass," remarked the uncle, folding up his brother's letter. "So let us see to what it amounts, and place it in safety."

The china, the books, the stuffs, and the household gear were released from the boxes and barrels, and then the poor old arm-chair was ripped up, and the fine old family plate, brought from England by the major's father, the brocades and silks that had been treasures of Dolly's grandmother, and still waited for occasions grand enough to shape them into robes, a casket of hereditary jewels, and finally the title-deeds of property both in the Old and the New World, were all produced; and Dolly told of the perils the poor chair had passed on board ship, and how it had fallen down the companionway and the silver coffee-pot had peeped out and nearly betrayed the whole secret, and how she had protected it and cobbled it up, and how she had been glad to be left on board by the retreating crew that she might not abandon the charge her father had confided to her.

"And now, uncle," said she, in conclusion, "I have promised, if you and my father approve, to marry John Belknap; and he never suspected a word of all this."

"In truth, that is the most wonderful part of the story," cried jolly old Ralph Cathcart. "Not one girl in a hundred would have shown your patience and courage, my lass; but not one in five thousand would have kept a secret so faithfully and long, especially with a sweetheart at her elbow. Well, when the young man comes to-night, tell him of your dowry, and tell him I'll answer for my brother's consent, as well as my own. He touched upon the matter in his letter."

The next news from Pilgrim Vale told Dolly that her mother was at rest, and her father had accepted a brevet commission in the royalist army. Then came an interval of months, and then a hurried scrawl written upon the field of battle, and with it a letter from the chaplain of the regiment, telling Dolly that she was an orphan.

"No one on earth now but you, John," sobbed the poor child in her lover's arms.

"And I will try to be all that earth can give, with a looking on to something better," replied he.

And tradition says he remembered his promise, and that Mrs. Belknap was a happy, a prosperous, and a most honored wife.

And the old arm-chair? It stands beside me, hale and hearty, in spite of Dolly's cobbling.

IN FUTURO

It seems to me the bud of expectation
Has not yet swollen to the perfect flower
That with its wondrous fragrant exhalation
The world of faith will dower.

The lamps we light are but the stars of promise,
The faintest reflex of a distant sun
That wakes an eager salutation from us
'Till nobler heights are won.

The past was but the preface to the story
In which the romance of our lives is wrought;
The deeds that win imperishable glory
Live scarcely in our thought.

Whate'er we do falls short of our intending;
The structure lacks the beauty we design;
And tortured angels, to their home ascending,
Depart, and leave no sign.

By all the doubts and trials that so vex us,
By all the falls and failures that annoy,
By all the strange delusions that perplex us,
And yield no fruit of joy,

We know that unto mortals is not given
The strength or knowledge that is yet in store
For us, ere yet we walk the streets of heaven,
And dream of heaven no more.

The heart of earth has secrets yet withholden,
That wait the dawning of some future day,
When angel hands from sepulchre so golden
Shall roll the stone away.

Man has not touched the zenith of creation;
The godlike thought that filled Jehovah's mind
Has had in him but feeble revelation,
Uncertain, undefined.

The days wherein Time reaches its fruition,
With moments weighted with no vain regret,
Those days of which the soul has sweet prevision,
Draw nigh, but are not yet.

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LETTER OF MR. GLADSTONE

TO GENERAL SCHENCK, MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE COURT OF LONDON, RESPECTING CERTAIN PASSAGES IN THE AMERICAN CASE LAID BEFORE THE ARBITRATORS AT GENEVA.

LONDON, 11 CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE,
28th November, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the volume entitled the *Case of the United States, to be laid before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva*, with respect to the claims commonly known as the *Alabama* claims, the second chapter purports to set forth "the unfriendly course pursued by Great Britain toward the United States from the outbreak to the close of the insurrection of 1861–65."

Pages 87 to 100 are devoted to the exhibition of "proof of the unfriendly feeling of members of the British cabinet and Parliament."

The members of the cabinet referred to are Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, Lord Campbell, with his successor, Lord Westbury (though there is no citation from either of these two high legal authorities), and myself.

It may seem an impertinence on my part to do otherwise than assume that my own name is overshadowed and eclipsed by the names of these distinguished men. The circumstance, however, that I alone among them am now in office, and that at the moment of the publication of the American Case I chanced to be in office as first minister of the crown, gives a character to my personal share in what I shall for convenience call the Chapter of Motives such as it would not otherwise possess.

But although it is the accident of office which alone gives the subject an aspect such as to acquit me of egotism in troubling you, I address you in a personal capacity, and I make my appeal to you as between gentleman and gentleman, or rather, since there is something invidious in that form of expression, as between man and man. Further, it is not only in a personal capacity, but it is in a non-controversial and a friendly attitude that I present myself before you. For reasons which appeared more than sufficient, the British government declined to treat as part of the argument or controversy the charges against individuals in the Chapter of Motives. Now, when all contention is happily at an end, it is far indeed from my mind to use so much as a single word that could revive it. But it is open to me to do that which as a government we could not do—to adopt the tone of simple explanation. My desire at all periods of my public life has been to promote and not to impede good understanding and warm attachment between our two countries. I feel that the isolated and fragmentary citation which has been made from speeches of mine does not really represent the sentiments of those speeches. I take up this case not as matter of wrong done or suffered, but simply to show to you and to your government, if you think fit to use my letter for the purpose, that I did not at the delivery of those speeches, more than at any other time, deviate from the path of a sincere good-will toward the entire people of America. If I am felt to have given reasonable evidence that my words as they are employed in the Case are misinterpreted when taken to prove hostility, my object will have been gained. But if I do not thus far succeed with you or with your government, I shall not appeal to any other tribunal or take any other step, nor shall I regret having made an effort which I know is well intended, and which I am confident will not be misunderstood.

Let me, then, describe, by a reference to particulars, the position in which I am exhibited by the chapter to the view of the two nations and the world. After the greater part of the chapter has been occupied in argument and denunciation on the "insincere neutrality"[1] and the "tortuous courses"[2] of the British government during the war, "proof of the unfriendly feeling of members of the British cabinet"[3] is adduced in the form of various quotations. So far as I am concerned, there seem to be two. First, a passage is cited from a report in the *Times* of a speech at Newcastle on the 7th October, 1862.[4] This passage declares:

1. "That the leaders of the South had made a nation;" and,

2. That the separation of the Southern States was, in my belief, "as certain as any event yet future and contingent could be."

The second passage is quoted from a speech in which, on the part of the government of Lord Palmerston (who was himself absent from the House, probably on account of illness), I resisted a motion in favor of the recognition of the South. This was on the 30th June, 1863.[5] The material points of this quotation are:

NOTE.—The object with which this letter is published is as follows: I constantly receive from America—and this from a multitude of various quarters—assurances of good-will, for which I am very grateful. They make me desirous, in connection with the matter mentioned in the title, to place before such among the people of the United States as may have given it attention the evidences contained in that letter of what have been at all periods alike my feelings toward their country.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, *August* 19, 1876.

[1] Case, p. 86. [2] Id., p. 87. [3] Id., p. 87.
[4] Id., p. 89. [5] Id., p. 95.

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1. That the cessation of the war was to be desired, inasmuch as to warrant its continuance, it must have an object "attainable," as well as otherwise just and adequate.

2. That in my opinion, and, as I believed, in the general opinion, the re-incorporation of the Southern States was not an attainable object.

3. That it was a fatal error, even for sincere and philanthropic men, to pursue the emancipation of the negro race through the bloodshed of the war.

A further citation[1] without a reference, which I have not, therefore, verified, repeats the opinion No. 2 last cited, with the substitution of "we," the plural, as if on behalf of the ministry, for the singular. And lastly, I am quoted[2] as having stated, when the House was engaged on the Budget of the year, that I should pass by the question of danger as "between British merchant ships and American or other privateers," which appears to have been mentioned by "an opposition member," not as thinking it insignificant, but from the necessity of discussing the matter then in hand, namely, the financial statement of the year.

I presume that I need not treat these two last-named references, under the circumstances, as adding any thing to the evidence in support of the charge against me. But, as I am about to exhibit the effects of omission, I have thought it a less evil to run the risk of tediousness, and of introducing irrelevant or unnecessary matter, rather than to fail in making a full and fair representation of that portion of the Case in which I am individually brought upon the stage.

Such, then, is the evidence. Next I have to point out the use made of it. That is a very simple task. The Case propounds that the declarations now cited are evidence of "insincere neutrality,"[3] of "unfriendly feeling of members of the British cabinet;"[4] there was a "conscious unfriendly purpose toward the United States;"[5] there was "unfriendliness and insincere neutrality;"[6] and finally, the matter is brought to a head in a perfectly distinct statement that "various members of the British cabinet," including myself, "are seen to comment upon the efforts of the government of the United States to suppress the rebellion, in terms that indicate a strong desire that those efforts should not succeed."[7]

Upon this distinct allegation I desire to offer the following explanations:

The question, then, is not whether the opinion of what was to happen, expressed by me on more than one occasion, was too hastily and lightly formed; nor is it whether to the error of thus forming it I added a graver error in declaring it at a time when I held public office as a minister of a friendly power. I neither conceal these errors nor will I attempt elaborately to extenuate them by a reference to various motives which do not appear to have been taken into account, or to those unexampled circumstances which misled me, and, in a great degree, misled the world. These errors were confessed in a letter addressed by me some years ago to one of your countrymen, and published, with my full assent, both in American and in English newspapers. That there may be no stint in the measure of this avowal, I have procured, and I forward herewith, a copy of that letter.[1] I am sure you will not believe that the wishes with the expression of which it concludes were got up for the occasion.

But the holding of this opinion and the expression of this opinion do not form the matter of the complaint prepared by the American government to go before the arbitrators at Geneva. The complaint is that the language held by me, as well as by others, indicated a strong desire that the efforts of the government of the United States should not succeed. And on this complaint an argument is founded that men governed by this desire could not but be adversely biased administrators of British law for the performance of international duty, and that accordingly we did allow sinister motives, whether in the shape of abstract hostility or of selfish regard to British interests, to lead us into a guilty neglect of the public obligations of the country. I might, as will be seen from words quoted above, have stated the charge more strongly, but I wish to keep within the truth.

What I seek to show is that this charge against me is not true and not just.

I seek to show it by evidence to which no fair exception can be taken. I will cite nothing that has been said by me since the triumph of the Union, or after the date at which it may be said that that triumph was distinctly or generally foreseen to be approaching.

I shall show:

1. That my opinion always was that England had a special interest in the quarrel raised by the insurrection of the Southern States.

2. That this interest was that the North and South, far from being severed, should remain united.

3. That at the outset and at various periods of the war I had spoken of the American people, and of the trial they were called on to undergo, in terms of strong sympathy.

4. That these declarations were not less public or less authenticated than the two declarations cited in the American Case as

[1] Case, p. 478. [2] Id., p. 58. [3] Id., p. 86.
[4] Id., p. 86, margin. [5] Id., p. 64. [6] Id., p. 102.
[7] Id., p. 108.

[1] Appendix A.

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made by me in October, 1862, and June, 1863. And finally,

5. That on the same days, and in the same speeches which are quoted to show my desire as an Englishman that the Union should be broken up, were delivered unequivocal expressions of my belief that English interests would be best served by its continuance.

I shall also direct attention to the time when I delivered the speech at Newcastle, as that contained the passage to which, I believe, attention has been principally directed. At that time—there is nothing paradoxical in saying it—motives of sheer humanity and hatred of the effusion of blood might well lead a man to desire, upon the terms either of reunion or of severance, the termination of the war. But whether this be paradoxical or not, I shall also show that men who had most vehemently supported in this country the cause of the North, and denounced the Southern Confederation as an inhuman and antisocial conspiracy, were admitting the efforts and struggles of the North, wonderful as they were, to be practically hopeless, and were recommending the cessation of the war by the acknowledgment, within a wide extent of territory, of Southern independence. I proceed to deal with these several points.

At the outbreak of the insurrection, in 1861, a member of the British Parliament was unfortunately betrayed into describing what had taken place in America as the bursting of the "great republican bubble" of that country.[1]

The American Case notices this declaration, and pays Earl Russell the well-deserved compliment of adding that the member who spoke, and whom the American government considerately forbear to name, received from him a merited rebuke.[2]

But I am here busied only with the picture of my own performances; and I may therefore be permitted to remark that when it came to my turn to speak, also in the same debate in which the "bubble" had been introduced, I am reported to have expressed myself as follows:[3] "I heard with deep regret last night the speech of the Hon. A B, though not, indeed, with the same regret as I heard some other remarks made by the Hon. C D. [The "bubble" speech.] I hope that the Hon. C D will express his regret, before the conclusion of the debate, for having, with or without premeditation, spoken of the American government as a great republican bubble. [A cry of "Hear."] I am sorry to hear that phrase cheered by a single member; and had hoped that was the first and last time we should hear any member allude in a jeering way to the tremendous calamity which threatens to fall upon a great country. But I do not believe that the Hon. C D had any intention to speak in such a spirit."

There could hardly be from a minister, consistently with the usages of Parliament, a more marked animadversion and appeal. And it was made although the honorable member concerned is reported as having already declared (which the Case omits to notice) "that no one word ever fell from his lips of exultation over the most unfortunate events which are now taking place in America," that his allusion was simply to the form of government, and that "he had referred to the events now taking place there as calamitous events, which we must all most deeply deplore."[1]

In passing, I remark that neither this nor any one of the speeches quoted in the Case, or referred to in this letter, is reported with any corrections by myself. But I believe the main purport, apart from incidental allusions, to be truly represented, and I will not attempt by the aid of memory, at this distance of time, to modify the forms of expression.

This was the evidence of my share in the alleged conscious hostility, in May, 1861. Several months after, and just when the country had been excited by the affair of the *Trent*, I had occasion to speak at Leith. This speech was on an occasion equally public with that subsequently delivered at Newcastle, and it was reported with not less fullness by the indefatigable activity of the press, though it has escaped the notice of the American government in drawing the Case. What would have been most satisfactory to me in the present circumstances would have been the republication of the whole of these and other speeches *in extenso*. But this proceeding would defeat its own object, as I at once admit that neither you nor any one either in England or America could fairly be expected to face the task of reading them.

I have no choice, therefore, but to resort to extracts, which must, however, be longer than I could wish.

Extract from Mr. Gladstone's Speech at Leith, January 10, 1862. (Times, January 13.)

"Mr. Provost, I heartily wish that it was in our power to exhibit to the country of the United States the precise and exact state of feeling that has subsisted in this country ever since the beginning of the tremendous convulsion which now agitates that continent, and threatens its peace and prosperity. I do not believe that, at the time when the convulsion commenced, there was one man in a thousand in this country who had any sentiment whatever toward

[1] 27th May, 1861. Hansard, vol. 163, p. 134.
[2] Case, p. 99; and Hansard, vol. 163, p. 275.
[3] Hansard, vol. 163, p. 332.

[1] 30th May, 1861. Hansard, vol. 163, p. 278.

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the United States of America except a sentiment of affectionate and sympathizing good-will, or who felt any thing but a desire that they might continue to go on and prosper, and to finish the work, whatever it may have been, which Providence had appointed them to do. I have not the least scruple in saying for myself that my opinion is that not only had England nothing to fear from the growth of the United States in America, but that, so far as we had a selfish interest at all in the matter, our interest was that the American Union should continue undisturbed.....Let us look, gentlemen, upon the bright side of that which the Americans have done, and surely a bright side it has. Let us look back to the moment when the Prince of Wales appeared in the United States of America, and when men by the thousand, by tens of thousands, and by hundreds of thousands trooped together from all parts to give him a welcome as enthusiastic, and as obviously proceeding from the depths of the heart, as if those vast dominions had still been a portion of the dominions of our Queen. Let us look to the fact that they are of necessity a people subject to quick and violent action of opinion, and liable to great public excitement, intensely agreed on the subject of the war in which they were engaged, and aroused to a high pitch of expectation by hearing that one of their vessels of war had laid hold of the Commissioners of the Southern States, whom they regarded simply as rebels. Let us look to the fact that in the midst of this exultation, and in a country where the principles of popular government and democracy are carried to extremes, that even in this struggle of life and death, as they think it to be, that even while ebullitions were taking place all over the country of joy and exultation at this capture—that even then this popular and democratic government has, under the demand of a foreign power, written these words—for they are the closing words in the dispatch of Mr. Seward—'The four Commissioners will be cheerfully liberated.' Let us take these words, I say, without minute criticisms upon any thing that may have passed at former times, and may have been open to differences of view. Let us accept them with thankfulness to the Almighty for having removed any apparent cause of deadly collision, in which the hearts of the people of this country were united as the heart of one man to vindicate, under all circumstances and to all extremities, the honor of the British flag, and to discharge the duty of protection to those who had placed themselves under its shelter. Let us form good auguries for the future from that which now stands among the records of the past, and let us hope that whatever remains, or whatever may yet arise, to be adjusted in those relations between the two countries which afford a thousand points of contact every day, and must necessarily likewise afford opportunities for collision—let us hope that in whatever may arise or remain to be adjusted, a spirit of brotherly concord may prevail, and, together with a disposition to assert our rights, we may be permitted to cherish a disposition to interpret handsomely and liberally the acts and intentions of others, and to avoid, if we can, aggravating the frightful evils of the civil war in America by perhaps even greater evils—at any rate, enormous evils—by what, though not a civil war, would be next to a civil war—any conflict between England and America."

And here I stop for a moment to call attention to dates. The escape of the *Alabama*, in July, 1862, forms, in the American view, the greatest offense committed by the British government. It is, therefore, at that time that they find the insincere neutrality and the strong desire for the severance of the Union ripe, and it must be in the preceding period that we are to find it ripening. I wish, therefore, to call your attention to the language employed by me during this very period, and I leave it to you to judge how far it paves the way for the imputation of hostility and insincerity which is applied to me.

I now come to the speeches at Newcastle and in the House of Commons. From these I shall make extracts to show that both the documents which are quoted in the Case to show inferentially my hostility to the continuance of the Union contain distinct and explicit declarations on each occasion of my never-varying opinion that it was for the interest of England that the Union should continue. And, if this be so, I hope that the charge of an adverse bias and an insincere purpose, affecting me as a minister in the maintenance of neutrality, will be felt to have disappeared.

The first document is the report given in the *Times* newspaper (October 9) of the speech at Newcastle, on the 7th October, 1862. From that report I now make the following extract; and I add further passages, by way of appendix,[1] as being calculated, when read with the passages in the Case, to give no untrue picture of my real disposition in the matter:

"I, for one, exercising my own poor faculties as I best could, have never felt that England had any reason connected with her own special interests for desiring the disruption of the American Union. I can understand those who say it is for the general interest of nations that no state should swell to the dimensions of a continent. I can understand those who say—and I confess it to

[1] Appendixes B and C.

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be my own opinion—that it is greatly for the interest of the negro race that they should have to do with their own masters alone, and not, as has hitherto been the case, with their masters backed by the whole power of the Federal government of the United States.....I can, therefore, very well understand the arguments of those who think that it is not particularly to be desired in the interests of the negro that the American Union should be reconstituted. But I confess that, for reasons which I need not now explain, I do not think that England has had an interest in the disruption of the Union; and my own private opinion has been that it would be rather for the interest of England if that Union had continued."

The second document is to be found in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates for June 30, 1863:

"I have always been of opinion that, involved as England is, not so much as a matter of mere interest, but on considerations of duty and honor, with respect to the British North American colonies, the balanced state of the old American Union, which caused the whole of American politics to turn upon the relative strength of the slavery and Northern interests, was more favorable to us, more likely to insure the continuance of peaceful relations in America, as well as the avoidance of all political complications arising from the connection between this country and its colonies, than the state of things which would exist if the old American Union were to be divided into a cluster of Northern and a cluster of Southern States."

I have only further to sustain my closing proposition. It is that, at the time in question, anticipations of the severance of the Southern from the Northern States—nay, that recommendations that the Northern States should at once come to terms with the insurrectionary confederacy—would not, even had they been unaccompanied by the declarations I constantly made as to British interest in the matter, have justly borne the construction of unfriendly purpose and of insincere neutrality which is put upon them in the Case. For this end I refer to the work of that distinguished and very able writer, Professor Cairnes, who, perhaps more than any other person, became conspicuous in this country during the war for his advocacy of the Northern cause.

In the year 1862, and some time, I think, before I spoke at Newcastle, he published the work entitled *The Slave Power*. This book in its whole staple, almost in every page, indicated a mind which I may term more Northern than the Northerners. I will endeavor to state fairly the summing up of his argument. He points out with the utmost clearness and force the great military disadvantages of the South. He then proceeds:

"I am far from intending to say that the considerations which have been adduced prove the possibility of accomplishing the object which the North has now in view."[1] And again:

"For these reasons, I can not think that the North is well advised in its attempt to reconstruct the Union in its original proportions."[2]

I need not refer to the reasons in detail; they embraced matter of the greatest moment connected with the interests of the negro race, and with the hazard which seemed to threaten the free institutions of America from the continuance of the war.

Professor Cairnes then proceeds to point out "that settlement of the controversy..... which on the whole is most to be desired."[3] It is that the region from the Atlantic to the Mississippi should be acknowledged independent, Louisiana being reserved for the North and for freedom. Professor Cairnes ends by saying, "This is to be desired as best in the interest of the slave."[4]

I have cited Professor Cairnes as a witness *instar omnium*, and one whose testimony, as I remember, greatly weighed with me. The ably written periodical which beyond any other studied the interests of the North during the war echoed his words, and in reviewing his work wrote as follows:

"No treaty of separation can be regarded with any satisfaction but one which should convert the whole territory west of the Mississippi into free soil;"[5] and, conversely, the writer plainly conveys his opinion that a separation recognizing the independence of the Southern States to the east of the Mississippi was an object, under the circumstances, to be desired by the friends of America.

I now submit with some confidence that conscious hostility to the United States can not be demonstrated (whatever else may be so) by having entertained, or even by having pronounced, an opinion which was entertained and pronounced at the time by their warmest partisans on this side the water. I conclude with an expression of sincere regret for the trouble I am giving you in addressing to you so long a letter.

I have the honor to remain, my dear Sir, very faithfully, yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

His Excellency the Minister of the United States, etc., etc.

APPENDIX A.

11 CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, *August* 8, 1867.

SIR,—Your letter of November 30, 1866, arrived in London while I was on the con-

[1] *The Slave Power*, p. 271-277. [2] Id., p. 284.
[3] Id., p. 285. [4] Id., p. 291-304.
[5] *Westminster Review*, October, 1862, p. 510.

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tinent of Europe. I did not receive it till the time when the session of Parliament began, and I then postponed replying to it in the hope that by a careful perusal of the work you were so good as to send me, on *The Glory and Shame of England*, I might qualify myself to show that, if not worthy, I was at least sensible, of your kindness.

I have not yet completed that perusal, in consequence of the heavy pressure of public duties on my time. But I have read a good portion of the work, and with great interest.

I am quite satisfied of the justice of its intention toward my country. I am not so satisfied of the uniform justice of its execution. But I am aware that arrogance and self-confidence are among our national faults; that we require to be taken down, so to speak, by the estimates that others form of us; that the more plain-spoken those estimates are, the better for us; and that even if they occasionally err on the side of severity, we shall not seriously suffer by the error, while we may and ought greatly to gain by the criticism in general.

All such criticisms should help every Englishman individually, who is called upon to discharge public duties, in forming a strong and earnest resolution to discharge them, with the aid of the Almighty, to the best of his feeble powers. For this help I, on my own part, sincerely thank you.

I must also thank you for the favorable and friendly tone of all such notices [of me] as I have met in the work. They are much beyond my desert.

With respect to the opinion I publicly expressed, at a period during the war, that the South had virtually succeeded in achieving its independence, I could not be surprised or offended if the expression of such an opinion, at such a time, had been treated in your work much less kindly than [in] the notices I find at pages 529–533. I must confess that I was wrong, that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My "sympathies" were then where they had long before been, where they are now—with the whole American people.

I, probably like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and working of the American Union. I had imbibed, conscientiously if erroneously, an opinion that twenty or twenty-four millions of the North would be happier and would be stronger (of course assuming that they would hold together) without the South than with it, and also that the negroes would be much nearer to emancipation under a Southern government than under the old system of the Union, which had not at that date (August, 1862) been abandoned, and which always appeared to me to place the whole power of the North at the command of the slave-holding interests of the South.

As far as regards the special or separate interest of England in the matter, I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest that the Union should be kept entire.

Forgive these details on a matter which has now lost its interest. I have only to conclude by renewing my thanks, and by expressing my most earnest desire that your country, already so great, may grow, prosper, and flourish more and more, for its own benefit and for the benefit of the world.

Believe me, Sir, yours, etc.,

(Signed) W. E. GLADSTONE.

C. EDWARDS LESTER, Esq., New York.

APPENDIX B.

Extract from Mr. Gladstone's Speech at Newcastle, October 7, 1862. (Times, October 9, 1862.)

We have gone through the very agonies of this dismemberment against which the Northern people of the United States are now striving. We have gone through it, and now know that it was not so bad for us after all. But they have not gone through it, and I say, let us bear with them all we can; let us maintain toward them a kindly temper; let us not allow ourselves to feel the smallest irritation when we see ourselves adversely criticised on the other side of the water, and let us be very cautious about indulging in adverse criticisms upon them on this side of the water. Depend upon it, that that course steadily pursued will bear its reward; and it is a course which upon every ground of courtesy and Christian feeling they may expect that we should continue in. They are our kin. They were, if they are not now, our customers, and we hope they will be our customers again. But they have shown also, when their good feelings could have fair play, that they entertain warm affections toward England. Whatever momentary irritation may cross the mind of that people, never let us forget their reception of the Prince of Wales. Let every Englishman engrave upon the tablets of his heart the recollection of that memorable day; and if occasionally he feels tempted to anger by seeing his country misapprehended or, it may be, misrepresented, let him calm his tendency to excited sentiments by that recollection.

APPENDIX C.

Extract from Mr. Gladstone's Speech in the House of Commons, June 30, 1863.

I trust there are few of us here who have ever suffered narrow, unworthy jealousies of the American Union to possess our minds. But I believe, if there be such a man, if there be those who have taken illiberal or extreme views of what was defective in the American character or in American institutions, who closed their eyes against all that was great and good and full of

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promise to mankind in that country, surely all alike must now feel sentiments of compassion and concern absorbing every other sentiment. And the regret and sorrow which we feel at the calamities brought to our own doors by this miserable contest are almost swallowed up when we consider the fearful price; more fearful, I believe, than in the history of the world was ever paid—I do not mean in money—by a nation in a state of civil war: a price not only in the loss of life, not alone in the loss of treasure, but in the desperate political extremities to which the free popular institutions of North America have been reduced.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

"By-gones be by-gones."

By BISHOP CLEVELAND COXE.

I.

Oh, who has not heard of the Northmen of yore,
How flew, like the sea-bird, their sails from the shore,
How, westward, they staid not, till, breasting the brine,
They hail'd Narraganset, the land of the vine!

Then the war-songs of Rollo, his pennon and glaive,
Were heard as they danced by the moon-lighted wave;
And their golden-hair'd wives bore them sons of the soil,
While raged with the redskins their feud and turmoil.

And who has not seen, 'mid the summer's gay crowd,
That old pillar'd tower of their fortalice proud,[1]
How it stands solid proof of the sea chieftains' reign,
Ere came with Columbus those galleys of Spain!

'Twas a claim for their kindred: an earnest of sway,
By the stout-hearted Cabot made good in its day;
Of the Cross of St. George, on the Chesapeake's tide,
Where lovely Virginia arose like a bride.

Came the Pilgrims with Winthrop; and, saint of the West,
Came Robert of Jamestown,[2] the brave and the blest;
Came Smith, the bold rover, and Rolfe, with his ring,
To wed sweet Matoäka,[3] child of a king.

Undaunted they came, every peril to dare—
Of tribes fiercer far than the wolf in his lair;
Of the wild irksome woods, where in ambush they lay;
Of their terror by night and their arrow by day.

And so where our capes cleave the ice of the poles,
Where groves of the orange scent sea-coast and shoals,
Where the froward Atlantic uplifts its last crest,
Where the sun, when he sets, seeks the East from the West;

The clime that from ocean to ocean expands,
The fields to the snow-drifts that stretch from the sands,
The wilds they have conquer'd, of mountain and plain—
Those Pilgrims have made them fair Freedom's domain.

And the bread of dependence if proudly they spurn'd,
'Twas the soul of their fathers that kindled and burn'd;
'Twas the blood of old Saxon within them that ran:
They held—to be free is the birthright of man.

So oft the old lion, majestic of mane,
Sees cubs of his cave breaking loose from his reign:
Unmeet to be his if they braved not his eye;
He gave them the spirit his own to defy.

II.

Then, Albion, be true to thyself in thy sons,
And honor thy blood in thine offspring that runs;
It ripens with aging, like generous wine,
And warms to its kindred with impulse divine.

And the birthright we scorned when a dole it was flung—
Our kindred with England, her faith and her tongue—
We claim it unchallenged, or grudge it who may,
A continent holds it: what churl can gainsay?

Avaunt the mere islander cribb'd by his shores,
Whose soul, like his eyesight, no distance explores!
With instinct imperial disdaining its girth,
The true heart of England embraces the earth.

The family Bible, 'tis one and the same;
We read in thy church-yards the family name.
Of grim elder brothers cadets we may roam,
But thine is the homestead that once was our home.

No foreigners we when we visit thy strand,
For the bones of our forefathers rest in thy land;
Our Faith at their altars unsullied we find,
Our laws in thy charters, thy manners, thy mind.

By the James and the Hudson, the Gulf and the Lakes,
Thy voice from the Past living echoes awakes;
To the spell of thy song and the might of thy thought
We yield a fresh empire, with homage unbought.

And gen'rous the feeling that claims them as ours,
Those schools of thine Alfred, those temples and towers.

[1] The early discoveries of the Northmen in America seem to be historical. Whether the *Old Mill* at Newport was of their building is no longer a question—that is, to-day, in poetry.

[2] The Rev. Robert Hunt, to whom the first settlers of Jamestown owed every thing, according to Captain Smith's testimony.

[3] Matoäko is another name of Pocahontas.

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Like Hellas, new races thy name shall combine;
Where English is spoken, its glory is thine.

Our mothers still teach us thy story of old,
Where the cradle is rock'd and the lullaby troll'd;
And the harp of our West, 'tis the same that was strung
Where thy gray-bearded minstrel the roundelay sung.

Its far-distant warblings—he heard them who stood
Where Snowdon uplifted its crown o'er the flood;
Those visions of glory he fear'd to explore,[1]
Behold them unfolded; they brighten our shore.

Then hail, Mother Albion! and long may they twine
Thy banner with ours, and our banner with thine,
Till broad o'er new nations those ensigns unfurl'd
Give laws to earth's races and peace to the world!

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XVII.

ELINOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

THE third week of Garth's illness was marked by profound prostration, only occasionally broken in upon by the lurid activity of delirium. Whereas in the first week it had been necessary to abate and lower, so far as it might be done, the burning intensity of the fever and the consequent preternatural unrest and turmoil of the patient, it was now first of all requisite to arrest the progress of decay by every kind of pungent stimulant. Nikomis stolidly but actively asserted her faith in the virtue of pure brandy, and administered it with a freedom which somewhat awed squeamish Mrs. Tenterden. But, in the teeth of all remedies, Garth continued to sink, the mischief appearing to concentrate more and more in the brain. The great physical vitality of the man served only to make his delirious paroxysms more dangerous to himself and more alarming to the spectators, Mrs. Tenterden especially fancying herself in continual peril of her life from one whose utmost strength could hardly have sufficed to harm a child. Meanwhile a secret dread was growing in Cuthbert's mind lest, even should Garth fight his way back to health, his reason would be lost in the struggle, and he began to pray that his son might rather die. After so stern a prayer, the faded old gentleman, lying wrapped in his dressing-gown on a sofa near the sick-room, would sometimes indulge in one of his subtle, unaccountable smiles. Was he amused at this ignoble end of the haughty Urmson family? or could he, defeated and thrust down to the lowest pit of fortune, yet so far sympathize with inscrutable destiny as to reflect her ironic grimace?

Long, blank silences ebbed themselves away, Cuthbert sitting or lying motionless, but for the most part unsleeping; for a physical not less than a mental anguish dwelt in his breast, and left him small leisure for repose. The only nurses besides himself were Nikomis and Mrs. Tenterden. The village doctor, who had tended the case up to the last week, had then had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse and break his leg, and he had been confined to his room ever since. Cuthbert thereupon had determined upon sending for Professor Grindle, and Golightley had volunteered to go to Bowdoin College to fetch him; but they had not yet been heard from. It was a critical and anxious time. Garth, as he lay muttering on his bed, was an unprepossessing thing to look at. His bony forehead and shaggy brows, his great cheek-bones, his gaunt jaws and cloven chin, stood forth almost fleshless; his sunken eyes were like dull embers at the bottom of caverns; his swarthy hair rose erect about his head, a black jungle of inextricable tangles; his hollow cheeks were rough and savage with a three weeks' growth of beard. Through all his prostration, however, he was singularly alive to certain seemingly immaterial things, such as the influence of certain individualities, and harmonious or discordant sounds. No one but Cuthbert could approach him with impunity, though, except when he was irritated, or, more rarely, soothed, he appeared utterly unconscious of every thing around him. By-and-by even his father felt that his power over him was on the wane. Garth disregarded his voice, and resented his touch. Good Mrs. Tenterden, who, helpful though she had been through-

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[1] The references here are to Gray's "Bard." That ancient seer is represented as predicting the warblings of unborn poets "that, lost in long futurity, expire;" and with reference to the undeveloped splendors of the race, he says,

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight;
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul."

It is the nature of such prophecies to work out their accomplishment in unexpected ways; and accordingly, in this stanza, these predictions are regarded as fulfilled in America.

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out, could not forego her prerogative of discussing painful matters with the wrong persons, once let fall to Mr. Urmson something about keepers and asylums, thereby occasioning him a momentary awful sinking of the soul. Anon summoning his strength from some hidden source (there was no sign of any in his meagre bowed figure), he made shift to answer with a sober cheerfulness of tone that must have cost him dear. But again that night, after Mrs. Tenterden had returned home, he relapsed to an inward agony, and, for the first time in his life, amen stuck in his throat. Toward morning he prayed that if there were any thing in the world which might save his son, it should be made manifest at once; if not, might the worst declare itself without delay! With this petition on his lips, he stood with folded arms by the bedside of the gaunt invalid, and gazed yearningly upon him. "Garth, dear old curmudgeon, what a good-for-nothing father I must seem to you! It's hard I can not help you now."

A bird, the latest lingering of the southward-departing tribe, alit for a moment on the bare bough of a tree by the window to warble a golden bar of farewell melody. It seemed to reach Garth's ears. He partly turned his head toward the window, and moved his hand; the haggard harshness of his face softened somewhat. "If I could cage that bird, its song might help him," went through Cuthbert's mind. But the next instant the bird flew off, and soon was miles away, sailing southward over the frost-nipped valley, and aiming onward toward Wabeno and far beyond. It was like the flight of a last hope. Cuthbert turned round, pressing his hand on his breast, and uttering a low sigh of pain. Nikomis was standing in the doorway, looking like a grotesque heathen idol carved out of mahogany.

"Cuthbert, you come go to bed," she said, gruffly. "You die too soon enough anyway. Garth all right; he better soon; me take care. Come!"

"I suppose I ought to outlive him, for decency's sake, being his head nurse," answered Cuthbert, with a nervous twitching of the corners of his mouth. "And I believe I'm in for a bad hour or so, sure enough. If I shouldn't be better by ten o'clock this morning, you must look out for Mrs. Tenterden with the new medicine. She expected to be up from the village by that time. And be sure you understand the directions she will give you. However, I shall have to be up, anyway, for no one but me can follow out the directions even when they are known. So call me when she comes, Nikomis."

But it so happened that Mrs. Tenterden did not arrive at the expected hour. On reaching the Danvers' cottage the night previous, she had gone to bed complaining of indisposition, and declaring that she believed she had caught the fever at last, and only wondered she had not done so long before. Elinor, after some examination, was pretty well satisfied that the matter was not quite so serious as the elder lady supposed, and the sequel justified her diagnosis. Nevertheless, Mrs. Tenterden contrived to pass a tolerably bad night, and by morning it was a settled thing that she must keep her bed during the day. Although no one recognized this necessity more clearly than the good lady herself, she was no less firmly persuaded that her absence would be the death-knell to the hopes of Urmhurst. Garth's sole chance of escaping death or hopeless insanity depended on her presence and efficiency; and these conditions being impracticable, Garth would forthwith die a raving maniac. The syllogism was perfect; and Mrs. Tenterden, in the midst of her genuine distress and anxiety, may have found some consolation in her inexpugnable logic.

"If any body could take my place!" complained she. "But that's the worst of it. Poor Mr. Urmson's as sick as can be himself, but he and I together might manage; but he can do nothing alone. There's Golightley gone over to Brunswick to see that Professor Grindle; but he'd be no good, anyway. It's no use, the poor young man must die, and that's all about it. I declare, Nellie, I shouldn't be surprised if I died myself. You've no idea how sick I am!"

Elinor had not enjoyed any intimate communion with Mrs. Tenterden since their misunderstanding three weeks previous; but the presence of disease and worry seemed to influence the kind old lady to forgive and forget, and Elinor was not indisposed to meet the hand of reconciliation half-way. She had never felt so utterly alone and forlorn as during these latter days—not even at that sad time when her father and mother lay dying in Charleston, and she knew not where she could find a home beyond their grave. It is not reverent nor necessary to inquire too closely what thoughts and impulses, what resolves and fears, had visited her in the cheerless period of her solitude. At such epochs people—especially if they be young—discover in themselves things which make them shudder, but which, as not properly belonging to their every-day nature, ought not to be recorded against them. The only outward effect upon Elinor of her interior visitations was to render her unusually gentle and forbearing, as one might be who had secretly determined on making a long journey, and wished to leave tender recollections in the hearts of those she left behind.

"Couldn't you at least send some one to the house with the medicines, mother?" she asked. "Would not Mrs. Danver—or ought not Madge to go? If he were to die for

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want of some help that Madge might have given him, what would become of her? I think we have no right to prevent her from having a free choice about it, one way or the other. Shall I tell her?"

"Seems like it would look rather hard to have him just dying up there, and she knowing nothing about it," groaned Mrs. Tenterden. "She can't do any thing, though, and it would be just tempting Providence to go into that house with the contagion. I know that to my cost. And it's more apt a great deal to catch young people than old ones. Besides, it was I prevented Madge from going when she wanted to at first, and there's really no more reason for it now. Poor young man! I wish he was in better hands. Of course Mr. Urmson is very kind and careful, but he really doesn't seem to care much about him; I'm sure he smiles and makes jokes like he expected him to be well to-morrow. I told him yesterday that I thought he ought to hire some keepers, and have the poor young man taken to the asylum, or at least the hospital; for I declare I, for my part, think it's dangerous to have him loose there; why, times he's so violent he might actually do some one a mischief! And he's got something twisted round his neck. Nikomis says he's had it there ever since the first morning: anyway, it's twisted so tight that I wouldn't be surprised to hear he'd strangled himself with it at any time."

"Why isn't it taken off?"

"Yes, you don't know, my dear. It would be as much as any body's life was worth to take it off. Of course it can't be untied, and if you were to use a pair of scissors or a knife, it would be the death of one or both of you. I tell you he's as jealous of it as if it were some great treasure. I thought," added Mrs. Tenterden, chuckling faintly, in spite of her general misery, "maybe it was something of Madge's she'd given him, and he remembered was hers all through his delirium, poor boy."

"What was it?—a handkerchief, or a scarf—"

"Mercy, child, I don't know," said Mrs. Tenterden, rolling over on the pillow. "I didn't get near enough to see distinctly. It looked gray and silky. Maybe it was a scarf, or an old veil, or something. But you mark my words if he don't strangle himself if it isn't taken away from him."

Elinor heard these words with a quick indrawing of her breath; then, thinking them over, she felt her heart beating and her hands growing cold. She walked to the window and looked out, trying to quiet herself. But she could not be quiet. One idea forced itself on her mind and impelled her to action. She walked back to the bedside. Mrs. Tenterden, with her back turned, seemed to have fallen into a doze. After a moment's hesitation Elinor went softly out of the room, and, running down stairs, entered the kitchen.

"Mother won't be able to go up to the house to-day, Mrs. Danver," she said, standing pale and embarrassed before that blameless housekeeper. "There is some medicine which should be taken there immediately. Will Madge go with it?"

"Well, Miss Golightley, I suppose likely the child would take it, and gladly," Mrs. Danver replied, speaking with hesitation, however, and avoiding Elinor's eyes. "To be sure, it has seemed as though folks was working to keep 'em apart, and those who hadn't so much call was taking her place. It's not for me to speak, and Garth he's near to me as my own son, goodness knows, though I do think he might have been a little more spry, and not have kept my poor girl waiting while he was painting his pictures and living in Europe, and not making much out of the business either, if one might say so."

"She won't go, then?"

"Really, well, I don't see any call to be so sudden, Miss Golightley," said Mrs. Danver, panting. "I'm sure there's a good long time gone by, and nobody thought of asking her whether she'd go or not. Not but the child would go, and gladly, if it hadn't seemed like folks was keeping her away. But now I think of it, miss, I don't know where Maggie is just at the present. She went out about an hour since without dropping a syllable, and when she'll be back is more than I can say. Likely she's run up to the house without waiting for an asking. I couldn't say."

"And you yourself could not leave the house, I suppose?"

"Well, really, miss, you come so sudden. I'm sure I'd go, and gladly, and have gone any time the last three weeks, but Mrs. Tenterden seemed to think it belonged to her, being a relation, I presume, and it wasn't for me to speak. But I'm such an invalid, and my hip come on so badly these last cold days. Though if Mr. Stacy could lend his wagon, perhaps I might. I'm sure I care for Garth dearly as my own son, though it seemed hard of him to keep Maggie waiting so long."

"Don't you think it would be better for me to find some one to take up the medicine, without need of your troubling yourself about Mr. Stacy's wagon?" suggested Elinor, involuntarily putting her hand over her heart. "No doubt one of the village boys would be glad to run up with it. You might be within call of Mrs. Tenterden, if she were to need any thing while I'm away. Will that do?"

Mrs. Danver seemed to think there were no insurmountable objections, and Elinor returned up stairs, trembling, but glad in a

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subdued, exalted way. She hastily put on her hat and warm winter jacket, scarlet, with lining of soft gray fur, and then noiselessly re-entered Mrs. Tenterden's chamber. The packet of medicine was lying on the table, and she put it in her pocket. She stepped up to the bed, and, bending over the sleeping woman, lightly kissed her on the cheek. Mrs. Tenterden replied with a gentle snore. Elinor left the room as noiselessly as she had entered it, and started down the stairs. Ere she reached the landing, however, she returned in obedience to a sudden impulse, and going to her violin case, took out her instrument and bow, and slipping them underneath her jacket, finally left the house.

Without wasting any time in making inquiries after errand-boys, she struck off from the village, and took her way swiftly toward Urmhurst. She walked with her eyes on the ground, wholly preoccupied, but there was a freedom and good-will in her motion which showed that she was going whither her deepest inclination led her. And now that the Rubicon of her purpose was safely overpassed, and there were no more obstacles or hesitations in her way, her heart moved at ease, her fingers were warm, her breathing quiet, and her cheeks slightly tinged with pink. A man in her place would have been grave and stern, or astir with nervous anxiety; but Elinor was sweetly conscious of an inward lightness and satisfaction, contrasting with the cold gloom and cheerlessness of the past weeks as a summer day with a winter night. An older woman, or one who tasted the sweet and bitter flavors of life with less intense an appreciation, might have lent an ear to the demurs of conscience, questioning her right to put health and life in jeopardy by interference in matters which concerned other persons, from the social point of view at least, more nearly than herself. But it must be confessed that Elinor made little account of conscience when conscience came in collision with emotion; or, in other words, conscientious action, where her feelings were involved, was never an intellectual process. She trusted her intuitions, being unable to believe that what they seemed to justify could be other than right; and a young woman's intuitions are simply the voice of her heart. Elinor's heart would doubtless never suffer her to do any thing unwomanly or base, however far it might occasionally lead her from the path of orthodox morality; but her example is none the less unsafe and indefensible, until all young women shall have hearts as pure and upright as hers, and a great deal calmer and wiser.

Had this history been written at the time when the events of which it treats took place, it might have been necessary to remind the reader that the disease called typhoid fever, though popularly believed to be contagious, is not so in reality. Probably not a few country doctors, a quarter of a century ago, were more or less partakers of the current delusion, and it is not to be wondered at if unprofessional persons, though of acknowledged culture and refinement, should have firmly believed in it. As for Elinor, she never entertained a doubt upon the subject; indeed, her persuasion as to this point had not a little to do with the strangely gladsome sense of exaltation and relief wherewith she had embarked on her present enterprise. It is not enough to say that she fancied she was about to imperil her life; it must be added that she faced the supposed danger rather as courting than braving it. During her dark hours we may imagine her to have thought, on some girlish insufficient ground or other, that life was not so desirable a thing as it was generally credited with being. When such a notion had once gained possession of her, she would not be long without happening upon an occasion for humoring it. Some array of circumstances would be sure to arise—romantic, pathetic, peculiar—fatally enticing her to take her fate in her own hands, and seeming to justify her in the deed. To welcome death, when it lies in the path of love, of despair, or of womanly self-devotion, is not the infirmity of ignoble minds; the subtle selfishness and irreverence which underlie it escape the eye of the person most concerned, though they be revealed to the cool, impartial scrutiny of the disinterested critic. And Providence, being perhaps as wise and just as most of us, may sometimes take such wanderers under its especial protection, and either forgive their error or gently prevent their attainment of the end at which they so crudely aimed.

It was scarcely ten o'clock when Elinor set her slim foot upon the threshold stone of Urmhurst and knocked at the great green door. Upon twice repeating the summons and obtaining no response from within, she turned the latch and stepped into the broad dark hall. The kitchen door was ajar, and peeping through, she saw a fire burning in the fire-place, and for a moment fancied she heard a step in the passageway at the further extremity of the great room; but after listening a while in vain for any repetition of the sound, or for any other signs of a human being, she decided to go up stairs without further ceremony. It was not until she had reached the upper floor that she met Nikomis, coming out of Cuthbert's chamber.

The old Indian's face was as inscrutable as usual, but she stopped short on seeing Elinor, and uttered a grunt of interrogation. She had evidently expected to meet some one else, and waited for the young lady to explain herself. Elinor, who had never felt

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so serenely uplifted in spirit as now, or so instinct with all the tender potency of womanhood, spoke briefly of Mrs. Tenterden's indisposition and of her own purpose to take that lady's place for the time being. "Is Mr. Urmson with his son?" she added. "I should like to see him first."

Nikomis fixed her small black eyes upon the girl, as if to find out what sort of stuff she was made of; and Elinor met her glance with an inspiration of curiosity on her own part. These two women, though they had often before been in each other's company, had never till now happened to think of taking each other's measure. But at a moment like this some such mutual inspection was natural and inevitable. Are you like me, or different from me? Have you good for my good, or evil for my evil? These are the unspoken questions which eye asks of eye. Persons of the same race and general condition may read the answers with comparatively little difficulty; but when the new comes in contact with the old, the invader with the aborigine, civilization with savagery, then does the inquiry become complicated. The most alien types of humanity may own a common elemental plane of sympathy, but there needs skillful surveying and deep digging through superincumbent strata to get down to it.

Elinor and Nikomis were outwardly different enough to render excusable a doubt as to whether there existed between them an internal likeness. The Indian might perceive at the first glance that Elinor was of a refined and straightforward nature; but she would probably wish to probe the fair-faced young aristocrat more deeply than this before admitting her to favor and confidence. Elinor, whose intuitions of character, though possibly correct enough originally, were too easily led astray, had in Nikomis a problem that might have posed any body. The dusky old witch looked capable of committing any kind of savage and gloomy iniquity that had been heard of since the deluge; and were it not that Elinor's aggressive sense of justice often led her to espouse the least plausible side, the Indian must have put up with a hostile interpretation from the outset.

"Cuthbert very bad," said Nikomis, in answer to Elinor's inquiry. "You can see him 'f you like—in there." She motioned with her head toward the chamber.

Elinor passed before her and went in. A slender, gray-haired figure in a brown dressing-gown was lying on the bed, with one hand over its breast, its eyes closed, and its face entirely colorless. Elinor went close up to it, but could perceive no motion or sign of life. There was a peculiar faint odor in the room, which the young lady instinctively disliked to breathe. After a few moments a tingling, numbing sensation seemed to creep through her body from head to foot, and she felt, with a fluttering of the heart, that the form which she looked upon would not respond were she to touch or speak to it. She stifled her own breathing in order to see whether the body breathed; but it lay awfully still. She now became aware that Nikomis was standing just behind her shoulder, and with a shock the thought entered her mind that perhaps this grim, inscrutable old savage had dealt foully with the lives committed to her charge. She recollected hearing certain things from time to time about Nikomis, which hitherto she had disregarded or taken in jest, but which at present went far to authorize her suspicions. It seemed more than probable that Nikomis had had motives to crime, and had waited so many years only for lack of fit opportunity: and what opportunity could have been more fitting than this? The horror of the situation so wrought upon Elinor as to lift her above the region of selfish fear. She did not think of herself at all, save as a voice and instrument of retribution. She looked round upon Nikomis, who stood dark and portentous at the foot of the bed, and at the same time grasped with one hand the sleeve of the prostrate figure's garment, as though at once protecting and seeking protection from the dead.

"Have you done this?" she asked.

The Indian's eyes glittered, and she threw up one arm above her head: there was in the gesture a revelation of savage and untamed power. The wild, lawless strain usually concealed beneath her stoical exterior seemed now on the verge of breaking forth. The furrows about her mouth and forehead and the harsh, stern features bore witness to the cruel and inhuman deeds told of her race.

"What you do here?" she demanded, in an imperious, guttural voice. "This all mine—Nikomis belong here. Nikomis kill, burn, drive all away. Garth, Cuthbert, Urmhurst—all mine. You better go away."

"They are not yours. They are mine—I love them," Elinor exclaimed, her slender figure seeming for the moment to expand and heighten. She stopped, gazing at Nikomis with an expression terrible to see on the face of a girl. Suddenly she came forward and stood so close to the Indian as almost to touch her. The latter's eyes blinked under so near and passionate a scrutiny. Some time passed—it might have been half a minute—before Elinor spoke, in a new tone, from which the unnatural huskiness had vanished. "You were not so wicked—you have not done it," she said.

"Nikomis belong here," re-affirmed the old woman, surlily. "This my business. They kill my people. What for me come here?"

But Elinor, with a brightening hope in

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her face, returned to Cuthbert, and bending over him, laid her delicate cheek beside his. It was not so warm as her own, but it was not cold; and presently a barely perceptible movement of breath whispered past her ear. She rose, smiling and tremulous from the recoil of passion. "Oh, Nikomis, he isn't dead," said she. "What is it?—you have given him an opiate to make him sleep. I am always distrusting and wronging people." She spoke with her eyes full of tears.

Nikomis grunted discontentedly and turned away. It looked as if the strange old creature really half regretted not having been so criminally revengeful as Elinor had fancied her. And truly, if she had come to Urmhurst with the intention of paying off on its occupants the ancient grudge of her tribe, she had good grounds for feeling dissatisfied with herself. As an Indian, the inheritor of a traditional policy of retribution, she had not acted up to what was expected of her; and she was not to be consoled by imputations of gentle charity and forgiveness. Elinor's first suspicion had probably suggested to her the idea of masquerading for a while in the guise of a wickedness not actually her own, and thus stealing credit for that which she had lacked gall to make a reality. But considering the proneness of red people to be stirred up to grisly heights of uncontrollable excitement, it is conceivable that Nikomis's imagination might so far have got the better of her as to issue in reality after all. Elinor's trenchant severity may have checked and detected her only just in time.

The girl took up her violin and bow, which she had put down on the bed. "How long will he sleep?" she asked. Nikomis grunted and shook her head. "Then let me see Garth now," continued the other. The Indian silently hobbled off toward the door, and pointed the further way, and Elinor entered the chamber quietly and alone. There lay he with whom her thoughts had dwelt much of late. Mrs. Tenterden's account of his maniacal frenzies had not prepared her for such a spectacle of helplessness and decay. A feeling of sharp distress made her mouth quiver, and contracted the lower lids of her eyes. But, again, he was alive, and evidently had received every care of which the case admitted. The bed and the room were spotlessly neat and fresh. Garth was lying with his haggard face turned sideways on the pillow, his eyes dull and partly closed, an intermittent, unintelligible muttering moving his unshaven lips. The fingers of one hand were fumbling strengthlessly at a gray twist of silky material which tightly encircled his neck. Elinor knew her veil at once; and though there was nothing she had more confidently expected to see, the verification of her prophetic thought gave her a pulsation of painful delight. She drew nearer, and stood between the sick man and the light; but he muttered on as before, and did not seem to notice her.

At this juncture she became conscious of a profound change which had taken place within herself during the last few minutes. She had set out for Urmhurst believing that she was about to imperil her life, and meaning to make that peril as inevitable as she might. But the searching though rapid experience she had passed through since her arrival had put her in a new mood, and she now recognized the unworthiness of her former one. She had pictured herself ministering to Garth, and winning him back to life at the same moment that she herself declined from it. Whether he lived or died, life would be equally a blank to her; but she could imagine a happiness in dying with the thought that but for her he might have died also. She had seen herself loosening the veil from his neck, and drawing it, poisoned as it was, across her face, pressing it to her lips, and at night folding it in her bosom. In the morning she would awake to a dreamy languor, which again should lapse into the fever that by sure and fatal degrees must bring her toward her death. And at the edge of the grave she would pause a moment to bid a quiet and forgiving farewell to the world she was leaving. Each friend who had cared for her should have a word—a token of remembrance. Garth Urmson would not be among those friends; but Golightley should have something—her violin, perhaps, which might utter to his ear in harmonious chords all that its mistress would fain have felt for him, but could not. But Garth would expect nothing from her; he did not care for her, nor she for him: it was with a quaint, grave pleasure that Elinor told herself this. He was nothing to her, savè in so far as he had made all other men and women in the world less than nothing. By no earthly possibility could they ever have become any thing to each other. Nevertheless, she had learned from him one thing—that God had not seen fit to make the man with whom she could have been happy. For had such a man existed, he would have looked like Garth, and spoken as he did, and shown like traits of temper and disposition; and still there would have been a great, indefinable difference. But since it was evident that no man who was thus at once Garth and not Garth could exist, the unavoidable inference was that she, Elinor, was out of place in this world. They were nothing to each other; yet through him she had acquired a commodity which, but for him, could never have been hers—the conception, namely, of an ideal man. For that she thanked him; and, on her side, was content to acknowledge the obligation by

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spending a healing, fatal hour at his bedside.

To some such effect had Elinor communed with herself while on the way to Urmhurst. But since entering there, her mind was changed. She had till then viewed her purpose mainly from the imaginative and, as it were, æsthetic side; but afterward she had unexpectedly found herself in the grim grasp of solemn and appalling realities. She had been made to know that the death which comes not in the strict course of nature is an awful and hateful thing, and that those who lend themselves to its infliction, whether upon themselves or others, how much soever they may strive to screen themselves with casuistry, are abominable before God and man. This was enough for Elinor, who was perhaps more apt than the generality of people to do right when once she had clearly convinced herself what right was. She perceived that the romantic circumstances wherewith she had draped and ornamented her intention were a mushroom growth of false and unwholesome sentiment; and when these were stripped away, the thing which they had masked stood forth in frank and naked ugliness—cowardly self-murder, neither more nor less. Elinor blushed, as at a suggestion immodest and indelicate. She faced once more the life which had never seemed so wearisome as during the short period of her self-indulgent resolve to quit it; and if she saw nothing pleasanter therein than heretofore, she had at least the sad satisfaction of knowing that there was no honorable alternative against it. But, indeed, at this moment, by a kind of instinctive wisdom, she forbore to dwell upon the future at all, and looked only to the duties immediately in hand.

The situation in its new aspect was not without its perplexities; for though her mind was changed, her peril from contagion remained unaltered, or nearly so. To leave the house without having done what she could for the invalid was out of the question; and though she might take every precaution imaginable, only the mercy of Providence could secure her from harm. Thinking this, Elinor was moved to do something which not every young lady of her age and experience of life would have deemed it worth while to do. She left the bedside, and walking to the window, knelt down there and clasped her hands on the broad low sill, and turned her face toward the cloud-flecked sky, as a child might have done; for there was a precious element of child-likeness at the core of her grave, reserved, and haughty appearance. She said no words, perhaps thought none, but simply opened the petals of her heart, and willed that the living God in whom she believed should see into it, and do His pleasure with her. Anon she rose and looked round with a downcast timorousness that would have surprised persons who had only met Miss Golightley in society.

But no one had seen her, and in a few moments she took her place in the world with renewed confidence. The dreamy exaltation of the earlier morning had passed away; so, too, had the violent revulsions of feeling which had followed it; and now she felt both inspired and practical, as those do who have been able to pray earnestly and unreservedly. She took the medicine box from the pocket of her scarlet jacket, and in a matter-of-fact but very skillful and self-possessed manner proceeded to administer the prescriptions, and otherwise carry out the instructions which the doctor had given. She had the power of self-concentration, and in fact could not help becoming so utterly absorbed in any thing that interested her as to be blind, deaf, and dumb, for the time being, to every thing else. It would have charmed a physician, amused Cuthbert, and scandalized Mrs. Tenterden could they have seen this cold-mannered, fastidious young lady busy with her whole soul in care of the unconscious invalid, herself more unconscious than he, pink and serious of face, light and effective of hand. She did not remember Garth until she had done with him. Few men (in a like position) could so completely have sunk the who in the what.

By-and-by she drew an awakening breath and paused, while the patient became an individual once more. He had taken his treatment so unresistingly thus far that Elinor thought she might achieve the second part of her mission (which was to relieve him of that silken necklace that he had come by so unaccountably) as readily as the first. Accordingly, though now with some little hesitation and shrinking, because the wearer of the necklace was at this moment less a convenient parcel of impersonal symptoms than a personal and inconvenient Garth, she bent over him anew, and began with wariest fingers to search for the knot. But immediately, and as if he had known what was intended, the invalid began to moan and feebly bestir himself, obstructing as best he might Elinor's already timid efforts. She was not many moments in coming to the conclusion that nothing could be done while he remained in that cross-grained condition; but neither was she so infirm of purpose as to yield until a certain original expedient of her own had received fair trial. The idea might or might not be worth any thing; it had occurred to the young musician without premeditation just before leaving the Danvers' cottage; at all events, she was disposed to put faith in it. Should it succeed, there would be for her a poetical beauty in the success which would render it doubly dear.

She took her violin and retired again to

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the broad window-sill; for Elinor always liked to be within hail, as it were, of the sky when she was doing any thing that involved the deeper energies of her nature; and after a little musing over the strings, she began to play. At first she kept her eyes toward Garth, to mark the effect upon him; but as the music grew upon her, she surrendered herself to it, and saw and communed only with the harmonious visions which her bow created. The chamber sang with wholesome melody; within the sphere of such fresh sounds it seemed impossible that any wrong or infirmity should exist. The discord of disease must surely be silenced and brought to health at the command of chords so finely potent and inspiriting. The knotted and disordered fibres must relax and gently re-assume their normal arrangement; the fever and the anguish must slink away, powerless to hold out against the sane and attempered onset of measured strains and tuneful cadences. That which is beautiful, in a word, must prevail over that which is opposed to beauty; and no kind of beauty so inwardly and vigorously affects the condition of most people as the beauty of sound. Garth, as Elinor knew, was peculiarly susceptible to musical impressions, and she believed it within her power to unlock the sinister distemper of his brain and body with the golden keys of harmony. Possibly, too, she counted somewhat upon a vein of personal sympathy on the æsthetic side between her and him, existing despite their incompatibility at other points—a sympathy enabling her to choose such concords as should medicine him best, and him to employ their virtues to the utmost. A person with less reverence for her art than Elinor might have dallied with so novel a project, but would have lacked the child-like confidence and constancy actually to attempt it. To Elinor, however, the divine efficacy of music was not questionable, and if she felt a doubt, it was only as to her own ability to do rightly what could be done.

To look upon music as one of the healing arts, if it be a heresy, is, after all, entitled to respect on the score of its primitive antiquity; and no doubt Elinor was quite enough of a classical scholar to have read the story of Orpheus, and drawn her own conclusions from it. I have called her idea original, and in its practical and particular application it was so; but most probably its germs had long been present in her mind, biding their time to blossom into definite form. Nor can I venture, in face of the magic doings of modern science, to deny its power so to analyze disease and melody as to match one against the other on definite fixed principles, and prescribe precisely the sort of tune most suitable to rheumatic cases, or pronounce what overture or symphony should be exhibited to sufferers from heart-disease or consumption. Beethoven, Bach, and Mendelssohn would then be hailed as among the great physicians of humanity; every doctor would keep his violin or flute in the same case with his pills and ointment, or even exclude the latter altogether; and medical students would divide their time between thorough-bass, pathology, and counterpoint. Whether or not this dream be ever realized, to Elinor must belong the credit of having been bold and simple-hearted enough to apply the theory as well as to believe in it, without waiting for the tardy experiments of science to authorize her in so doing. Boldness must not be left out of the account, especially if we regard the matter from Elinor's stand-point. Garth's life was at a low ebb, and whoever held the opinion that the right music would do him good, must also accept the risk of seeing him made worse by a wrong selection or a false accord. Elinor's only guidance here was again her intuition, and if it did not happen to lead her astray, the precedent must nevertheless again be acknowledged unsafe for general following.

Of false accords there certainly were none, and each fresh movement seemed to be a more subtle, persuasive, and unanswerable argument than the last, to forsake sickness and become sound and whole. Not a mere argument either, but a charm, able to effect that which it advocated. As she played on, feeling herself more and more at one with her instrument, a moment came, as once before at the picnic, when she seemed to herself to rise above the crabbed conditions of flesh and blood, and to address Garth immediately, in a sort of comprehensive and transcendent utterance; and he and she seemed the only realities in a world of shadows. With this fantasy came a sense of the inadequacy of any hand-made medium—even of a violin—to transmit or interpret the all of what she meant; and forthwith she relinquished it, as one forgets a thing outgrown, and merged, like a blackbird weary of its artificial accomplishment of whistling, into a full tide of native song. Now at last she knew herself at the height of her power, and did not think of doubt or failure. She journeyed on through happy realms of melody, at ease, untrammeled, and secure. Garth the invalid, gaunt, feverish, and feeble, had vanished from her apprehension; he was well again, with activities and capacities larger than before, at once the reader and the inspirer of her harmonies. Perhaps it is unwise to attempt to paraphrase in words the strange, unconditioned vagaries of a young woman's musical ecstasy. The best success can be but an obscure suggestion, which the charitable imagination of some few of the initiates may enable them to supplement. Be it rather said in simplest

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speech, therefore, that Elinor sang her fill, and stopped; and suddenly the ecstasy was gone, and the room and the invalid and the singer quivered back like a smitten harp-string into the unresponsive, staid rigidity of common life. The singer slid from the window-sill to her feet, and pressed the tips of her fingers to her temples, as though bewilderment were throbbing there. Presently she looked up, smiled, sighed, and anon slowly approached the bed, with a shy inspection of the bony, unshorn visage that was reposing on the pillow.

Garth's eyes were open, and for the first time Elinor saw in them a steady and intelligent light. Decidedly there was an improvement, though whether due to the doctor's remedies or to the musician's, the latter troubled not herself to inquire. She stood still for a minute or two while he looked at her and accustomed himself to the idea of her presence. There was no wonder in his regard—he had been brought too near the verge of life for that; it was a far-off gaze of solemn contentment; hardly the gaze of a living, material man, but suggesting the notion that a departed spirit had come back to earth for a moment, and was glancing at this life through the windows it had been wont to use while in the body. Elinor was slow to speak, lest it should vanish, after the manner of departed spirits, upon being addressed. At length, however, it seemed natural to say, in a subdued, fluent tone, as though they had previously been conversing together,

"You will feel better after I have taken that veil off your throat."

There was a long pause, as if the spirit were essaying to incarnate itself once more, and found some difficulty in making use of its fleshly instrument. Meantime the eyes kept up their look of inaccessible, contented gravity. Finally, after a trial or two, the voice came, slow, hushed, and intermittent.

"Yes. I—kept it—for you. It—came back to me—in—my dream."

Elinor also waited a while before replying, not because her voice was sluggish, but from an idea that such a halting mode of conversation would best suit her interlocutor's condition. "I shall have to cut it," said she. "The knot is too tight."

She felt in her pocket for her penknife, and brought out along with it a pair of gloves, which, mindful of her new purpose to avoid contagion as much as possible, she proceeded to draw on. But by the time she was ready, Garth had found his tongue again. "No," said he, with the quiet, unreasoning perversity of a helpless man; "untie it."

Elinor knew better than to argue the point with him, and even fancied she understood something whimsically complimentary to herself in his unwillingness to let her veil be summarily dealt with. She put up her knife, therefore, and set to work with her gloved fingers upon the compact intricacies of the knot. Neither the light nor the position of things was particularly favorable, and Elinor labored for some time, bending down her pure face close to Garth's, without accomplishing much. All the while she was wondering, with a still feeling about her heart, whether this idle whim of his would cost her her life, and, if it did, what he would think when he came to know it. Garth, for his part, was probably too near the balancing point of existence to feel as he would have felt in health; but the nearness of that face, with its lines as clear as flower petals', could not but have been grateful to him. Meantime her gloved touch was doubtless more or less objectionable to him, and had speech been easy, he might have remonstrated. As it was, he lay voiceless and motionless; and when at last Elinor conquered the knot and softly drew away the veil, he breathed an infantile sigh of satisfaction, which contrasted comically with the gaunt ruggedness of features that disease had made to look much older than before. His glance rested for a moment on the veil, which Elinor was now holding in her hands, uncertain what to do next; then, to her no small relief, his eyelids drooped and closed, and almost immediately he was deeply and serenely asleep.

She walked with a meditative step to the window, drawing the veil backward and forward through her fingers, and then unfolding it to its full breadth. It was woefully creased and soiled, and there were half a dozen rents in it. Needless to say, it could never be presentable as a veil again. Nevertheless, Elinor felt a strong, unmanageable desire to keep it, to treasure it, to hide it away in some place as near to her as remote from the rest of the world. Her former temptation came back to her, somewhat modified in kind, but even more urgent than at first. She leaned her shoulder and head against the window-frame, and looked out, folding her arms and crossing one foot over the other. The sun, half-way up the cold blue sky, was steering his course through bevies of broken clouds, and Elinor's oddly attractive countenance, with its small nose, low sharp-cut brows, high cheek-bones, and finely resolute mouth, was alternately lighted and shadowed by their flight. She leaned there many minutes, wholly rapt in serious musings. The bleak wide landscape met her eyes, and may have rhymed with her mood, but she was not actively aware of it. It was the vision of her future that possessed her. How more than bleak it was! It did not seem possible to her, as a modest and honorable girl, to fulfill the destiny that awaited her. A month ago, ignorant of her own nature and capacities, in a

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fit of cynical, self-contemptuous passion, she had pledged her word and surrendered her lips, and had felt and said, "It can never be undone." The month—or was it the last hour?—had taught her so much that, were the past revocable, not all the world could have prevailed upon her so to dishonor herself again. But now, what relief was there? Life was full of such hasty errors and late regrets. If it were unwomanly to submit, to resist was despicable. There was only one escape, but, oh, how easy and alluring! —wrong, perhaps, but surely there were greater wrongs. What use and good were there in death, save as it was a refuge from life's fatigue and bitterness? Might not one say, "Let it come," and yet be pardonable?

It is vain to seek answers to these arguments; they are based upon appearances, and can not be refuted from their own standpoint. Pagans can not refute them at all; but fortunately for the peace of Elinor's conscience, if not for the health of her body, she was not a pagan. When she had reached this crisis in her meditations, she stood erect, looking up, and twisting the veil into a ball between her hands. Grasping it tightly in one slender fist, she went to the fire-place and laid it carefully on the red-hot centre of the half-burned log. Afterward she pulled off her gloves and threw them in heedlessly among the ashes. She did not remain to watch the burning, nor stay in the room at all; but with a glance at Garth to assure herself that he was still sleeping, she passed out of the door, and with the business-like air of a professional nurse, betook herself to Mr. Urmson's chamber.

He was lying much as Elinor had left him; but after observing him for a while, she was of opinion that the effect of the opiate was wearing off, and that he must soon awake. She sat down beside him in a low, leather-covered easy-chair, leaning back her head and folding her hands in her lap. Now that she had come to a stopping-place in her morning's labors, she began to realize how greatly they had exhausted her. Her body felt as weary as her mind; but the fatigue was not of a painful sort, but such as made repose a luxury. She wished she might sit in that comfortable chair for a whole year, with nothing to think of and nothing to do.

Had she been in a less worn-out condition, the revelation of Mr. Urmson's evidently serious predicament must have kept her thoughts busy. She had always considered him to be in delicate health, but had supposed his ailments, if he had any definite ones, were nothing more formidable than the rheumatism, neuralgia, and dyspepsia to which any gentleman of his age and habits of life might be subject. His habitually composed and cheerful demeanor had seemed inconsistent with the presence of any more important disease; and Elinor, in common with most other people, had been too much occupied in enjoying the playful humor which derived an added charm from its possessor's bodily frailty to question much concerning the quality of his complaints. But as he now lay pallid and unconscious, without the power to beguile or parry the observer's attention, the lines of suffering worn into his face showed unpleasantly distinct, and the fact that they could ever have been kept in the background seemed more than ever remarkable. Elinor contemplated the refined, sharp-featured visage in a fit of dreamy preoccupation; but at length it occurred to her that a person so reserved as was this gentleman, and so sensitive to scrutiny, would be sadly discomposed at the idea of being stared at when the veil of his voluntary self-control was withdrawn. Therefore she chivalrously closed her eyes; and with the purpose in her mind to have an explanation with Mr. Urmson, so soon as he should recover consciousness, regarding the nature and aspects of his malady, she quietly dropped asleep. Thus it happened that in spite of the trouble and pain which seemed a while ago so dominant at Urmhurst, a stranger entering unheralded would probably have been first of all struck by the prevalent air of tranquillity and repose.

Minute after minute passed away, however, without the stranger making his appearance. Garth, in his chamber, was breathing his prosperous way through the first refreshing slumber that had come to him since the beginning of his illness. Cuthbert, by an occasional movement of the mouth and eyelids, or a slight change of posture, gave it to be understood that ere long he would emerge from his stupor; but Elinor, whose face had the rare charm of looking more lovely in sleep than in awakening, dreamed as sweetly and profoundly as a baby in its cradle. These three might have passed for the sole occupants of the house. Nikomis, if she were within-doors at all, must either have retired to her den in the garret or descended into the cellar; and we have no warrant for supposing the presence of any other person besides her. Nevertheless, had one of the three sleepers happened to wake up and listen intently, a dull intermittent sound might have been heard, whence proceeding it would have been hard to say, but sounding as much as any thing like voices conversing together in some corner remote from intrusion. Voices, was it? and not rather Nikomis humming to herself the burden of an Indian chant? or even the wind rumbling in the chimney and sighing hoarsely in the attic overhead?

However that might be, at all events there were none to listen. Sleep, which has something sacred in it, and through which mankind pass from one day to another, and from the old to the new, and

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from darkness into light, and from weariness to refreshment—sleep brooded over these three harassed persons, and perhaps brought them visions of a serener state of things to come. So sound was their repose, it would have needed a disturbance far louder than a distant murmur of voices or the complaining of the wind to have aroused the least rapt among them. They had surrendered their own self-guardianship, and lay helpless and exposed to whatever danger might have menaced them. But angels, it has been said, watch with especial jealousy over those who sleep, and perhaps the most fortunate thing that can happen to the unfortunate is to sink down in unconscious slumber at the moment when they have done whatever they could do, in vain.

The sun had passed the highest point that he would attain that day, before this peaceful condition of affairs seemed likely to be broken in upon. But soon after noon there was an alert, firm step upon the threshold of Urmhurst, and a brisk knocking at the door. The knock, like Elinor's earlier in the day, was not responded to, though the murmurs of the wind in the chimney seemed to have been startled into silence by it. Like hers, it was presently repeated, more emphatically than at first; but albeit the sharp echoes traveled through the old house from top to bottom, visiting every darksome nook and corner, and even finding their way into Garth's long-neglected studio, where the tragic picture of Lady Eleanor's wedding stood dusty on the easel, no one came forward to open the door and give the visitor, whoever he might be, a hospitable Urmson welcome. Cuthbert, indeed, sighed uneasily, and half opened his eyes for a moment; but no one else stirred; and Nikomis, if she were not asleep as well as the rest, was strangely neglectful of her duties. By-and-by the visitor, who seemed to be of a bold and impatient disposition, threw the door open, entered, and closed it again with a reverberating bang. He paused a moment in the hall, and then began an exploration of the rooms on the lower floor. Finding nothing there, he trod hastily down the wide passage to the staircase, up which he bounded with the light activity of youth, and after another short pause at the top to listen and reconnoitre, he turned to the right, and walked directly into the room where Mr. Urmson and Elinor were reposing.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Valleys lay in sunny vapor,
And a radiance mild was shed
From each tree that like a taper
At a feast stood. Then we said,
"Our feast, too, shall soon be spread,
Of good Thanksgiving turkey."

And already still November
Drapes her snowy table here.
Fetch a log, then; coax the ember;
Fill your hearts with old-time cheer:
Heaven be thanked for one more year,
And our Thanksgiving turkey!

Welcome, brothers—all our party
Gathered in the homestead old!
Shake the snow off, and with hearty
Hand-shakes drive away the cold;
Else your plate you'll hardly hold
Of good Thanksgiving turkey.

When the skies are sad and murky,
'Tis a cheerful thing to meet
Round this homely roast of turkey—
Pilgrims, pausing just to greet,
Then, with earnest grace, to eat
A new Thanksgiving turkey.

And the merry feast is freighted
With its meanings true and deep.
Those we've loved and those we've hated,
All, to-day, the rite will keep,
All, to-day, their dishes heap
With plump Thanksgiving turkey.

But how many hearts must tingle
Now with mournful memories!
In the festal wine shall mingle
Unseen tears, perhaps, from eyes
That look beyond the board where lies
Our plain Thanksgiving turkey.

See around us drawing nearer
Those faint yearning shapes of air—
Friends than whom earth holds none dearer!
No—alas! they are not there:
Have they, then, forgot to share
Our good Thanksgiving turkey?

Some have gone away and tarried
Strangely long by some strange wave;
Some have turned to foes; we carried
Some unto the pine-girt grave:
They'll come no more so joyous-brave
To take Thanksgiving turkey.

Nay, repine not. Let our laughter
Leap like fire-light up again.
Soon we touch the wide Hereafter,
Snow-field yet untrod of men:
Shall we meet once more—and when?—
To eat Thanksgiving turkey?

And though not, 'twere still ungrateful
'Mid such warm companionhood
To forecast the future fateful,
Finding there no balanced good.
'Tis but a type of finer food,
This plain Thanksgiving turkey;

Of higher gifts a quaint reminder.
Then let the bounty do its best
To make us gladder, stronger, kinder.
Bid no ghost to be our guest,
But eat as those now gone to rest
Once ate Thanksgiving turkey.

G. P. Lathrop.

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THE CAPTAIN'S SACRIFICE.

THERE are heroic souls who snatch their hard living from the perilous toils of our Northern lakes. Rough and rude, perhaps, but not the less are they heroes. George Manly was such a man. He had begun life as the son of a lake skipper, working his way by manly independence and straightforward honesty, until, at twenty-seven, he was master of his own schooner, and had placed his old mother above want. His father died a year before he was ranked among the owners of lake craft, blessing the son who had smoothed his way into the dark valley. Laboring for the sake of his parents, the young sailor had but little time to give to other matters or to think of his own pleasure. He had his dreams (what young man has not?) of a home of his own, and a loving woman to fill and make it bright. But he had closed his eyes to the thought until, at twenty-six, men called him a cynic because he avoided women. He was no cynic when the cry of the needy was heard, no cynic when those in distress called on him for aid.

He was hurrying home one night through the darkened streets of the city, having just entered port from Chicago with a cargo of grain. It was a bitter night, and the cold rain drove in his face and chilled him to the bone. He wrapped his water-proof coat about him and laughed at the storm. Suddenly he heard a cry, and, turning, saw a woman sink fainting to the pavement. It was an old woman, in the dress of the poorer class, carrying a bundle. He lifted her and carried her into a drug store, where she was revived, while he stood by waiting until she could speak.

"Where do you live?" he asked, kindly.

"I was going to 150 Mount Street," she gasped, "to Captain Archer's. Let me go, good people. The captain is sick and needs me."

"You can not walk."

"I will," replied the stout old creature. "He needs me, and I was his nurse."

"I'll get a cab and take her up," said Manly. "Make her wait."

So they retained her while he hurried out to get a cab, and when it came they drove through the night and storm to 150 Mount Street, and Manly ran up the steps, half carrying the old lady, who was still weak. His ring at the bell was answered, not by a servant, but by a young lady, who held a lamp aloft to see who were at the door. As she stood there, with a flood of yellow light falling about her, the young man thought he had never seen any thing so beautiful, and, like Prince Geraint, when he saw Enid at her father's ruined home, he felt that this was

"The one maid for him."

Her fair hair was banded back in great braids from her high forehead, and her eyes shone with a happy light. A plain wrapper of some dark material was confined at the waist by a girdle clasped by a golden buckle, and he caught a glimpse of a little foot peeping out beneath. Seeing the startled look on her face, he hastened to explain.

"You must not be frightened, miss," he said. "This old lady was taken ill in the street, and I happened to be near, so I brought her here, as she said she must come to 150 Mount Street."

"You are very kind," replied the girl, in her sweet low voice. "My father was unwell, and sent for his old nurse, but he did not think she would come out upon such a night as this. Are you better now, aunty?"

"She calls me aunty, the darlin'," said the old lady, "though I'm no more kin to her than you, blessin's on your handsome face! It's few young men would take the trouble for an old dame like me."

"The gentleman must be very wet," said the girl. "Shall I not show you a room where you can have a fire? It will be a pleasure to me."

"Thank you, miss," said the young man, bashfully, turning his wet cap in his hands. "But I've an old mother at home that will be anxious about me, as I'm a sailor, and she knows I passed the Welland, and will expect me."

"But you must leave your name, Sir. My father is a sailor too, and will want to thank you."

"No need of that, miss. I only did as any one with the heart of a man would have done. But he knows me well enough—Captain George Manly, of the schooner *Flying Arrow*."

"Indeed!" she said, with a bright smile. "I have heard him speak of you often, and after what I have seen to-night, I can well believe all his praise of you."

Poor George blushed to the very roots of his hair, and plunged into the cab, ordering the driver, in sailor fashion, to "heave ahead," and was driven rapidly home. Next day, while he was on the schooner, a boy came down with a note from Captain Archer, asking him to come up; and he was only too glad to avail himself of the invitation, though he would not acknowledge that he wished to get another glimpse of Myra Archer's beautiful face. He went in the evening, and Captain Archer, somewhat recovered from his indisposition, received him with the bluff welcome which only sailors can give, and made him feel at home at once. Then Myra came in, radiant in beauty, and played melodies, mournful and gay, with a feeling and expression which the young sailor had never dreamed of. He sat in a perfect maze, watching her white fingers threading in and out among the keys of the piano-forte, and evoking sweet music from the depths of the

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old instrument. He would have sat there for hours watching her and listening to the music, but Captain Archer would not have it. He liked to talk.

"Stop clawing that piano, Myra," he said, laughing. "What do you mean? When my young friend Manly comes to see me, do you think I do not want to hear him talk? There, get a chair on this side of the fire. I'm glad you got in just as you did last night, George, for, late in the fall as it is, the coast is dangerous. Did you hear of any wrecks?"

"Ay, indeed; the upper lake coast is lined with them. Thunder Bay is full of them, and I saw a bark ashore off Nine-mile Point, but her crew had left her. The *Bermuda* was in Port Dalhousie when I left, with a broken foremast. She will be down to-morrow, I reckon."

"It is a terrible life you live," said Myra, softly. She was sitting on a low stool, with her head upon her father's knee. "I used to fall asleep nights, and when the wind rose, I would be awake in a moment, thinking of dear papa."

"She's tender-hearted, is my little girl," said the captain, laying a caressing hand upon her head—"mighty tender-hearted, to be sure. I'm going to tell you a story about a man that sails these lakes; not an old man, yet in experience he is as old as the grayest among us. He used to sail a little sloop out of this port, and went a matter of forty miles up the coast for any load he could get. It wasn't much of a boat, you understand. He had two men besides himself, and one of them was in the cabin sick with the ague."

"Captain!" said George, faintly.

"Well, what is it? Don't cross my hawse in that manner, you young lubber. Let me tell the story."

"I wish you wouldn't," said George.

"Nonsense. You can see how short-handed this young un was, with only one man to manage a pretty heavy sheet, for some one had to steer; and there came up one of the biggest blows we had that year—a squall, I ought to have said. When it struck her she had every thing reefed snug, so it did no harm to the sloop, but it washed the sailor before the mast overboard. What do you think he did, this young captain? Did he leave that struggling man to his fate, and sail on before the wind? Not a bit of it. He threw her up into the wind, fastened the tiller, and ran down to bring the sick man up in his arms, and brought him on deck, propped him up against the helm, and got out a little dingy the sloop carried—not much bigger than a Panama hat—and went after that man. What do you think of that young tarry-jacket, eh? What are you blushing at, George Manly? You can't bear to hear good deeds spoken of, can you?"

"He did it," said Myra, with a glowing face. "He must not deny it, for I won't believe him."

He passed a pleasant evening, and after that found it very convenient to drop into the captain's house during the winter evenings to play a game of chess with him. And when the captain was not at home—and it was astonishing how often that happened—he would stay to sing duets with Myra. George had a magnificent voice, and they sang well together. The winter wore away, and George had fitted out the *Flying Arrow* for her upward trip, when Captain Archer came down to the boat.

"You don't go out to-night, George?" he said.

"I think so. The wind turns at midnight, and I think I must take advantage of it."

"Then you will have plenty of time. Where have you been the last two weeks? Myra had something to tell you. I must do it myself. My little girl is going to be married to-night."

George turned quickly away, and looked steadily across the harbor for a moment before he could trust himself to speak.

"Isn't it rather sudden?"

"Well, yes. I'll tell you about it. You see, he lives in Toronto, Gale Merrick does, and it was there my little girl met him. They have been engaged over a year. I wonder she never told you, for she always said, if she could trust any one on earth, it would be George Manly."

"I'm glad she likes me," said George, in a cold, dry tone. "I wish her every joy that can come to woman. She'll be a true wife to him, and she'll deserve all the love that any man could give her."

"Why, you've got to come yourself, George. Do you think Myra would be married and you not there? Why, there isn't a man on earth she honors more than you, and I believe if she hadn't met Gale, and been promised to him before she saw you, she would have given her heart to you."

"No," said George, sadly. "No such luck. I—I don't think I can come, captain. Say I wish them happy, but I can't get away. I would if I could."

"I don't believe she will take no for an answer, then," said the captain. "She'll send the carriage down for you, sure."

And so she did. But George had disappeared, and none of the sailors seemed to know where he had gone. The carriage came twice, but each time he was away. Where was he? Crouched down in a secluded corner of the lumber-yard near at hand, fighting the battle with his true, honest heart. "I could have loved her dearly," he said. "Life seems ended. And she asked me to come and see her marriage, the innocent child! She never knew I loved her,

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never knew how my heart was crying out to her night and day. Oh, Myra! Myra!"

He was so near the schooner that he heard the carriage come and go twice, and was glad it had not found him. Then his mood changed, and he felt that he must see her before she changed her maiden name, or die. He went to the schooner, threw off the blouse which he wore over his clothing, and went up. A servant met him in the hall.

"He's come! he's come!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. George, this will so please Miss Myra! She was almost crying because you would not come to see her married, and the carriage has just gone for you again."

"I suppose I could not see her before—before she is married?" faltered George.

"I'll ask," said the girl. "I know she'll come. Go into the parlor and I'll send her down."

Soon there was a rustle of muslin, and Myra floated into the room, so full of beauty and light that poor George stood, like one transfixed, gazing at her. Radiant! That was a tame word to describe such beauty as hers in her bridal dress. She gave him both hands in the hearty manner which had always characterized her treatment of him, and he took them in a clasp which made her start.

"You dear, good George!" she said. "So you thought better of it and came, after all. I would never have forgiven you if you had staid away—never, never."

"I am glad I came," he said, softly. "It is better so—better, far better. I wish I knew the man you are to marry. He must be a good man to be worthy of you."

"How highly you think of me, George!" she said. "I do not deserve it at your hands; but I would rather have you think well of me than any man—except Gale—in the wide world. There, you must let me go, for the bride-maids are calling me, and I am not quite ready. How do I look?"

He gave her such a look that she needed no other answer, but fled with glowing cheeks up the stairs. An hour after, George Manly stood in the shadow of the window-curtain, and saw her standing with her lover, and heard the solemn words fall from the lips of the divine: "And whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Two years passed, and the captain of the *Flying Arrow* was captain of a propeller which brought passengers and merchandise from the upper lakes. Those who knew him best were aware that he was pressed down by some great sorrow, but no one had known his grief except his mother. He had told her his story, and she fell upon his neck and wept for him, "as one whom his mother had comforted." But she was now at rest.

The propeller was passing out of the last lock in the Welland, and George was forward, watching her carefully, when passengers came on board. He had not time to attend to them then; but when the boat was fairly out of Dalhousie, and the mate could take care of her, he went into the dining saloon, for the dinner bell was ringing. They had few first-cabin passengers that day, though the steerage was full to overflowing. Most of these had already taken their seats, and George had begun to carve the meat, when the door leading to the ladies' cabin opened, and a gentleman came in, followed by a lady. The carving-knife dropped from George Manly's hand; for Myra stood before him, with the flush of happiness upon her cheek, and her eyes dancing with fun as they sought out George's face. They came forward, and he rose quickly, and greeted them as if they had been his brother and sister. Myra was unaffectedly glad to see him, and asked him questions of her old home, her father, and friends, and George answered her as well as he could. He could not see that she had changed in any respect—a little more matronly in figure, perhaps, but nothing more. Her eyes had the same old light in them which he remembered so well, and her voice was as sweet as ever. When dinner was over, Myra rose with an important air, and beckoned George to come.

"I have something to show you, Sir. You are to come with me at once, and tell me what you think."

George followed her mechanically into the ladies' cabin. A nurse sat upon a sofa near the upper end of the cabin, holding in her arms a baby—Myra's child. The young mother was down upon her knees beside it, pressing her lips to the sweet mouth of the child, which crowed and stretched out its little hands to her.

"Why don't you speak to him, George?" she said, pouting. "You don't hardly even look at him, you wicked creature, and you don't know what his name is."

"How could I know?" said George. "I hope he has a good name."

"He has the name of a good man and a brave one," she answered.

"Your father's?"

"George Gale Merrick. Now what do you think of it? I *would* have it, George, because I want, when my little child is old enough to understand what I mean, to point him out a model, and I want no better one than I have found."

The little fellow was stretching out his hands to George, who could not resist the child's pleading gesture, and took the little fellow in his arms. His voice broke as he tried to speak.

"You don't know how I feel it," he said, "that you should name your little child after me. I am not likely to have one by my own fireside, and it will be something to

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remember with pleasure in my lonely voyages that somewhere on the earth there lives a child who bears my name."

"George," said Myra, inexpressibly touched by the melancholy cadence of his voice, "why do you live a lonely life? There are dozens of girls I know who would be proud to be your wife."

"It can never be," he said, gently. And the solemn waves seemed to take up and sound the melancholy words. Myra had never dreamed of the true solution of George Manly's sorrow. In their intercourse she had looked at him as one immeasurably above her, to whom her childish chatter was simply amusing. But that he should love her! she would have laughed at the idea. Yet as she saw George standing there, gazing upon the sweet face of the child, an indefinable suggestion crossed her mind as to the cause of his gloom. Through the day he came to the cabin often; and once when Myra missed the child, the nurse told her that "the captin" had taken it on deck. She went out to look for him, and found him seated in the shadow of the cabin, the arms of the boy about his neck, and its little face pressed against his bearded cheek.

"I knew you had stolen him," said Myra. But the boy clung to his new protector, and crowed defiance to his mother. She drew a deck chair near the rail, looking out across the tranquil water. They were just steaming past Charlotte, and the long line of green coast lay bright before their eyes. George, looking at the northern sky, gave a sudden start, and a new trouble came into his face. He did not like the appearance of the sky. He had seen it look like that before terrific squalls, and he went away to prepare for danger. The sun set in a blazing sky, but it was the wrong kind of red—a lurid, fiery glare. The sailors shook their heads and looked significantly at each other. Myra, surprised by these strange glances, asked,

"What is the matter, George?"

"A capful of wind yonder, perhaps—nothing to speak of. You go into your cabin and never mind it. If there is any real danger, I will be the first one to tell you, never fear. Take her into the cabin, Gale, and don't mind the chatter of my men. If the lubbers had never sailed the lake, I wouldn't blame them so much. But—I don't like this. Go into the cabin."

The wind began to rise in fitful gusts, and the steamer was rushing through the water at her best speed, the foam piling itself in white masses about her cut-water. Below, her great heart throbbed and beat, while the firemen, smoke-begrimed and perspiring, piled wood in the furnace, and the engineer obeyed the order which came through the speaking tube to put on speed. Night came on, and the waves seemed to go down for a moment, and it was almost a calm, and then, without a moment's warning, the squall struck them on the beam. Many a sailing craft went down in that fierce gust, and even the steamer felt it. As she heeled to leeward, and every thing upon the windward side went thundering across the deck, a wail of despair was heard among the passengers. But, in obedience to the captain's order, the steamer's course was changed so that its bow pointed "into the wind's eye," while the fierce squall roared about her, and a watery deluge swept across her decks. George Manly, drenched by the icy flood, but bold and confident, kept his station behind the wheel-house, holding in one hand the speaking tube, and in the other a trumpet, for in the roar of the elements no human voice could have any power. A confused shout arose as a crowd of drenched passengers came rushing forward.

"Silence there, fore and aft!" cried the young sailor. "Watkins, take those people aft. What do they mean by this conduct when we are busy?"

The mate drove his confused flock before him to the after-cabin, locked them in, and pocketed the key, in spite of their remonstrances. He knew that they were safe if in that dark night they did not meet some other craft upward bound. The captain kept his lights up, the pyramid of colored lamps which tells of the coming of a steamer, and anxiously watched for those other lights which he must avoid. Sea after sea deluged them, and swept the decks clean of every thing not secure; but the sturdy sailors laughed at them. George called the first mate to his place, gave him the trumpet, and went into his cabin for a night-glass, when he was aware that some one was sitting on a stool in the forward cabin looking out at the window, and trying in vain to pierce the thick darkness beyond.

"Who is this?" he said.

"It is I, George," said the musical voice he had so loved to hear. "I could not stay in the cabin among that crowd of frightened people. Let me stay here."

"If you like it better," he answered. "Where is the child, and Gale?"

"They are in the cabin. Gale is not afraid, and is trying to calm those poor frightened souls. He is a brave man, George."

"I know it," said George, slowly. "I—"

Crash! Every thing seemed to reel as if a lightning stroke had touched the steamer and shivered her at once. A wild, piercing cry, heard above the roar and rush of the tempest, a terrible, agonizing scream from half a hundred throats, told what had happened. Some unfortunate craft at the mercy of the waves, without lights, or unable to raise them, had met the steamer in full career. There can be no conception of the terrible force of such a meeting. The crashing timbers, the shrieks of brave men, rose

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above the turmoil of nature. Then the steamer reeled on, staggering like a drunken man, and the unfortunate craft was blotted out. George had caught Myra, and held her close until the first tumult had subsided, and he felt the steamer gliding on unobstructed, when he released her, and rushed out into the gloom and took command of the steamer again. For two hours they rushed on, and the storm subsided, when the mate came to him, and whispered, in a horrified voice,

"We have sprung a leak!"

For a single instant the two men looked at each other in horrified surprise, and then George sprang for his trumpet. "To the pumps!" he cried. "Work with a will, men."

They worked as only men can who are fighting for their lives. But, fast as they labored, the water poured in faster than the pumps could draw it out. It gained, inch by inch, and George hurried about, preparing the boats for the salvation of the passengers. The storm had subsided as quickly as it rose, but though they now rocked idly upon the waves, they felt that they were doomed.

"Get out the boats!" cried the sailors. "Pumps can't save us. The steamer must go down."

They made a rush for the boat on the starboard quarter, but George Manly stood before it, a revolver in his hand, and warned them sternly back: "I am captain of this boat yet, and my passengers shall be saved first, my crew next, myself last of all. But the man who lays a finger upon any of these boats, except I order it, is a dead man."

They quailed before the determined captain, and when he called to certain ones to help lower away the boat, they quietly obeyed him. One by one the frightened passengers descended, until there was only room left for the four rowers and the mate who was to command the boat. "Away with you," said George. "You've a compass, Watkins?"

"Ay, ay, Sir. God bless you, captain!"

The boat pushed off, and the remaining one was lowered. It was larger than the one which had just left the steamer, but not large enough to hold all. George, with his own hand, placed Myra in the boat, and put the child in her arms. No one remained upon the steamer except Myra's husband and Manly. The sailors began to grumble.

"Come along, cap. She is getting heavy. But both of you can't come in this boat; she won't stand it."

"I know it," said George, calmly. "I am not going with you. Gale Merrick, get into that boat. The steamer will not be afloat in fifteen minutes."

"I will not go," said Gale.

"You must," replied George, almost fiercely. "And before you go I want you to take this letter. When you know that I am dead, give it to your wife. If I live, return it to me."

He thrust the sealed letter into the hand of the husband, and seizing him suddenly, forced him into the boat, and cast off the painter. The boat and steamer parted in the darkness, and George Manly remained upon the ill-fated craft, happy in the consciousness that he had heard her voice praying them to return and save him. He was glad they did not attempt it. The boat was loaded heavily already, and his weight would be too much. Climbing to the quarter-deck, he sat calmly down and awaited his fate. The last they saw of him, under the glare of the steamer's lamps, was his hand stretched out in a mute gesture of farewell. Living, no man ever saw his face again, and it was two days after when they found his body upon the sands. When he was buried, Myra's husband brought the package which this brave man forced into his hand upon that fearful night, and opened it. He had written hastily in pencil,

"MYRA,—Farewell until the coming of a brighter morning. GEORGE."

Inclosed was a will, bequeathing all his property to Myra. He had made this will long ago, and carried it with him, directed to her. He had written in pencil beneath it, "Teach the little child to think kindly of the man whose name he bears." Myra never forgot that prayer, and in the after-days her son revered the memory of no man more than that of the young hero who died in the darkness that other lives might be saved.

MUSCADINES.

SOBER September, robed in gray and dun,
Smiled from the forest in half-pensive wise;
A misty sweetness shone in her mild eyes,
And o'er her cheek a shy flush went and came,
As, flashing warm between
The autumnal leaves of slowly dying green,
The sovereign sun
Did gently kiss her; then (in ruthful mood
For the vague fears of modest maidenhood)
As gently and as lovingly retire
Behind the foliaged screen,
Veiling his swift desire—
Even as a king, wed to some virgin queen,
Might doom his sight to blissful, brief eclipse,
After his tender lips
Had touched the maiden's trembling soul to flame.

Through shine and shade,
Thoughtful, I trod the tranquil forest glade,
Upglancing oft
To watch the rainless cloudlets, white and soft,
Sail o'er the placid ocean of the sky.
The breeze was like a sleeping infant's sigh,
Measured and low, or, in quick palpitant thrills,
An instant swept the sylvan depths apart,
To pass, and die
Far off, far off, within the shrouded heart
Of immemorial hills.

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Through shade and shine
I wandered, as one wanders in a dream,
Till near the borders of a beauteous stream,
O'erhung by flower and vine,
I pushed the dense, perplexing boughs aside,
To mark the temperate tide
Purpled by shadows of the Muscadine.

Reclining there, at languid length I sank,
One idle hand outstretched beyond the bank,
With careless grasp
The sumptuous globes of those rare grapes to clasp—
Ah! how the ripened wild fruit of the South
Melted upon my mouth!
Its magic juices through each captured vein
Rose to the yielding brain,
Till, like the hero of an old romance
Caught by the Fays, my spirit lapsed away,
Lost to the sights and sounds of mortal day.

Lost to all earthly sounds and sights was I;
But blithesomely,
As stirred by some new being's wondrous dawn,
I heard about me, swift, yet gently drawn,
The footsteps of light Creatures on the grass.
Mine eyelids seemed to open, and I saw,
With joyance checked by awe,
A multitudinous company
Of such strange forms and faces, quaint, or bright
With true Elysian light,
As once, in fairy fantasies of Eld,
High-hearted Poets through the wilds beheld
Of shadowy dales and lone sea beaches pass
At spring-tide morn or holy hush of night.

Then, to an airy measure,
Low as the sea winds when the Night at noon
Clasps the frail beauty of an April moon,
Through woven paces, at soft-circling leisure,
They glided with elusive grace adown
The forest coverts—all live woodland things,
Black-eyed or brown,
Firm-footed, or uppoised on changeful wings,
Glinting about them, 'mid the indolent motion
Of billowy verdures rippling slow
As the long languid underflow
Of some star-tranced, voluptuous southern Ocean.

The circle widened, and as flower-wrought bands,
Stretched by incautious hands,
Break in the midst with noiseless wrench asunder,
So brake the Dancers now, to form in line
Down the deep glade; above, the shifting lights
Through massive tree boles on majestic heights—
The blossomed turf thereunder—
Whence, fair and fine,
Twinkling like stars that hasten to be drawn
Close to the breast of Dawn,
Shone, with their blue veins pulsing fleet,
Innumerable feet,
White as the splendors of the Milky Way,
Yet rosy warm as opening tropic day,
With lithe free limbs of curvature divine,
And dazzling bosoms of unveiled glow,
Save where the long ethereal tresses stray
Across their unimaginable snow.

One after one,
By sunrays kissed or fugitive shades o'errun,
All vision-like they passed me. First there came
A Dryad coy, her sweet head bowed in shame,
And o'er her neck and half-averted face
The faintest delicate trace
Of the charmed life-blood pulsing softly pure.
Next, with bold footsteps, sure
And firm as bases of her own proud hills,
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, upon her lofty head
A fragrant crown of leaves, purple and red,
Chanting a lay clear as the mountain rill's,
A frank-faced Oread turned on me
Her fearless glances, laughter-lit, and free
As the large gestures and the liberal air
With which I viewed her fare
Down the lone valley land,
Pausing betimes to wave her happy hand
As in farewell; but ere her presence died
Wholly away,
Her voice of golden swell
Did also breathe farewell.
Farewell, farewell, the sylvan echoes sighed,
From rock-bound summit to rich-blossoming bay—
Farewell, farewell!

Fauns, Satyrs, flitted past me—the whole race
Of woodland births uncouth—
Until I seemed, in sooth,
Far from the garish track
Of these loud days to have wandered, joyful, back
Along the paths, beneath the crystal sky,
Of long, long perished Arcady.

But last of all, filling the haunted space
With odors of the flower-enamored tide,
Whose wavelets love through many a secret place
Of the deep dell and breezeless bosk to glide,
Stole by, lightsome and slim
As Dian's self in each soft sinuous limb,
Her arms outstretched, as if in act to swim
The air, as erst the waters of her home,
A Naiad, sparkling as the fleckless foam
Of the cool fountain-head whereby she dwells.

O'er her sloped shoulders and the pure pink bud
Of either virginal breast is richly rolled
(O rare, miraculous flood!)
The torrent of her freed locks' shimmering gold,
Through which the gleams of rainbow-colored shells
And pearls of moon-like radiance flash and float
Round her immaculate throat.

Clothed in her beauty only, wandered she,
'Mid the moist herbage, to the streamlet's edge,
Where, girt by silvery rushes and brown sedge,
She faded slowly, slowly, as a star
Fades in the gloaming—on the bosom bowed
Of some half-luminous cloud
Above the wan waste waters of the sea.

Then, sense and spirit fading inward too,
I slept oblivious; through the dim dumb hours,
Safely encouched on autumn leaves and flowers,
I slept as sleep the unperturbed dead.
At length the wind of evening, keenly chill,
Swept round the darkening hill;
There throbbed the rush of hurried wings o'erhead,
Blent with aerial murmurs of the pine,
Just whispering twilight. On my brow the dew
Dropped softly; and I woke to all the low
Strange sounds of twilight woods that come and go
So fitfully; and o'er the sun's decline,
Through the green mist of foliage flickering high,
Beheld, with dreamy eye,
Sweet Venus glittering in the stainless blue.

Thus the day closed whereon I drank the wine—
The liquid magic of the Muscadine.

PAUL HAYNE.

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PEAT-FIELDS.

CHAPTER VI.

MADAME VALMY.

THE key which Madame Valmy had asked me for was not to be found, my cousin wrote, and Pauline and I went one day to the village lock-smith and ordered another in its place.

"Madame Valmy's Thérèse has already been here to tell me to make one," said Leroux, the lock-smith. "She desired me to send you the account."

Madame Coqueau, the lock-smith's mother-in-law, who was the village newsmonger, here chimed in. "The captain's cider and Champagne had arrived," she said. "No wonder they were in want of a key. And that Thérèse, for all her grim airs, was as fond of a bottle of good wine as others with half her pretensions."

Madame Coqueau evidently shared my dislike to Thérèse. Pauline and I said good-by to Madame Coqueau, good-day to the curé, whom we passed. We were walking home leisurely up the street, chattering and looking about. I had just asked where the captain was living, when we passed a low white house, covered with a trellis.

"This is his house," said Pauline, "and that is the doctor's opposite."

Then we came to the gates of the Pavilion, which were open, for Captain Thompson was crossing the court-yard from the house. He was looking very smiling and trim, as usual. He took off his hat when he saw us, stopped, and came up to Pauline, saying:

"I was just going in search of a good-natured person, mademoiselle. Would you consent to do me a favor? Fongtaine has been drawing up a paper for me. Sidonie can't sign, because she is interested. We want some one to witness my signature, and if you young ladies would be so kind as to come in for one minute, every thing would be en reggel. This is very good of you," as he stood by to let us pass. We went up the steps and past the kitchen. Thérèse was standing at the door with a saucepan in her hand. Pauline said "Good-morning," but Thérèse did not answer. She looked as if she would have liked to throw her saucepan at our heads. I could not imagine what we had done to vex her.

"You must not mind her," said Captain Thompson, as we came into the dining-room. "She is in one of her ill humors. Only Sidonie, who is sweetness itself, would put up with her. She is rude to every one. She positively refused to witness for us just now, and that is why I have to trouble you, ladies." Then he opened the drawing-room door and ushered us in. Sidonie, in her sweetest temper and blue trimmings, was installed in her big soft chair by the window. She seemed unprepared for our appearance, but her embarrassment did not last.

"Well, Sid, here are some witnesses," said the captain. "Now we shall get the business settled."

A huge foolscap lay on the table, emblazoned in Gothic letters with, "Will of Captain J. Beauvoir Thompson, of Amphlett Hall, Lancaster." M. Fontaine was writing something at a side table. He waved his hand to us and went on.

"There!" said the captain, as Fontaine finished. "Thank you, Fongtaine. And now, in case of any thing happening to me between this and the weddin', I shall feel sure that you won't be put upon, my poor little woman. I know I'm absurd, but—" He walked across to where Madame Valmy was sitting.

She did not notice him at first. "Why do you persist in dwelling upon such dreadful thoughts?" said she, starting up suddenly, with a glance at Pauline. "Why trouble yourself about me? I should manage somehow, anyhow, as I did before I knew you. What should I want else if I had not my foolish, foolish—"

Here she pulled out her handkerchief.

"There! there! don't cry, dear; it is all nonsense," said he. "You get anxious, you silly child;" and his voice softened. "Why, it was something you said yourself last night which put it all into my head. It is only a fancy. I sha'n't die any the sooner for writing my name upon a piece of paper."

As he walked back to the table, the door opened, and Thérèse looked in. He was deliberately writing his name with a flourish; Madame Valmy was watching him; and I, looking up, saw Thérèse's strange eyes reflected in the glass. Then Pauline witnessed the signature; and as she, too, suddenly met this strange fixed glance, she turned pale.

"What is it, Thérèse?" said she. "Why do you look at me like that?"

Thérèse gave no answer, but walked away.

Madame accompanied us to the door. She embraced Pauline, who seemed to me less demonstrative than she had usually been to her friend. At the end of the village street, by the church, we met Maurice.

"Were you coming to meet us?" Pauline asked, brightening up when she saw him.

He looked at her gravely, and said, "No, I was not, but I will walk back with you if you will allow me."

He and Pauline went first; I followed. I could not help, as I went along, speculating about Madame Valmy. It seemed to me that it was Fontaine who had been touched by the captain's affection for Madame Val-

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my far more than that lady herself, for she certainly was not crying when she pulled out her handkerchief.

CHAPTER VII.

COFFEE.

ENGLISH Parisians are a curious race of willing exiles from their own country. I remember how I and my companions as girls used to feel an odd isolation at times and shame for our expatriation. We used to hang up our youthful harps by the waters of Babylon and lament our captivity, and think with longing of the green pastures and still waters of our native land; but older people feel things differently. Captain Thompson, for one, was never so well pleased as when any body mistook him and his paddings and his blue boots for a Frenchman. He was respected in his own country; he was the master of a pretty home there and a comfortable estate; but his dream was to live abroad, and to be ordered about by the widow. He would have changed his name and his nationality, if he could, as he did his clothes and all his habits, soon after making Madame Valmy's acquaintance. After he knew her, time and space were not, except, indeed, so far as they concerned her and her wishes. For two years he had lived in her presence; he had taught himself French, which he spoke with wonderful fluency, and an inaccuracy which was almost heroic. Madame Valmy used to stop her pretty little ears at times; the captain would blush, try to correct himself good-humoredly, and go on again, after gallantly kissing her fair hand by way of making peace. Of his devotion to her there was little doubt; her feelings for him used often to puzzle me. She seemed to avoid his company, to be bored by him; to accept his devotion, his care, his romance, with weariness and impatience. I have seen a doubtful look in his honest round face at times, and then at a word from her, some friendly little sign, he would brighten up again.

Little girls who are not yet of an age to be engrossed in conversation or in their own affairs are more observant than people imagine; and although Pauline praised Madame Valmy from morning till night, I never heartily responded. She was white, she was pink, she was exquisitely dressed, she was kind, her eyes were blue under her thick fair eyebrows; but it seemed to me that her kindness, her grace, her soft colors, were not the spontaneous outcomings of a gentle heart, but the deliberate exertion of her wish to please, to seem charming to certain persons for purposes of her own. It seemed to me that she was stupid, and, with all her cleverness, devoid of imagination. I remember once seeing her push a toddling child out of her way into the gutter; the little thing fell and began to cry; Madame Valmy walked quietly on, scarcely glancing to see whether the baby was hurt. It was Monsieur Fontaine, who happened to be on his door-step, who came down, picked the child up, and gave it a sugar-plum, and wiped its face with his bandana handkerchief.

Madame Valmy had been spoiled all her life, by fortune, by misfortune, by trouble of every kind. She had married to escape a miserable home, but she married a rough and jealous and brutal man, whom she had never loved, and his cruelty roused all that was worst in her nature. Madame Valmy seemed to be utterly without the gift of conscience. Some people are said not to have souls—at least that is the only way in which I can account for events which came to my knowledge afterward, and which never seemed to me quite satisfactorily explained away. Sometimes I believe for a minute some vague vision of better things than her own warmth and ease and greed and need for admiration would come before her, but these visions were only passing ones; at the first nip of cold, the first effort of self-restraint, this weak, stubborn, reckless creature forgot every thing but her own grasping wishes—to be first, to be rich, envied, admired, to dazzle and eclipse all other women, to fascinate every man within her reach, to go to heaven charming M. le Curé and M. le Vicaire by the way—I can hardly tell what she hoped and what she did not hope. She was not grateful, for she took every thing as her due, while she had the bitter resentments of a person who overestimates her own consequence; but with all this, her manner was so charming, so gentle and sprightly, her laughter was so sympathetic, her allusions to her past sufferings so natural and so simple, that most people were utterly convinced by her. Madame Fournier and Pauline both thought there was no one like their pretty, poor, ill-used Madame Valmy. Fournier mistrusted her, but Fontaine would have gone to the farthest end of his commune for her, and as for our compatriot Captain Thompson, he was head and ears in love with her, and considered himself engaged to the sweetest angel in the world.

He had first known her at Visy in her husband's lifetime; it was from Valmy that he had bought his land and the little house in the village which he inhabited. Captain Thompson never spoke of those days. I have seen him turn quite pale when Fontaine made any allusion to the time when they first met. Fontaine was less sensitive, and used to give us dark hints of Madame Valmy's history. I remember one evening, as we were all strolling across the fields in

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the sunset, that Fontaine was discoursing about the Valmy *ménage* and stove in his dining-room.

"It is six years since it was put up," said he. "I remember that the only civility the late M. Valmy ever showed me was at that time. He came to see it fixed, and gave me several very useful hints."

"M. Valmy! You knew him, then. What sort of man was he?" said Madame Fournier.

"That would not be very easy to tell you," said Fontaine. "He was a man of military carriage, bronze complexion, a black, penetrating eye, a taciturn disposition. You may have heard how he locked himself up, and his wife too, for the matter of that. They say he once kept her for a whole month in one of those little cells out of the dining-room."

"Who says so?" cried a voice at our shoulder. "What a horror!" It was Pauline who had joined us.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" said Fontaine; "excuse my starting. In reply to your question"—and he lowered his voice—"Madame Picard mentioned the circumstance to me. She lived next door, and she heard it from a servant who was soon afterward dismissed."

"I don't believe it," said Pauline. "M. Fontaine, you should not repeat such things." All the same, I saw Pauline watching Madame Valmy that evening with strange looks of pity. Well, her troubles were over. Captain Thompson seemed to be of quite a different temperament from his predecessor, and his one regret was that there were not more families in the neighborhood with whom there was any possibility of intimacy. The retired pastry-cook in the house near the church was scarcely an associate for educated people; the doctor was a stupid little being, born in the village, and with two ideas in his head. One was that Madame Picard should look kindly on his suit, and join her fortune and her cows to his practice; the other idea was that an "infusion de thé" was a specific for every malady.

On this particular evening, as we walked through the village, Madame Valmy began to ask us all in to drink coffee in her garden.

"It is absurd," said she, "of me to invite you down from your pleasant terrace to my little parterre, but, as you are here, if you will come in, the captain shall make the coffee. Nobody understands the art so well as he does. Even Thérèse admits his superiority."

As she spoke she led the way, and we all followed, one by one. We came in across the court-yard, passed through the house, and into the garden again, where a table was ready laid, and some chairs were set out. Thérèse, looking as black as usual, and not prepared to admit any body's superiority, came and went with coffee, cups, and plates of biscuit and cakes, clanking her wooden shoes. The sky was ablaze, and so were the Michaelmas daisies in Madame Valmy's flower beds. They seemed burning with most sweet and dazzling color. A glow of autumn spread over the walls and the vines, and out beyond the grated door that looked upon the road and the stubble fields.

As I sat there, I looked back into the comfortable house through the drawing-room windows. M. Fontaine's dark innuendoes seemed utterly out of place amidst so much elegant comfort. How impossible crime and sorrow seem when the skies are peacefully burning, when the evil and the good are alike resting and enjoying the moment of tranquil ease! The captain may have been enjoying himself, but he was not resting. He came and went, puffing and hospitable, with a huge coffee-pot, from which he filled our cups.

"Prengar, mon fille," he said to the maid-servant over whom he nearly tumbled once, coffee-pot and all, in his eagerness to serve us. Pauline put out her hand—one of the small tables went over; Madame Valmy gave a little scream of annoyance; the hot milk was spilled over her pale azure dress.

"Sidonie! my dear Sidonie, are you hurt?" cried he.

She laughed, but it was an angry laugh. "I am not in the least hurt; it is nothing," she said. "You have only spoiled my dress, you or whoever it was;" and the gleam of her blue eyes seemed to say, Pauline, you have done it on purpose. "Here, Thérèse! bring a handkerchief," she said; "there is one in my work-basket."

"I know, I saw it there," cried Maurice, eagerly jumping and running into the house.

I thought Pauline looked a little surprised that Maurice should be so much at home at the Pavilion as to know the contents of Madame Valmy's work-basket. She said nothing. Madame Fournier stared at the young man when he came back, and if Fontaine had not started some discussion about the length of time that coffee should be allowed to boil, I think we should none of us have spoken. Presently Fournier put his untasted cup down on the table and looked up at the evening star, which was twinkling over the garden wall.

"It is getting cold," he said. "My rheumatism will not let me sit still here any longer. Pauline, will you come for another walk," said he, "so long as it is not in the direction of Étournêles? They have got their dance for the St. Côme."

"Papa," cried Pauline, "that is exactly where I want to go."

"Étournêles, is that where they are dancing?" said Maurice. "Why should we not go? The captain shall dance, and so will I, and here is our agile friend Fontaine," he added, laughing.

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"I would go four miles to get out of their way," said Monsieur Fournier, impatiently.

It is all very well for people who have danced for years and years to all manner of tunes and jigs until they are tired, to walk away quietly. Pauline and I were young enough to feel our hearts beat more quickly when we heard the scraping of fiddle-strings; our limbs seemed to keep some secret time to the call of these homely instruments (how many measures are there not to which one would fain keep time while life endures!). Some melancholy strain had been sounding in Pauline's ears as she sat among Madame Valmy's gay flower beds. The thought of the peasants' dance at Étournêles came to her, I could plainly see, as a distraction, a means of escape from oppressing thoughts.

"Dear papa," said she, "let us go; take mamma home. Maurice is here, he and Monsieur Fontaine will see us back."

"And I may be allowed surely to chaperon the young ladies. They would enjoy the dance of all things," said Madame Valmy, recovering her temper.

But Madame Fournier objected, as any properly educated French mother would be sure to do. Pauline must not be seen in public without her. What was Madame Valmy thinking of? To every body's amazement, Madame Fournier actually proposed to walk another mile to the dancing place. "M. Fournier, *thou* wilt send back the carriage to fetch us," said she, decisively. "Tell Jean to wait for us at the corner of the road by the captain's new shed."

"Ah, yes, the machine is not working at this hour," said Fontaine, "or else it is hardly the place where I would recommend a carriage to wait."

It was settled. Fournier marched off to his evening paper; we started in couples and triples across the fields. I was surprised to notice Madame Valmy's childish excitement. She was nodding and wriggling in a sort of exaggeration of her usual ways. Pauline plodded alongside. Monsieur Fontaine had offered his arm to Madame Fournier, who had tied her handkerchief under her chin.

"Allow me to compliment you upon this extremely becoming toilet," I heard the Maire saying to her. "Sprigs upon a white ground are always in good taste."

Captain Thompson was still ruminating upon the accident. "Spilt milk. There's a proverb about spilt milk. It was a mercy her arm wasn't burnt; she would not have been able to come this evening. I don't know if you young ladies mean to dance. I think I would take a turn myself if I could find any one to take pity on me. You may well look surprised, Miss Anna. But I don't know how it is," said the little man, "every thing seems so happy; and though I'm a middle-aged man, yet I feel as if I were a boy again. I have been very fortunate; I have had better luck than I deserve all my life, and now this sweet angel has taken pity on me and consents to take me under her wing. No wonder I feel young."

CHAPTER VIII.

A COUNTRY-DANCE.

A PEASANTS' dance is always a pretty, half-merry, half-melancholy festivity to persons looking on. The open air, the rustle of trees, the mingled daylight and darkness, the freshness, the roughness, the odd jingling of the country music, the rustic rhythm of the dancers; the country people coming across fields and skirting the high-roads; some feeling of the long years of hard work before them, of their daily toil intermitted; the echoes sounding across the darkening landscape—all these things touch one with some strange feeling of sympathy and compassion for the merry-makers. We were bound to a certain open green at Étournêles where the villagers used to meet and dance on Sundays after church, while the elders looked on, smoked their pipes, and made their comments to the merry jigging and jingling of their children's pleasures. The refreshments were simple enough, and consisted of a little beer, a few cakes, or pears, baked in the country ovens, and set upon a wooden board under a tree. The music was made by a boy blowing on a pipe, an old man scraping a fiddle, sometimes on grand occasions such as this a second fiddle was forthcoming, with an occasional chorus of voices from the people dancing. When the grand ladies and gentlemen from the houses all round about came to look on, the voices would be shy and hushed for a time. But soon the restraint would wear off; the dancers, carried away by the motion and the exhilaration of all this bouncing and swinging, would burst out anew; sometimes the fine people themselves would be seized with some sudden fancy to foot it with the rest. The grand gentlemen would ask the village maidens to dance, or lead forward one of their own blushing ladies, half shy, half bold.

Pauline was shy to-night, and when Maurice invited her, as he was in duty bound to do, she hung back a little ashamed, and yet, as I could see, she was only wanting a few words from him to give her courage. Her eyes looked so kind, her smile was so humble and yet so sweet for an instant. She blushed. "Won't you come?" said he, gayly.

"Don't you see that the child is timid?" said Madame Valmy, hastily. "I will begin! I am an old woman; I have faced more terrible things than a village dance. Will you hold my fan, M. Fontaine, and my shawl?"

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Maurice could only offer his arm with ready alacrity.

Fontaine bowed and took the fan, Pauline's happy eyes seemed to grow dim. The country people looked on; they had whispered a little to each other, hung back for a few minutes, and then again they seemed to be caught up by the wave and to forget our presence. The trees rustled over our heads, and some birds, awakened by the music, chirped a note or two. The fields lay darkling round us; a great round pale moon slowly ascended from beyond the distant willow-trees. Its faint rays lit up the dark fields beyond, and the canal gleamed; so did the tiled roof of the new machine-house as it glittered in the light of this cold river of light.

Madame Fournier found a seat on a bench under a tree; Pauline and I stood beside her; our gentlemen came and went. There was a paper lantern hanging from a branch just over Madame Fournier's head, so that she seemed a sort of beacon to return to at intervals. Captain Thompson, seeing that Sidonie was dancing, invited me. We did not join the general circle, but chose a modest corner in the shade, where he and I danced a little polka to the music on our own account.

When he brought me back to Madame Fournier, Madame Valmy, with a lively sign of the head, was just going off a second time with M. le Comte.

"Ah, capitaine!" said Fontaine, who was standing by, "we are admiring Madame Valmy's graceful talent. Yes, from out yonder you will see them better. Admirable man!" said the Maire, looking after him; "there he goes! Times are changed since I first knew Madame Valmy. Look at her! what grace, what gayety! Ah! here is our good doctor. How do you do, Poujac? What are you doing here?"

"I have been to see Madelon at the mill," said Poujac, with a professional air. "She sleeps, eats; the symptoms are good. I feared cholera, but there is no danger whatever. I am glad to see Madame Valmy enjoying herself so much. She too has been indisposed. She sent for me only yesterday; my medicine has done her good. How she goes round! Look at her! round and round!"

"Madame Valmy indisposed!" said Fontaine. "She never complained to me."

"Oh," said Poujac (he was a little high-shouldered shuffling man), "it has been a mere nothing—malaise! migraine! want of sleep, want of sleep! She could not close her eyes for the rats in that garret. I know them. I lived in the house that winter after poor M. Valmy died. There was noise enough to wake a regiment—wind in the chimneys, rats and mice racing in the wainscot, and that tree outside creaking and swaying. Along with Madame Valmy's medicine I sent some physic for messieurs the rats, which I found very efficacious when I was there. Those old houses, they are all alike. I infinitely prefer my present domicile." And Poujac, seeing a patient, walked on with a bow to Madame Fournier.

"Excellent man!" said Fontaine, aloud, as Poujac walked off through the crowd. Then he continued, lowering his voice: "He may well complain of the noises in that house. There are those who assure me that rats can hardly account for the extraordinary noises which are heard in the Pavilion at times. Those who believe in the supernatural declare that— But we will not talk of it. La Mère Coqueau, you know her—her daughter married Leroux, the blacksmith—once ventured to ask Mademoiselle Thérèse her impression. She says she shall never forget the look in the woman's face."

"Madame Coqueau is an old gossip," said Pauline, impatiently. "Why are you always quoting her, M. Fontaine?"

"She has played her *rôle*," said Fontaine, slightly offended. "I do not wish to bring her again upon the scene." Pauline, however, was not listening to the Maire, but to the music, and her eyes were following Maurice and Madame Valmy twirling in time to it. The two fiddles were answering each other with some fresh, sudden spirit, and the whole company seemed stamping in time to the measure. A little wind came blowing from across the fields.

Madame Fournier, who liked any thing in the shape of a medical disquisition, now began asking, with some interest, how M. Valmy died. "It was an unhealthy season," said Fontaine, with his eloquent finger. "He had caught some chill out in his peat-fields, and he sent for Dr. Poujac. He seemed recovering; they talked of moving to Paris next day, when in the evening he was suddenly attacked with stomach cramp. Poujac was again sent for—I fetched him myself. He did every thing that could be done—applied cataplasms of bran, prescribed infusions of tea and of violets. I called to inquire the first thing in the morning. Madame Valmy was most unremitting in her attentions; she allowed no one else to come near him, gave him every medicine, watched him night and day; nothing was neglected; it was all in vain; he died, poor man, and so much the better for every body. You would not recognize Madame Valmy now if you had seen her then. Have you ever remarked a blue scar upon her throat?" said Fontaine, in a whisper, for Maurice and his partner were dancing past us at that moment. "Shall I tell you—"

"I have no curiosity for such details," interrupted Pauline, coldly. "She has evidently forgotten her troubles, whatever they may have been."

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"But this cholera is alarming," said Madame Fournier, with placid persistence.

"A man and an old woman died at Étournêles last year," said Fontaine, "and you know what terrible mortality we have had in Paris."

"So it *was* cholera?" said Pauline.

"Dr. Poujac had no doubt whatever on the subject," replied the Maire.

"I never pay the slightest attention to any thing that Dr. Poujac says," cried Pauline.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle" (in a reproving tone). "Our excellent doctor has had great experience both with cattle and human subjects. He described the theory of cholera to me only the other day. It is now proved to be some subtle poison which penetrates the system; Valmy, predisposed to absorb the miasma, fell a victim to its fatal influence.—Mademoiselle," said the Maire, interrupting himself suddenly, "they are playing a country-dance. Will you not honor me?" The fiddlers had changed their key.

Madame Valmy came gayly up, sliding her feet, leaning back on her partner's arm. She looked into Pauline's face with her sparkling blue eyes. "Dear Pauline," she said, "you must spare M. Maurice to me for this one more dance. I am positively a child where dancing is concerned. I could go on for hours." It certainly occurred to me that Pauline and I were a great deal younger than she was, and not less inclined to dance.

Pauline, however, refused Fontaine's invitation, although I heard Madame Fournier nervously urging her to take a turn. The girl was very pale, very determined. She wished to remain by her mother, she said.

It was at her suggestion that Fontaine offered me his arm, and we set off together; but Pauline's looks haunted me, and I thought that my partner also was preoccupied.

Sometimes as we twirled in time, and advanced and retreated, I caught sight of Captain Thompson's little round face, anxiously watching his beautiful Sidonie in her flights.

"She dances too much," said Fontaine, who was also on the look-out. "When people have had such a life as hers, they are apt to forget every thing when pleasure comes in their way. But I can see that Thompson, who is the best fellow in the world, is vexed. Valmy never allowed her to dance. Perhaps he was in the right."

Fontaine seemed haunted by some spirit of reminiscence that evening. At every pause in the dance he kept returning to the story he had been telling us. "Who would believe in the past, who saw her now?" he said. "I know for certain she was once met flying from her home, but Valmy came after her, and she went back to him. They say he kept her locked up for three months on that occasion. It was then he had the gate leading from the court-yard to the garden fastened up."

There was something revolting to me in the thought of a woman, who had suffered so much, now apparently forgetting it all to the sound of a fiddle; forgetting her own past and another person's present—so it seemed to me. She appeared to have no scruples; she absorbed Maurice that evening, without a thought for Pauline, or for Captain Thompson, who went away, I think, for I saw him no more. Maurice asked Pauline to dance once again, but it was evident that it was only from a sense of duty that he did so; and if Pauline consented, it was only to give a countenance to Maurice himself, and to prevent people from saying that he was entirely neglecting his betrothed. It was not a happy evening. Madame Fournier alone should have been satisfied. She made a heroic effort to give her daughter pleasure; her conscience was its own reward.

"Are we never going home, mamma?" said Pauline, wearily.

The music had ceased, the peasants were talking together and buzzing like a swarm of bees. As we were making our way across the green, toward the corner of the road where Madame Fournier had desired her carriage to meet her, we came upon two gentlemen walking arm in arm in the shadow. One was Maurice, the other was Fontaine, who seemed to have drawn his companion away from the crowd. It was impossible not to gather portions of the Maire's emphatic sentences as we came along: "You can not prevent chattering tongues. Your duty to your interesting *fiancée*—excuse the frankness of an old friend."

Pauline stopped short, shrinking back. "Oh, mamma!" she said, breathing quickly. "Is this true? Every body talking. Oh, come away. Oh, what shall we do?"

Madame Fournier, with some motherly presence of mind, only shrugged her shoulders. "My dear child, if we listened to all the advice people give, do you think any body would ever have a moment's peace? Fontaine is a chatterer who likes to make gossip where it does not exist."

"Ladies, you are going?" cried the Maire, springing forward as he heard his name. "M. le Comte! Mesdames Fournier are going. I will call their carriage," he continued, talking on to hide his embarrassment.

The music had begun again. Maurice, looking very black and very stiff, came up to the carriage door.

"Are you coming with us?" said Madame Fournier, very coldly.

"No, no; remain and dance your dance

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out," said Pauline, not unkindly, but in a chill, sad voice that seemed to come from a heavy heart. Maurice bowed, and we drove away without him, and reached home in silence.

"Well, have you enjoyed your dance?" said Fournier, when he let us in.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EXPLANATION.

When I saw Madame Fournier again next day her eyes were red, her face was pale, she looked as if she had not slept, and Fournier himself did not seem to me in much better condition. It was a melancholy morning. The old couple kept together. Fournier avoided De Mesnil; Madame Fournier treated him with ceremonious politeness. Pauline, I think, must have guessed what was coming; she staid in her room all the morning, and sat over her embroidery, stitching and stitching as women do who are anxious, and who can not trust themselves to cease from work. De Mesnil did not appear at luncheon.

M. Fournier had pulled his little black velvet skull-cap over his eyes, he had tucked his afternoon newspaper, unopened, under his arm; he was walking up and down the hall, crossing and recrossing the great square of light by the open door; his coffee was standing on a table, cooling and untasted; his brows were bent, his steps were hurried and heavy. Fontaine's remarks, as repeated by Madame Fournier, had made a great impression upon him. It was all the more vivid because the Maire had seemed to him to repeat his own impressions. It does not matter whether impressions are real or imaginary, the fact of another person unexpectedly speaking out what we have secretly felt seems to give a sudden life to our silence. The feeling becomes a part of real things; it gains speech and action; it is life itself, and ceases to be a criticism. Fournier's idea that Maurice was trifling with his daughter, and not behaving well by her, now seemed to take consistency and shape, voice and action; all his deep tenderness for Pauline turned to indignation against Maurice, when he thought of her. But I don't imagine that Fournier, good father as he was, quite understood what it was he was asking of his daughter when he expected her to give up suddenly and immediately the wonderful, new, irresistible interest which had come into her existence. All her life Pauline had wanted affection, and though she had known Maurice only for a few weeks, the instinct to love and to devote herself had been there long before. She had been told that he was the person with whom the rest of her life was to be spent, she had felt that it was to him that her heart went out unhesitatingly; it seemed so natural to love him, so unnatural not to love him. Her affection for him seemed to her something quite independent of his affection for her — in the same way as a mother's affection for her child does not depend upon that child's feeling for her. Fournier called to Pauline, and she came hurrying up to ask what he wanted. What was it her father was saying as he marched up and down? He told her that he could allow this trifling no longer, that she must take courage and face the truth, and acknowledge it to herself; that De Mesnil was playing with her, acting dishonorably. It was as if some one had suddenly struck a heavy blow upon her heart.

"What do you mean, papa?" said Pauline, leaning back against the billiard table. "Why do you say this?" she asked, speaking with dry, parched lips. She had known what was coming, but she had put it away all that day.

The old man was so unhappy at what he had to say that he answered sharply, from pain of the pain he was giving.

"You know what it means as well as I do, Pauline," he said. "I am not a patient man; I can not wait in silence and see my daughter insulted, while I, her father, am outraged, defied. Look; can you not see for yourself? Have you no dignity, my child?"

"I hope not," says Pauline. "What has dignity got to do with what one feels in one's heart? Dignity is for outside things."

"Hush, Pauline; don't talk such nonsense!" cried Fournier, exasperated; and indeed I could understand it.

By some unlucky chance, at this very minute our usual visitors came along the terrace, the captain and the Maire and Madame Valmy, and Maurice, who had been walking up and down an hour past, and seen them coming, and gone to meet them. The captain was a little ahead, talking to Fontaine. The two gentlemen did not come up to us at once, but turned up the path that leads to the stables.

Maurice had stopped short, unconscious of the eyes that were fixed upon them. He was gazing up into Sidonie's face. She was half turning away, half accepting his homage.

"To-morrow," cries Fournier, furious, "he goes back to his garret! That devil of a woman may follow him if she chooses. My daughter and I wash our hands of him. Such conduct is not to be entertained by honest people. Do you hear, Pauline?"

"I hear you, papa," says Pauline. "It is enough to break my marriage, without breaking my ears as well;" and then she changed. Somehow a great blush came into her face, and she said, "One thing I ask,

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which is, that you do not condemn Maurice unheard. I shall never care for any one else; never, papa, never; remember that. *I* shall not forget, even though he may forget me."

"Is this the way you speak—you, a modest girl, brought up at your mother's side?" cries Fournier, furious, bothered, and affected.

"Well, then, I am not modest," cries Pauline. "And the thing that I am most grateful to you for is that you have brought me up to think for myself. I am not like Marie des Ormes in her blue and white. I am not a gentle, obedient young girl. I respect my parents; I will not act against their wishes. But oh! that it should be you, of all the people in the world, to make me so unhappy!" cried Pauline, with a great burst of tears, throwing herself into her father's arms. "And oh! I love him, father; with all my heart I love Maurice."

"My child," cried poor Fournier, "it is not I who make you unhappy. Don't, my dear one, I beseech you, do not cry. It is that imbecile out yonder. Look at him—he has forgotten your very existence. May the devil take that woman! The day will come when you will thank your old father."

"Let Maurice come and explain for himself," cried Pauline, very loud and not caring who heard her. "Maurice! Maurice!" she called, going to the door. Maurice heard Pauline's voice calling across the terrace. I saw him turn, say something hastily to his companion, and come hurrying toward the house. His face looked so pale and scared, his eyes so bright and wild, that it seemed to me that he was at least no heartless, indifferent actor in the play that was being played out.

Pauline was still standing at the door when Maurice came up. She went up to him and put out her hand, but he did not take it. She began at once without any preamble.

"I called you; I want to hear the truth from yourself. Do you know what my father is telling me?" she said. "He says that all that has passed between us must come to an end; that you must go back to Paris, and that I must stay here and marry somebody else. What do you say to his plan? What do you say to it?" she repeated, shrilly, with her eyes fixed upon his face.

For a minute Maurice was silent.

"What does he say? Who cares what he says?" cried Monsieur Fournier, almost brutally. "All he has got to do now is to hold his tongue. I don't suppose he wishes for any explanations from me. If he does, he may chance to hear things which may not please him."

"You can not tell me any thing I do not already know, that I have not already told myself," said the young man, speaking in a low, thrilling voice, quickly and distinctly. "You may say to me any thing you please; it is only what I deserve to hear. The deep respect and gratitude I feel for all your daughter's goodness and—"

"Be silent!" shouts Fournier, in a rage. "Do you suppose that any one here wants your fine speeches? Take them where they are in request, but do not insult my daughter by such professions after your conduct."

"He does not insult me, papa," Pauline said; "I believe him." There was something touching in the girl's honest accent. "I believe him, and so do you;" and she took her father's hand in both hers as she spoke. "I am not going to marry him. I could not, if it is true that he feels as you think. I do not wonder at it." Her voice faltered. "But you see I can understand it all, and I dare say I should do the same as he, and be ready to leave the people who cared most for me for those I felt I loved the best."

Her steady voice failed; she could scarcely finish her sentence, and she turned from us and ran quickly up stairs to her room, passing Madame Fournier, who was leisurely creaking down from her afternoon nap to wakeful life again. Madame Valmy also appeared at the same instant, smiling, in the doorway. I wondered she had the courage to walk up as usual. With an impatient exclamation, Fournier moved away.

"This is intolerable. Come in here. I have to speak to you in private," he said to the Comte. And he walked to his study, followed by the young man.

"What is it, mon ami?" said Madame Fournier, trotting in after them.

"What is happening?" says Madame Valmy, looking round. "Why has every body run away?" and she settled her laces and gently flirted her fan. "Here you are! have you been to the stables?" she said, as the captain and Fontaine now joined us. "All the Fournier family are shut up in there," said she, pointing. "They seem engaged on some very mysterious business," continued Sidonie, sinking back for a moment in a big chair.

We could hear voices rising and falling behind the closed door, and more than one angry burst from Fournier. I think Madame Valmy might have guessed what it was all about had she tried to do so.

"I am privileged, I will ascertain," said Fontaine, walking with precaution across the hall and knocking carefully at the door.

"Who is there?" shouts Fournier from within.

Fontaine opens the panel a little way, slides in—the door is again shut. Madame Valmy shrugs her shoulders and begins to walk about the room.

"That is a pretty print," says she, looking at a framed plan of Sebastopol which was

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hanging on the wall. Then, with a slight yawn, "I am tired," she said. "I think I should like to go home, if Mademoiselle Anna will make my excuses to Madame Fournier when the mysterious business is over. Take me home, Beauvoir."

Captain Thompson started up delighted. It was not often that his lovely intended would consent to come away under his exclusive escort.

"Yes, you are tired; you should rest," he said. "Yes, let us go at once. You are not strong, Sidonie; you take no care of yourself." In this he was quite mistaken, poor man!

But if Sidonie had wished to spare herself a scene, she was too late, for at this moment Pauline, still looking very pale, but quite composed, came down the stairs again, and as Madame Valmy was going, she called to her to stop.

"You are all so mysterious that I think we had better run away home to-night," said Madame Valmy.

"Is Maurice already gone down to the village?" Pauline asked.

"Why do you ask *me*?" said Madame Valmy. "He is still here, I believe; but I am not his keeper. It is not me he is obliged to marry;" and she turned with a curious feminine dart, and took Captain Thompson's arm.

"Come, Beauvoir," she said; "Mademoiselle Fournier will be best without us."

"No, I want to speak to you," said Pauline, gravely; "stay for a minute."

"I will go outside," cried Captain Thompson, still quite unconscious. "I will smoke my cigar, and when you young ladies have had your confab, call me back, Sid, for you ought to get home."

He walked away. Madame Valmy was, I think, curious to know what Pauline had to say. She let him go, after a moment's hesitation, and came to meet the girl with an odd smile.

"Have you had a quarrel?" she asked. "Do you want me to help you to make it up? I'm afraid it *was* very naughty of him to dance with me all last night; but I have got him into good training for you, and you ought to be grateful," she said, with a laugh.

Sidonie was not used to simple outspoken natures such as Pauline, and she did not calculate upon the consequences of her ill-timed joke.

"Listen," said Pauline, in her dogmatic way; "do not think that I do not blame you because I am silent. Why did you come in our way? I could have made him happy, I think, if it had not been for you. You say you are not going to marry him. Do you think it is any comfort to me that he is to be made unhappy too? Are you acting honestly by us all?"

As Pauline spoke, a sort of light came into her eyes and a tone into her voice. She looked far handsomer at that moment than Madame Valmy, as she stood her ground, sincere, indignant, alive, uttering her protest against wrong.

Madame Valmy seemed to me to grow pale, then gray; all the beautiful color died out of her cheeks, all the glitter out of her hair. She laughed a nasty little shrill whistling laugh. "What a dear impetuous child you are!" she said, "and what foolish, foolish things you take into your silly little head! What have I to do with all this? M. De Mesnil comes to see me. I gave him a lesson in dancing last night. I have a great regard for him, and am only too glad to make him welcome. But, my dear child, do you imagine for one instant that I wish to interfere with your great claims upon his attention? You should be more careful before you make such unfounded assertions;" and Madame Valmy drew herself up. She had found her part, so it seemed to me. At first, taken by surprise, she had really not known what to say or what attitude to take. It was one thing to be secretly enjoying Pauline's mortification and her own sense of power and Maurice's unconcealed devotion, and another to be called to account by her outspoken rival—questioned, rebuked, and desired to marry him on the spot. This seemed the strangest complication of all, and I could quite understand Madame Valmy's objections to pledge herself to any definite course.

"Do you mean that, notwithstanding all that has passed, you are not sure of your feelings?" said Pauline.

At this moment the hall door opened, and Thompson's head was put in. "Nearly ready?" said he.

"Of this I feel sure, that Captain Thompson will protect me, and that you have strangely forgotten yourself, Pauline, in the way in which you have been speaking!" cried Madame Valmy, greatly relieved by the interruption. "Tell her, Beauvoir," she said, turning swiftly round, "that you will not see me insulted by cruel suspicion." And, as chance would have it, as she spoke the study door opened, and Maurice of the pale face came out. The wretched woman now turned toward him, still holding by Captain Thompson's arm. "M. Maurice," she said, "I will not, can not, believe that you are aware of the things which have been said to me. Oh, it is too dreadful!" and she buried her face in her hands for an instant.

Poor Maurice looked from one to the other. He had himself only just escaped from an agitating scene, in which M. Fournier had certainly not spared Madame Valmy; and for a moment it seemed to him as if all the blame at which he had been chafing had been poured out upon her head. She

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looked at him with such appealing eyes, she was so pale, so trembling. Thompson was stepping forward, also prepared to do battle for his Sidonie, but not quite knowing whom to attack nor what to complain of. Pauline stood defiant, with flashes of sullen displeasure. She blushed crimson when Maurice looked at her reproachfully. It seemed to him at the time that her looks accused her, poor child.

"I need scarcely tell you that I am not accountable for what may have been said to pain you," he said, in a low, indignant voice. "I can only beg you, madame, who are generous, to forgive those who may have been wanting in generosity."

"Forgive, forgive," said the captain. "That is not the question. Of course one forgives real injuries; but people should be careful before giving way to their silly tempers, and remember that they give a great deal of unnecessary pain and annoyance. I am sure Mademoiselle Fournier will be the first to regret this to-morrow morning. Come along, Sid; it is time we got home."

He pulled Madame Valmy's arm through his, and the two walked away together. Maurice was already gone. Poor Pauline stood silent, self-reproachful, overwhelmed. It suddenly seemed to her that she had been ridiculous, unkind, unreasonable. She turned pale, hard, stupid; she stood in the centre of the hall; all the fire was gone out of her eyes.

Was it so? had she been ungenerous? Maurice said so, and his look of reproach had pierced her more than his words.

We were all silent in the study that evening. The green lamp was trimmed; books and newspapers lay upon the table; the servants had lighted a wood fire, which was comfortably crackling. Pauline added some logs, and sat down on a low stool before the flame, resting her chin against her hands. Madame Fournier watched her with an anxious face for a time, then settled herself for a nap in the big arm-chair. Fontaine, who had remained, at Fournier's request, sat down to a game of *écarté* by the light of the green lamp. There was something homely and tranquil in this interior. The peaceful crackling of the fire, the even glow of the lamp, the quiet slumbers of the old woman in her chimney-corner—all diffused a certain sense of peace and of repose. I thought of the miserable scene which had taken place—it seemed so long ago—of the murky night, of the darkness. Without, it seemed very far away, as did the many troubles in the great and dreary world circling all round about us; but all the room seemed to me somehow full of the pain in poor Pauline's sad and aching heart.

The window was uncurtained. The clouds were drifting across the sky, and the moon was on the wane. Once I thought I heard a cry coming faintly from a long way off. Fontaine put down his cards for an instant.

"It is only some bird or animal," said he.

Pauline started from her reverie, and presently went to the window and looked out for a minute, and soon after left the room. She did not come back any more that night. For the first time in her young life, Pauline had been met and overwhelmed by one of those invisible currents of feeling which carry people and boundaries and stationary things before them for a time, until little by little the stream subsides. Pauline, who had been so confident, so intolerant, for others, was strangely humbled and overcome by the force of her own emotions. She had despised people who "gave way." What was this strange new power that had laid its relentless hand upon her? She hated herself; but, all the same, she could not help the suspicions, the self-reproaches, the emotions, which distracted her so cruelly. When generous and well-meaning people suspect others of wrong, it is an almost intolerable pain and humiliation. The thought recurs, it can not be put away, but it spoils all peace of mind, all tranquil enjoyment of life. Mistrust of one's self is perhaps the worst form of this phase of feeling, and poor Pauline had suddenly lost confidence in her own infallibility.

CHAPTER X.

THE LODGE IN THE GARDEN OF CUCUMBERS.

When I awoke next morning, Pauline was standing by my bedside. She looked pale and haggard. She had not been able to sleep all night, she told me.

"I want you to do something for me," she said. "I want you to dress quickly and to come with me to the village. Madame Valmy is going. I know it—never mind how I know it. I think my mind would be more at ease if I could see her once more. Perhaps I was hard upon her yesterday. Am I jealous? Is that what ails me?" She pushed back the curtain from the window, and threw it open. All the sweet autumnal light came floating in from the garden without, and a golden withered leaf from the creeper overhanging the balcony dropped on to the wooden floor. The fragrant breath of morning seemed to fill the room. For a minute Pauline stood leaning against the window rail, looking out across the park and the fields beyond, toward the thatched village with its belfry and inclosing poplar-trees. Then she turned, smiling, with a sweet look in her face, something like the autumnal sunshine, at once troubled and sincere. She signed to me to lose no time, and left the room.

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The house was scarcely awake when we left it, hurrying down by the little side path leading to the canal. I remember the look of that early morning so well! The delicate fragrant perfume from the burned leaves, the stir in the foliage, through which the stems were beginning to show, the tranquil faint tones of the sky, and the wheeling flight of a great company of birds high overhead. At the turn of the road we met the postman, in his blue linen smock, with dusty boots. He had a letter for me, he said, and one for M. Fournier, which sent a sudden glow into Pauline's pale cheek, for she recognized M. De Mesnil's writing. I opened my letter as I walked along. It was heavily weighted, and contained the long-missing key for which I had written, and a letter in verse from my kind old uncle, who sometimes amused himself by this style of composition: "Pocket and lock it," "easy and Visy," and so on. I would have read it to Pauline, but she would not listen, and only hurried faster and faster along the road. She would not tell me at first how it was that she knew of Madame Valmy's plans, but after a while she suddenly said, "I do not know why I do not tell you at once. Maurice came up last night. I saw him coming when I was at the window, and I went to meet him, and he told me of this. He told me other things," she said, with a strange sort of burst. "It all seems so miserable, so strange! Will you be silent if I trust you? He adores her. She has promised to marry him in a year. Why did he tell me? Why did he tell me?"

"Why, indeed!" said I. "Pauline, he is a miserable creature." But Pauline would not let me blame him.

"It was to exonerate her he told me," she said. "He asked me to think more kindly of her. And now," said Pauline, "I do not know whether or not I think more kindly of her."

"But is she not going to tell the captain?" I asked. "Is she going on deceiving him? Are you not going to tell him, Pauline?"

"I!" cried the girl, with a sort of laugh. "Do you think it my place? The worst part is to come," she said, in a dry, matter-of-fact voice. "Madame Valmy has assured Maurice that the captain is ill, that he has not a year to live, and that is why she keeps silence. It might kill him, she says, to know the truth. For my part, I had rather die of a truth than live upon a lie, I think. But Madame Valmy likes to arrange her life to her circumstances," and Pauline broke off; a burning blush came over her face.

"I think you should speak to your father," I said.

"I want to see her first," said Pauline, now quite piteous. "She might say something to undo all this horrible doubt. Maurice believes in her. For his sake I try and believe in her too."*

When we came to the Pavilion the great gates were open; the chickens were pecking in the court-yard; there seemed to be not a soul about the place.

"They went at seven o'clock, driving with the luggage. Madame Coqueau is to come and keep the house," said little Jeanne Picard, who was peeping in at the gate. "She has not yet arrived; she is gone to see to the cows."

Pauline did not answer. She stood still for an instant—then she walked in, crossed the yard, mounted the stone steps, and marched straight into the drawing-room, where all the chairs and tables were pushed about just as they had been left the night before. The newspaper lay on the floor; one of the captain's gloves had been forgotten in a chair; the shutters were half closed, the daylight came freshly shining in, and reflected from the flower glasses and the pretty ornaments all about the room. On a sofa a little piece of work was lying. It was a cigar-case, of embroidered canvas, with an elaborate M interwoven with coronets. Pauline took it up, looked at it for an instant, flung it down once more, and then suddenly dropping into the corner of the sofa, hid her face away, and I could see that she was crying. I was obliged to rouse her almost immediately, for I heard some one coming. As usual, it was Fontaine. He had seen us pass by, and now entered the room with an exclamation, fresh from his morning toilet.

Pauline made an effort, choked down her tears, and met him quietly. As I think of it all, it seems like a vague sort of dream, so disjointed, so sudden and tragical, were the events which followed.

"You are too late," said the Maire, cheerfully. "Our good friends are gone. They have stolen a march upon us. The captain drove Madame Valmy to the station early this morning. They were to take the train at Étournèles; he told me he wanted to leave some directions with his manager there. His man was to take the luggage to Corbeil and rejoin them there. Mademoiselle Thérèse was not with her mistress. I don't know how she went," said Fontaine, thoughtfully. "Possibly she started last night. I don't know what called the captain away. I think he was anxious, and wished to consult a physician."

"For his health?" said Pauline, quickly.

* I have now come to the unlikely part of my story. Shall I confess that the tragedy of the cat had something to do with the Mrs. Radcliffe-like climax to which a youthful imagination led a young author, in days when horrors and crime seemed so impossible that their very vague unreality gave them a certain attraction?

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"For her health," said Fontaine. "He told me himself that she was strange, hysterical; that he was not easy, and did not trust Poujac entirely," said the Maire, lightly.

"Madame Valmy not well!" said Pauline, vehemently. "Monsieur Fontaine, is it only Madame Valmy you have been anxious about? Tell me, do you believe what she tells people in confidence, that he is suffering from a mortal disease?"

She had spoken at last, and Monsieur Fontaine seemed taken aback.

"A mortal disease," he repeated. "Pray explain yourself, mademoiselle. I really can not follow you."

"How can I explain myself?" cried Pauline, all excited. "Is it my business? Am I a spy set to watch other people? I am a wicked, suspicious girl, Monsieur Fontaine. I came here to confess to her, but she is gone, and I don't know—I don't know what I mean." And she burst out crying once more, and hid her face in her hands.

"My dear lady, you are ill—out of sorts. No wonder, after all that has occurred. Come away, come home with me. Let us consult Poujac; that good fellow will give you some soothing mixture," cried the Maire, very kind, full of concern. "What is it? do not be alarmed. Yes. I too hear something. What can it be?" said he, seeing me looking about. "Wait here—pray wait here; I will return," he cried, divided between his concern for Pauline and his intelligent interest in every thing going on.

What was it? I had heard it for some time. It seemed a dull, muffled knocking, and now and then, so I thought, came the echo of a human voice calling out, so faintly that one might well mistake it. "It is not in the village," I said.

"It is something in the house," said Pauline, decidedly, listening with all her might.

"Can it be the little Picards at their play?" said the Maire, doubtfully.

"No. I think it is in the garret," said Mademoiselle Fournier, suddenly hurrying out of the room. The Pavilion, as indeed all the houses in the village, had empty garrets under the roof, where people hung their clothes to dry, kept their lumber and their apples, from one year's end to another. I followed her as she ran up the wooden staircase and climbed the flight which led to the topmost garret, of which she threw the door wide open.

All was silent here. The place was empty. The light was streaming in through the sashless windows; a few white clothes were still hanging upon a line; the rats and mice were safe in their holes.

"There is nothing here," said Pauline. "Come down—it must be from below."

Fontaine was standing, looking very pale, at the foot of the stairs as we came down.

"The sound comes from the cellar out of the dining-room," said he. "There is something shut up in there."

I knew the ways of the house—having lived there—better than they did, and I could now tell them which was the way.

"This is the door which leads to the outer cellar," said I. "Here is a key that fits it;" and I pulled mine out from my pocket.

"Effectively there is no key in the door," said Fontaine. "How do you come by this one?"

"It is not wanted; the door is only bolted," said Pauline, who had taken the key from my hand, and drawn back the massive iron bolt as she spoke. When she opened the heavy door, a damp breath of vault-like atmosphere seemed to meet us. The knocking became louder and more distinct; and the voice—shall I ever forget the strange terror of that despairing voice?—seemed to be coming out of the darkness, and calling and calling.

"Take care; there are steps within; they lead to the second cellar," I whispered, too frightened to speak out.

Pauline, however, walked in unhesitatingly. She swept against some bottle, and it fell with a crash upon the ground. Suddenly the knocking ceased—it seemed as if the person within was listening too. Fontaine, who had left us, came back with a light almost immediately, and then we could see the dark damp vault and the flight of steps before us. I had often fetched the wine out of this outer cellar, and peeped down the black flight which led to the inner vault, where Madame Valmy kept her best cider, so I had been told. Now as the light flashed I saw it all in its usual order. There were the bottles; the one Pauline knocked over Fontaine picked up and put back in its place. There stood the two chests that we had put away; there was the dark flight leading to the mildewy door of the lower cellar. It was fast closed with bars and rusty-headed nails.

"Open! open! open, madame!" screamed the voice; and somehow in one moment we all recognized it as that of Thérèse. "If you do not open, I will knock the house down and denounce you. Open! open!—I know you are there; I hear your silk dress on the stones. Speak—why don't you speak?—for pity speak! Have you spared him? Mercy for us both—mercy! mercy! Valmy was a monster, but this one is a good man. Spare him—spare me. Have I ever said one word? I will be silent. Only spare me. Oh, madame, I entreat you, have pity."

"Thérèse, is it you?" said Pauline, falteringly. But Fontaine signed to her to be silent, and put his hand on his mouth.

"What do you say?" cried the voice; and the hands within began to thump and bang again. "If you do not let me out, I will

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live, I will escape to denounce you. Let me out—let me out."

"I am not Madame Valmy; I am Pauline Fournier," said Pauline, speaking very loud. "Do not be afraid, Thérèse. We will open the door and let you out."

There came a half-suppressed scream of horror from within—then silence.

"Perhaps our outer key would fit this door too," said I.

"No," said Pauline; "it will not go in."

"This is horrible. We must get the lock-smith at once," said Fontaine. "Will you ladies wait here, speak to her, and tranquilize the poor thing if you can? She is half out of her mind." The violent blows had begun again.

"Yes, go," said Pauline. And then, as soon as he was gone, still calling through the door, she tried to re-assure the wild creature within.

"Is it you, mademoiselle? Don't leave me—don't leave me!" shrieked Thérèse once more. "I am mad—quite mad! Oh, do not heed what I say." Then suddenly she seemed to remember herself. "Oh, what have I done? Leave me. Lose no time—follow them—warn her. Tell her you know all. And, oh, for pity, mademoiselle, spare us—do not betray her. Oh, for pity's sake do not betray her."

I own that I was trembling in every limb—the time seemed endless.

"I think M. Fontaine is never coming," said Pauline. "Oh, Anna, do see if any one is coming. Oh, please do go," she said, more and more impatiently, "fetch Leroux, and tell him to come at once and open the door for us. There is no time to lose." There was something peculiar in her tone.

"Sha'n't you be frightened," I said, "here alone?"

"No," said Pauline, impatiently. "Only go, please go."

My strength seemed to return with the fresh air. It was so strange to come out alive and breathing and unhurt into the commonplace street. I had not far to go. The lock-smith lived at the end of the village, by the church. As I hurried along I met the curé, who looked at me and seemed about to speak, but I passed him quickly. Even then I noticed a little group in a doorway. It seemed to me that they also looked up, broke off, and then began to speak again. I was too much excited and preoccupied to pay much attention to stray looks and words, but in my horrible agitation and excitement it already seemed to me that our secret had spread, and that people were suspecting and discussing the truth in hurried whispers. Had Fontaine been wasting time making confidences all along the road? I did him injustice. The lock-smith's door was closed, and for some minutes I knocked and thumped in vain. At last I heard slow steps, and when the door was opened, Leroux's aged mother appeared on the threshold, with a child in her arms.

"Be quiet," said she. "My daughter-in-law is ill. What do you want?"

"I want your son," said I, breathless. "M. Fontaine wants him at once—it is of importance that he should come at once."

"He can't come," said the old woman, shaking her head. "He was fetched—have not you heard of what has happened? There has been an accident to a carriage." Here the child began to cry, and its grandmother to hush it on her shoulder. "Eh! yes; an accident," said the old woman, slowly. "The captain's horse took fright down by the peat-fields. The carriage wheels are off. My son has gone to see if he can fix them on again, to bring back the unfortunate wounded."

"The wounded!—who is wounded?" I asked, all dazed.

"No one knows for certain," said the old woman, still hushing the wailing child. "Some say it is the lady, some say it is the captain who is killed."

Then a voice called from within. She went back, still hushing the child, and abruptly closed the door. It was all very miserable. I turned very faint. I felt it a great relief at that minute to see Fournier turning the corner by the church. Fontaine was with him. The two were walking rapidly, and Fontaine was carrying some tools in his hands. I ran to meet them. They were speaking excitedly. Fournier quickly broke off to ask me why I had left Pauline alone.

"She sent me," said I. "The time seemed so long. Do not wait for me now. Please go to her."

"You had better wait outside and rest," said Fournier. "Poor child! all this has been too much for you."

"And there is more to come," cried Fontaine. "Ah! mademoiselle, have you heard of this terrible accident? There *is* hope for the captain, M. Fournier tells me. It is too much—it is all too terrible!" and he hurried after Fournier, who was walking with his longest strides.

CHAPTER XI.

PAULINE'S CONFESSION.

I FOLLOWED as best I could. The sunny street, the voices, the horrible events of that morning, seemed crowding down upon me in dizzy circles. I think a child came up and said something, but I could not answer. When I reached the Pavilion I sank down upon the stone steps, for I could not stand, and for a minute I waited to collect my thoughts. As I sat there I could hear the voices inside the house exclaiming, the sound

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of the crow-bar forcing open the lock, and then came the quiet strokes of the church clock striking nine, followed by the rumble of distant wheels. And then something happened which seemed to me, perhaps, the most strange and unexpected event of all. The kitchen door slowly opened, and Thérèse walked quietly out in her big black cloak. She had on her usual tidy cap tied under her chin, and a basket on her arm. She looked at me, but did not speak, brushed past me, and walked quickly. I was so startled, so bewildered, that I could not even call out as I watched her go across the court. At the gate she met the omnibus just starting for the station at Corbeil. She signed to it to stop, got in, and before I could recover from my surprise she was gone. Next minute I heard a final crash within, and loud exclamations, and then as I ran in to tell of my strange impression, a dream, a reality, I scarcely knew which, I met Fournier, with his daughter clinging to him in tears, followed by the Maire in his shirt sleeves, in a most extraordinary agitation.

"Was there ever any thing so utterly unbelievable! Mademoiselle, could you not have sworn to her voice? There is nothing, absolutely no one in the cellars. Do you understand me? When we had burst open the door, we found no one—Thérèse was not there."

"Thérèse passed me a minute ago," I said. "She went across the court. She went off in the diligence to Corbeil." And as I spoke, I looked at Pauline, who still stood silent and sobbing by her father's side.

"Oh, mademoiselle," said Fontaine, turning upon Pauline, "how could you play me this trick? Then it was you who let her out. But are you both demented? You let this witness escape you." He could not finish for agitation and excitement. Pauline looked imploringly at her father through her tears.

"Well, Paule," said he, quietly assuming the fact, "speak. Why did you let her out, or, rather, why did you not tell us that you had done so?"

"She begged me to gain time for her, and I let her go. She has gone to Paris," said Pauline, "to warn her mistress. Oh, papa, it is all a horrible dream. Will you forgive me?" Here poor Pauline, whose nerves had been on the rack for hours past, hid her face on her father's shoulder.

The hot sun came pouring down into the little court-yard as we all stood there. The shadows were striking, black and fierce. Pauline waited silent by her father's side, apparently sullen or downcast, and tired out; Fontaine, perfectly bewildered, and still in his shirt sleeves, stood looking from her to me. The ducks, missing their accustomed meal, came straggling up to be fed; and presently one and another neighbor came in with scared looks and hushed voices. Fournier took his daughter upon his arm and drew her a little aside. He wanted her to hear the miserable news from him; but before he had told her the worst, she burst into renewed piteous sobs, and he led her away through the crowd of children and peasant people. I followed with kind Madame Bougie from the grocer's shop, not a little grateful for her friendly exclamations and sympathies. Fournier left us in the shop while he went back to fetch the pony-carriage, for poor Pauline was quite spent, and could scarcely stand. Madame Bougie took us into the back parlor with the glass door that opened to the garden. She brought us glasses of orange-flower water, that panacea of French emotions, and her little boy ran in with a nosegay from the garden. She would let in no one else until Fournier's return. Fontaine came to the door, but she drove him off. I was glad of it, for Pauline began to shiver nervously when she heard his voice. I thought it might be a relief to her to speak, and I asked her why she had let Thérèse out after I left.

Pauline looked at me hard. "Was it wrong?" said she. Then she started up, and went to the window and looked out; then came back to me. "I tried the key a second time, and found it fitted. When you first gave it to me I had turned it wrong. Thérèse implored me to let her go. She came out looking all wild," said Pauline. "Oh, she looked so terrible! She had hurt her hands; she held them up to me. She told me she had seen Valmy's face in the darkness close beside her, reproaching her for the past; that he would have been still alive if they had cared for him when he was ill, but that he died of their neglect. That is what Thérèse said, and she let him die without remorse, and Madame Valmy knew it. He would have killed his wife with cruelty if he had lived.

"What have I done?" she repeated, and burst into tears again. She was so agitated I did not like to ask any questions; it seemed best to leave her to herself.

Pauline was still crying when Fournier returned. She told him the whole story, with not a little agitation. He listened without a word.

"Oh, papa," she said, "I will confess to you that I have been half beside myself with such miserable suspicions that I can scarcely bear to think of them. I have not known what to do or how to bear it all. When I heard that Madame Valmy said the poor little captain must die, some horrible dread came over me which haunted me like an evil spirit; and then when Thérèse implored me to let her go, I still believed—I thought if she warned her mistress, it might yet be time to prevent I knew not what evil.

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Oh, papa, as I think it over, it seems to me like a crime that I have committed. To think a cruel thing is such a hopeless wrong, and now—now it is too late to repent. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Poor Pauline was quite overcome by the events of the last few hours, which had made clear so much unhappiness. She was trembling in every limb. Fournier did not attempt to comfort her.

"We are all liable to mistake," he said; "all ready to judge our neighbors harshly at times. You and I have, perhaps, been hard upon that poor woman, Pauline, and we must bear our punishment. There is poor Thompson, he has done no wrong, he is dreadfully stricken. It is fortunate that they brought him to your mother to nurse; it was the nearest house."

Then he went on to tell us that the horse had taken fright at the sudden working of the poor captain's machine, and galloped across the field. Madame Valmy had been thrown against a stone and killed upon the spot; the captain had fallen under the carriage, and the wheel had passed over him as he lay. It was thought at first that he too was hopelessly hurt, but the accounts were now more re-assuring.

How well I remember our drive back to the château through the pretty autumnal avenues, over the bright brown carpet of leaves that had fallen the night before! Pauline was sitting with her head upon her father's shoulder, quite silent and scared. I too felt utterly stupefied and bewildered until kind Madame Fournier met us on the terrace and put her arms about us. I shall never forget her goodness and motherly tenderness during all the days that immediately followed the disaster. The poor captain lay between life and death; Pauline too was ill, and requiring the tenderest care, Madame Fournier's motherly looks seemed to fall with comfort on one and on another. She undertook to enlighten Fontaine as to the real events of that morning.

There is not very much more to tell of these sad things which happened during my visit to my friends. Poujac, when cross-questioned by Fournier and the Maire, solemnly affirmed that the cause of Valmy's death was cholera. The symptoms were unmistakable: the patient had rallied, and seemed recovering, when he suddenly sank from exhaustion. Poujac himself was present at the time, and had been administering stimulants. Fournier consulted with Fontaine, and came to the conclusion that there was no reason to doubt Poujac's professional opinion deliberately given. One little fact is worth mentioning, which went far to remove some of our vague suspicions and to ease our minds. One day the captain began to speak of the events of that fatal morning, and told Fontaine with a sigh that he believed the accident had turned upon the merest chance. "Just as we were starting," he said, "I went back and saw that the cellar door had not been closed. Why does one remember such things? I used to think poor Thérèse had a weakness for my wine bottles. Look there," said he, very sadly, holding up his right hand. "I believe that terrible accident came of my turning that key. I sprained my hand against the door, and I was holding the whip and the reins in my left hand when the horse took fright."

One of my cousins was taken ill, and I was sent for home long before the captain was sufficiently recovered to leave his room. It was, perhaps, best for him to lie there quietly, with the good, kind, worthy Fourniers to keep watch over him, and to prevent the many rumors and suspicions from without from wounding him afresh as he lay upon his bed of sickness.

I have not been to Visy since the day when Pauline kissed me and said farewell by the old gateway; but I can still see her before me as she was then, when I looked my last at her honest kind face, and at her home with all its friendly doors and windows open to the autumn sunshine. The captain waved a thin hand from the balcony where they had carried him. Monsieur Fournier was waiting below to drive me to the station. I can see it all before me now. I remember the scent of the clematis about the old walls, the sound of the cheerful country servants' voices calling, the glistening of the water as we crossed the little bridge over the canal. Then the train carried me swiftly away from the broad plains and the long gleaming waters and the quaint road, stiff with willow stumps.

There is only one more fact I have to relate concerning my friends at Visy. One day, about a twelvemonth later, I received a printed form directed in Captain Thompson's handwriting, which gave me no little surprise. It was the formal announcement by M. and Madame Fournier, of the Château of Visy le Roi, and by Miss Marianne and Miss Eliza Thompson, of Lancaster, of a marriage contracted according to the Catholic-Protestant rites, between their daughter, Miss Pauline Hermance Louise Mélanie Fournier, and their nephew Captain John Beauvoir Thompson, of Amphlett House, near Lancaster.

THE END.

NOTE.—In the paper on "Mediæval Furniture," in our November number, the modern drawing-rooms illustrated on pages 825 and 828, and the modern Gothic sideboard, on page 827, which were inadvertently credited to Messrs. Pottier and Stymus, were designed and executed by Messrs. A. Kimbel and J. Cabus, Nos. 7 and 9 East Twentieth Street, New York.—ED. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE thing, at least, is shown by the political contest from which the country has just emerged. It proves that the theorists are mistaken who assume that society can not stand the strain of a really popular canvass, or an appeal to universal male suffrage involving such enormous interests as those of a change of administration. Three or four months since, the Easy Chair quoted from the diary of John Quincy Adams, less than forty years ago, his apprehension of the consequences of the system of monster meetings which came in with the Harrison campaign of 1840. The general characteristics of that exciting time have been reproduced in every subsequent national canvass, except that during and since the war the aspect of the canvass has been naturally somewhat more sober. But, upon the whole, the essential good humor and toleration in the larger part of the country have been much the same. Even in the election which immediately preceded the war, the general character of the canvass was unchanged. It was full of significant signs to the acute observer, but the gayety, the music, the banners, the transparencies, the general festivity of the mass-meeting, were the same.

The celebrated tourist from New Zealand would probably be chiefly impressed by the real self-restraint and good nature of our great political meetings. Hogarth's pictures and the English memoirs show a kind of brutality at the British hustings which is unknown among us. The rioting, the brickbats, the disorder and terror, which attended an old English election have had little parallel in this country. There have, indeed, been election riots, but very few and exceptional. We naturally find the explanation in our system. The universality of the suffrage gives every man a sense of responsibility and importance which is essentially conservative. In England, the mob that chaired the member was not a mob of the voters. In a population of eight millions a hundred years ago there were but a hundred and sixty thousand voters in England. It is a favorite fancy of clubs, and one which comes in with the old Madeira after dinner, that general suffrage is the source of all our woes. But the practical question is not so much what we might have been without it, as what we shall do with it now that we have it. Garland says in his *Life of John Randolph* that that wayward character cherished fond dreams of a patriarchal society as the best of all—a society in which a baron lived in a fine castle, surrounded by swarms of happy dependents, whom he guided and befriended, and who looked up to him as their protector. Many other Americans besides John Randolph have dreamed the same dream. The fancy lurks in that fine old Madeira. But, in that Arcadia, Randolph always means to be the baron, and not one of the happy dependents. It is like Disraeli's picture of the political ideal of "Young England" in *Coningsby* and *Sybil*. In other years the Easy Chair has heard from the lips of an accomplished college president the same glowing praises of a political and social system of superiors and inferiors. But the implication was the same. The painters and the poets of that visionary realm always reserve the best places for themselves.

When we consider the intense and profound excitement of such a summer and autumn as those just ended, the passionate appeals to prejudice and political hostility, the natural personal rivalries and jealousies, with the general irresponsibility of declamation among a fluent people, arising from a half admission that all is fair in politics, and above all these the sincere conviction of so many honest thousands that the prosperity and progress, if not the actual existence, of the nation are at hazard, the tranquillity of the election itself and the prompt acquiescence in the result are very agreeable facts. They are certainly significant signs of the peculiar "capacity of this people for self-government," whatever may be true of other people.

The old Madeira philosophers, however, are apt to smile in pleasant contempt of the general aspect and character of the mass-meeting. They see immense enthusiasm for frenzied rhetoric and the most shallow sophistry. They hear false issues raised and lustily cheered. Or they observe that second-rate and even immoral men are gladly hailed as leaders. But such philosophers require that every voter and attendant at a mass-meeting shall be as well-informed, as clear-headed, as high-minded, as they are themselves. The striking fact at a great popular meeting is the general good sense, the interest in discussion of principles, the sympathy with a high and patriotic view. Passion, brilliancy, whimsical and epigrammatic extravagance, are, indeed, greatly relished, but, after all, with the same invincible good humor. The crowd cheers the sayer of a good thing, but not necessarily all that it may be made to mean. The applause for men and leaders, also, is given to what the crowd believes of them, not to what a better-informed man may know to be the truth. If Dick Turpin leaps the turnpike bar handsomely and throws a gold sovereign to a poor cripple by the way, it is the manly dash and act of generosity which the crowd applauds. The cheers are not approval of theft. If the shouters knew that this gay horseman had waylaid honest laborers to steal their purses, and that the money he flings so jauntily was filched from a poor widow, they would pull him from the saddle. And when this is made plain, they see him ride by to the gallows with satisfaction, while they do not refuse admiration to the pluck with which he wears his nosegay and stands under the tree.

The better the man, the more the crowd likes him. It may, indeed, be very much mistaken. But it applauds what it believes him to be; and the duty of the philosopher who deplores the kind of man that the crowd cheers is to show what kind of man he is. The Easy Chair has heard the name of Mr. Jonathan Wild loudly and warmly cheered at a public meeting, and other Easy Chairs have been exceedingly disgusted with the applause. But the crowd knew that Wild had thrashed a sneak thief whom he saw stealing a blindman's dog. Nobody denied that he had done that. And when Mr. Wild's political opponents declared that he had himself picked the blindman's pocket, the crowd attributed the story to malice, and would not believe it. It has no time to investigate closely, and it will not trust

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the tale of his opponents. But if one of themselves, whom they know to be their friend, points out to them the proof, they will not reject it. When Tweed gave fifty thousand dollars' worth of coal to the poor, the poor saw and felt only his generosity; and if his opponents had charged that it was stolen, the poor would have mobbed them, and carried Tweed on their shoulders. But if one whom they trusted had traced that coal money from the earnings of the laborer, through his rent and the taxes of his landlord, into the public treasury, the laborer would have seen that the coal was bought with his own money, which Tweed had stolen, and his cheers would have changed into curses.

If the applause be wrongly timed, it is the fault of the platform rather than of the floor of the meeting. It was a shrewd young preacher who went to fulfill an exchange, and when the sexton said to him that if he saw any body sleeping in the pews, he would stir them up, said, "No, no; if you see any body sleeping, come up into the pulpit and stir me up." Let no Madeira philosopher reproach the crowd with cheering an unworthy person until he has done his duty by telling the crowd what he knows of the person and his character and conduct. It is not his Jonathan Wild, but their own, that the crowd cheers. And if honest people wish to keep Mr. Wild out of politics, they must not leave it to his opponents to show what he is.

But all of us, friends and foes of Mr. Wild, have a right to be glad and proud of the way in which we endure the strain of a contest like that which has just ended.

In its remarks upon Mr. Jonathan Wild, the Easy Chair has not alluded to a theory which has been recently put forth, that newspapers are taking the place of orators. There is an apparent reason for the remark. For in a country where newspapers daily at morning and evening discuss every public question in every way, and where newspaper reporters conduct investigations into every kind of subject, it might be supposed that nothing remained for the speaker when the writer has finished his task. But it is singular that the theorist did not remember one of several things. Reading a written word and hearing the same word spoken are by no means the same. A hundred people read a statement or an argument in a newspaper, but they are not conscious of its force until they hear it from living lips. Moreover, the most familiar things in print have a fresh charm in the hearing, which may be inexplicable, but is certainly undeniable. The Easy Chair has heard Mr. Wendell Phillips deliver word for word a lecture which had been long printed in a book, and which it knew perfectly. Yet it listened with as much delight as a child listens to a story in which it corrects the teller.

The day on which the theorist asserted that the function of the orator is now merged in the editorial writer, the speech of an orator delivered the evening before was printed in full in the newspapers. The next evening it was repeated to another audience of the newspaper readers, and they heard it with enthusiastic delight. The Easy Chair has known a lecturer going by train to repeat a lecture of last evening in the adjoining town, seeing with dismay that it was verbally reported in the evening paper which every body in the car was reading. But he found to his satisfaction, later in the evening, that the reading was evidently only bitters that gave a finer zest to the hearing. Mr. Sumner once delivered a speech at the Cooper Institute which the audience had in their hands. And Mr. Emerson, always chary of his manuscript, when he expressed reluctance to let a reporter look over his lecture to make an abstract, was amazed when told that it would be a most attractive advertisement. If oratory were only the communication of information or the statement of an argument, the presentation of facts or the recapitulation of statistics, the newspaper would soon dispose of the orator. But all this is but an element, a material, of oratory. That is not merely the statement or the argument. Nor is it only a rhetorical, or passionate, or picturesque appeal. But it is all these, penetrated and glowing with the power of living speech. It is what is called magnetism, fascination, nameless delight.

Nothing is harder to convey in description or in the very words than eloquence, which is the name for the deepest charm of speech. Where it lies is not to be said. It is the most elusive of secrets. It is the spell of the magician, but it is not in the wand nor in the words. It is not the voice, the mien, the movement, the tone, although it may seem to be in all. It is the song of the cuckoo—

> "that cry
> Which made me look a thousand ways,
> In bush, and tree, and sky."

Jefferson said that he listened enchanted to Patrick Henry, but he could not remember what he said. He might as well have tried to reproduce the music of the wind harp. It was Charles Fox, if we remember correctly, who said to the young man who told him that he had heard a most eloquent speech from Burke, and could repeat every word of it, "It was not very eloquent if you can remember the words." Eloquence is the tone of the picture, the rhythm of the music. A shrewd observer said that he always remarked a peculiar cadence in eloquent speech; and it is not unusual for eloquence to leave the hearer spiritually elevated in a manner for which the words do not account. Until men become insensible to this power, the newspaper will not supersede the orator, nor the "campaign document" the stump speaker.

A recent English view of international prejudices is interesting as showing a spirit and intelligence which are almost unprecedented in English judgments of America. It is an invincible tendency of the English critic of our life and prospects to patronize. Lowell well calls it "a certain condescension in foreigners." It is extremely amusing to observe that we are regarded as in some way a freak of nature, a curious phenomenon. Our peculiarities seem to the transatlantic philosopher very much more peculiar than those of other people, and our faults and follies have in his eyes a portentous malignity which is very ludicrous. In England, for instance, political corruption is one of the most familiar facts. Certain periods of English history fairly reek with it. The annals of the reigns of the Georges are foul with it. The memoirs of George the Third's time teem with accounts of political profligacy which are amazing. The "Vic-

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torian era" has unquestionably been much the purest in the annals of the house of Brunswick. But it is certainly comical to hear an Englishman, whose country has at times wallowed in sloughs of corruption, expressing horror at our precocity in vice, and doubting whether we can "pull through" the frauds and dishonors which are occasionally exposed.

The same transatlantic critics shake their heads, with the beam of Ireland in their eyes, and are disconsolate over the Southern problem in this country. Yet we shall hardly find it more unmanageable than England has found Ireland. If, indeed, we were bidden to beware of an evil example, we might listen with respect. But it is preposterous that those who have Ireland at home should undertake to reproach their neighbors over the sea with any trouble of the same kind. The writer to whom we have alluded, however, is of another kind. He is evidently of opinion that American politics are not more sordid than English, and that the theories in explanation of such abuses as exist are generally futile and unsatisfactory. He mentions some of the British theories of American corruption, and their number and character show that they are chiefly individual fancies. The grand and final explanation used to be that we were a democracy. That we are not a democracy, but a representative republic, seems never to have become clear to the Briton. It was, however, enough that we had what is called universal suffrage. Universal suffrage means the rabble, the mob; and the half-pay captain and the lounger at the club shuddered or sneered at a government of the mob.

The angry distrust of American institutions which has hitherto been so deeply rooted in the genuine British mind sprang not so much from the hostility bred by the American Revolution as from the French Revolution and the wars that followed it, straining to the utmost the resources and the endurance of England. Robespierre, Danton, Marat; the guillotine, the massacres of September, the *noyades*, the long bloody curse of the terror—these were the work of a republic, of a government of the people, of universal suffrage. The British public at the close of the last century was densely ignorant, and its prejudices were impregnable. George the Third was its type, its true representative, and was for that reason so precious to the common English sentiment. The word democracy, or republic, which to the Briton was the same thing, was synonymous with bloody anarchy, the destruction of property, the overthrow of religion, the triumph of madness and despair. This figment has been diminishing, but it still disturbs the British brain. Our institutions are really those of England modified and developed and enlarged, and, as we think, improved. But the "regulation" Briton is not sure that we do not worship the Goddess of Reason in her Parisian form; and when the British Darby, whose grandfather used to be paid the price of his vote in solid gold coin of the realm, hears that an American cabinet officer has been corrupted, he remarks with grave wisdom to the Joan of his bosom that it all comes of that dreadful democracy.

Our writer wisely says that many of the causes mentioned as explanations of our sad condition may have some bad effects, but that in practice they only correct each other, and that the consequences can not be summarily estimated. He adds that many of the current British conjectures about Americans are "like a school-boy's fancies about the ancient Trojans," and that the conclusions against us, so far as they have any connection with evidence at all, are founded upon what is ludicrously inadequate. Americans will read this with pleasure, not as flattery, but as truth; and, having had our laugh at John Bull's misconceptions of our faults and perils, we shall be ready to acknowledge that a sprained ankle is none the less serious merely because it was described as a broken back, and that we can not be satisfied to defend America in 1876 by the plea that England was worse in 1776. If a new republic upon a fresh and remote continent has only brought us where an old monarchy was a hundred years ago, the eagle should not scream so as to be heard.

THE matron who courteously addresses herself to the Easy Chair upon the kitchen question shall have an answer. The request for advice is an unexpected tribute, but the Easy Chair will believe that it is due to some catholic sympathy which the matron has perceived in its lucubrations, and that it is not a mere cry of despair. There was once a gentleman who was accosted in a railroad station by a weary woman carrying many bags and bundles, who asked him, hopelessly, if he were the conductor, and when he inquired why she supposed so, she answered, listlessly, "Because you have such a prominent nose." The Easy Chair prefers to trust that the question of the housekeeper is not due to the size or form of its elbows, but implies that kind of confidence which it is always most happy to establish with its friends.

This particular friend makes the usual complaints of the kitchen tenantry, and wishes to know what to do. The first thing, clearly, is not to expect all the cardinal virtues for ten or twelve dollars a month. Consider, for instance, the great question of fires. Is it not one which has long and tragically disturbed the peace of families? Do Ferdinand and Isabella, or even Romeo and Juliet, agree upon that momentous subject? Does any domestic incident more vex the soul of Pyramus than to find that Thisbe has meddled with his fire? And has Thisbe never been known to assert that Pyramus fairly roasts her out of house and home? How often is the peaceful thermometer the bone of a contention which the Muse that sang the rape of the lock or the woes of Troy is alone able fitly to commemorate! There are wives who can never get near enough to the fire, and husbands who can not get far enough from it. Mercury, the mischievous deity, puts the household by the ears.

"My dear, the thermometer says seventy-seven in this room!"

"Very well, my dear; if it says ninety-seven, or ninety hundred and seven, I don't care."

There is great danger in that kind of conversation. Yet it perpetually threatens the most friendly circles. People are more intolerant upon this subject than any other. A lady of firm will, for instance, thinks that sixty-five is the proper point at which Mercury should rest. But the nimble god skips up to seventy-five. "Whew!" exclaims the Firm Will, coming into the room; "this is stifling. Nobody ought to live in such an atmosphere;" and up go the windows, and in

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pour colds, catarrhs, pneumonias, pleurisies, and death. "Fiddle-stick!" remarks the Firm Will; "fresh air never hurt any body."

The siege of Troy lasted for ten years. But this war of the thermometer, this question of heat, is an endless civil contest. Now, if mutual affection can not settle it, if Pyramus will not trust Thisbe's discretion, and Thisbe declares that Pyramus insists upon living in an oven, how can the housekeeper who writes to the Easy Chair expect that twenty dollars a month will hire a man or maid who will always so regulate the furnace that Pyramus, who is comfortable only at seventy-six, and Thisbe, who is parboiled at sixty-nine, shall be equally satisfied and delighted?

This is but an illustration. But the root of trouble in the kitchen question is usually in the parlor. It is found in the theory that twenty dollars a month takes the place of all kindly interest and sympathy, and that occasional negligence and scant measure of work are offenses showing treachery and incredible badness of heart. A poor woman is up early and late. Every moment is filled with duties. She breathes an atmosphere of suspicion and reproof. She hears scarcely a kind word, gets scarcely a look of encouragement, and at the least slip there is a hard rebuke. Sometimes the dusting of a room is not what it should be, sometimes a plate falls or a glass is broken: "And to think," says Messalina, "that I pay that girl fourteen dollars a month!" Messalina is amazed at the want of heart in the kitchen. "They seem to have no interest in the family, no pride, no affection. They are so deceitful! They shirk and lie. Yet I pay them the highest wages."

The Easy Chair is getting into deep water. But there is one principle common to all such relations. If the only bond be mercenary, the parlor can not complain that the kitchen drives as hard a bargain as possible.

The housekeeper who invokes the aid of the Easy Chair may be sure that there is no Procrustean rule, no Hardee's tactics, for the kitchen. The same good sense which regulates other social relations happily will regulate this. But the beginning of wisdom is that all the virtues and graces and talents can not be had for fourteen dollars a month.

It was a humorous Frenchman who said that in this country we have twenty religions but only one gravy; and as a housekeeper as well as a matron has written to the Easy Chair for advice, the Easy Chair will make a few suggestions to the housekeeper. Every body, except cannibals and the Ashantee consumers of steaks from the living kine, prefers well-prepared food to the other kind. There is no farmer's boy who eats a greasy lump of shoe-leather fried in a pan and called a beefsteak, who would not prefer a well-broiled porter-house from the hand of a good cook. Here, then, dear madame, is a point of departure. Well-cooked food is not only more toothsome, but it is more nutritious. Your grandmother would have scorned a fried steak. Pork fried in its own juice is another thing. Yet the American beefsteak, the national dish for breakfast, is generally fried. It is often of a pale, measly complexion. Its dry and hard surface is vainly irrigated with lukewarm grease, in which lumps of soft butter float—pardon, madame, the unsavory details which imperious truth imposes. Is that proper food for a human being? Yet the average American human being is subjected to it in the great multitude of honest homes. Can you do nothing about it?

Then pies. Even that dismayed Frenchman could not deny that we have as many pies as religions, and he would be a bold Frenchman also if he asserted that we are as fond of our religions as of our pies. Pies, indeed, there must be. They are as ancient as Thanksgiving, and the pie on the table of that great day was as constituent a part of it as the minister in the pulpit. Nay, what is the festival itself but a humble and pious offering of thanks for the copious harvest of pie—in its original material? Indeed, the more metaphysical inquirer might justly ask, as he surveys the autumn fields gorgeous with the massive pumpkin, What is it there for except to make pie? It is as manna fallen upon the earth. It is a celestial hint of pie. It is a heavenly command of pie. There is a time in the life of the contemplative American when he perceives in himself nascent doubts of pie. He may even go so far as to protest that heavy white dough, "shortened" with Heaven and the lard pot know what, is not wholesome food. But what said the learned and eloquent Rufus Choate, when his mouth fairly watered at the luxury of the forecastle and galley of a half-starved coasting smack? "On Monday, gentlemen, the wholesome and toothsome duff; on Tuesday the nutritious and delicious dundy-funk;" and in the climax his rapt eye beheld in vision the very transfigured material of pie, although he called it by a kindred name, when he exclaimed, "and on Wednesday, gentlemen, with his own hand, with his own paternal hand, the captain dealt out to them squash; not the cold and shriveled vegetable of our northern clime, but the gorgeous, the luxuriant, the exuberant squash of the tropics."

Think, madame, that you deal with this esculent—squash or pumpkin, it is all the same; concede that the German will surrender his sauerkraut, the Scotchman his oatmeal "parritch," the Irishman his potato, the Italian his macaroni, the Frenchman his frog, as soon as the American his pie; waive all the arguments against pie as pie; yet are you not morally bound to consider the nature of crust, and can you, as a friend of truth, assert that the white, soggy slab of "duff" that underlies your pie is either wholesome or toothsome? The question that comes home to you is, Can't you brown it? Can't you make it dry and crisp without too much reference to the lard pot? When it is apple with which you are concerned, the responsibility is greater, for, so to speak, your apple-pie wears a full suit: it has a coat and trowsers, an upper and a lower garment; and, dear madame, since "it is not always May," why should the innocent fruit be always clad in white? Brown it, madame, brown it!

These are simple hints, but they involve health, comfort, and progress. Let us regard what has been said as a first lesson—studies, if you please, for beginners. Devote your energy to securing a juicy, broiled steak, dry and mealy potatoes, brown and not buttery pastry, and light, thoroughly baked bread—"only these and nothing more"—and not your children only, madame, but all wearied souls who have been long watching for the dawn, will rise up and call you blessed!

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Editor's Literary Record.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ (Harper and Brothers), is one of the most sumptuous art works that the American press has ever issued. It is a large folio, comprising thirty-eight full-page pictures. These are printed from electrotypes taken from the original blocks. The engraving is admirably done, with a strength and vigor and courage which are quite essential adequately to represent the audacious conceptions of the artist; but probably no engraver who did not work in living sympathy with Doré would dare what the French engraver has dared. The work is printed in this country, and the paper and printing are worthy to be interpreters of the designer and the engraver. The cover, which is very simple, is very artistic in design, and a decided improvement upon that of the English edition. Of all living artists, Doré is the one to illustrate COLERIDGE'S famous vision. Of all English themes, there is none better adapted to bring out the peculiar genius of Doré's pencil than *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. This volume is far better in an art point of view, and far better as an illustration of Doré's peculiar power, than his famous Bible. It is better in an art point of view because he does not shock both taste and reverence by such melodramatic travesties as his picture of the agony in Gethsemane. It is better as an illustration of Doré's power because he is characteristically lacking in reverence and tenderness, and characteristically strong in a certain lawlessness of imagination. Doré's distinguishing characteristic is audacity, and audacity is the distinguishing characteristic of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. In this poem Mr. Coleridge drops the rein on the neck of his imagination, and suffers his steed to carry him whither he will. He is restrained by no laws, and the very wildness of his fancy gives its weird charm to his story. Doré accepts the freedom which this poem gives him, and he is always best when he is freest. He sometimes misses, perhaps, the meaning of Coleridge, but he is never unmeaning; his effects are sensational, but they are those of a genuine sensationalism; and if he does not always interpret the poem as the critic would, it must be said that it is doubtful whether any two critics interpret it alike. Of all Doré's works, we are inclined to rank *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* among the first, if not as the very first. And in the sensational school we certainly think Doré is not only among the first, but almost without a competitor. The artistic value of that school we shall not here discuss: if not the highest art, it is still true art, and he who is invited to a striking melodrama has no right to complain because he is not given Shakspeare.

The third series in the *History of the Jewish Church*, by Dean STANLEY (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), possesses the characteristics which have made this series a classic in the Church universal. Most readers of the Bible are aware that there is a period between the closing of the Old Testament and the opening of the New Testament that is like an isthmus of wilderness between two well-explored countries. It is this historical wilderness through which Dean Stanley conducts his readers in this third volume. This period embraces the close of the Old Testament canon; the account of the Babylonish captivity; the story of Daniel; the restoration under Zerubbabel; the rebuilding under Ezra and Nehemiah; the later prophets; the influence of the external world on the future of Judaism; Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates; Alexandria and the Alexandrian philosophy; Judas Maccabæus and the Maccabæan war; and the Asmonean dynasty ending with Herod the Great—thus bringing the history to the beginning of Christianity in the birth of its Founder. All Dean Stanley's readers will hope that he will live to accomplish his purpose, and complete his work with a history of that period which was at once the death of Judaism and the birth of its heir, the Christian system. The theological critics will find more to criticise in this volume even than in the preceding ones of the same series. What is somewhat vaguely called the rationalistic spirit is even more apparent. In the preceding volume he has argued the composite character of the Book of Isaiah; in this, by a similar process of reasoning, he concludes that the Books of Daniel, Ezra, and Nehemiah are also compositions, each being by more than one author. He intimates the "gradual growth of the Pentateuch," and he treats the miraculous accounts in the Book of Daniel as traditions. He does not, indeed, in words say that they are not to be accepted as historical, but he quotes with them the "later traditions," as though they were entitled to precisely the same historic credit. He devotes considerable space to heathen teachers, especially to Socrates, and implies, if he does not directly assert, that they were prophets to their own people through whom Divine truth was revealed, as it was to the Jewish people through those whom we are accustomed to regard as prophets. In short, his liberality, his enthusiastic interest in traditional studies, his familiarity with the German school of thought, and his extreme catholicity—if that virtue can ever be extreme—carries him to the very verge of what is called orthodoxy, if not considerably beyond it. We are unable to say whether truly beyond, rather because the bounds of orthodoxy are constantly changing, than because the views of the dean are left in any culpable ambiguity. The author rightly regards this period of sacred history as a *præparatio evangelica*. It is impossible to understand aright the story of the New Testament without tracing the rise of Pharisaism, the origin and growth of the synagogues, the changes wrought in Jewish theology, and the character of those who both wrought it and were wrought upon by it—the scribes with whom Christ and his apostles came so frequently in conflict. For this, as well as for general information on the period between the last of the Old Testament prophets and John the Baptist, there is, on the whole, no book to be compared with this for the English reader, though he must read it with allowance for the fact that the author represents not the more conservative views in Biblical criticism, but those of the most liberal and advanced of those thinkers who still hold to any doctrine of Divine inspiration in the Bible. It is almost needless to say that the work is written in that fascinating style that makes both luminous

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and entertaining every thing that the Dean of Westminster writes.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's *History of the City of New York* (A. S. Barnes and Co.), of which the first four numbers are before us, bringing the history down to 1656, promises to be both a useful and entertaining book. Mrs. Lamb has had free access to the archives of the New York Historical Library, and has been in communication with members of many of the old families of New York, in which city there is stored in private libraries an amount of historical information surprising for so democratic a city. She has evidently made good use of her opportunities, and she shows decided literary skill in the selection of material and its arrangement. She is not, as many writers are, burdened with the wealth which she possesses, and does not leave her readers to do that work of selection and elimination which they look to the author to do for them. We can not tell from these parts how able she may be to trace the political history of the great metropolis—an aspect of her subject of prime importance because of the light which it throws on the problem of modern civilization, the government of great cities; but from the work already done we feel confident of a piece of historical painting which, for brightness of color, distinctness of outline, and general truthfulness in detail, will deserve the highest commendation, and give her history a place not only in every historical library, but also in the household of those to whom this important chapter in our national history is one of any interest. The work is fully and finely illustrated.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice (Roberts Brothers) is a story of decided and very peculiar power. It is the first of the "No Name Series," so entitled because all the books, though by well-known authors, are to be published anonymously. The idea is a good one, not only because it will pique the curiosity of the reader, but also because it will put the writers on their mettle to do their best, and absolutely prevent that trading on reputation which is the greatest vice of American *littérateurs*. The scene of *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* is laid in a New England town, but the characters belong to the human race, and the interest depends upon elements that are neither local nor temporary. There is very little action; the incidents are few and simple; there is almost no plot; the crisis is wrought out by the simplest means, not by any remarkable combination of circumstances, but by a mere contrast of well-drawn characters. The personages of the drama are few; indeed, we may say that there are but two of any real importance, since the whole interest of the story centres on Mercy Philbrick and Stephen White. The other characters are quite subordinate, though well drawn. It is a characteristic of the book that there is no careless work in it, the minutest detail being wrought out with a fidelity that always characterizes the true artist. The light and shade in character are delicately rather than strongly contrasted. Stephen White, not only in the beginning, but throughout, exhibits qualities which awaken the admiration of the reader, and give adequate reason for the early love of the heroine, despite the one capital defect that destroys her respect and ruins his life. There is some internal evidence to support the opinion expressed by some newspaper critics that the author is Saxe Holm. However this may be, he is a painter and a poet rather than a dramatist; possesses deep religious feeling, by which we mean not merely sympathy with humanity and a high and keen sense of honor and duty, but also a sense of the importance and reality of the Divine presence with men; but he is, as so many noble and devout natures are, alienated from the common forms of our church life and its real or supposed creeds, and feels the keen sorrow of an utter loneliness in his inner and spiritual life. *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* is a thoroughly healthy, though not altogether an inspiring, book, and we trust may be a true augury of what the entire series is to be.

Near to Nature's Heart (Dodd, Mead, and Co.) is unquestionably the best of Mr. E. P. Roe's novels. We believe, also, that it will be the most popular. The characters are more clearly conceived and more consistently sustained, the story is more carefully constructed and more equable, the minor characters and the incidental side play are more artistically wrought out; and there are touches of poetry, both in description and in portrait painting—a disclosure of that, both in nature and character, which lies beneath the surface, indicating that the story was conceived, if not written, in a calmer and more leisurely mood and with greater self-possession than either of its predecessors. There is a certain family resemblance in all Mr. Roe's stories. In English fiction the class separations, and the consequent family alliances supposed to be required by social considerations, constitute the obstacles which make the course of true love never run smooth. In this country these obstacles do not exist, and to that fact may partly be attributed the poverty of American fiction. The story must either violate truth or fail in dramatic interest. In Mr. Roe's stories religious diversity serves in lieu of social differences. In *Near to Nature's Heart* the time is the era of the American Revolution; the scene is mainly the Highlands of the Hudson; the two chief characters are Theron Saville, a young man of wealth and culture, who in his Parisian education has learned the infidelity which is a part of the intellectual fashion of the day, and Vera Brown, the daughter of a self-exiled outlaw, living in the absolute solitude of the wilderness, with no other teacher than a God-fearing mother, no other literature than a Bible and a Shakspeare, no other school than nature, and none of the culture which, with all its compensating advantages, generally brings something of sorrowful skepticism and intellectual conflict. The stirring scenes of the Revolution afford ample material for dramatic incidents, which are skillfully employed so as to lead up to the preordained result. Vera is by far the most original of Mr. Roe's conceptions, and is drawn with very decided artistic skill.

Wilkie Collins is to be congratulated. He has found a practical use for those phenomena which go by the general name of animal magnetism. In his last novel, *The Two Destinies* (Harper and Brothers), these form the basis of a very curious plot. He has used the supernatural element with his usual skill, so that, granting the assumption that the soul does sometimes leave the body and set space at defiance, it is at least probable that it would avail itself of this privilege in the way in which Mary Dermody did. The characters are drawn with power, but the inter-

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est of the narrative is somewhat abated by the fact that the author tells the reader that the two destinies are to be united before he begins to read their history.

The Pilot and his Wife (S. C. Griggs and Co.) will be at the outset commended to the reader by the pleasant dedication by the translator, Mrs. Ole Bull, to her husband. The author, whom we know only by this story, we are told in an extract from the *North American Review*, "has conquered for himself a name in the very foremost rank of Scandinavian literati." We can readily believe it, and certainly there is needed no other proof than this story that he is "a novelist of very marked genius." The scene is laid on the coast of Norway; the stage is one not promising, and the result is to afford another evidence that dramatic interest does not depend on the accessories of time or place, but on the power of the dramatist to look beneath the surface and see the life that beats in every heart. The book is a piece of *genre* painting. It recalls some of the interiors which are so characteristic of the Dutch school. The figures are somewhat stiff, the theme is simple, the scenery wild rather than either beautiful or grand, the style awkward and broken. But the faults of the book are those of a strong writer, and it has the peculiar charm of fidelity to truth and of sympathy with man. It gives the reader a graphic picture of the coast life of Norway, and remarkable life-like photographic portraits of Norwegian character; and though the characters are far from ideals, they are characters of a kind whom it is a help to have known, though it be only through the aid of fiction.—*Phœbe, Junior* (Harper and Brothers), is one of Mrs. OLIPHANT'S characteristic stories, though not one of her best. It is a strikingly realistic picture of certain aspects of English life, though not of the highest or pleasantest aspects. Her account of the clergy of both the Established and of the Dissenting Churches is not very attractive, nor, to one who takes it as a true account of the general condition of the clergy, a very hopeful sign of the future. The contrast between Mr. Copperhead and his wife brings out the sordid side of human nature with strong effect, but this is not sufficiently lightened by any truly noble or spiritual characters, and the final surrender of Phœbe, Junior, to the sordid atmosphere in which she lives makes the story almost pathetic in its tone. It is throughout rather an admonition than an inspiration.—The last of the "Leisure-hour Series," *Ida Craven* (Henry Holt and Co.), is a story of very considerable power, but of that subtle and semi-metaphysical character not easy to be indicated in a paragraph. It is in strong contrast with the overwrought story of the day. Ida's battle is fought out and her victory gained in a campaign not of a lifetime, but of three years; and the lesson that love founded on honor and mated to duty alone brings true and enduring happiness is one which needs to be constantly taught, all the more that so much of very popular fiction, unintentionally perhaps, tends to inculcate a very different creed.

In the *Physical Basis of Immortality* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mrs. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL seeks to establish the truth of a personal immortality upon a physical or purely scientific basis. Her argument is so abstruse in its nature, and her style is so involved and complicated, that the great majority of readers will find it easier to believe in their own immortality than to comprehend her evidence of it. One must have a very strong *penchant* for the most abstruse sort of dialectics in order to enjoy or even comprehend the course of her discussion.—The little book entitled, *Is Eternal Punishment Endless?* by an anonymous "orthodox minister of the Gospel" (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.), though it embraces only a hundred pages, contains more theological thought than many a more pretentious treatise. The writer apparently belongs to no school—at least, he writes in the interest of none—and starting with a question, ends with one. His conclusion is, in brief, that the Scriptures really leave his problem an open question. Without entering into the theological discussion, we heartily recommend the book to thoughtful readers of all schools as a corrective of that dogmatic spirit which has not been confined to either of the disputants.—The *Familiar Talks to Boys*, by Rev. JOHN HALL, D.D. (Dodd, Mead, and Co.), were delivered extemporaneously to the pupils of the Charlier Institute in this city, and were taken down in short-hand and put in their present form by the publisher. They are none the worse for this—rather the better; but they lack that personality which gives a peculiar charm to all that Dr. Hall says, and which can not be transferred to the printed page. They are plain, simple talks on distinctively religious subjects, addressed to boys of ages varying from twelve to eighteen.—Of the *Meditations on the Essence of Christianity*, by R. LAIRD COLLIER, D.D. (Roberts Brothers), it must suffice here to say that the author belongs to that large and increasing school of thinkers who regard the essence of Christianity as a true life rather than as a system of philosophy or a history. In the affirmative portions of his chapters all devout minds may obtain profit. They would be more profitable to the greater majority of his readers if they had not been accompanied by an unnecessary and iconoclastic attack on the old forms of faith. These are not, indeed, of the essence of Christianity, since the *form* never is or can be of the *essence*, but neither is the new form which Mr. Collier would have us substitute therefor.

Dr. HOLLAND'S *Topics for the Times* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is made up of his editorials in *Scribner's Magazine*. These are always vigorous and incisive, but they are for the times; they served their purpose in their original publication; and Dr. Holland's candid friends would be compelled to tell him that he committed an error of judgment in collecting them into a volume for permanent preservation. There is only one Addison whose *Spectator*, having served its transient purpose in the current periodical, deserves to be embalmed in literature as a classic; and it may even be doubted whether, if Addison were living now, his essays could be made thus to serve a double purpose.

The third volume of *Johnson's Universal Illustrated Cyclopædia* (A. J. Johnson and Son), under the editorship of Drs. BARNARD and GUYOT, keeps fully up to the standard of its predecessors. It begins with the article Lichfield, and ends with the article Ryswick. Among the articles of special interest are Life-saving Apparatus, Magic Squares, Man, Missions, Meteorology, Methodism, Microscope, Moral Philosophy, Music, Nebulæ, Nests of Birds, Petroleum, Positivism, Printing,

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etc. Its illustrations illustrate; they are not mere pictures brought in to justify the title-page. In some instances there is possibly a superfluity of pictures, but this is a harmless defect, if it be one at all. It is characteristic of the book that the moral and religious topics are put into the hands of disciples, not enemies. While President NOAH PORTER writes the article on Moral Philosophy, JOHN FISKE writes that on Positivism. This catholicity is characteristic of the age. The work appears to be brought well up to the latest time in its historical as well as in its scientific articles.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—To bring our enumeration of new minor planets up to the end of September, we must chronicle the discovery of No. 165, of the eleventh magnitude, on August 9, No. 166, of the eleventh magnitude, on August 10, and No. 167, of the twelfth magnitude, on August 28—all by Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of Clinton, making the number of minor planets so far discovered by that indefatigable astronomer twenty-six. Palisa, on September 21, observed an object of the eleventh magnitude, which may be Maia (66), or which may prove to be a new asteroid, in which case it will receive the number 168. No. 169, of the eleventh magnitude, was discovered by Prosper Henry, of Paris.

In the *Comptes Rendus* of August 28 is given a letter of Dr. Wolf, of Zurich, to Leverrier, announcing the fact that M. Weber, of Peckeloh, had observed on April 4, 1876, at about 4 h. Berlin mean time, a round spot on the sun's disk which had not been there in the morning, and which on April 5 had disappeared. It is possible that this may be a new major planet whose orbit is interior to that of Mercury, and it is remarkable that all recorded observations since 1820 of such a body apparently point to a period of about forty-two days, this observation being no exception to the rule. Such a periodic time would make the mean distance about 0.24, and the maximum elongation in a circular orbit about 13½ degrees. Leverrier requested that the surface of the sun be carefully watched during October 2, 3, 9, and 10 for the detection of this body, if it really exists. Leverrier also inclines to the belief in a period of twenty-eight days, as opposed to Wolf's period of forty-two days, and supposes it quite possible that two such small planets exist. The observations requested by Leverrier have been made in America at the observatories of Washington, Ann Arbor, Clinton, Albany, Cincinnati, and Glasgow (Missouri), Pittsburg, and by others not yet heard from; probably at Harvard College and at Hanover, and by Professor Davidson, United States Coast Survey, at San Francisco. No planet has been found as far as known, but the assiduity with which it was looked for at so many American observatories is very striking.

The question of the best means for determining the solar parallax will receive new light by the publication of the results of the heliometer measures of Juno by Lord Lindsay and Mr. Gill at Mauritius in 1874. The preliminary results obtained show a surprising accordance between the several nights' work, and indicate a parallax not far from 8.85″.

Another method promising good results is the observation of Mars and companion stars at the opposition of 1877; and to facilitate the application of this method, Professor Eastman, of Washington, has prepared a carefully selected list of stars for observation with the planet during the period from July 18 to October 21, with suggestions as to the method of observation.

With regard to the method recently proposed by Mayer for determining the "isothermals on the solar disk," Löhse, of Berlin, has recently shown that he had already printed an account of essentially the same method, and in his note he expresses grave doubts as to the correctness of the preliminary conclusions arrived at by Mayer from this class of observations.

Drawings of Jupiter have been assiduously made by Trouvelot, of Cambridge, and up to September 15 no less than 108 completed drawings were secured. Trouvelot confirms the opinion of Löhse that unusual disturbances of Jupiter's atmosphere are taking place.

The Cincinnati Observatory, recently re-opened under the direction of Professor Ormond Stone, has just published, in a neat octavo form, a catalogue of fifty new double stars discovered at Cincinnati with the eleven-inch refractor by H. A. Howe. The stars are mostly small, and all are below the sixth magnitude; but, on the other hand, the pairs are close, no less than twenty-one out of fifty pairs being two seconds of arc or less in distance, and none greater than eight seconds. Most of them are also very far south, in a field comparatively unworked before, which undoubtedly will be thoroughly explored by the Cincinnati Observatory.

A seventh catalogue of new double stars is published by Burnham, of Chicago, making 436 doubles discovered by him.

The Coast Survey publishes in its Report for 1873 a list of all the stars down to the 5.9 magnitude, inclusive, which lie between declinations +88° 40′ and −1° 48′. There are 2164 in all, and the list gives their approximate positions for 1880, with their magnitudes as photometrically assigned by Assistant C. S. Peirce. It is announced that soon definitive positions of these stars will be published by the Coast Survey—a work much needed. In the course of the preparation of this list a careful scrutiny of Heis's catalogue was made, and an enormous number of errors and misprints discovered by Mr. Peirce, who gives a list of them in an appendix to his paper.

It is understood that Auwers's reduction of Bradley is in a very advanced state, nearly ready for the press. Astronomers will regret that the feeble health of Dr. Auwers, added to the mass of work entailed by the German transit of Venus expeditions, has materially delayed its progress.

In a recent communication to the St. Petersburg Academy, Struve expresses his belief that his supposed discovery of a companion to Procyon in the place assigned by the theory of Auwers

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was a deception, as he has found that other bright stars, under certain conditions, give a similar companion in about the same position, and as he has this year been unable to find the object in question.

Peters, of Clinton, publishes the places of five new telescopic variables; and Schmidt, of Athens, publishes further observations of variable stars.

De Böe, of Paris, announces that he has repeatedly observed, with a four-inch equatorial, two new companions to Polaris, as follows:

1. p = 330°, s = 4″, mag. = 12¼.
2. p = 85°, s = 3-4″, mag. = 13-13½.

Sir William Thomson has just published a set of tables for facilitating the use of "Sumner's method" at sea, which are extremely convenient and practical. It is to be hoped that these tables may tend to make the use of this method more general in our merchant service.

In the *American Journal of Science* Professor J. L. Smith proposes a new compensating pendulum of vulcanite and steel, which promises well.

Referring to a previous communication of Oudemanns, Pechule points out, in *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 2093, that the most advantageous way of making heliometer measures of Venus on the sun's disk is to measure from those points on the disk which are respectively nearest to and farthest from the horizon.

The St. Petersburg Academy has published a *Tableau général méthodique et alphabétique des Matières contenues dans les Publications de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences, depuis sa Fondation.* The first part, "Publications en Langues étrangères," 8vo, p. 489, was printed in 1872, and has just reached England. It will be of immense service as a key to these important Transactions.

Meteorology.—The annual report for 1875 of the London Meteorological Office has come to hand during September. Mr. Scott reports, among other interesting items, that he has 670 barometers afloat on British vessels, thus giving some idea of the great extent of the ocean covered by his observers. In prosecuting his studies into the great Nova Scotia hurricane of August, 1873, he states that he has accumulated 280 logs of vessels at sea during that month. The preparation of monthly and seasonal charts illustrating the meteorology of the Atlantic between latitude 20° N. and 10° S., and longitude 10° W. and 40° W., is now nearly complete, and a summary of interesting results has already been presented by Captain Toynbee to the British Association; the complete work will probably appear before the close of 1876. At the London office itself an issue of 500 copies of the daily morning weather map is necessary to supply the general demand. During the year storm warnings were displayed at 130 British stations; 76 per cent. of the warnings were considered successful and satisfactory.

From Norway comes a most laborious and valuable work in the shape of monthly, seasonal, and annual wind-roses for six stations in Southern Norway and for the six climatic elements, viz., pressure, temperature, absolute and relative humidity, cloudiness, and wind force. The whole series of roses is given both in the shape of arithmetic tables and of graphic diagrams. These wind-roses are the results of over 367,000 observations taken between 1861 and 1868 at Christiansund, Aalesund, Skudesnaes, Mandal, Sarnosund, and Christiania, and the whole memoir forms the "magister dissertation" of C. de Seue. The scientific value of the work is spoken of highly by Mohn, while the great labor attending its execution renders it unexampled as the production of a young student.

Crook's radiometer continues to be the subject of searching investigations. The theory advanced by Osborne Reynolds over two years ago was explained by us at the time, and its author has presented to the Royal Society the results of an extended series of observations intended to test his own and other theories. It is shown that the reaction of the residual air within the glass globe when being heated by the vanes is the sole cause of the motion of the vanes, and that the same air by its resistance sets a limit to the velocity of their rotation; it is also shown that their motion can not be the direct result of radiation. Quantitative measure shows that when making 240 revolutions per minute, the torsional force on the vanes does not exceed one forty-millionth part of a pound acting on a lever a foot long; that the pressure of the gas on the vanes to produce this result was not more than one two-million-five-hundred-thousandth part of a pound on a square inch, or one one-thousandth part of the pressure in a Torricellian vacuum; and that the difference of temperature on the two sides of the vanes necessary to produce this result is less than 24°, while theory indicates that it should be greater than 1.7°, between which limits it must therefore lie. A method of constructing a test form of the light mill is given, and it is specially to be noted that Reynolds has employed in his work a new form of photometer, or rather a differential thermometer, that is even more delicate and convenient for use than Crook's radiometer.

Captain Miejahr gives in the *Hansa* a series of articles on the clouds and winds of the coasts of China and Japan, which will be found to be eminently instructive. The study of clouds and their relation to topography and to winds and rain can not be too earnestly impressed upon American observers.

Both the Scottish Meteorological Society and the Ministerial Commission on the North and the Baltic seas have set on foot very extensive systems of observation as to the connection between weather and fisheries. If to these we add the extended labors of the United States government officers, we have reason to hope that the study of these observations will lead to considerable benefits to fishing interests. The retirement of fishes to deep sea, as distinct from the older theories of their extended migrations, seems already to be well established, as also the fact that a water temperature of about 55°, and certainly below 59°, is most favorable for herring fishery.

Plantamour shows from fifty years' observation at Geneva that there has been a gradual slight increase of temperature, and that, too, quite uniformly throughout the year, that there is no special set of warm or cold days in the year, and that there is no regular periodicity in the succession of hot and cold years. These questions are discussed by him most elaborately, and should set at rest any doubt on the subject—at least for that part of Europe.

Leverrier has begun during the month of September to issue "local agricultural warnings" to each of the departments of France. The tele-

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graphic service is free, that is to say, at the expense of the government.

Forel, of Morges, on the north shore of the Lake of Geneva, has from the study of the self-recording tide-gauge of large scale shown that the surface of the lake oscillates rhythmically in fixed periods about two axes, *i. e.*, the longest and shortest diameters of the lake. The times of vibration are respectively seventy and ten minutes.

At the recent meeting at Glasgow of the British Association, Professor Andrews, of Belfast, in his presidential address, states that the venerable Robinson, at Armagh, has been engaged during the past summer in a course of laborious experiments to determine the corrections peculiar to his anemometer. From seven years' observations at Armagh, Robinson finds that the total monthly wind movement is greatest in January, whence it decreases to a minimum in July.

Meteorologists are scarcely less interested than astronomers in the remarkable address by Sir William Thomson before the Mathematical and Physical Section at Glasgow. After rapidly reviewing his visit to the United States, and highly complimenting American science, he proceeded to unfold the recent changes in his views as to the physical condition of the earth, the variability of its axis and period of rotation, etc. He gives his adherence to Hopkins's conclusion as to the general solidity of the earth at present, and against any hypothesis of a thin rigid shell full of liquid. The latter undoubtedly was, however, its condition in past ages; but this being a condition of unstable equilibrium, must have been subject to repeated changes until the whole mass was solidified, excepting local cavities of lava. The exact measure of the present rigidity will be partly though imperfectly shown by tidal observations. Slight temporary deviations as to velocity of rotation, he thinks, may be considered admissible. The whole address must, indeed, be considered as affording a brief foretaste of one of the most remarkable of Sir William Thomson's mathematical memoirs, the full publication of which will be anticipated with the liveliest pleasure, and all the more so from the fact that the change in his views is stated by himself to date from a verbal discussion of the subject in Washington last June, with Professor Newcomb.

Anthropology.—The first volume of the Proceedings of the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences (Iowa), Vol. I., 1867–76, is a very creditable publication for a young society, and contains a series of able papers upon a variety of topics, many of them being illustrated with plates. Archæological papers occupy a very large space in the volume. Students will be highly interested by the descriptions of copper axes wrapped in coarse cloth, described and figured by Dr. Farquharson.

The Archæological Congress at Philadelphia was held from the 6th to the 9th of September. In addition to the reading and discussion of several important papers, the congress organized itself into a permanent Anthropological Society, with Dr. C. C. Jones as president and Rev. S. D. Peet as secretary.

The eighth number of *Matériaux* reviews an elaborate work by Count J. Gozzadini upon prehistoric horse-trappings in bronze, found in Italy. The rest of the number is taken up with local matters and reviews.

M. Tissot communicates to the *Revue d'Anthropologie*, No. 3, an account of megalithic monuments in Morocco, together with a description of the blonde element in the population. Paul Broca follows up the paper with a historical connection of these monuments with those of Europe on the one hand, and of Algiers on the other. With regard to the blonde element in the population, M. Broca combats the theory of their descent from the Vandals of Genseric, and refers them to a white invasion of Africa many centuries before Christ. They are also brought into relation with those who erected these megalithic monuments.

In the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, June, 1876, Vice-Admiral Vicomte Fleurot de Langle also publishes an article upon megalithic monuments, giving a classification of them, together with an account of their distribution and probable origin.

The authorities of Cape Colony do not see their way clear to continue the philological labors of the late Dr. Bleek, and Miss Lloyd has been instructed to finish up those papers which were nearly completed. It is a pity that these studies into the Bushman dialects could not be carried forward.

Madame Clemence Royer has a long paper in No. 3 of *Revue d'Anthropologie* upon funereal rites in prehistoric times. This laborious student attempts to trace back the idea of veneration for the dead to the instincts of dread which all animals exhibit in the presence of a dead body. Funereal rites are all the offshoots of certain primitive forms, which are manifested in embryo by the higher mammals.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science met in Glasgow September 6. The anthropological subsection was opened by Mr. A. R. Wallace, the president of the biological section. The speaker, after stating that the opinions of the majority of learned people concerning the origin of man had completely changed during the last sixteen years, took occasion to present some of the objections which might still be urged against the doctrine of evolution as applied to man. Reports were made upon the explorations of Kent's and Victoria caves. Captain Cameron read a paper, by Captain J. S. Hay, describing a tribe of negroes in Akin, South Africa, in which the males had a horny protuberance on their cheek-bones. Professor Barret read a paper on some phenomena associated with abnormal conditions of the mind, referring especially to mesmerism, clairvoyance, etc. A lively discussion ensued, in which Dr. Carpenter and the president lost somewhat of their philosophic calmness.

The French Association met at Clermont-Ferrand August 18. M. Mortillet was made president of the subsection of anthropology. His opening address was upon the origin of superstitions. M. Tubino read a paper on the Iberian peninsula; M. Ollier de Marchand communicated the results of his researches concerning the prehistoric antiquities of the department of Ardèche; M. Vacher read a paper upon the ancient places of adoration, and upon the traces of pagan worship in Auvergne and Limousin; M. Roujou spoke of the influence of geological phenomena upon human migrations; M. Hovelacque read a paper upon the Sclaves; and M. Broca presented a communication upon the article upon megalithic mon-

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uments in Morocco, printed in *Revue d'Anthropologie* No. 3.

In the domain of *Zoology* we have, beginning with the lower forms of life, some discoveries of importance by C. Barrois regarding the development of sponges—a subject which has already engaged the attention of some of the best naturalists in Europe. The results of the studies of Barrois appear in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* of June 30. He finds that the sponges of the different groups studied by him present the same essential processes of development, but that these stages appear in a different order, and more or less modified by different circumstances, in the different groups. This general mode of development, or primitive cycle, does not seem to him to be a *gastrula* fixed like a hydra, and of which the inner layer is ramified into a gastro-vascular system, as Haeckel supposes, but a compact mass composed of two layers, the exterior representing the exoderm, the interior the union of an internal and middle leaf. From the middle layer arise the spicules. The oval gastrula becomes fixed by its posterior end, and then becomes flattened and irregular in form; cavities then appear in the endoderm, or innermost layer, which are lined with the peculiar ciliated cells found in sponges, and the oscules then appear, by which water enters and bathes the cavities within. These observations of M. Barrois do not seem to sustain Haeckel's views as to the relationship of the sponges to the polyps, with which he unites them.

The last Annual Report of the German North Sea Commission contains an article by Dr. Kirchenpauer on the *Polyzoa* of the Baltic Sea, one by Dr. Kupffer on the *Tunicata*, and one by Dr. Moebius on the minute *Crustacea*.

Dr. J. W. Dawson writes to *Nature* that he has found at the South Joggins coal mines, in Nova Scotia, a number of well-preserved shells of *Pupa vetusta*, the oldest of land shells. It appears that this little shell is found at the bottom and top of beds 2000 feet in thickness, including many beds of coal, and nearly the whole thickness of the productive coal measures. *Conulus priscus*, the only other land snail found in this section, on the other hand, occurs only, so far as known, in the lowest of the beds above mentioned. Two other carboniferous shells, *Pupa vermilionensis* and *Dawsonella meeki* of Bradley, have been found in the coal beds of Illinois. All these forms belong to generic or subgeneric types still represented in America. Dr. Dawson also found another sigillarian stump rich in reptilian remains.

It has been found by Professor Steenstrup that the basking-shark, which is the largest known selachian, sometimes attaining a length of forty feet, is provided with rays or fringes of a whalebone-like substance along the gill openings, originally described by Gunnerus, and reminding us of the structure of the mouth of the whalebone whales. He believes that these fringes must act as strainers; that the shark takes in whole volumes of minute food, catches it on these fringes, and then swallows it. It appears that previous to Steenstrup's observations Professor Allman had concluded that this apparatus was a strainer. Professor E. P. Wright, in commenting on Professor Steenstrup's paper, adds that the difficulties and danger of capturing these sharks seem altogether to be greater than those attending the whale fishery. The same is true of the fishery of the large rhinodon shark at the Seychelles Islands. "A whale must come up to breathe, or else choke itself. But there were stories told me of how a harpooned rhinodon, having by a lightning-like dive exhausted the supply of rope, which had been accidentally fastened to the boat, dived deeper still, and so pulled pirogue and crew to the bottom"—as, being a true fish, it remains at the bottom as readily as at the top.

Some notes on the blue crows of America, by Messrs. Slater and Galim, appear in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, and will interest our ornithologists.

We learn from *Nature* that Professor J. B. Steere, of the University of Michigan, has recently returned from an expedition to the Philippine Islands, bringing with him large collections of animals. The birds have been placed in the hands of Mr. R. B. Sharpe, of London, and form one of the most important ornithological collections yet made in that region, containing many novelties.

An interesting article on the habits of the herons of South America, by W. H. Hudson, appears in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London. Some one has affirmed that a mysterious light emanates from the heron's bosom when it fishes in the dark. He thinks that this may have some foundation. He has satisfied himself that the *Ardea cocoi* possesses as keen a vision by day as any birds except the raptorial kinds. The streams on the level pampas are so muddy that a fish two inches below the surface is invisible to the human eye; yet in these thick waters the herons fish by night and by day. "If the eye is adapted to see so well in the day, how can it see so well at night, and under such unfavorable circumstances, without some such extraneous aid to vision as the attributed luminosity?"

A wonderful case of protective mimicry in the case of the variegated heron is narrated by Mr. Hudson. When disturbed, it perches erect on a reed, the head and neck erect, with no perceptible curve or inequality in a front view, but the whole bird is the exact counterpart of a straight tapering rush; "the loose plumage arranged to fill inequalities, the wings pressed into the hollow sides, made it impossible to see where the body ended and the neck began, or to distinguish head from neck or beak from head. This was, of course, a front view, and the entire under surface of the bird was thus displayed, all of a uniform dull yellow like that of a faded rush." On forcing the head down till it touched the back, it flew back to its former position like a steel spring, though the experiment was frequently repeated. Its eyes appeared "all the time rigid and unwinking, like those of a creature in a fit." When he stepped around to see its striped back and broad dark-colored sides, it would always present its front to view. "His motions on the perch as he turned slowly or quickly around, still keeping the edge of the blade-like body before me, corresponded so exactly with my own that I almost doubted that I had moved at all."

The eared seals of Australia and neighboring islands are noticed by Mr. J. W. Clark in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London. In the course of remarks on the habits of these animals, quoted from the notes of Bass and Flinders, two early explorers, the latter of whom states that

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Kangaroo Island abounded with kangaroos and seals, the following quotation was given as conveying some idea of the relative intelligence of the two animals: "They seemed to dwell amicably together. It not unfrequently happened that the report of a gun, fired at a kangaroo near the beach, brought out two or three bellowing seals from under bushes considerably further from the water-side. The seal, indeed, seemed to be much the most discerning animal of the two, for its actions bespoke a knowledge of our not being kangaroos, whereas the kangaroo not unfrequently appeared to consider us to be seals."

Agriculture.—The report on commercial fertilizers, by Professor P. Collier, member of the Scientific Commission of the United States to the International Exhibition at Vienna in 1873, has appeared, in the form of a pamphlet of sixty-seven pages, and is replete with interesting matter. It gives a large number of statistics concerning the trade in fertilizers in Europe and America, their sources, character, value, and cost.

The report of Professor Collier coincides fully with the common experience in Europe and in this country in showing that there is a great deal of fraud in commercial fertilizers; that at the same time the bulk of what is in the market is good; and that the only method to prevent frauds, enable the farmer to make sure of getting reliable wares, and at the same time to improve the general quality of the wares as sold, rests in control systems based on chemical analysis.

The fertilizer control system introduced in Connecticut by the State Experiment Station is working very satisfactorily. A considerable number of low-grade and fraudulent fertilizers have been examined, and their character exposed. One article, for instance, which had been sold for $55 per ton, a discount from the regular price of $60 per ton being made to "introduce the article," proved to be nearly one-half sand, and to have a commercial value of about $8 per ton. Several parties who had bought and tried the article, on learning the result of the analysis, refused payment, a considerable sum of money being thus saved to the victims of the fraud. Arrangements are made whereby responsible dealers sell their goods under supervision of the station, guaranteeing their composition, and holding them at all times subject to examination by the station. Purchasers have also the privilege of having the fertilizers they buy analyzed at the station at small cost or for nothing.

The important question as to the form of nitrogen most suitable for the nutrition of plants has been studied by Lehmann, who has lately experimented with buckwheat, maize, and tobacco, supplying nitrogen in some cases in the form of nitrates, and in others in the form of ammonia salts. He concludes that some plants require ammonia in their first period of vegetation, and nitric acid in the second, but that ammonia may, by oxidation in the soil, produce the nitric acid needed.

Of the many new ways in which science has of late come to be applied to agriculture, one of the most interesting as well as most useful is in the investigation of seeds. In 1869 Dr. Nobbe, director of the agricultural experiment station at Tharand, in Saxony, commenced the study of seeds in common use in Germany, and founded the first "seed-control station." How much of good has come from this may be inferred from the fact that during the seven years that have since elapsed over 4000 samples of seeds have been examined at Tharand; that adulterations have been discovered, most ingenious in character, harmful in effect, and remarkable in amount, so much so as to work a by no means inconsiderable injury to the agriculture of the country; and that some twenty seed-control stations have been established in Germany, while others have been either founded or projected in Denmark, Austria, Hungary, Holland, Belgium, and Italy. Among the adulterations found are old seeds that have lost their power of germinating, seeds of either useless or noxious plants, sometimes killed and sometimes fresh, and even pieces of quartz rock, ground, sifted, and colored to imitate genuine seeds.

One of the outgrowths of Professor Nobbe's work at Tharand is his lately completed *Handbuch der Samenkunde*, a large volume, of which 367 pages are devoted to the physiology of seeds, 137 to the methods of determining their agricultural value, and the remainder to the means for preventing frauds, and other topics.

The *Engineering* event of the past month is, of course, the successful accomplishment of the work of removing the formidable obstruction to the navigation of New York Harbor known as Hallett's Point Reef, situated in the narrow channel called Hell Gate, leading from Long Island Sound to the East River. Submarine tunneling operations preparatory to the final destruction of the reef by explosion have been carried on, under the efficient direction of General Newton, since the year 1869, when the first appropriation for the purpose was made by Congress. The total length of the headings was 4857 feet, and of the circular galleries or cross-cuts, 2568 feet, or a total of 7425, and the amount of rock removed was 47,461 cubic yards. The character and progress of the tunneling work has been so frequently noticed in these columns that it is unnecessary to allude to it here, further than to remark that the rock to be pierced was a hard hornblendic gneiss, having a variable inclination of the bed, and intersected by numerous quartz veins—circumstances which demanded the greatest possible skill and vigilance in driving the headings, to avoid the shattering of the roof by too heavy shots. The explosives used in making the excavations were nitro-glycerine, several of its compounds, and common blasting powder. The work of excavation was finished last year, and the final explosion which culminated in the demolition of the reef took place on Sunday, the 24th of September. Soundings which were subsequently made indicated that the rock was effectually shattered, and that even before the removal of any of the *débris*, which will all eventually be dredged up, the depth of the river was already considerably increased. At a distance of 300 feet from the shore line a depth of twenty feet is now found at mean low-water level. This depth increases rapidly outward into the channel, and when the dredging is completed will be created inshore. The explosion appears, therefore, to have been completely successful. The cost of the work at Hallett's Point has been not less than $1,500,000. The scene of active operations will doubtless now be shifted to the neighboring submarine works at Flood Rock.

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The expected arrival in this country of an embassador from the Nicaraguan government has given origin to a report that there is a prospect of the United States government joining with that of Nicaragua to secure a highway between the oceans over the route lately approved by the United States commission of engineers.

The approaching abandonment of the famous zinc mines at Friedensville, near Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is indicated in the published statement that the Bethlehem Zinc Company has contracted with the New Jersey Zinc Company for the supply for five years of 12,000 tons of zinc ore per year from the Sterling mines in New Jersey. The cause of the projected abandonment of the Friedensville mines is said to be the difficulty and expense of keeping the workings dry. The enormous Cornish pumping engine at the mine has been of late pumping out of it about 30,000,000 gallons per day, and it is said that the cost of pumping has for some time past exceeded four dollars per ton on all the ore raised. The ore deposit at Sterling, on the contrary, is not only enormous in quantity, but so easily worked that it is said to be delivered on the cars at a cost of not more than seventy-five cents per ton.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of October.

Elections were held, October 10, in Ohio, Indiana, and West Virginia. In Ohio, the principal officer to be elected was a State Treasurer. Mr. Barnes, the Republican candidate, received a majority of 5000. On the rest of the ticket the Republican majority was 7500, and there was a Republican gain of five Congressmen. In Indiana, the Democrats elected Mr. Williams, their candidate for Governor, by a plurality of 5000. There was a Republican gain of four Congressmen. West Virginia was carried by the Democrats, their majority being about 12,000. The State election in Colorado was held October 3. The Republican candidate for Governor was elected by a majority of about 1500. The Legislature has a Republican majority. In Georgia, October 4, the Democrats swept the State, there having been virtually no opposition.

President Grant, October 17, issued a proclamation commanding the South Carolina rifle clubs to disperse within three days. The same day the Secretary of War issued an order to General Sherman instructing him to order all the available force in the Military Division of the Atlantic to report to General Ruger, at Columbia, South Carolina, to carry into effect the President's proclamation, should it be disregarded.

The bronze statue of William H. Seward was unveiled in Madison Square, New York city, September 27. An oration was delivered by William M. Evarts.

The Spanish government has appointed General Martinez Campos commander-in-chief of the army in Cuba. The Cuban insurgents, under Vicente Garcia, captured Las Tunas, September 22.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs an account of an interview with an officer in the Egyptian army, who gives circumstantial details of the horrible events which have taken place in Abyssinia during the attempts of Egypt to chastise the Abyssinians. The officer states that there have been two known expeditions. The first, which was dispatched in October, 1875, consisting of 4000 men, was surprised in the defile of Goundel, and massacred to the last man. The second expedition, composed of 6000 men, started in January last. It met the Abyssinians in February, in the defile of Goura, and was overwhelmed, 4000 men being killed. The Abyssinian king then disappeared into the interior, and, according to the latest reports, has repeated what he did in the defiles of Goundel and Goura by again crushing an army of Egyptians; but the details of this, as of the other expeditions, are guarded with great secrecy.

It is officially announced that Count von Arnim, who was proceeded against in default by the Staats Gerichtshof, on the 5th, has since been condemned to five years' imprisonment in the House of Correction, for treason and offense against the Emperor and Prince Bismarck.

Ex-Sultan Murad V., of Turkey, died October 7.

The Eastern war presents a very threatening aspect, and the result may be a great European war. As we write, the existence of Turkey seems to depend upon her acceptance of the terms submitted by Russia. The Russian ultimatum embraces the following points: 1, A six weeks' armistice; 2, Administrative autonomy for Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina; 3, The execution of reforms under the supervision of commissioners named by the great powers, and to be protected by an armed foreign force.

DISASTERS.

October 7.—In the German bark *Europa*, undergoing repairs at New York, a fire accidentally breaking out in the hold, six workmen were suffocated or burned to death.

October 12.—Explosion of a battery of boilers in a nail mill at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Fifteen men killed and a large number injured.

October 21.—Arrival of the whaling bark *Florence* at San Francisco with the startling intelligence that twelve American whaling ships of the Arctic fleet have been wrecked in the ice, with immense loss of life.

OBITUARY.

September 27.—At Galveston, Texas, Braxton F. Bragg, Confederate general, aged sixty-one years.

October 1.—In San Francisco, California, James Lick, the philanthropist, aged eighty years.—In New York, the Rev. John P. Durbin, D.D., aged seventy-six years.

October 18.—At Crystal Springs, Maryland, Francis P. Blair, Sen., aged eighty-seven years.

September 23.—At Edinburgh, Scotland, George Alfred Lawrence, author of *Guy Livingstone* and other novels, aged forty-nine years.

September 27.—In Bavaria, Joseph Ernst von Bandel, the distinguished German sculptor, aged seventy-six years.

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Editor's Drawer.



DECEMBER.

AND after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say was nourisht by the Idæan mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.
SPENSER.

THIS neat bit of humor of President Grant's appears now for the first time in print:

Just before the close of the last session of Congress, while riding out one day, he was struck with the appearance of a horse that was driven before a butcher's cart. The butcher was sent for and asked if he would sell. The butcher would do so for a proper consideration. The proper consideration was estimated at $250, which was paid. Subsequently, after driving out with Senator Conkling, the President said, "Come to the stable and look at a new horse I've bought."

Mr. Conkling, who is something of a judge of horses, looked him over thoroughly, poked him here, punched him there, and did all that a first-class Senator and horseman should do in such a case.

"Where did you get him?" asked the Senator.

"I bought him of a butcher," replied the President.

"How much did you pay for him?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," answered General Grant.

"Well," responded the Senator, "he may be a very good animal, and doubtless is, but if it were my case, I *think* I should rather have the money than the horse."

"*That is what the butcher thought*," replied the President.

THE late President Fillmore was a man of great strength and influence in Erie County during the period when he was actively engaged as a legal practitioner, not so much on account of brilliancy or superior abilities, but because of his really sterling qualities, and his natural tact and skill in causing it to be believed among the masses of the people that he was a man of the highest character for truthfulness and candor, and that under no circumstances would he condescend to any concealment, trick, or subterfuge to carry a point. Judge James Mullett, on the other hand, before he was elevated to the bench, was greatly Mr. Fillmore's superior in talent, but quite indifferent to those conventionalities which generally prevail at the bar, and was constantly saying or doing something to shock the moral sentiment of the community, and make himself appear worse than he really was. These circumstances gave Mr. Fillmore a great advantage over Judge Mullett before juries when on opposite sides, of which Mr. Fillmore always availed himself when his evidence

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was weak. Of course this angered Mullett. On one occasion, when much irritated, he assailed Mr. Fillmore in bitter terms for this conduct, and called upon the Court to "see to it that the counsel should no longer be permitted to play himself off as the right bower in the case." Whereupon Mr. Fillmore, with that bland and innocent look which came to him so naturally, leaned over to John L. Talcott (now on the Supreme Bench), and in an under-tone asked, "What *is* the *right bower?*"

Talcott, who never positively loved Mr. Fillmore, quickly replied, and in tones loud enough to be heard by bench and bar, "The right bower is *the biggest knave* in the pack."

A DAY or two before the assembling of the late Republican National Convention at Cincinnati, Senator Jones, of Nevada, gave a little dinner to several of his brother Senators and a few members of the House who happened to be at Cincinnati on Convention business. Senator Jones was desirous of ascertaining "how the land lay," but his guests were very wary in replying to his queries. Finally he addressed the Senator from Illinois: "Well, General Logan, who is your candidate?"

"Sir," replied the swarthy Senator, "I am for the *best* and *bravest* man—"

Before he could finish the sentence, up sprang Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, who, with a twinkle of the eye, turned to General Logan and said, "Really, general, I *positively decline;* under *no* circumstances could I accept the nomination."

General Logan did not finish the sentence.

THE following sacerdotal fact, throwing much light on the vexed question of the "apostolic succession," comes to us from a friend in Benicia, California:

An old lady belonging to "one of the sects," on meeting the parish rector, said, "Pray, Mr. Matthews, will you tell me what you Episcopalians mean by the 'apostolic succession?'"

"Certainly, my dear madam," replied the rector, who was a little given to practical jokes. "You see, my name is Matthews; I am descended from Matthew the Publican."

"Oh!" she answered, "that is excellent; and how about Mr. James?"

"Why, don't you know—James the brother of John, sons of Zebedee?"

"Why, yes, certainly; but how about Bishop Green?"

This puzzled our reverend friend for an instant, but he soon brightened, and replied, "Why, Bishop Green derived the succession *through his mother's family.*"

THE recent Indian war on the plains has led this people to think and talk much, *pro* and *con*, as to what is the best disposition to be made of our red brother. Many agree with Bishop Whipple, that if you will only be good to him, he will be all right. Others take the view so sententiously expressed by General Sheridan, that "the only *good* Indian is a *dead* Indian." Another—the Indian's view—is given in an anecdote related by our friend Professor Ellicott Evans, of Hamilton College. The famous Indian chief Red Jacket once met at Tonawanda, Niagara County, Mr. Evans's granduncle, Joseph Ellicott, at that time agent of the Holland Land Company, that company owning most of the land in what is now the Eighth Judicial District of New York. After shaking hands, they sat down on a convenient log, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said, "Move along, Jo." Mr. Ellicott did so, and the sachem moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request, "Move along, Jo;" and again the agent complied, and the chief followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket again said, "Move along, Jo." Much annoyed, but willing to humor him, and not seeing what he meant, Ellicott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But that was not sufficient, and presently the request was repeated for the fourth time, "Move along, Jo."

"Why, man," angrily replied the agent, "I can't move any further without getting off from the log into the mud."

"Ugh! Just so white man. Want Indian move along—move along. Can't go no farther, but he say, 'Move along.'"

THIS little incident occurred recently in one of our city courts:

Judge —— asked a policeman named M'Govern, "When did you last see your sister?"

He replied, "The last time I saw her was about eight months ago, when she called at my house, and I was out."

Amidst much laughter the judge asked, "Then you did not see her on that occasion?"

"No, Sir," answered the witness; "I wasn't there."

A FEW weeks ago the heart of the British people went palpitating at the exciting story of an accident which nearly caused the death of the two great rival brewers of England. It is a sad commentary on the frivolous character of Englishmen that no calamity, however shocking, can deter them from inventing doggerel upon it. Thus one unfeeling poet says:

Let friends who go fishing for salmon or wrasse
Take a hint from the story of Allsopp and Bass;
When he hooks a fine fish, of your brother keep clear,
Or his salmon, when caught, may *imbitter your beer*
(bier).

Another gloomy joker, evidently in the tombstone line, satirically regrets a lost motto for a tankard of "half-and-half" or "old and mild,"

They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided.

IN one of the largest and most thriving towns of Ohio a well-known hotel-keeper and politician was appointed collector of internal revenue. One morning he found on his desk a letter addressed to him officially, without postmark, containing a five-hundred-dollar greenback, to which was pinned a small piece of paper with "Conscience money" written thereon. Quietly folding up the greenback and putting it in his pocket-book, he remarked, "I always *did* suspect that bar-keeper of mine."

A BALTIMORE correspondent sends us the following incident, which occurred at a camp-meeting of the colored brethren in the vicinity of that city.

After a week of hard labor and preaching, one of the colored ministers was approached by Father D——, the officiating priest of the Roman

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Catholic parish, between whom the following conversation took place:

FATHER D——. "Well, Mr. C——, I have listened and wondered about your salvation, and have concluded I need it, as, from your account, it is a valuable article. Now I want you to tell me the price you have to pay for it."

Brother C—— looked at him, and threw himself back as only a colored minister can, and said: "Glory to God, Sir! we has no price to pay; it's paid. Like money in de savin's-bank, all we has to do is to go and get de interest, and if we don't go for de interest, we don't get him. Dat's de way, Sir."

A pat answer—just such a one, doubtless, as the R. C. would have given to any of his "inquirers," though he would probably have done a little better with the syntax.

A LITTLE scene occurred a few weeks ago at Fort Smith, Arkansas, worthy of illustration by Nast. It was at the election for and against the school tax. A voter came up and asked for a ticket against the tax, accompanying his request by saying, with considerable profane emphasis, that there was "too much eddication among the people already, and he wanted to stop it." One of the judges pleasantly remarked that there were only tickets "for the school tax" on the table, but that all he had to do was to scratch out "for" and write over it "against." "H—!" roared the man of too much eddication, "I won't take all that trouble," and turned his back upon the polls, amidst the laughter of all the by-standers, who well knew that the champion of "too much eddication" couldn't write.

NOTHING like truthfulness in a vendor. Recently an itinerant bookseller called at a house in Pennsylvania, and after showing several works unsuccessfully, said, "Here, Sir, is a Bible. First-rate book; *full of useful information!*"

THIS comes to us from the "Gopher City"—Pensacola:

Some little while ago, at a bar conclave at a Southern hotel, generals, majors, etc., were each, with much declamation, giving an account of an incident of the war. A quiet man stood by, and at last said,

"Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and perhaps might be able to refresh your memories as to what took place;" and he gave, succinctly and inoffensively, an exact detail of a smart action.

The hotel-keeper said to him, "Sir, what might have been your rank?"

"I was a private," was the reply.

Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill.

"Not a cent, Sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first *private* I ever met."

A REVEREND brother in Canton, Mississippi, sends us this neat bit by a juvenile detective:

An indulgent mother, in order to persuade her two children, one a boy of seven years, the other a girl of five, to be good on a certain occasion, gave to each a peppermint drop. In a few minutes the little boy "interviewed" his mother, stating that his sister had devoured both of the drops. Mother was incredulous; she suggested that the little boy had mislaid his drop; that it was not likely the little sister was greedy enough to devour his share of the candy. Little boy, looking mystified at having his word doubted, walked out of the room, and shortly returned, pushing before him the young criminal, whose mouth was filled and breath scented with the missing peppermint, and quietly remarked, "*Just smell her!*"

A LADY of Litchfield, Connecticut, whose grandfather was a commodore in our navy, sends to the Drawer the following quaint lines, found among the papers of her grandmother. On the back of the time-worn yellow paper is this memorandum: "Lines distributed by a prisoner on his way to Fort George." The lines are in the form of a puzzle. If read according to the numbers on the left hand, it is a rebel document; if according to those on the right, or in the ordinary way, it is loyal.

I.

1.	The pomp of courts and pride of kings	1.
3.	I prize above all earthly things.	2.
5.	I love my country, but the king	3.
7.	Above all men his praise I sing;	4.
9.	The royal banners are displayed,	5.
11.	And may success the standard aid!	6.

II.

2.	I fain would banish far from hence	7.
4.	The *Rights of Man* and *Common-Sense;*	8.
6.	Confusion to his odious reign,	9.
8.	That foe to princes, Thomas Paine.	10.
10.	Defeat and ruin seize the cause	11.
12.	Of France, its liberties, and laws.	12.

IN the way of ritualism could any thing be more positively neat and fastidiously courteous and proper than this, taken from a late English work:

The squire's wife, in a country parish, after the birth of a son, in due time went to church, where, after the English custom, the service for "The Churching of Women" was said. The parson, deeming her a personage not to be talked of like the vulgar females of the village, instead of praying, "O Lord! save this *woman*, Thy servant," said, "O Lord! save this *lady*, Thy servant." The clerk, no less gallant, responded, "Who putteth her *ladyship's* trust in Thee."

A PLODDING antiquarian has found in an old newspaper published in 1774 the following quaint announcement of the death of Oliver Goldsmith:

1774, April 4. Died Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. *Deserted* is the *Village;* the *Traveller* hath laid him down to rest; the *Good-natured Man* is no more; he *Stoops* but to *Conquer;* the *Vicar* hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful lesson, from which the *Hermit* may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than *Grecian* or *Roman* fortitude.

ALAS, how quickly the fondest hopes may be crushed by a rough way of stating a simple fact! A well-to-do farmer of Ulster County, who had sent his son to New York to begin life as a clerk, wrote to the merchant prince, asking how the boy was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant prince replied, "He sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

WE have had Tyndall and Proctor and Huxley come hither to talk science and take sequins: why should not the studiously disposed American traveler visit the worm-eaten monarchies of the Old World and utilize the result of his observations? That is what a New Orleans man pro-

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poses to do, from his announcement in a circular that, "having returned from a scientific trip through Europe, he is now better prepared than ever for cleaning clothes and carpets."

An Iowa editor says, with gratitude, "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend ——, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

These stray bits of humor come from an Irish source, and are illustrative of the conceit of the wags of Ulster:

A college professor, very dry, cold, and formal in his style of address, was once preaching to a country congregation, and after service was over, an elder remarked to a neighbor, "Weel, it'll be lang afore that man make the deil swat."

An old minister was once visiting his hearers, and accosted a humble farmer who had been lazy with his crop in the wet season. "I hear, Jamie," said the minister, "that ye are behind with your harvest."

"Oh, Sir," was the reply, "I hae got it all in except three wee stacks, and I leave them to the mercy of Providence."

A congregation was once looking out for a minister, and after hearing a host of candidates with more or less popular gifts, their choice fell upon a sticket probationer, whose election caused great surprise in the country. One of the hearers was afterward asked by an eminent minister how the congregation could have brought themselves to select such a minister. His reply was quite characteristic: "Weel, we had twa or three reasons—first, naebody recommended him; then he was nae studier, and, besides, he had money in the bank." It appeared that of the two former ministers, who had not come up to expectation, one of them had brought flaming testimonials, and the other had buried himself among his books, so that the people never saw him but in the pulpit, while the third reason was, perhaps, the most cogent of all, for the people did not care to burden themselves with a too generous support of their pastor.

In another case the minister usurped the functions of session and committee, and ignored the office-bearers altogether. One of the elders observed to another one Sunday morning, as the minister was trotting up to the meeting-house on his smart little pony, "It's a fine wee powny the minister rides."

"Ay," said the other, "it's a guy strang ane; it can carry minister, session, and committee without turnin' a hair."

Some of the old sextons, or beadles, as they would be called in Scotland, have been great characters. One of the class, by-the-way, was burned in Scotland by the Papists in Reformation times because, falling asleep in the church, he woke up with the exclamation: "Deil tak the priests; they're a greedy pack!"

The sexton of a parish in the County Armagh was about to lose his wife. She begged him, as her last dying request, to bury her over in Tyrone among her own kindred, forty miles away. "Indeed, Peggy," was the dry rejoinder of her husband, "I'll thry ye here first, but if ye give ony throuble, I'll tak ye up and bury ye in Tyrone."

Some of the ministers of Ulster have been great wags, and their sayings and doings would fill a volume. During the heat of the Non-Intrusion controversy in Scotland, which excited considerable interest among the Presbyterians of Ulster, an eminent minister was at a picnic in a pleasant neighborhood. It fell to his lot to uncork the bottles of liquor provided for the occasion, and with a solemn face he said, taking the corkscrew in his hand, "Let us take instruments and crave extracts."

Those who have seen an Irish jaunting-car know that the passengers sit on opposite sides, and that it is a matter of some consequence to the horse, as well as to the springs of the vehicle, that the car should be equally balanced. This minister was in the habit of saying to clerical brethren, as he was about to seat them on the car, "Which of you is the heaviest preacher?"

Some one saying of a singularly unintellectual minister that he had got some particular notion into his head: "His head!" replied the witty minister; "he has no head: what you call a head is only a top-knot that his Maker put there to keep him from raveling out."

Not much of fun in the Presidential campaign of 1876, though here and there an occasional bit cropped out, as at a Democratic mass-meeting in Boston. After the proper quantity of music had been performed to keep the audience in good humor, Mr. Dorsheimer commenced a speech by saying, "Faneuil Hall is full to-night;" but here his voice was drowned by the confusion. When it subsided, he began again, saying, "Faneuil Hall is full to-night;" and then pausing for rhetorical effect, he gave an opportunity for somebody to say, "*So is Michael Doherty.*" The old hall shook with laughter, and enthusiastic cheers were given for that crapulent citizen.

A curious anecdote is related by Mr. Ticknor in reference to Benjamin West's picture of the "Death of Nelson." Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time, West sat next to the great captain at an entertainment given in his honor, and in the course of dinner Nelson expressed his regret to Sir William Hamilton that he had little taste or discrimination for art. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a print shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more of them like it.

"Because, my lord, there are no more subjects."

"D—— it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that;" and asked him to take a glass of Champagne.

"But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene, and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's. "Will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle."

We all know how the painter fulfilled his promise in the "Death of Nelson."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXX.—JANUARY, 1877.—Vol. LIV.

CONTEMPORARY ART IN ENGLAND.



WINTER.—[G. H. BOUGHTON.]

THERE are three schools of art in Europe at present which especially commend themselves to our attention in looking at the condition of contemporary art. These are the English, the French, and the German. Each possesses marked traits of its own, but no one of them can be said to be in all respects superior to the others, for it should be distinctly understood that difference between masters or schools in art does not necessarily imply inferiority or superiority. The truest, highest art is the spontaneous outgrowth of the tendencies of an age or of a race, one of the signs by which we are enabled to determine the character of an epoch, while, on the other hand, close resemblance in the style of the art of two distinct peoples implies either that they are of one stock, or that one is the imitator of the other, and therefore inferior, to the degree that a copy is inferior to an original. These fundamental principles, which underlie all true art, are too oft-

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en forgotten, especially by many of our art amateurs and critics. We forget that what may be the best art for one age or country may not be the best for another, and alternately accept or condemn a school or a master more by whim or desire of change than by rational induction or intelligent knowledge. While admiring the old masters and condemning the modern, we forget that similar subjects or treatment might now be absurd, because not suggested by a later civilization and different social conditions. When praising the French artist and sneering at the English painter, we neglect to put ourselves in the place of each, in order to judge of their works from a consideration of the differing national impulses to which they owed their creation.

It may, therefore, be profitable to glance at the present state of the fine arts in France, England, and Germany. The field is vast, and within the limits of an article only a general view of each can be given. A better period to study the condition of English art could hardly be found, because sufficient time has now elapsed to enable one to judge of the value of the art impulses caused by the system of art education established by the English government about the time of the great Exhibition of 1852, and also the amount of momentum possessed by the great pre-Raphaelite movement. Numerous as are the art attractions which London offers to the stranger, it is only on thoroughly investigating the subject that one realizes the extent of the field. Leaving out of consideration such splendid collections as the Dulwich and the National galleries and similar permanent collections, and the magnificent private galleries of the old masters which abound, one is completely overwhelmed by the enormous amount of labor, capital, and public interest expended upon contemporary art in England. It is in good times one of the most prosperous pursuits in the United Kingdom. We find here a distinct craft or guild, absorbing the attention of a vast army of men and women, all laboring to the same end, but naturally divided and subdivided again, according to the modern system of the division of labor, into various classes.

We have, in the first place, an art directory, which contains the names and residences of nearly four thousand men and women devoted to the pursuit of the fine arts in the United Kingdom, including painters, sculptors, architects, and designers, and this list is far from complete. In addition should be mentioned over forty thousand art students in the art schools. And here it should be added that as art education is not compulsory in England, this number is the more significant, while the pupils are also, for the same reason, of good average maturity.

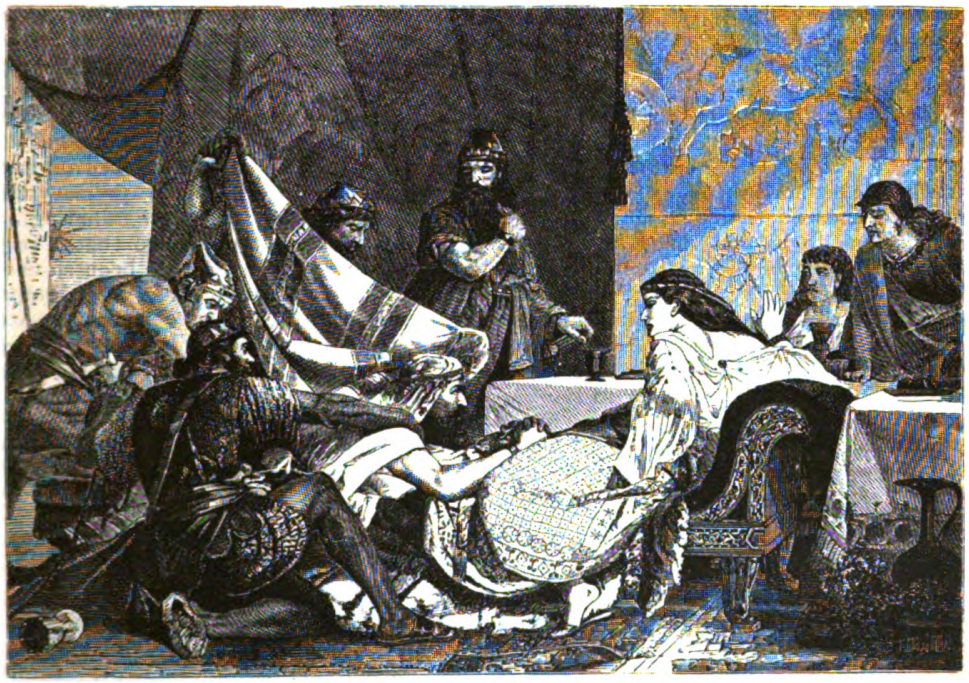
Not only are the artists strong in numbers, but they also have elevated the profession, in the eyes of those who estimate matters according to their money value, by making it a lucrative pursuit as well. Enormous prices are now demanded and easily obtained by successful artists. Millais gets £2000 for a portrait. He is at work on a commission for which he is to receive £15,000, and is putting up a house to cost £30,000. Ouless, a very young artist, in high favor, commands £800 to £1000 for a portrait. Many of the artists live very comfortably, not to say opulently. Of course there is the reverse side, for all have not equal ability, and some artists toil unknown and in poverty for many years. Still the fact remains that art in England now occupies another position than formerly. This statement has recently received corroboration by a grand dinner given to three hundred artists by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, at the Mansion-House, in the height of the London season. Among other things, the Lord Mayor said "he looked upon the artist as a man who, within his own mind, conceived a great and important phase of history and of life. The result was the production of pictures which, he said without hesitation, helped to carry on the great work of life by depicting its noblest sentiments, its highest aspirations, and its most glorious actions." Replies to the toasts were given by Horsley for the painters, Weekes for the sculptors, Barry for the architects, and Tenniel for periodical art.

The independent and important position artists now hold in England is also indicated by the Artists' Fund Society, divided into two branches. The Artists' Annuity Fund has a funded capital of £17,000, and provides for members in sickness, and by annuities to those permanently unfitted for pursuing their profession. The Artists' Benevolent Fund has an invested capital of £23,000, devoted to the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased members. The literature of contemporary English art is also very large, the number of periodicals relating to the subject increasing continually, while a class of professional art critics has gradually sprung up, including some men of large capacity, real art knowledge, and respectable judgment, such as Thornycroft (who has just died), I. Commyns Carr, Henry Blackburn, Atkinson, and Hamerton. Ruskin has been too long before the public to require mention, were it not to say that his day is past. With all the extravagance of his works was blended so much that was really true and great that at one time he exerted a salutary influence on English art. But he is, after all, a man of only one idea; he can not adapt himself to the shifting forms of art suggested by different circumstances, and has become so wild and extravagant in his vaticinations that he scarcely

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commands even the respect due to his former reputation.

Naturally connected with this great art community, either as cause or effect, and often as both, are numerous institutions and associations for the sale, exhibition, or production of works of art, and for stimulating an art feeling. The chief quarter for art shops is around Piccadilly, in Old and New Bond Street, Pall Mall, and King Street. But art establishments may be also found frequently in many other leading thoroughfares. Christie and Manson, art auctioneers, in King Street, often display in their rooms art treasures of immense rarity and value. Twelve paintings were, for example, sold there on one afternoon recently for £2500 each. A year ago three Sèvres



ESTHER'S BANQUET.—[EDWARD ARMITAGE.]

jardinières brought £10,000 at Christie's. And besides the stores devoted to the sale of miscellaneous works of art, there are galleries permanently and exclusively established for the exhibition and sale of works of the French, the Danish, the Belgian, and the German schools respectively, and the works of Doré.

The art clubs, associations, and museums, exclusive of private galleries, number seventy-one, of which fifty-two are in London, and the remainder in Dublin, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, and other leading cities. A large number include art schools in their organization. The art school of the London University ranks very high; it is presided over by E. I. Poynter, A.R.A. The Dudley Gallery also holds a front position in the quality of the works it exhibits. It gives three exhibitions annually, in oil, water-colors, and black and white respectively. The old society of water-colors, which is now in its eighty-seventh year, ranks high. The president is always knighted on election; the present incumbent is Sir John Gilbert, well known among us by his masterly illustrations of old-time scenes. He has just been elevated to the Art Peerage by election to the Royal Academy.

But the two leading art institutions of Great Britain, which yield in importance to no similar organizations in the world, are the Royal Academy and the South Kensington Museum. The former has now been established one hundred and eight years. The president is Sir Francis Grant; like his predecessors, he was knighted upon election. Until this year it has numbered forty-two Academicians and twenty-six Associates. But ten Associates have just been added. This increase has been owing to a clamor long heard and finally reaching a climax sufficient to penetrate to and arouse the attention of the dignified Academicians themselves, who, once received within the fold of the Academy, are liable to forget the efforts by which they escaped from the struggles of the art career into that haven prepared for the artist whom the people delight to honor, and look down with dignified silence upon the crowd of fellow-artists still outside and struggling for admission, too often rejecting good paintings in order to admit poor ones by Academicians, discriminating

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in favor of figure pieces as against landscapes and marines. At least such is the general opinion on the subject, and there seems too much ground for it—enough, at least, to cause the matter to be brought before Parliament, where it has been liberally aired, and given rise to a cloud of pamphlets. To its surprise, Parliament discovered that the government has no authority to interfere with the Academy in the control of its affairs, although it is called the *Royal* Academy. George III. gave them land on which to build, and the Queen has the right to gain admission for a rejected painting, or one that has been sent too late for inspection by the committee. There, it seems, begins and ends all the royal family or Parliament has to say on the subject. But the voice of the public has been too much for the serene dignity of the august Forty, and they have at last so far yielded as to retire several who had held the honor long enough, electing younger men in their place, and, as before observed, adding to the permanent list of A.R.A.'s, which is a mere sop to Cerberus. But the Academy has not only been attacked from without; it has also been rent by internecine feuds, of which less is heard abroad. The Scotch and the English, the Gael and the Saxon, Sawnie and John Bull, have alternately fought for the supremacy within the sacred walls of Art, and as one or the other has held sway, the works of Briton or Scot have been liable to acceptance or rejection, or have been assigned accordingly either a favorable position on the line or up in a corner under the ceiling—nearer to heaven, but further removed from the beneficent gaze of those who hold in the balance the artist's fate by buying his works. One year every Scotch Academician had all his exhibited works hung on the line! But after a long supremacy the English element is again predominating, as indicated by the circumstance that a very well known Scotch artist has been so constantly rejected of late on that very account as to make it a threadbare joke that any one who had his name as candidate on the same ticket with him was sure of election, the way being to put two names on one ticket, the one receiving the most votes going in.



J. C. HOOK.

The Academy has within a few years moved its quarters to Burlington House, a



"LUFF, BOY, LUFF!"—[J. C. HOOK.]

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building built expressly for the purpose, on Piccadilly. It is in the form of a hollow square, and contains twelve galleries, besides the vestibules. Every department of art is theoretically included in its scope and the character of the works exhibited. Each R.A. has a right to exhibit eight works in the annual exhibitions, which begin May 1, and remain open for three months. Three catalogues are issued, one on large paper and one of smaller size, besides one edited by Mr. Henry Blackburn, embracing notes on the most noteworthy works, and small pen-and-ink sketches giving a general idea of the subject. The number of visitors is enormous, and as the admission fee is a shilling, and many thousand catalogues are sold in addition, the revenue derived from the exhibitions is very large, aside from the value of the paintings sold. In years of commercial prosperity many artists realize much of their income from the sales at the exhibitions, not only at the Royal Academy, but in the numerous other exhibitions. This must be a convenience to both artist and purchaser, because there are few studio buildings in London, and the artists, therefore, generally have their studios connected with their houses, and these are much scattered, although chiefly, however, in South Kensington, St. John's Wood, and Hampstead.

Connected with the Royal Academy is a very able art training school, ranking first in the kingdom. Armitage is the professor of painting, Weekes of sculpture, Barry and Spiers of architecture, Calder Marshall of anatomy, Barff of chemistry, and Bowler of perspective. No medals or prizes are given to those exhibiting in the annual exhibitions, but a gold medal is awarded to the best work produced by the pupils each year in the various branches of art. Frank Dicksee, the medalist for 1875, is a young artist of promise.

The South Kensington Museum was founded in 1852. Its scope can best be described in the language of the directors. "The National Art Training School at South Kensington is established for the purpose of training art masters and mistresses for the United Kingdom, and for the instruction of students in drawing, designing, and modeling, to be applied to the requirements of trade and manufactures." It will be impossible within so brief a space to give more than a mere outline of the most extensive and remarkable institution of the sort in Christendom. A sum of money is voted annually by Parliament for the promotion of instruction in art, and it is distributed in the teaching of elementary drawing in day schools, and in night schools for artisans, and the furtherance of instruction in the higher branches of art, and finally in the training of art teachers. At South Kensington we therefore find day and night schools, with two complete suits of art rooms, fully equipped with all requisite models and apparatus for instruction in every branch and stage of the fine or the industrial arts—one for each sex. Instead of having the sexes study together, as some among us think feasible and proper, the directors at South Kensington consider that long experience has proved the importance of keeping them apart, at least in the study of art. The competitive examinations are



THE HUGUENOT LOVERS.—[MILLAIS.]

of the most thorough and searching character in order that the instruction may not only be in the practice of art, but also in the knowledge of its scientific principles, the better to develop the power of conveying intelligent instruction, and the actual relations of art to trade and manufactures. E. I. Poynter is the art director and principal, assisted by a numerous corps of coadjutors. Two annual sessions, of five months each, commence March 1 and October 1. The candidates for admission undergo a rigid examination, and must submit works in drawing, painting, or composition, to indicate the relative ability and promise of the applicant. Allowances for maintenance

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are made to the successful candidates on a sliding scale, increasing from £30 per annum up to £78; and after the latter has been held for a term of not more than two years, the student is considered qualified to teach in any of the art training schools of the kingdom. It may be added that the examinations are divided into six groups or departments of subjects, that women are exempt from examination in architectural drawing, and that candidates must not be over nineteen years old when applying for admission.

In addition to the normal art training schools are classes for each sex, to which any one is admitted on the payment of a certain fee, according to the amount of instruction received, although none can be admitted without passing an examination in free-hand drawing for the second grade, or for a less time than five months. The number of such students now at South Kensington is 829, of whom 461 are females. The fees already reach an average of over £3000 per session.

Connected with the art training schools at South Kensington is a very copious—in fact, exhaustive—art library intended for the students; also superb collections of pottery, carved work, paintings, models of naval and civil architecture, scientific collections, and the like, covering an enormous extent in distinct buildings or galleries, and open also to the inspection of the general public. A collection of oil and water-color paintings is also formed, which, as well as all books in the art library worth over twelve shillings, are loaned to other schools of art in the kingdom. Exclusive of the museum at Bethnal Green, which is in reality a branch of the South Kensington Museum, these art schools, inclusive of night classes, number 675, with 45,000 pupils.



THE FIRST WHISPER.—[ALMA TADEMA.]

Such are some of the methods by which the growth of art is fostered in Great Britain. At no time in past history has the art student studied art under circumstances more favorable. What are the results? Do we find a greater, nobler art springing up, ideas more grandiose, works of more originality and permanent value, than those of the masters of olden time? or is the result,

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rather, as it has been with literature, with the progress of civilization—no more Homers or Shakspeares, but a wider culture on the part of the masses, a more general capacity to appreciate good literature, the whole literary world raised to a common table-land, but no shining peaks towering magnificently but alone in the empyrean above? It seems as if the latter were also somewhat the case with English art, at least for the present; and yet many would differ with us. And it may be that it is passing through a transitional state from one order of methods and ideas into another. Certainly the religious and social questions agitating society and finding vent through the press are also very noticeable in affecting the English art of the day; and this is more observable in English art than French art, because it includes in its theory and practice not the delineation of the beautiful alone, but also the narrative and moral elements, so that the artist becomes also a story-teller or a moralist. This makes it much more difficult to criticise English art, for it aims at a higher mark than Latin contemporary art, and no artist can be properly judged unless we look not only at what he has done, but also at what he has attempted to reach. We are baffled, also, because we find oil and water-colors on nearly an equal footing, and many prominent artists working alternately in either. There have also always been, and continue to be, English artists of originality, individuality, and note whom it is impossible to classify, and who neither belong to any school nor create any considerable following, such as Turner and Blake formerly, and others in our day whom we could mention; and yet they are included generically with the English school. The only thing they all have more or less in common seems to be the quality before mentioned of making art subordinate to the expression of narrative or moral ideas, of which Hogarth was a notable example. And yet, on the other hand, Etty was a painter who was essentially Latin in his practice, and the number like him seems just now to be gaining, through the influence, in part at least, of Alma Tadema, who resides in London, and the growing attention given to the works of the Continental schools. The study of industrial art and the reproduction of the decorative forms of antiquity aid this influence, and lead to such poems as Morris's "Earthly Paradise," and such paintings as the works of Leighton or Poynter in the Academy for 1876. The religious agitation now rife in England as well as on the Continent, indicated in the former by an attempt to restore the papacy in England, and the new fervor of ritualism, with its pseudo-mediæval rites and sentiments, has led to the restoration of Gothic architecture and the formation of the so-called romantic school, dealing with archaic forms and legends and allegorical subjects, both classical and pietistic. The tendencies of this school are well illustrated by the poems and paintings of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and E. Burne Jones. Their works rarely appear on public exhibition, but on Sunday afternoons Mr. Jones kindly allows amateurs to visit his studio at his residence in Fulham. His paintings, from dryness of treatment, appear to be in distemper on panel, and are often of a purely decorative character, and to the last degree ideal in treatment and subject. The drawing of the human form is masterly, and it can not be denied that the harmonies of color are often very subtle and beautiful, and win one constantly to return and gaze long, until the influence of the scene steals into the soul, and wins the half-reluctant



ŒNONE—A SKETCH.—[E. BURNE JONES.]

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.—[HOLMAN HUNT.]

confession that these paintings are often inspired by unmistakable power, and occupy a high if anomalous position in contemporary art, although it would be as unfortunate for all art to resemble the romantic school as for all literature to resemble "Christabel," or "The Fall of the House of Usher," or Swedenborg's "Conjugal Love." Fra Angelico, William Blake, Orcagna, La Farge, the stained windows of Aix-la-Chapelle, the illuminated missals of St. Louis, are alternately suggested as one contemplates these paintings; for, while the drawing is good and the color often fervid, and the ideas highly subjective and original, the forms and composition are conventional and monotonous, the repetition constant, the scene entirely out of the region of the real or the possible, and the positions and expressions mere affectations, when we consider that they were done at the present day. They are not so much paintings as poems, suggested by an intense love and study of the past, and especially black-letter legendary lore, holding the same relation to art that Rossetti's religious poems hold to literature, yet not rarely with suggestions of sensuousness similar to the subtle voluptuousness of his sonnets, and possessed, probably, of as much influence in affecting society and art as his poetry enjoys compared with that of Byron. The one represents the ideas of a highly cultivated, fastidious, self-appreciative, but not very profound æsthetic coterie; the other, the vast, seething, Titanic, overwhelming passions and aspirations and yearnings of races and generations struggling with destiny, and surging with mighty convulsions from era to era.

But whatever may be the difference of opinion regarding the romantic school, the tendencies of the age are frequently exhibited also in other English paintings, belonging to what many would consider as the only legitimate art. Biblical or religious subjects are constantly produced by such men as Armitage, an artist rather of the past, good in composition and drawing, but poor in color, although professor of painting at the Academy; also Goodall, Thorburn, Roberts, and Lang, one of the new R.A.'s, an artist whose paintings entitled "The Pool of Bethesda" and "The Slave-Market of Babylon" indicate real ability and promise. Dicksee, the medalist for last year, is treading in the same direction. Holman Hunt, who is well known for his painting called "The Light of the World," hardly seems to sustain the promise of his earlier years. There are also a number who treat the social problems of the day with considerable success, both as artists and moralists. Among the most promising undoubtedly stands Macbeth, whose painting, "A Lincolnshire Gang," illustrating the sort of slavery still endured by some of the peasantry in England, is powerfully rendered



HOLMAN HUNT.

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in color, drawing, and composition. In painting it attempts what Dickens attempted in letters, and deserves similar success in gaining its purpose. G. H. Boughton, whose "Bearers of the Burden" attracted so much attention last year, often works in this direction. His rapid success since his return to his native land has been owing undoubtedly in part to the fact that not only are his subjects of a popular character, but the treatment also suggests the simplicity, and consequently the consummate art, of the French school, while his color is generally quiet, and, if it does not impress at first, has the quality of growing in favor. Sometimes, however, as in a recently painted scene from *Knickerbocker*, he deals with hues as brilliant as any. In *genre*, the English artists generally prefer domestic scenes which appeal directly to the heart of the people, and are often so judiciously chosen as to win for the artist a repute out of proportion, perhaps, with his actual merits as an artist. John Faed, well known in every American household for his "Evangeline," still holds his own well; and his brother, Thomas Faed, has, by such pictures as "The Mitherless Bairn," made a profound impression. Elmore has a style of subject and treatment that is very winning. Marks has a masterly painting, called "The Apothecary," in the Academy for 1876. As an example of his style we have given on page 175 an engraving of his, "The Princess and Pelicans," which was painted in water-colors.

But, on the whole, we find nothing of the sort doing in England now to surpass, or hardly equal, Wilkie. Frith, who has executed some remarkably clever popular scenes, has evidently done his best in that direction, although his recent painting, "Under the Doge's Palace," does not seem to indicate a decay of his powers. Orchardson is also an artist of more than ordinary merit. There are many paintings now done in England showing that the artists have ransacked the bazars of Constantinople and the old curiosity shops of Wardour Street for antique armor, and that the anachronisms of costume in the works of Rembrandt or Veronese are repeated less now, although I was surprised to see a Crusader, in a recent vivid battle scene by Sir John Gilbert, helmeted in a casque of the time of Cromwell, instead of a morion of the twelfth century. Sir John, who has been the corypheus of this school, although more especially in water-colors, is now past his prime; and the tendency among English historical painters now seems to incline more toward the reproduction of classic scenes, treated some-



THOMAS FAED.



THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.—[THOMAS FAED.]

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what in the decorative styles suggested by the frescoes of Pompeii. A. Good, R. Beavis, and H. B. Roberts are artists of considerable strength in oil and water-colors in the representation of scenes requiring dramatic force. A rival of the first in the vigorous delineation of Oriental groups is Carl Haag, who, although of German origin, has made London his home since 1852, and resides near the charming haunts of Hampstead Heath. Ansdell, who is widely known for painting a similar class of subjects with the late Sir Edwin Landseer, is artificial in color and handling, and seems inferior in artistic treatment to Graham, H. W. B. Davis, and a large number of others who possess very considerable merit, but offer no name of commanding and pre-eminent power, like that of Troyon or Rosa Bonheur in France, excepting, perhaps, Miss Elizabeth Thompson, who has gained a sudden and surprising reputation for military scenes, in which it is claimed that unusual power is displayed, especially in the action of horses; so rapid has been the rise of her fame, that within two years of her first appearance at the Academy she has received, it is said, £5000 for a painting, while £80 or £100 is asked for a mere rough pen-and-ink sketch of hers. The circumstances of her case are so peculiar that whatever is said about her is sure to be misinterpreted by some; for, on the one hand, those who are jealous of her success, or disgusted by the possibly undue estimate placed upon her powers, are unwilling to accord her the credit of real ability, while, on the other hand, certain persons of more zeal than discretion, who act as if they thought the relations of the sexes depended upon a similarity of intellectual force in each, instead of upon elements far more subtle and profound, are ready to cry down all just criticism of female art as the natural



ELIZABETH THOMPSON.



MISSING.—[ELIZABETH THOMPSON.]

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result of cruel prejudice against oppressed woman. The facts seem to be somewhat as follows: Miss Thompson is a lady of about thirty-two years of age, who from early childhood has displayed a taste for drawing horses and soldiers. She studied at South Kensington, and has enjoyed all the advantages now offered to art students. For a number of years she painted as an amateur, until it was proposed to her to exhibit some of her works. The Prince of Wales happened to like her first painting at the Academy, and induced the Queen to purchase it. Any one who has the slightest acquaintance with the way English society is constructed does not need to be told that after this Miss Thompson's fortune was secure. Well, Miss Thompson having acquired a seat on Olympus, further criticism of her paintings would for a while have little effect in depressing or enhancing their value. But it is to her great credit that sudden success does not seem to have turned her head or induced her to relax in the effort to improve, which would indicate that she is inspired by genuine art feeling. Each successive work has shown improvement, and a disposition to profit by the suggestions of the critics. "The Roll-Call," "The 28th at Quatre Bras," and "Balaklava" are all military subjects. It would be natural for some errors to appear in them; the wonder is, considering the circumstances, that they are so few. As works of art, we should say that they display real pathos and dramatic power in parts, often with effective drawing of the horses. But the power is too scattered; the composition lacks simplicity, breadth, concentration. While isolated groups are very



VICAT COLE.



J. E. MILLAIS.

well conceived, and would appear well as separate paintings or episodes, they do not sufficiently harmonize to form the unity of one great composition. The coloring is also sometimes very good, and then, again, is impaired by crude unnatural yellows, or other tints out of tone with the rest. Miss Thompson's genius seems to be lyrical rather than epic. It is said she intends to abandon war pictures and take up sacred subjects. It would not be surprising if she should succeed well in these, if she confines herself to simple compositions. The accompanying cut, from her painting entitled "Missing," gives a good idea of her power in drawing and the management of single groups.

As regards landscape art in England, it can not be said that there are any now painting in such a style as to make us forget Turner, Constable, or old Chrome; but such men as Vicat Cole, Leader, Mark Fisher (who is an American), MacWhirter, Brett, and Millais, among many that we might mention in oil-painting, produce works which show a careful and loving study of nature, and, if they do not impress us like the magnificent dreams of imperial landscapists, command our respectful attention. A too common fault is a certain dryness and hardness, especially in the painting of skies. In water-colors we find more who seem to the "manner born." Walker, who has just died, was admirable in this line, very happily combining figure with landscape; and there are, perhaps, none living to equal the matchless boldness, breadth, and tender grays of David Cox or Copley Fielding; but such men as Naftel, Danby, Birket Foster, Mole, Wimperis, Chase, Hine, E. Jennings,

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F. LEIGHTON.

and a number of others, give us work that is quite promising and satisfactory, and generally superior in treatment and harmony or sweetness of tone to the average oil landscapes of the English school. There is, perhaps, not quite enough breadth of treatment in their general style, it is so difficult to attain and keep the *juste milieu*. The style of some schools and artists is broad to vagueness and blotchiness; of others, so finished up to the nail that nothing is left to the fancy, and the feebleness of art in the face of nature is thus palpably demonstrated. Only the greatest masters, the founders of schools, avoid either extreme.

The contemporary marine art of the country is rather disappointing as a whole. In order fairly to judge it, one should not visit at the same time the Danish marine gallery in New Bond Street, where the hitherto unsurpassed sea-pieces of Sörensen, Neuman, Malby, Rasmussen, and other rising names give one a new idea of what a noble position marine art is capable of reaching. Many of the English marine artists work both in oil and aquarelle, but invariably, excepting Hook, Hayes, Cooke, Dawson, and a few others, with more satisfactory results in the latter; which is to be regretted, because, however effective water-colors may be for landscape or the figure, the weight, the power, the grandeur, of the sea can not be so well suggested by that method, while the subtle, impalpable effect of spoon-drift, or the hyaline character of the mysterious greens of sea-water, I have never yet seen satisfactorily represented in aquarelle. Besides the names alluded to above, Duncan, Moore, Jackson, Leitch, Mogford, Powell, Walters, Read, and Severn may be spoken of as respectable representatives of English marine art. Black and white drawings by the last two were among the best things of the sort I have seen in London.

But there can be but little difference of opinion regarding the rank to be assigned to portraiture in England just now. The number of portrait painters is large, and many of them leave little to be desired in that department of art. There is a freshness, a vigor, a purity of color, a freedom of touch, a resemblance to nature, in many of the portraits now done in London which recalls the time when Reynolds and Gainsborough were the foremost artists of the English school. Pettie, Sant, Leighton, Leslie, Ouless, Millais, Poynter, have each an indi-



"WHAT D'YE LACK, MADAM?"—[JOHN PETTIE.]

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viduality of his own, and all are deserving of more notice than mere allusion. As before observed, Millais does some admirable work in landscape; he also, as is well known, first achieved a high and deserved reputation in *genre* and historical painting. Latterly he has added to his versatility, entering the field of portraiture, and placing himself at the head of the living portrait painters of Great Britain. There is sometimes a suspicion of stiffness in the attitudes of his figures, but the treatment and texture are absolutely free from mannerism, sometimes broad, sometimes very delicate and carefully finished, according to the subject. As a colorist it is difficult to see why he should not be assigned to a place among the foremost that Great Britain has produced. He is a native of Jersey. And Ouless, still a very young man, is from the same island, and for a while was a pupil of Millais, who was so overcrowded with commissions that he gave all below a certain sum to Ouless, which has enabled him to become known at an unusually early age. But he deserves all the success he has won. Few artists of greater promise in this line can be found. His texture, handling, and coloring are of the first order. In the management of red, which has proved a stumbling-block to many an English artist, he succeeds admirably. Leighton is distinguishing himself in the treatment of classical subjects as well as portraiture. His painting called "Daphnophoria," in the Academy for 1876, has challenged much criticism of both sorts. Fully to understand it, one should put himself in the artist's place, and try to see what it was he intended to represent; for, regarded as a painting pure and simple, it can not be denied that it fails of some of the qualifications generally considered essential to such a work. The painting is seventeen feet long and seven feet eight inches wide, composed in decorative style for the country-seat of Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson. It represents the noble youth of Thebes bearing gifts to Apollo at the festival held in honor of the deity once in nine years. A band of maidens, the loveliest of the lovely of that glorious land, stepping in a double row, chant the sacred hymn, followed by musicians striking the loud-sounding cymbal and timbrel, and preceded by a row of singing boys. The procession is led by youths carrying a suit of armor and symbolical emblems of the



THE GOLDEN AGE.—[E. I. POYNTER.]

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god, headed by the priest of Apollo—a noble youth of commanding form, drawn with consummate art. Beyond is a grove of stone-pines as a dark background, with lookers-on, and in the distance the Acropolis. It must be admitted that at first the painting conflicts with preconceived ideas of art, and fails to receive unqualified assent, while at the same time it strangely attracts, and leads one to return again and again to it with ever-increasing admiration. And while it would be much to be regretted if all paintings imitated the style of this, yet it could be wished that all artists succeeded as well as Mr. Leighton has done in giving ocular expression to their conceptions. Such drawing of the "human form divine" is rarely excelled, and the delicate harmony of colors displayed in the robes of the maidens impresses one like the rhythm of exquisitely modulated music, until, as one gazes on these strangely magical singers, the very song they are chanting seems to issue from their opened lips, and ever after, as one thinks on the painting, he appears to hear the strains they warbled on the plains of Hellas ages and ages ago. Mr. Poynter has also achieved very marked success in the same direction, but our limits forbid more than mere allusion to his last effort, styled "Atalanta's Race"—a painting fourteen feet long, open to criticism, while at the same time the drawing, foreshortening, and coloring of the figure of Atalanta are worthy a very high rank in contemporary art. That these two paintings are all that could be desired may and will be questioned by many, but these and similar works of the kind compensate for the average moderate quality of much modern English art, and seem, also, to indicate that it is in a transitional state. The engraving on page 173 gives a good idea of the style of Mr. Poynter's composition and power as a draughtsman.

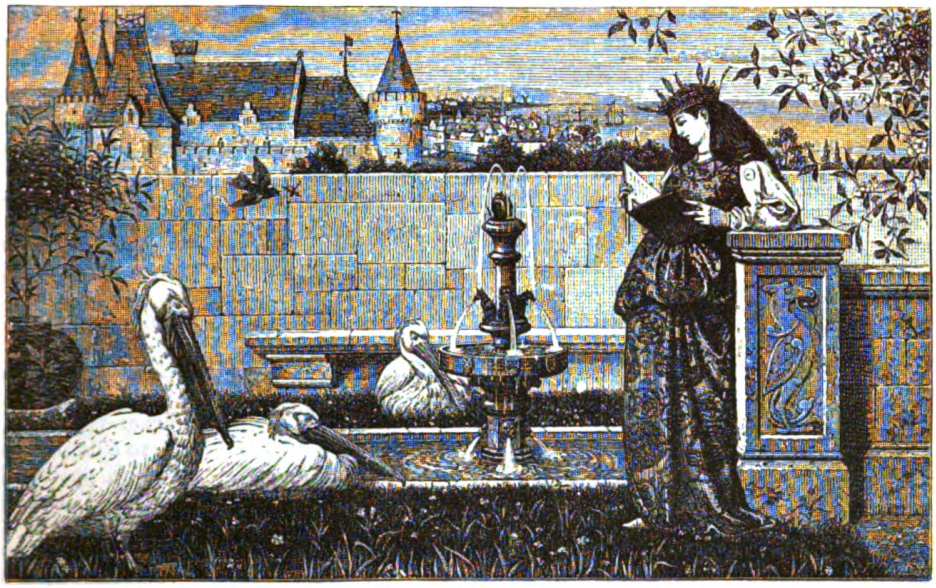
Of the present condition of the plastic arts in Great Britain a great deal that is favorable can be said. Although, perhaps, in sculpture some would say, with an appearance of justice, that there is nothing to rival the ancients, or even Thorwaldsen, or Canova, or Chantrey, yet, setting comparisons aside, it can not be denied that such men as Foley and A. Stevens, who have but recently passed away, were men of real genius. The monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's, by the latter, is a very noble work, characterized by vigorous imagination and nervous action. Edward B. Stephens is also a sculptor of very respectable powers, and the same may be said of Bell, Armistead, Calder Marshall, Woolner, Weekes, and Miss Montalba, among a number of noteworthy names. The monument to the Prince Consort in Kensington Gardens gives a very good general idea of what the best English sculptors of our day are doing. The monument was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, with suggestions by the Queen, who has



H. S. MARKS.—[FROM A PORTRAIT BY W. W. OULESS.]

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considerable artistic taste, which has been inherited by some of her children. The Crown Princess of Prussia draws and paints, and the Princess Louise displays marked talent in sculpture and kindred arts. The canopy is of stone-work, profusely adorned with gilding and magnificent glass mosaics. It rests upon four clusters of sumptuous columns of polished Scotch granite, joined by gilded metallic bands embossed with massive agate. Above this springs the spire to a height of 180 feet, adorned with numerous emblematic figures. The statue of the Prince is of bronze, gilded, and colossal in dimensions. It rests on a podium or basis surrounded by an alto-relievo containing 169 figures above life size, the representative men of all ages who have distinguished themselves as poets, painters, musicians, architects, and sculptors.* Michael Angelo appears twice, as architect and as painter, while Racine is omitted, and no place is found for any native of the Western continent. Either West or Powers might have been added with propriety. For a work of this kind the grouping and general effect are really very impressive, and reflect great credit on the talent of Armistead and Philip, the sculptors who designed the podium. At each angle above is a symbolical marble group representing respectively Commerce, by Thornycroft; Agriculture, by Weekes; Manufactures, by Calder Marshall; and Engineering, by Lawlor. The whole rests upon a pyramidal platform, in two stages, at each angle of which are four colossal marble groups typifying the four continents, by Theed, Foley, M'Dowell, and Bell. They are all worthy of high praise, although Asia, by the late Mr. Foley, seems the most majestic as well as satisfactory as a work of art. The full-bosomed female form seated royally on the elephant seems the ideal Semiramis, who sways empires by the irresistible influence of queenly charms joined to commanding character. A glance of fire, a wave of the matchless hand, accomplish at her bid what baffles mailed legions. The majestic repose of the Persian figure is also very effective. Foley's Asia must be considered a masterly conception. Such is the Albert Memorial Monument in detail; as a whole, the design is very impressive and magnificent, while open to criticism in parts. Whatever may be said of the combination of marble and gold by the ancient Greeks, they certainly do not quite harmonize in a Northern atmosphere, while the dark color of the canopy and spire throws the marble out of tone. The statue of the Prince should, beyond question, have been of white marble. As it is, it often is difficult to gain a clear view of it, so dazzling is the light upon it on a bright day, while a cloudy day confuses the outlines of the face nearly as much. As to the sitting posture, about which there has been so much adverse criticism, a great deal may be said on both sides without exhausting the subject.



THE PRINCESS AND PELICANS.—[H. S. MARKS.]

It is in the kindred branch of architecture that we see better than in any other way the actual results of the government art training schools. It is true, we find no new and original order of architecture evolved from this training; and in the present age of the world, and as society is now

* Illustrations of the monument with its alto-relievos were published in a paper on "Decorative Art and Architecture" in *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1874.

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constituted, it is too much to expect a new system. What we see, amidst great activity and much really good work, is no more than an adaptation of the different schools of other lands or other days, not always with perfect taste, for a style that may be good under certain conditions may be objectionable with altered conditions, if there is any authority in the underlying principles of all good art, and architecture especially. It may be said the Greeks borrowed their ideas from the Egyptians, the Romans from the Greeks, the Byzantines from them in turn, and the Saracens from the Christians, and so through all the history of art. But each separate order, even when suggested by a previous order, was, by the genius of the people creating it, made to conform to their climatic necessities or the native characteristics of the race to a degree that made it practically individual and distinctive. Now the most enthusiastic lover of modern art can not point to a single modern public building erected since the decline of the Renaissance which is not either a medley of different existing orders or a careful imitation of some one school of architecture. But so much having been granted, it may be allowed that some very handsome and noteworthy buildings have been erected of late years in the United Kingdom, and often constructed on the fundamental principle of the art, that architectural ornament should be constructive, that is, an integral part of the building.



PILLARS OF TERRA COTTA.—[SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.]

The new Houses of Parliament, designed by Sir Charles Barry, form the most ambitious structure of modern times, if judged by dimensions and expense. It can not be denied that, as

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TILE MANTEL.—[BROWN, WESTHEAD MOORE, AND COMPANY.]

seen from the river at early morning, when partially veiled by a thin gray curtain of poetic mist, while the gilded pinnacles of the Victoria Tower catch the first flash of the rising sun, the general effect of the enormous pile is very imposing. But for that very reason, when examined by the noonday sun, it loses proportionately, for a veil of mist hides the meaningless detailed ornament repeated over the whole building, until the effect of repose and grandeur to be expected from such dimensions is very nearly destroyed. And this is the prevailing error of modern architecture. But since the Houses of Parliament were erected adjoining Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey, as if to show the contrast between ancient and modern architecture, great strides have been made in England both in civic and domestic architecture. And it must be admitted that this is owing, at least in part, to the art training in the government art schools since 1852, in addition to the influence of the Royal Institute of British Architects and several similar institutions. St. George's Hall at Liverpool, in classic style, commends itself as a building of unusual merit. The beauty of polished Scotch granite for constructive ornamentation is very well illustrated in the pillars which support the ceiling of the hall. The same may be said of the Manchester Royal Exchange, erected, after the Corinthian order, by Messrs. Mills and Murgatroyd, the well-known architects. The Town-hall of Manchester, scarce yet completed, is an imposing and successful attempt to imitate the mediæval styles. But were one to enumerate and describe all the magnificent civic buildings constructed in Great Britain during this generation, he would require a portly volume to do it in.

Much excellent work has also been accomplished in the restoration of many of the fine old cathedrals and chapels of England, and Mr. Street has gained a merited reputation for entering fully into the spirit of the original in his restorations and additions. That this is not always easy is strikingly illustrated by the difference between the plain and ugly towers which so great an architect as Sir Christopher Wren added to Westminster Abbey, and the nave of Bristol Cathedral recently designed and built by Mr. Street. He is also the superintendent of the new Inns of Court, which he is erecting in London at an estimate of £700,000. Messrs. Spiers, Burgess, Waterhouse, and Shaw may also be mentioned as architects of more than ordinary ability, often showing excellent feeling and poetic taste in their constructions.

But the most interesting, satisfactory, and perhaps novel feature of English architecture at present is the use of terra cotta for constructive decoration in combination with brick. It is found that it endures the atmospheric acids to much greater advantage than the native stone, and the creamy white tint it has when new soon turns to pale yellows and delicate browns and grays, which give the effect of marble stained by time, and harmonize it admirably with the bricks which form the body of the building. Entire porticoes, balconies, friezes, and cornices are made of this material, cast in moulds and baked, at less cost than the same ornaments could be carved out of stone, with little to choose between the two in point of beauty. Whether this is entirely according to the principles of architecture, or is likely to impair the art of stone-cutting, is a question for art casuists to settle. The library of the Kensington Museum is constructed entirely in this method, after the Italian orders, and is in many respects the most noteworthy and architecturally pleasing public edifice erected in London during this century. It was designed under the superintendence of Moodie, a graduate of the government art training school, and the decorative parts were invented by pupils of the institution, especially Sykes, a young man of great promise, whom death has unfortunately snatched away just as he was entering on a great ca-

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reer. Our illustration (page 176) gives some idea of the rare elegance and originality of the pillars of the portico, entirely of terra cotta, in drums. Morris, another pupil of South Kensington, designed terra cotta decorations for the monument recently erected to Wedgwood at Burslem, which are excelled by nothing of the sort in modern art. Much of this terra cotta art work reminds one of the so-called Manoelite style, so magnificently illustrated at the convent of Belem at Lisbon. While often very beautiful, there is constant danger of sacrificing the repose which is characteristic of the highest art in a wealth of detail that conceals the dignity of massive outlines.

It is perfectly natural that with the architectural use of terra cotta the manufacture of pottery-ware should keep even pace; in fact, they both date their modern success in England to the potteries of Josiah Wedgwood at Burslem and Etruria in the last century. Wedgwood-ware is still as great a favorite as ever, a delicate white porcelaneous biscuit, called jasper-ware, being the best. The biscuit is capable of receiving the tints of oxides, the same as glass or enamel, and the figures are raised in white relief. Upward of one thousand moulds were made during the life of the founder, and these are still in use to the present day; in fact, no attempts have been made to improve on what was done by Wedgwood. To enumerate the numerous potteries that have sprung up in England since then is beyond our limits. But the mania, if it may be so called, seems now at its height. The prices demanded are enormous for English ware, and some of the work produced in china or majolica is little inferior to the best work of Urbino or Sèvres. The prismatic lustres of De Morgan, marvelously produced on claret-colored grounds on vases of his own design, are quite wonderful. The designs of Coleman, painted with full artistic regard to the tints of majolica, are of exceptional grace, and display an admirable study of the human figure; but unfortunately Mr. Coleman no longer favors the public with such work, having abandoned it after reaching a high degree of excellence. Mrs. E. Broughton is also entitled to a very high position in the art of decorating majolica and china. Mr. Goode and many amateurs also follow this pursuit at present, often successfully; and there are also schools established for exclusive instruction in ceramic art. Among many establishments for the manufacture of faience-ware are the Lambeth potteries, where the designs are described on majolica by the pupils, generally young women, and Minton's extensive works at Stoke-upon-Trent. The latter firm have been able to imitate very successfully a plate from the finest set ever made at Sèvres, manufactured expressly for Louis XVI., and afterward bought by George IV., and now valued at nearly half a million sterling. The dessert service made at Minton's for the Duke of Edinburgh is probably the most elegant thing of the sort that has been executed in England. But it is only fair to add that the designs were by Boullemier, who had already established his fame at Sèvres. Solon, lately chief painter of the works at that place, is employed also by them. I saw two vases executed by him at the elegant pottery rooms of the Messrs. Goode, in London, which indicate the high-water mark reached in the decoration of ceramic-ware in this century, representing respectively wrestlers and racers, most exquisitely limned in white relievo upon a base of delicate olive-green. Four airy sprites, perched on pilasters, ply cymbals and horns. The spectators are also Cupids, who in various attitudes show lively interest in the games, while one entertaining sprite is so absorbed by the grapes he is discussing that he altogether neglects to notice the contest. These figures are composed in a thoroughly classical spirit, while the way in which success is achieved through several very perilous ordeals of fire in the baking process wins great credit for the British artisan; in fact, the extraordinary beauty of Minton's turquois china and other faience wares is really dazzling for the perfection of the workmanship displayed, and the idea it gives of the degree of excellence at last reached in England in transforming dull earths and pigments, as by a magician's wand, into objects rivaling the splendor of the opium-eater's dreams. Terra cotta has been turned to another admirable use in London by being moulded into elegant receptacles for flowers made to fit into the windows. Many are the houses of the rich and the lowly alike that are thus decorated in an inexpensive way by painted glazed terra cotta boxes planted with a profusion of brilliant flowers.

The subject of household art is one now occupying much attention in England. The expense and fertile invention and good taste bestowed in decorating chimney-pieces and sideboards, dining and drawing rooms, rival, perhaps, the household art of the Renaissance in excellence, while surpassing it in quantity and more general diffusion among the people, because of the superior means for creating it, and the larger wealth of the community, which is probably greater than was ever before distributed among a similar number of people. Modern household art, however, whatever its beauty and superiority of execution, must yield the palm to ancient art, because it is to a large degree imitative, and therefore, like most imitative art, not free from affectation, nor always in that supreme good taste which is the result of complete adaptation between the requir-

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ing circumstances and the objects devised to meet those requirements. But admitting these defects, it may be readily granted that there is much in contemporary English household art which worthily commands our admiration.



LANDSEER PLATE.

IN THE GARDEN.

THERE are white lilies in the garden,
White-blooming, sweets-breathing, close to the gate;
Their glimmer, I thought, was her raiment,
Last night when I came by so late:
As a spring bubbles up in a wood athirst,
My heart began beating as it would burst,
And breathless I called through the darkness
To my darling, "Oh, wait for me—wait!"

But she was not there; in her window
Was the changing of shadow and light,
And my thoughts knelt down with veiled faces
By her bed, and wished her good-night.

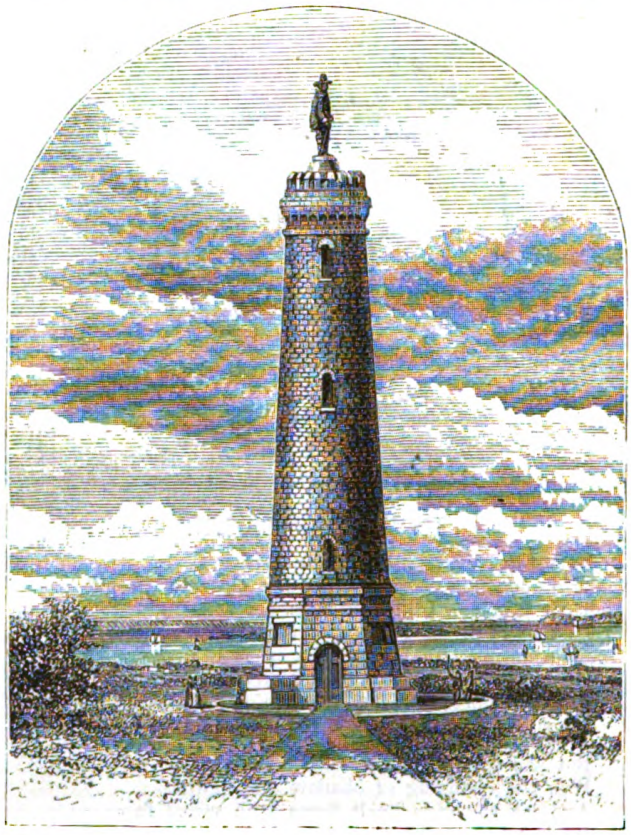
That was but yesterday, and it seems—
It seems such an infinite time ago!
For to-night, when she stood at the gate—
The red garden roses were all in blow,
And the tall lilies were full of dew,
And the deepening dusk embowered us two,
Kindly inclosed us from every eye;
We were not shamed by the seeing sky—
I bent down in the soft air that blew,
Full of the flutter of folding wings of birds
And murmuring plash of streams, from the south,
And kissed the sweet woman I love, on her sweet mouth.
And before the kiss, if I uttered words,
I can not remember; they had no place
In that first full moment of love's embrace.
Does the wave recall that it foamed before,
In its flood-tide throb on the waiting shore?

But, under the trees, I remember this:
My hand, pushing back the leaves, touched a cheek
That bloomed at my touch; and after that kiss
She turned, sweetly trembling; she did not speak,
But raised her clear eyes, that I might see
My heaven in their loving trust in me.

We did not feel the sacred moments pass;
A wide cloud rose and curtained all the sky,
And dimmed the daisies in the long cool grass;
We heard, but could not see, the swallow fly,
And soon were hidden from each other's eye,
So dark it grew; but I could feel the beat
Of her true heart with mine, in rhythm sweet,
And so, not seeing, knew my love was nigh.

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"THE GOOD OLD TIMES" AT PLYMOUTH.



MONUMENT TO MYLES STANDISH.

WE stand on the top of Burial Hill, and looking eastward over Plymouth, over Clark's Island, beyond Saquish, we see that small ship as she comes creeping in, in the gray light of the shortest December day, two centuries and a half ago.

What was her freight? what her destiny? what her purpose?

In the *Mayflower*, of but one hundred and eighty tons, was a small band of one hundred and one Pilgrims, not counting the sailors. They had sailed away from England long ago, and now from Holland, to seek—gold, jewels, conquest, glory? "God forbid!" would have been their reply; and truly, God forbid!

None of those things did they seek. No, they believed—*believed that they knew what God was, and how He must be worshiped.* So they were not permitted to worship Him in England—would have been burned, or hung, or whipped if they did so worship Him. They fled to Holland, and were not there molested. Why, then, did they launch themselves upon this wide wintry sea, with their wives and their children, their young and their old? Briefly this question must be answered, and from the records left by Bradford, their greatest *doing* man: "Grim and grissled poverty was coming on them as an armed man." Old age was coming too, and their children were growing to be Dutchmen, no longer Englishmen. The Dutch did not know how to keep the Sabbath; and, moreover, "a great hope and inward zeal of laying good foundation for the propagating and advancing the Gospel of the Kingdom of Christ in those remote parts" was strong in them.

Therefore they sailed out into the cruel, tempestuous ocean, taking with them wives, children, young and old, not certain what was their destination, in much dread that the cruel waves would devour them wholly. Much falseness, much foolishness, have been written about them, and mostly in poetry, but those were the main reasons for this strange pilgrimage. Of the younger men, some were moved also by other motives.

Brewster and Carver were men in the maturity of their lives. These were young: Bradford, who was thirty-two years old; Winslow, but twenty-six; and Standish, who was thirty-six. We may well believe they had in them that love of adventure, that divine restlessness, which has made men aban-

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don home, comfort, and luxury to go out to seek, to know, and to do, and to face and fight with cold, hunger, hardship, sickness, even with death. All this these men were ready to do, and did do, nor did they ever despair or turn their faces backward.

Who suffered most? The women, certainly, so that in the first winter the young wives of Bradford, Standish, and Winslow died, as indeed did nearly one-half of all who had landed on Plymouth Rock in December, 1620.

Women are not idealists, nor will they die for love of an idea; but for that of husband, child, or friend they will, and do. When in the early spring (April) the *Mayflower* sailed away from this solitary colony, who looked last upon her departing wings? Can we doubt? One of the most touching pictures of Boughton shows us the figures of a youthful man and wife looking out to the distant sea, as the small ship vanishes into the blue, and in the woman's eyes are tears.

What might now be *their* fate? Already one-half of the little band lay buried under the cold earth, the ground leveled smooth, so that no fearful beast or more frightful savage should know where the dear departed lay.

"Lyons roaring exceedingly" had been heard, and dusky savages were known to lurk in the fathomless forests. When might not these be upon them for their destruction?

Some brief extracts from their early journals, which have been preserved, will help us to appreciate the simple doings of that early time.

On the 11th December (O. S.) they had landed, and had made some temporary shelters. On Thursday, the 28th, they had begun to make a fort on the "Great Hill," now called Burial Hill. We extract from Prince:

"*January* 1, *Monday.*—The people at Plymouth go betimes to work, and the year begins with the death of Degory Priest."

"*January* 3.—Some abroad see great fires of Indians, and go to their corn fields, but discover none of the savages."

It is clear from this that the Pilgrims found the old corn fields of the Indians, with the stalks still standing.

"*January* 4.—Captain Standish, with four or five more, go to look for the natives where their fires were made; find some of their houses, though not lately inhabited, but none of the natives."

"*January* 9.—We labor in building our town in two rows of houses for greater safety."

"*January* 14.—Lord's-day morning, at six o'clock, the wind being very high, we on shipboard see our rendezvous in flames; [they were still living on their ship] and because of the loss of the two men, fear the savages had fired it."

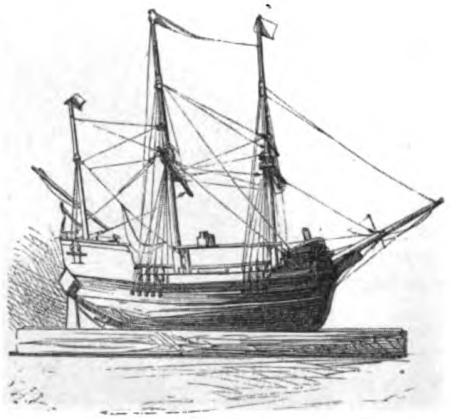
"At landing hear good news of the return of our two men, and that the house was fired by a spark flying into the thatch, which instantly burnt it up."

"*January* 21.—We kept our public worship ashore."

"*January* 29.—Dies Rose, the wife of Captain Standish."

"*January* 31.—This morning the people aboard the ship see two savages (the first we see at this harbor), but can not speak with them."

"*March* 16.—This morning a savage boldly comes alone straight to the rendezvous, surprises us with calling out, '*Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!*' having learned some broken English among the fishermen at Monhiggon; the first Indian we met with, his name Samoset," etc., etc.



THE "MAYFLOWER."—[MODEL MADE BY ONE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE PILGRIMS, AND PROBABLY CORRECT.]

One of the most interesting events in New England history is here set down. Who will paint it?

"*March* 22.—About noon Samoset returns with Squanto, the only native of this place—one of the twenty Hunt had carried to Spain, but got into England, lived in Cornhill, London, with Mr. John Slanie, merchant, and can speak a little English—with three others; bring a few skins, and signify that their great Sagamore Massasoit, the greatest king of the Indians bordering on us, is hard by, with his brother Quadequina and their company. After an hour the king comes to the top of an hill over against us, with a train of sixty men. We send Squanto to him, who brings word we should send one to parley with him. We send Mr. Edward Winslow [remember he was but twenty-six, and the man of most property of any among them] to know his mind, and signify that our Governor desires to see him, and truck [trade], and confirm a peace. Upon this the king leaves Mr. Winslow in the custody of Quadequina, and comes over the brook with a train of twenty men, leaving their bows and arrows behind them. Captain Standish and Master Williamson, with six musketeers, meet him at the brook, where they salute each other; conduct him to a house, wherein they place a green rug and three or four cushions; then instantly comes our Governor, with drum, trumpet, and musketeers. After salutations, the Governor kissing his hand and the king kissing his, they set down. The Governor entertains him with some refreshments, and then they agree on a league of friendship.

"After this the Governor conducts him to the brook, where they embrace and part, we keeping six or seven hostages for our messenger. But Quadequina coming with his troop, we entertain and convey him back, receive our messenger, and return the hostages."

Why, among the thousands of pictorial attempts to represent these early times, this has been overlooked, one not familiar with the artistic mind fails to understand. Among the great "Landings" and "Embarkations,"

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almost always tame and dull, and sometimes foolish, a picture so full of meaning, of contrast, of dramatic effect, as this might be, would be a boon.

Two or three points in this meeting we may note: 1. This Indian, Squanto, was one who had been carried away by violent hands, and had learned English. But the bad act had resulted in a good interpreter, and not an enemy, but a good friend, to the whites. The shallow fellow will not, therefore, steal the first Indian he sees, in order to do good. 2. We note that kissing among these savage and Puritan men also seemed to be a natural expression of friendship. 3. The importance of some show and state was clear to the Puritans, for they meet this dusky Indian with drums, trumpets, and musketeers.

"*April* 5.—We despatch the ship with Captain Jones, who this day sails from New Plymouth, and May 6 arrives in England."

Only one month to return, while the poor Pilgrims had been more than two in coming.*

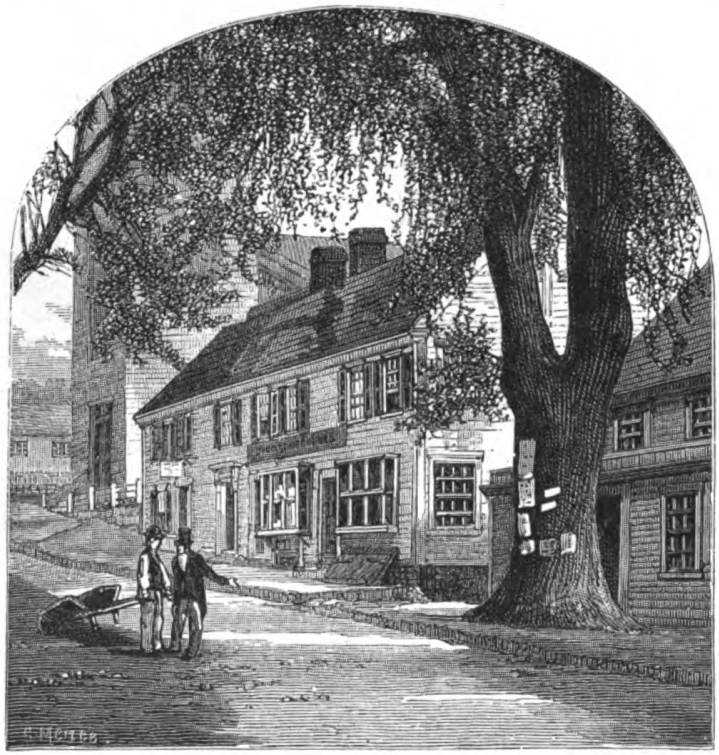
The journal continues:

"After this we plant twenty acres of Indian corn, wherein Squanto is a great help, showing us how to set, fish, dress, and tend it, of which we have a good increase. We likewise sow six acres of barley and pease; our barley indifferent good, but our pease parched up with the sun."

"*May* 12.—The first marriage in this place is of Mr. Edward Winslow to Mrs. Susannah White, widow of Mr. William White."

Every thing that belonged to these Pilgrims we now seek with eager interest. What would we not give for portraits in any shape of these men and women! Even daguerreotypes would be priceless. If we could but know whether Bradford was tall or short, dark or light! If we had the dress which Rose Standish wore when she stepped from the boat in that December day upon the Plymouth shore! If we knew just how the first houses were built; if of logs hewn or unhewn; had they windows and glass, and whence came they? Who made their brick? for there are traces of them at an early day. What things did they bring from England, what did they make and fashion for themselves? Did the families or groups in which they lived live in harmony indeed? Was it possible then for two women to live in the same house, as some now deny? Was there any *fashion*? was the female mind anxious about it? and did it change often, and who changed it? Had they books, pictures, or other mental pleasures to divert the mind from hard work and carking cares and wanton thoughts?

A hundred questions like these we ask, and we find no answer. We go to Plymouth to seek, and find, alas for us! that little of the old remains, that much of what little ever



GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S HOUSE.

* Sixty-seven days to Cape Cod Harbor, and ninety-six to Plymouth.

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had been there has been undervalued and allowed to perish. But we snatch while we can a bit of the past here and there which must interest those who "care for these things"—and they are many. We wish as far as we may to put upon record these vestiges of a life which was earnest and sincere, and which in its way has influenced other lives much.

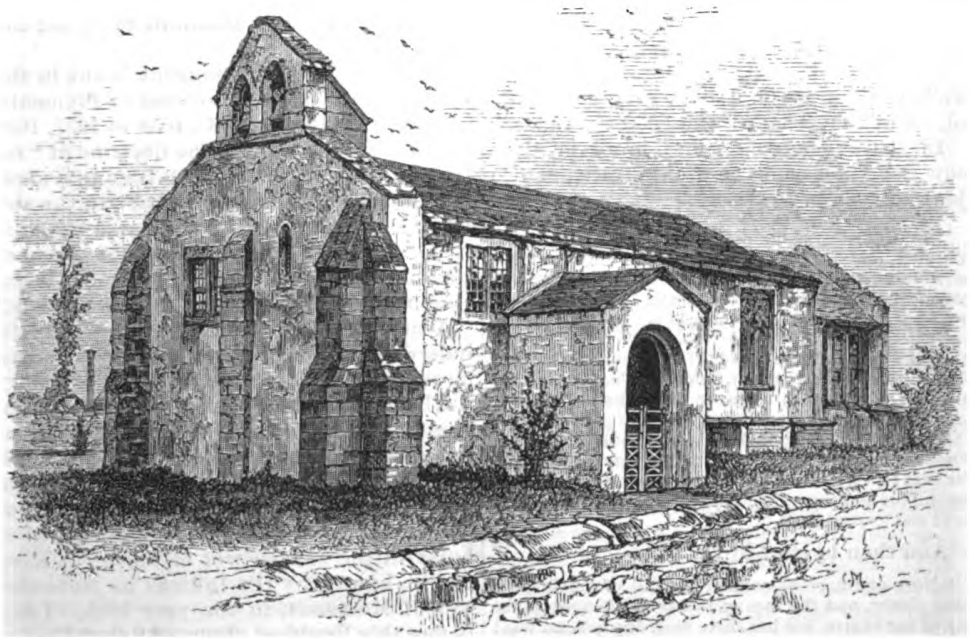
William Bradford we have spoken of as one of the most able of the "first comers." He had been a farmer's boy in Austerfield, Yorkshire, and worked at his profession in England as he grew to manhood. We find in the possession of one of his descendants at Cambridge a picture of the ancient church —still standing, as we believe—at Austerfield, which we are glad to be able to picture here. It is of that most simple, primitive type, of which a few only remain in England. It pretends to no architecture or art, and merely serves to do its duty as a meeting-house or place for a small rural population, such as that out of which Bradford came. There is no reason, however, to believe that it was a model for them at Plymouth, for there the structures were of wood, and these thick buttressed walls could have been there no guides. In this church in 1648 that their meeting-house was built on the town square, where now stands, we were told, a Unitarian church. So the times change, and men change with them. No picture, so far as is known, remains of this first church, much to our regret. We found at the photographer's there the picture of the old house which once stood on Town Square, and in which tradition said Governor Bradford had lived. We reproduce this picture (page 182), not only for its historical interest, but as an example of the good old wooden house of the early days of New England. Its windows have been enlarged, and there are evidences of "store" uses about the house which do not smack of Governor Bradford's days.

The earnest and honest days and ways which it tells of are delightful to the wearied soul, which laments that the "exigencies of life" have swept the antique structure away.

"*August* 14, 1623.—The fourth marriage is of Governor Bradford to Mrs. Alice Southworth, widow."

So runs the chronicle. And here she and Bradford lived their lives and held their primitive state—perhaps.

The fine old elm planted in 1783 still stands, and, in addition to its delightful



OLD CHURCH AT AUSTERFIELD, ENGLAND.

the records show the following, in a well-written hand:

"William son of Willm Bradfourth baptized the xixth day of March Anno dm 1589."

The first church services at Plymouth were held in the building put up on the hill for a fort. This had a flat roof or deck, on which were mounted their cannon. It was shade, serves a useful purpose in notifying the living people that "vinegar bitters" are excellent for the stomach, and that no family should be for a moment without "gargling oil;" also that "William K. Douglass, on Mayflower Street, has bean poles to sell." It is a pleasant thought that the Governor was snatched away before the invention or

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the need of "gargling oils" and "vinegar bitters." He was able to live sixty and nine years in a robust and useful condition



BRADFORD'S MONUMENT AT BURIAL HILL.

without their use, and to die greatly lamented. But that was in "the good old times."

In those good old times, however, they now and then came to great straits, as the journal tells in 1623:

"Not knowing at night where to have a bit in the morning, and having neither bread nor corn for three or four months together, yet bear our wants with cheerfulness, and rest on Providence. Having but one boat left, we divide the men into several companies, six or seven in each, who take their turns to go out with a net and fish, and return not till they get some, though they be five or six days out, knowing there is nothing at home, and to return empty would be a great discouragement. When they stay long or get but little, the rest go a-digging shell-fish; and thus we live the summer, only sending one or two to range the woods for deer; they now and then get one, which we divide among the company; and in the winter are helped with fowl and ground-nuts."

And then by-and-by:

"Now our harvest comes; instead of famine, we have plenty, and the face of things is changed to the joy of our hearts, nor has there been any general want of food among us since to this day."

We have an interesting description of the settlement written in 1627, by De Rasieres, who visited Governor Bradford in the interest of the Dutch colony at Manhattan, or New York. Let us here recall a part of it. He says:

"The houses are constructed of hewn planks, with gardens also inclosed behind and at the sides with hewn planks, so that their houses and court-yards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack; and at the ends of the streets are three wooden gates. In the centre, on the cross street, stands the Governor's house, before which is a square inclosure, upon which four patereros (steen-stucken) are mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Upon the hill they have a large square house, with a flat roof made of thick sawn planks stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot balls of four and five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor in a long robe; beside him on the right comes the preacher with his cloak on, and on the left the captain with his side-arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand—and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard, night and day."

It is reported that Governor Bradford had had an early attachment to the lady he married for his second wife — Mrs. Alice Southworth—but her parents had objected and hindered. In 1623, after his first wife, Dorothy, was drowned, he wrote to the widow Southworth to England, renewing his suit, and asking her to come over and join hand, heart, and fortune with his in the new land. She came, like a brave and able woman, as she proved herself to be. She had no doubts or hesitations, but sailed in the *Anne*, and was married to Bradford upon her arrival.

Upon Bradford's monument is cut in the granite that "he was Governor of Plymouth Colony from 1621 to 1633, 1635 to 1637, 1639 to 1643, 1645 to 1647." The doctrine of "rotation in office" had not then been invented, nor the more frightful one that "to the victor belong the spoils." And then in 1632 this remarkable law was enacted, that whoever should refuse the office of Governor, being chosen thereto, should pay twenty pounds!

Was this pointed at Bradford? Did it, indeed, mean that the voters wanted a man more than the man wanted to be Governor?

The Indians for a long time threatened danger, and might any moment be launched upon the colony, either through the instigations of their own bad passions or the evil tempers of white men. This threat hung over them like a dark cloud until it burst in the savage war of the great King Philip, known by the Indians as Metacom, son of Massasoit, in the year 1675. Long before this Bradford observed "that the natives were well provided with muskets, powder, and shot, and were so well skilled in their use as even to keep the English in awe, and give the law to them when they pleased. They have flints, screw-plates, and moulds for shot, and can mend and new-stock their pieces almost as well as Englishmen. Thus, like madmen, we put them in the way to kill us with our own weapons. They know their advantage so well, they

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scruple not to say that they can when they please drive the English away or kill them." —*Thacher's Plymouth.*

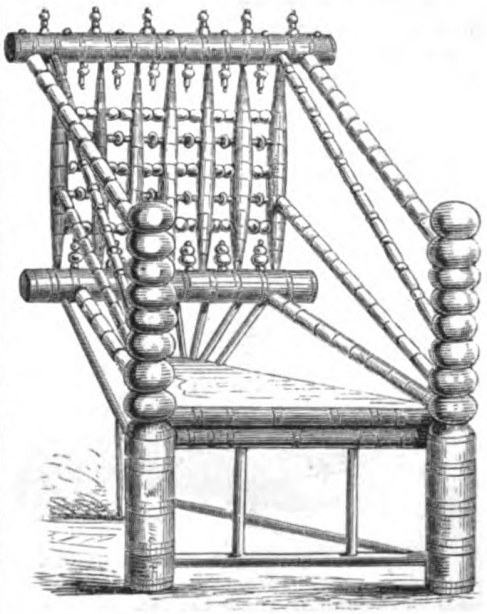
No portrait of Bradford exists, and but little that was personally his remains. In the hands of his descendant, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, is a silver tankard, which is said to have come from Governor Bradford, and, of course, from England or Holland with him. A few pieces of early furniture are existing, and in the Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth are two chairs, one of Elder Brewster and one of Governor Carver. One of the like kind is kept in the Russell family as having been Governor Bradford's. We give here the Brewster chair. It is one of the best examples of the household art of that early and rude time. Whether or not this chair "came over in the *Mayflower*" may be doubted; but it is not improbable. The turned posts and balusters belong to a simple time and people, and they show, as many other little things do, that even the "forefathers" were not insensible to the value of art and beauty.

A chair of this sort has been in the possession of Harvard College some two hundred years, and is now called "the President's Chair." It is in style the same as the Brewster chair, but so overdone and so badly done as to have lost all expression of beauty or use. Such things as the elaborately stuffed chairs of our day were not



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

then devised; and as the "forefathers" were mostly poor men and little given to luxurious ways, we need not look among them for examples of what luxury did then exist.



THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

That they were insensible to objects of taste and art is, however, not to be believed. In the Pilgrim Hall is a beautiful small cabinet—about fourteen by eighteen inches—which was once an exquisite bit of art. Its drawers are delicately worked, and were once carefully inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The writing says:

"The cabinet of Peregrine White was the property of his parents, and came over in the *Mayflower*. It descended to him from his mother, and has been preserved to the fifth generation by his descendants, and is now presented to the Pilgrim Society by Mrs. Peddy Leonard Bowen, of Providence," etc., etc.

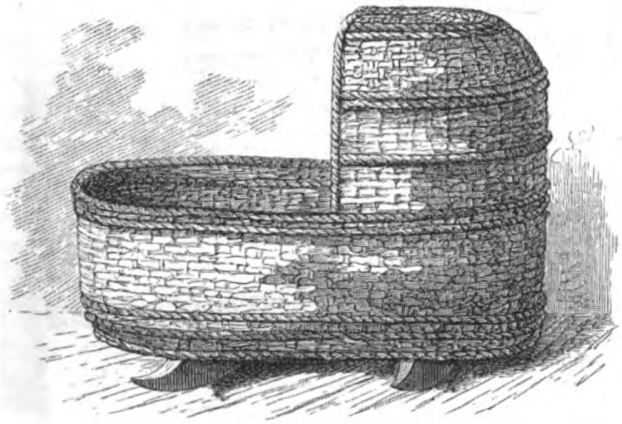
About Peregrine White has always lingered a certain interest as the first known white child born on the New England shore. He had appeared in November before the landing at Plymouth, and the cradle in which he was rocked has sometimes been believed to exist in three places at the same moment. In the possession of Miss Sever, at Kingston, is a wicker cradle, nicely woven, which has been handed down as "the cradle of Peregrine White," which of course was brought from Holland or England. The work is so good that it seems most likely to be the true shrine; for at that early day, and indeed for many a year afterward, no such work could have been done at Plymouth.

Two other cradles of a very curious and antique make still exist in the Plymouth district. One belongs to Mrs. Noyes, at Abingdon, and is usually called "The Fuller Cradle." The other, given here, in the same general style, is made of oak, is paneled, and has some attempts at art in its hood. This belongs to Mrs. Mercy Cushman, of Kings-

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ton, and is an interesting piece of household art, in an excellent condition.

A bond or deed of Peregrine White's, dated June 30, 1688, is to be seen in the hall at Plymouth, which gives his signature in a clear and distinct hand, much better than that of Will Shakspeare's shown at Guildhall, London.



PEREGRINE WHITE'S CRADLE.

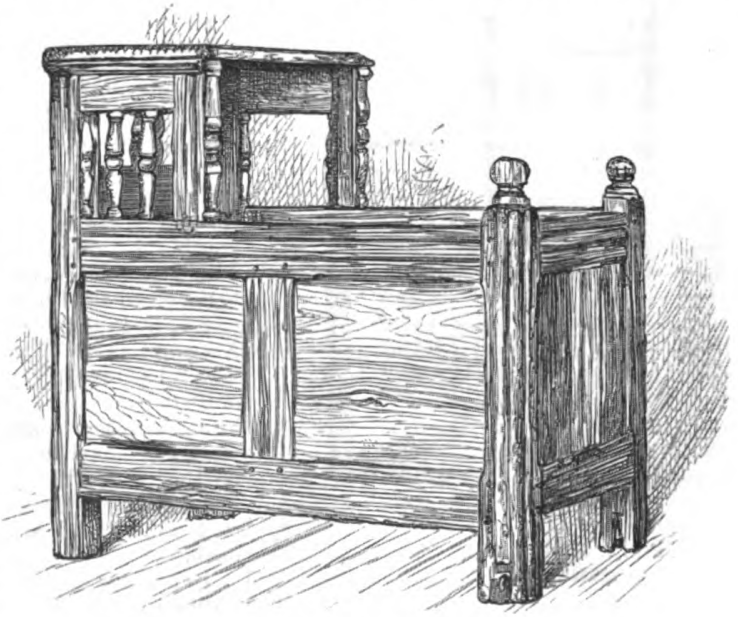
His father William White's walking-stick is to be seen at Plymouth, and its ivory hand-piece, somewhat decorated, indicates a man of good taste, with gentlemanly ways. This was a cane he would have used when going to worship his God on Sunday, or upon any other superior day, as, for example, when going to the town-meeting to take his part in the graver business of life.

The few articles of household use were first brought over from Europe in the various voyages of the *Mayflower*, the *Fortune*, the *Anne*, and the *Little James*. Nearly all of these have disappeared. In the Pilgrim Hall are preserved two of the small latticed windows, with diamond glass set in lead, which came from England. They were taken from one of the early houses of the Pilgrims. The windows as shown in Bradford's house are of a later date, for the wooden sash or lattice had not then been invented.

How soon the "first comers" began to make for themselves articles for household use we have no means of knowing, but it must have been almost at once. That these would have been copies or like those they had brought over was inevitable, so that of the articles here and there whose pedigree goes back to the *Mayflower*, many, doubtless, stop this side of the brave little ship. We can, however, take some upon trust, and gladly.

The occupations of the men in all the first years, as appears from the journals, were such as would produce food. The discovery of maize, or Indian corn, that most prolific of grains, was of infinite value to them, and more than once saved the colony from perishing. The friendly Squanto had shown them how "to set, fish, and dress it," and the raising of this grain, the catching of fish, and the hunting of deer, with the building of houses and boats, fully occupied the time of the men for the first year and more of the settlement. This is clear, for we find that Governor Carver, their first man, was at work in the fields in April, planting with them their corn, when he was seized with a sudden sickness, and shortly died.

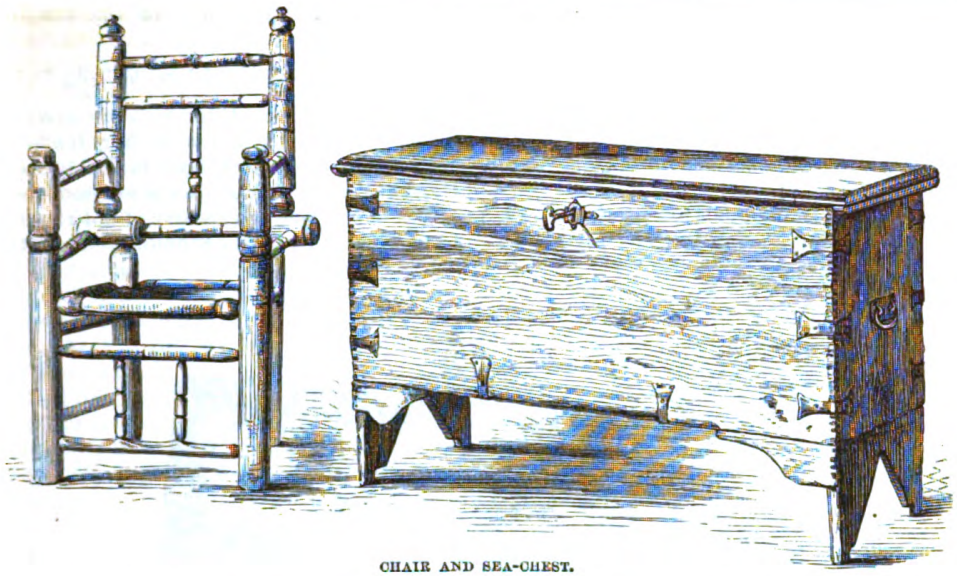
The interest in the work and ways of the past increases daily, and it can not be amiss if we give, as far as we can, some illustrations not only of character, but also of the manners and customs of those times.



THE CUSHMAN CRADLE.

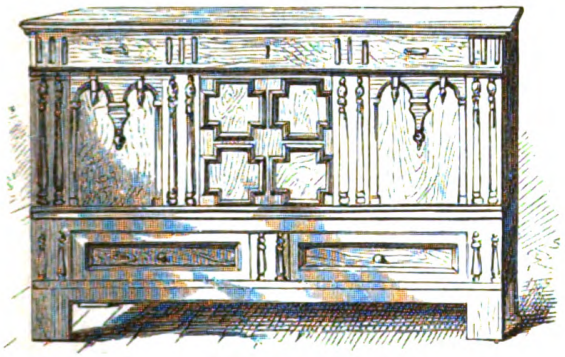
The three chests here shown are real ex-

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CHAIR AND SEA-CHEST.

amples of the early furniture of the Pilgrim period, saved for us in the Athenæum at Hartford. They show, first, the plain sea-chest, such as any sailor now takes upon his voyage; second, the chest with turned and applied ornaments, and with two small drawers at the bottom; third, the chest more ornamented and with more drawers, but still with the lid at the top. The next step is to the chest of drawers complete—what we call the *bureau*—and which we shall show hereafter. So we see how all things grow, and that even the chest of drawers was not born full-grown.



CHEST DECORATED.

One of the most sightly and interesting spots on the

"Wild New England shore"

is the Burial Hill at Plymouth. Upon this stood the fort first built by the Pilgrims, which was afterward inclosed by an extended stockade. The first graves, as has been said, were not here, but on a rise above the "Rock," called Cole's Hill. Here they buried the fifty who died in the first winter of their landing, for here in some degree they could be protected with loving care. From this Burial Hill now we have a long look-out toward Cape Cod, as well as a view of the hills and woods which extend westward. From this high point, also, the "Captain's Hill," at Duxbury, is in full sight, and at our feet nestles the lovely town of Plymouth.

The old burying-grounds of New England are full of melancholy evidences of human weakness. No explanation has been ever sufficient to account for these two things—first, why no one speaks well of a person while



CHEST WITH DRAWERS.

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he or she is living; and second, why, in speaking well of them after death, every man and woman is impelled by a devilish frenzy to say it as wretchedly as possible in what they choose to call poetry. The old Burial Hill has some examples of this malady, of which we shall only give a few illustrations.

On one of the blue-slate slabs is engraved an odd-looking cherub, with a very old face and very large wings, under which are the initials J. B.

"Thousands of years after blest Abells fall
Twas said of him being dead he speaketh yet
From silent graves methinks I hear a call
Pray fellow mortall don't your death forget.
You that your eyes cast on this grave
Know you a dying time must have."

Mistress Tabitha Plasket, who wrote her own poetry, speaks thus for herself:

"Adieu vain world I have seen enough of the,
And I am careless what thou sayst of me.
Thy smiles I wish not, nor thy frowns I fear
I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here."

She wrote this of her husband, the departed Joseph:

"All you that doth behold my stone
Consider how soon I was gone
Death does not always warning give
Therefore be careful how you live
Repent in time, no time delay
I in my prime was called away."

With a wife who could write such poetry, one has a dim suspicion that what was once cut on the tomb of the marital departed—this touching text,

"Their warfare is accomplished" (Jer., vi. 12)—

might safely have been put into marble here. So far has this gone that one welcomes with joy the man who, having communed with the tombs, was impelled to write in plain letters on the gate post of the burying-ground,

"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

The enterprising Pilgrims soon saw that better land, at least smoother land, lay across the bay, where now is the town of Duxbury, and they gladly possessed themselves of it. One of the first, if not the first, to go there was Myles Standish. The Stan-



THE STANDISH HOUSE.

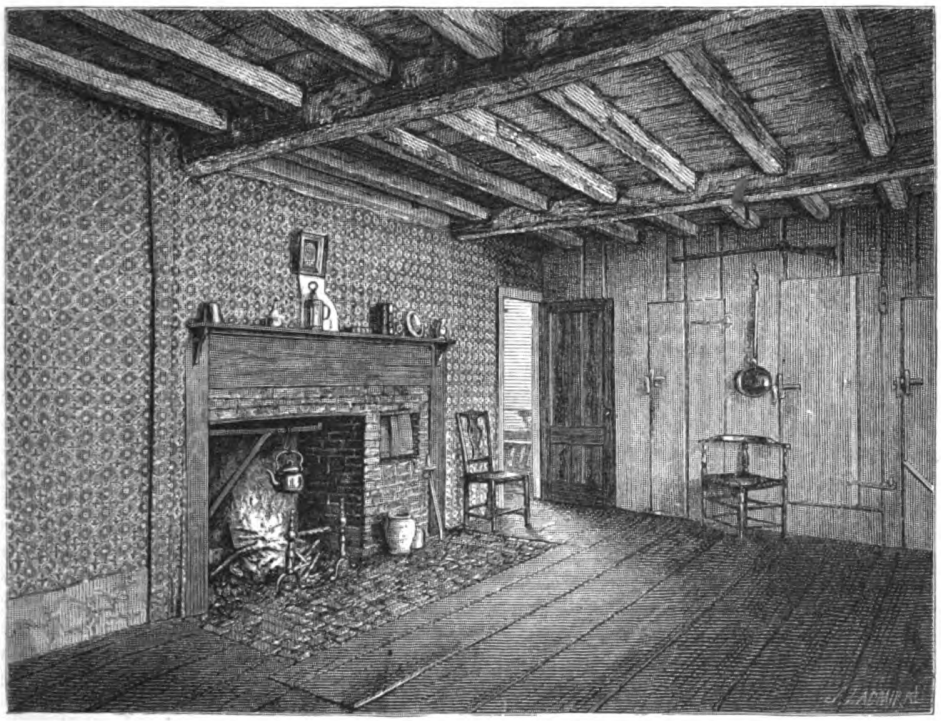
dish house at Duxbury was built, according to best accounts, in the year 1666, by Alexander Standish, oldest son of the first Myles Standish, who was the fighting man of the Puritan colony at Plymouth. The site of the present house is on a sort of second table-land at the base of "Captain's Hill," which shows on the left of our picture, crowned with a portion of the Standish monument. The first Standish house was nearer the sea, on what may be termed a first table-land. From the site of the present Standish house, looking eastward, the eye rests on the point upon which stood Myles Standish's house. Farther east, perhaps a mile distant, is to be seen Clark's Island, upon which Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Standish, and ten more landed and spent their first Sunday in New England, on the 9th of December (O. S.), 1620. On the eastern face of a rock upon Clark's Island the words of the old chronicler were deeply cut in 1871, "On the Sabbath-day wee rested." Still farther east lies "The Gurnet," upon which is a light-house. To the southeast is a wooded point called Manomet. To the south, across Duxbury Bay, some three miles, the town of Plymouth creeps along the shore. To the west is seen the old town of Kingston. Then rises Captain's Hill, topped with the base of the stone monument, which owes its beginning to the

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efforts of Mr. Stephen H. Allen, General Sargent, and other lovers of the strong men of the olden time. To the north of this the venerable, the peaceful, the most comfortable town of Duxbury extends itself toward Marshfield. Duxbury is remarkable for containing the most good houses and the most poor land of any town known to mortal man. The Old Church, by some peculiar arrangement (probably not of Providence), lies to the west of the town about half a mile, and is to be reached, if reached at all, by a walk or ride over a very soft and sandy road. May it not be true that the spiritual life languishes?

The great event in the present history of the town is the landing of the French transatlantic cable, which has its staff and headquarters in one of the houses of the old town.

The present Standish house is of wood, with shingled sides. It faces the south, with its two best rooms looking toward Plymouth. On the north side is the kitchen, with pantries and closets. In the roof



KITCHEN OF STANDISH HOUSE.

are some bedrooms. The house is small, and simple in all respects—in harmony with the times when the *man* was superior to the *house*. It may be some thirty-five feet by twenty-five feet on the ground, of one story, with a hipped or gambrel roof. This roof is quaint, and thoroughly in harmony with the time and the landscape. Palaces and pretentious houses have no resting-place on this shore. The house is perfectly presented by our photograph, which was made on a crisp, clear, New England April day, when the blue sky and blue water met together along the distant horizon line. On the left is seen a glimpse of Captain's Hill and the base of the monument yet to be built. On the right is just visible the spire of the Duxbury church.

The kitchen, which we have pictured here, expresses, though imperfectly, the household art of the Pilgrims. The great fire-place still stands, with its iron "crane," its "hooks and trammels;" the battened doors show their wooden latches, as they were made in those days, and are still lifted with strings; the beams and timbers of the ceiling are rough-hewn, rude, but strong—these remain to tell their story of the past. But the furniture, the personal belongings, all that was in the house of Alexander Standish, has vanished, and none know whither. The chairs and other aids to the daily life of the household were improvised for our picture, loaned by one of the lovely old maids of Duxbury; they are not impossible, and may have existed as here shown in this old Standish kitchen, which the English were wont to call "the house-place."

This antique kitchen tells of a life unattractive to us of these headlong days. It was dull, but sober. Neither railways, nor telegraphs, nor newspapers, nor interesting "murder books" had been invented then.

The dress was simple, but good. Household art was little; a few chairs, such as

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we here show, stood in the best or keeping room.

Even the almanac did not exist in that very early time, but in many a house hung on the wall

THE TWELVE GOOD RULES.

Profane no Divine ordinance.
Touch no state matters.
Urge no healths.
Pick no quarrels.
Encourage no vice.
Repeat no grievances.
Reveal no secrets.
Maintain no ill opinions.
Make no comparisons.
Keep no bad company.
Make no long meals.
Lay no wagers.

These came with them from England, and were the maxims of plain and simple wisdom.

The inventory of Standish's household possessions, made at the time of his death, will show us how few were the necessary things of life then. It is as follows: Three muskets, four carbines, two small guns, one fowling-piece, a sword, a cutlass, and three belts; his furniture—four bedsteads, one settle-bed, five feather-beds, three bolsters, three pillows, two blankets, one coverlet, four pairs of sheets, one pair of fine sheets, and four napkins, one table and table-cloth, another table, one form chair, and four rugs, four iron pots (one of which, now in the Hall at Plymouth, we picture here), three



STANDISH RELICS.

brass kettles, a frying-pan, a skillet, a kneading-trough, two pails, one dozen trenchers or wooden plates, one bowl, and a churn, two spinning-wheels, one pair of steelyards, a warming-pan, three beer casks, and a malt mill; and personal apparel to the value of £10.

His sword is in the museum of the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth, about which there is no question. But another sword called Standish's is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Is this the cutlass above mentioned?

The sword is one of the good old fighting blades which then were really used in hand-to-hand encounters. The blade is nearly three feet long, and needs a stout hand and a strong arm to wield it well. These we know Standish had.

The struggle for the first fifty years was against the unkindness of nature and the wildness of man; to produce a sufficiency of food, to clothe themselves against the harsh winds, to defend themselves against the impending attacks of savage men—these gave ample work.

The collision was to come, for white and brown civilizations never mingle; and Myles Standish, who planted his house on this unknown coast, was to be their captain in the fight with the wild occupiers of the woods.

The name given to Standish, "Myles," as the Rev. George Ellis so well said in his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument on Captain's Hill, is the old Roman word for "soldier;" and a soldier he seems to have been. How or why he came to join the band of Pilgrims from Leyden in their expedition to the New England coast is unknown. He had been a soldier in the Low Countries, and there he came into some knowledge of Robinson, Carver, and Brewster. It is certain he was never one of the saints, and we are at some loss to understand the tie which held him and them together—a tie which lasted through their lives. Possibly Bradford and Brewster knew the worth of a strong able man in the task they had undertaken, and so valued the courage, the power to *do*, which inspired Standish. But all of them were men of action; their *faith* always went with *works;* in Standish, *works* predominated; in Brewster, *faith*. As Moses needed Joshua to fight his way to the "promised land," so Brewster must have failed without Standish. Standish came from good English ancestors, though some of them had defrauded him of lands and houses, as we are led to believe from his own statement, made in his will, which runs thus:

"I give unto my son and heir-apparent, Alexander Standish, all my lands, as heir-apparent by lawful descent, in Ormstick, Borsconge, Wrightington, Maudsley, Newburrow, Crawston, and the Isle of Man, and given me as right heir by lawful descent, but surreptitiously detained from me, my great-grandfather being a second or younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish."

Standish's age is not certain, but he was supposed to be some thirty-six years of age when he landed on this New World in 1620.

An incident in the life of Standish, much noted, shows the stuff he was made of. Wes-

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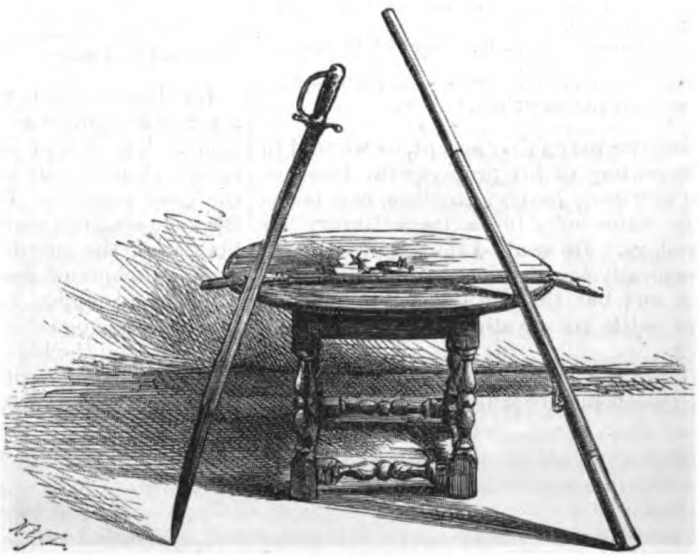
ton's colony at Weymouth was utterly incapable, reckless, and mischievous; it got into mischiefs and quarrels with the Indians at once, and there was evidence that the Indians had conspired to destroy them, and probably the rest of the pale-faces. The Plymouth colonists believed they had sufficient proof to warrant them in beginning the war, and they directed Standish to do so. Watching his time, with some three or four of his men he met Pecksuot, one of the fiercest Indians, who had repeatedly threatened them, with three of his followers, in a wigwam, and fell upon them. He killed Pecksuot himself; his men slew two others; one they took prisoner, but afterward hanged. It was rough work, but it "struck terror." It filled even Robinson, their pastor at Leyden, with dismay, and he wrote the colonists, sadly, "to consider the disposition of their captain, who was of a warm temper; how he hoped the Lord had sent him among them for good, if they could but use him right; how he doubted whether there was not wanting that tenderness for life made in God's image which was meet; how happy it would have been if they could have converted some before they killed any," etc.

It is clear that the whites struck the first blow, whether justified in it or not. Robinson evidently doubted. But Standish did not doubt that he was to do the work he had undertaken to do, and he did it boldly and thoroughly. It is clear from Robinson's letter that he looked upon Standish only as a fighting man, not at all as a Puritan or saint. This seems to have been Standish's great value during his life, and he was and remained a man of influence, and held high position among them.

The farm upon which the present Standish house stands was allotted him by the Plymouth colony, and tradition has it that the captain *chose* to be across the bay, somewhat out of the beat of the Sunday drum, which then called people to meeting, and the too strenuous religious life of the Puritan settlement at Plymouth. This may be a wicked fling at our sturdy ancestors, for not only did Standish find his dwelling-place here on the Duxbury side, but near him were some of the best men of the Plymouth colony. Mr. Justin Winsor, the historian of Duxbury, says:

"To this house on Captain's Hill Standish removed after his second marriage, and here he drew around him a devoted class of friends, among whom were the Elder Brewster, George Partridge, John Alden, Mr. Howland, Francis Eaton, Peter Brown, George Soule, Nicholas Byrom, Moses Simmons, and other settlers of Duxbury."

The well-settled belief is that Myles Standish's house stood on the point to the east of the Standish house we have pictured, where are still to be seen the remains of the cellar.



STANDISH'S SWORD, AND THE BARREL OF THE GUN WITH WHICH KING PHILIP WAS KILLED.

Some curious discoveries were made a few years ago (1856) by James Hall, of Boston, and Lyman Drew, of Duxbury, as to the old house. They made some excavations, and found the old stone walls of the cellar, which were constructed after a very curious plan. The singular joining of two houses probably built at different times is a subject of conjecture. We may suppose that it was necessary not only for convenience, but possibly for defense also. The northern part measured 60 feet in length and 16 feet in width; the southern part measured 54 feet in length and 17 feet in width. Three small squares in the body of the house indicate three hearths bedded in clay. Among the articles found as they excavated were a gun-barrel fifty-two and a half inches long, three axes, a hoe, hooks, iron wedge, broken bayonet, lance, pod-auger, door trimmings, knives, hay fork, cowbell, sun-dial, shears, spoons, pipes, nails, trap, etc., etc. These exist somewhere—where? The indications were clear that the houses had been destroyed by fire—but when?

That gun-barrel, four feet four and a half inches long! Was it the firelock of the old

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Pilgrim captain? Was it once an engine of destruction aimed at plotting Indians? or was it rather the bread-winner of the household, used in slaughtering ducks, which then, as now, haunted the marshes and flats of Duxbury Bay?

We do not propose to quote here the whole of Longfellow's verses about the captain, for, beautiful as they are, we have grave doubts whether Standish really had

"Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point, and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
White underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock."

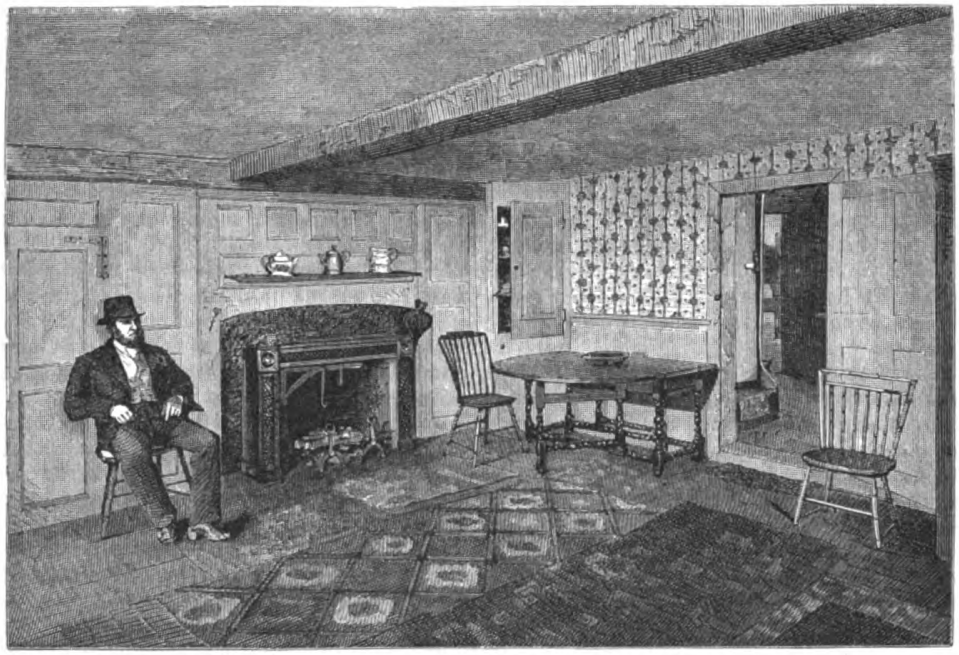
The last we may fairly accept, as we find in the inventory of his property the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, *Bariffe's Artillery*, and books to the value of £10—a large library for those days. He studied the art of war, and he naturally loved the tools used in carrying it on; but the corselet, the Damascus sword with its mystic point—where are they?

We are apt to commiserate the Puritans more than is just, because of their hardships; these were sufficient, and their pluck and faith are always to be praised. But it is a question whether food was not more ample and varied then than now. In referring to history I find this description:

"This harbour is a bay greater than Cape Cod, compassed with goodly land, and in the bay two fine islands, uninhabited, wherein are nothing but woods—oaks, pines, walnuts, beech, sassafras, vines, and other trees we know not. This bay is a most hopeful place—innumerable store of fowl and excellent food, and can not but be of fish in their seasons; skate, cod, turbot, and herring we have tasted of; abundance of muscles, the greatest and best we ever saw; crabs and lobsters in their time infinite. It is in fashion like a sickle or fish-hook. The land for the crust of the earth is a spit's depth, excellent black mould, and fat in some places; and vines every where, cherry-trees, plum-trees, and many others which we know not. Many kinds of herbs we found here in the winter, as strawberry leaves innumerable, sorrel, yarrow, carval, brooklime, liverwort, water-cresses, great store of leeks and onions, and an excellent kind of flax or hemp. Here is sand, gravel, and excellent clay—no better in the world—excellent for pots, and will wash like soap; and great store of stone, though somewhat soft, and the best water that ever we drank, and the brooks now begin to be full of fish."*

It is interesting to us to read such a glowing and delightful account of the Plymouth shore. The writer drew a "long bow," to be sure, but he was hopeful, and he saw all the good possible. It is an excellent way. By some singular omission he has defrauded his list of the succulent clam—one of the most delicious of foods. That remains to console and support the inhabitants to-day; also there is good store yet of "sand, gravel, and clay, and the best water we ever drank."

Standish died September 12, 1656, and it is singular that no tradition of any kind remains as to the place of his burial. Most likely it was on his farm; but that the fact should be entirely lost is strange. We know well where he worked while alive, and that is more interesting than to know where he rested when dead.



KEEPING-ROOM OF ALDEN HOUSE, 1653.

Some two miles from the Standish house stands the Alden house. The farms of the

* Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims.*

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Plymouth settlers extended away from the bay northward, beyond Marshfield, where the two Winslows had their allotments, of which we shall speak in another article.

The Alden house of Duxbury is probably the most ancient in New England, excepting the "Stone House" at Guilford, in Connecticut, which was built in 1640.

This Alden house is believed to have been built in 1653, by a son of that John Alden



KITCHEN OF MAJOR ALDEN'S HOUSE, ABOUT 1788.

who came over in the *Mayflower* in 1620—one of the immortal "hundred" who founded the colony of Plymouth.

John Alden had been a cooper in England, and joined the first band of Pilgrims to come to the New World. He was but twenty-one years of age, being the youngest of all the Pilgrims, and, tradition says, the handsomest. It was one of the regulations of the colony that unmarried persons should live where the authorities directed, not at all where they chose; so, in the division of the Pilgrims into families (December 28, 1620), Alden was put into the family of Myles Standish. After the death of Rose Standish, when Myles turned his eyes toward the pretty Priscilla Mullens, we can see how natural it was that the soldier, who had courage enough to grapple with the most powerful Indian, should have hesitated to attack Priscilla, and should have sent young Alden to sue for him.

Let us try to picture the scene. The pretty Priscilla is sitting at her wheel, and she does not look like one of the Fates who are drawing out the thread of life. She wears on her head a small cap, for the "water-fall" or the "rat" had not been invented. Her dress—well, a white jacket made of linen is belted about the waist with a white cord, and meets the blue woolen petticoat, which harmonizes well with the deep gray eye, fair face, and silky hair of the lady. Of what is she thinking?—of whom? Is it of the slender, dark-eyed young cooper who came on the ship when she put back to England? The saying was then old, "Speak of the devil, and he is at your elbow."

When the young John Alden appeared before her, with hat in hand, and wearing a doubting look, why did the pretty Priscilla blush as she answered his "good-day?" Only that she was surprised; for no good girl then would be spending her time in wanton thoughts, wondering and wishing that the one she loved, or might love, was at her side.

John had an errand, and how was he to tell it? He was love's messenger, coming from Myles Standish—Myles, who was the captain of Pilgrim soldiers, ready at a moment's warning to buckle on his sword and fight. He was thirty-six years old. How old!

It was not easy to tell his errand, we may well believe. That he brought in the name of the captain, told of his virtues, was certain; but when he said, "And Captain Standish likes you, Priscilla," we can see the toss of that head and the glance of the demure eye at the hesitating John.

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"He likes you, and wants to marry you."

"Nonsense, John! Don't talk such things to me."

"But he does; I speak the truth; and he has sent me to say so to you."

Then Priscilla jumped from her wheel and ran out of the room, leaving John to wonder. Was she angry?—was she willing? What now was he to do? for he must carry back an answer.

She soon came in, but her face told no tale. John must renew his message.

"But he is so old!" she said. "And then he is short, and his hair is red, and he has freckles."

"But he is so manly and so brave, and so many believe in him and depend on him, and all men and all women look to him in the hour of danger."

"But he is so old!" again.

"But—"

"But—" Then Priscilla looked out of her dark gray eyes at the handsome young fellow, with a little bit of coquetry—can we doubt it?—and said, "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?"

And then—and then— We must leave the reader to guess what happened then. Priscilla never told, nor did John, and we do not know.

We can accept the pretty story of the love-making as true; while the other story, that when Alden went to marry Priscilla he rode on his bull, and carried his wife back to his house on the same lordly beast, is quite out of the question. The fact being that cattle were not carried from England to the colony till 1624, while John's first-born saw the light in 1622, we are forced to drop the pleasing incident, or relegate it to the lovely domain of poesy, where all things are possible. Marriage was a civil contract there, and was performed by the magistrate, not by the minister.

Upon the matter of love-making the Pilgrims were strenuous, for, of all the virtues, chastity held highest place. So in 1638 "it is ordered that if any man make a motion of marriage to any man's daughter or maid without first obtaining leave of her parents or master, he shall be punished by fine not exceeding five pounds, or corporal punishment, or both, at the discretion of the bench, according to the nature of the offense." What money, what whippings, would now ensue, were this old statute still standing!

The first John Alden went to live at Duxbury in 1631, at which time doubtless his first house was built. The site of this first house is obscure. Like most of the early houses, it was doubtless built of hewn planks or logs, for time was needed to put up saw-mills and convert logs into weather-boards.

The site of the existing Alden house is on a small rising ground in the northern part of Duxbury, on what may have been John Alden's farm. It is a two-story square house, with its two best rooms facing the south, as was the usage at that day, for it was thus easy to know by the sun's line when it was noontide. This house was in its day doubtless one of the best in the town. The stairway runs up along the great stone chimney-stack, and is now, from its steepness, rather difficult for clumsy folk. The room we have pictured is the "great room," the best room, often called "the keeping-room." The fire-place has been filled with an iron frame; otherwise the room is in its original state. Over the fire-place the wall is paneled. The ceilings are some eight feet high, and across the middle of this the great timber shows. The windows were once the small leaded diamond panes, but the last one has recently fallen to pieces, and so vanishes. The cupboard in the corner still exists as it did two hundred and twenty-three years ago. Through the open door we look through the living-room into a kitchen. From the living-room a door with wooden latch opens into a stairway, whose oaken treads have stood the wear of over two centuries.

The sturdy Alden blood still flows, and the eighth generation of John Aldens now lives in this house, strong and well, and a son and grandson named John Alden live to come here after him. Forty years he has followed the sea, and now he rests, where his fathers did before him, in a simple content. Good ancestors on both sides explain this, for his mother is hale and active in the business of life now at the age of eighty-eight. Will any one say that Duxbury air or Duxbury clams are pernicious? We have prevailed upon Mr. Alden to sit for his picture, as a representative of the old Puritan stock: there has been none better.

The great oaken table, with its folding ladder legs, is seen in the picture. Its age is unknown, but it goes back beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It is of oak, and as heavy as any wood that grows. It could probably tell a tale of storm and turmoil in England if it could speak.

Another Alden house of the early days still stands in Duxbury. This was built by Major Judah Alden shortly after the Revolution. The house retains something of its ancient glories, and in it are to be found some old French mirrors and some bits of old china. The present representative lives in it now, solitary, but not alone; for good women about her offer the cup of pleasant sympathy, for which, after all, human nature thirsts. This lady was kind enough to permit us to see and to enjoy a most quaint old kitchen, and to make such pictures of it as we pleased.

The reader will see in it much to interest. It tells of the days before stoves, when wood made the fires; when pots hung on hooks

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above the blazing coals; when tin roasters cooked the meats; when the great brick oven turned out its array of bread or pies; when the boot-jack and the almanac hung by the shelf; when the high-backed settle shielded from the too-familiar winds; when the master, after the work of the day was ended, sat by the grateful fire and saw the viands converted into savory food for his delectation and support.

Major Alden was with Washington at New York during the dark hours of the Revolution, and at his house I was shown a letter of instructions sent him by Washington, which I here put on record, as it may not have appeared elsewhere; for all that pertains to Washington is just now of interest. The letter is directed to "Captain Alden, or Commanding Officer, Dobbs Ferry."

"HEADQUARTERS, 23 *November*, 1780.

"SIR,—I impart to you in confidence that I intend to execute an enterprise against Staten Island to-morrow night, for which reason I am desirous of cutting off all intercourse with the Enemy on the East side of the River. You will therefore to-morrow at Retreat beating set a guard upon any Boats which may be at the Slot or Niack, and not suffer any to go out on any pretence whatever till next morning. Towards evening you will send a small party down to the Closter landings, and if they find any Boats there, you will give orders to have them scuttled in such a manner that they cannot be immediately used; but to prevent a possibility of it, the party may remain there till towards daylight [but are not to make fires or discov^r themselves], and then return to your post. I depend upon the punctual observation of this order, and that you will keep the motive a secret.

"Acknowledge the receipt of this that I may be sure you have got it.

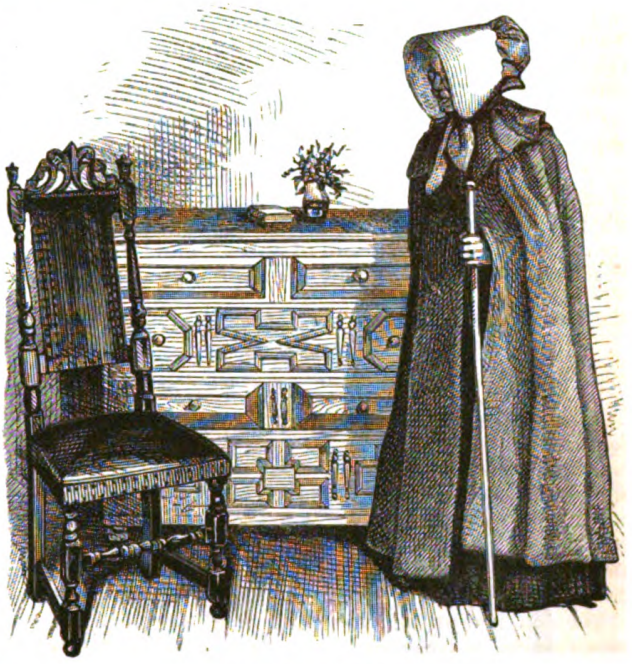
"I am, Sir, y^r most ob^t serv^t,

"Capt. ALDEN." "G^o WASHINGTON.

The letter shows the care with which Washington did his work, inasmuch as the words in brackets are interlined in Washington's writing.

John Alden died at the great age of eighty-nine. He had held many places of trust, and succeeded Standish as treasurer of the colony. "He was decided, ardent, resolute, and persevering, indifferent to danger; a bold and hardy man, stern, austere, and unyielding, of exemplary piety and of incorruptible integrity; an iron-nerved Puritan, who could hew down forests and live on crumbs. He hated innovations and changes, steadily walked in the ways of his youth, and adhered to the principles and habits of those he had been taught to honor."—*Thacher.*

Whether Mary Chilton or John Alden was the first person to set foot on the "Rock" on the memorable 21st of December, 1620, is and must remain a mystery. Tradition says one, and then the other, in both of the families of these two. It is not important.



DRESS OF A WOMAN.

Alden spent many of his years in doing the official business of the colony, and yet did not die rich, as in these days might have been expected. On the contrary, we find that as he became "low in his estate" the town voted him the small sum of ten pounds, "to bee payed by the treasurer." Of the personal belongings of the first Alden nothing remains to us, excepting the first John's Bible, which was printed in the old English letter in 1620, and rests in the Pilgrims' Collection at Plymouth, in good preservation.

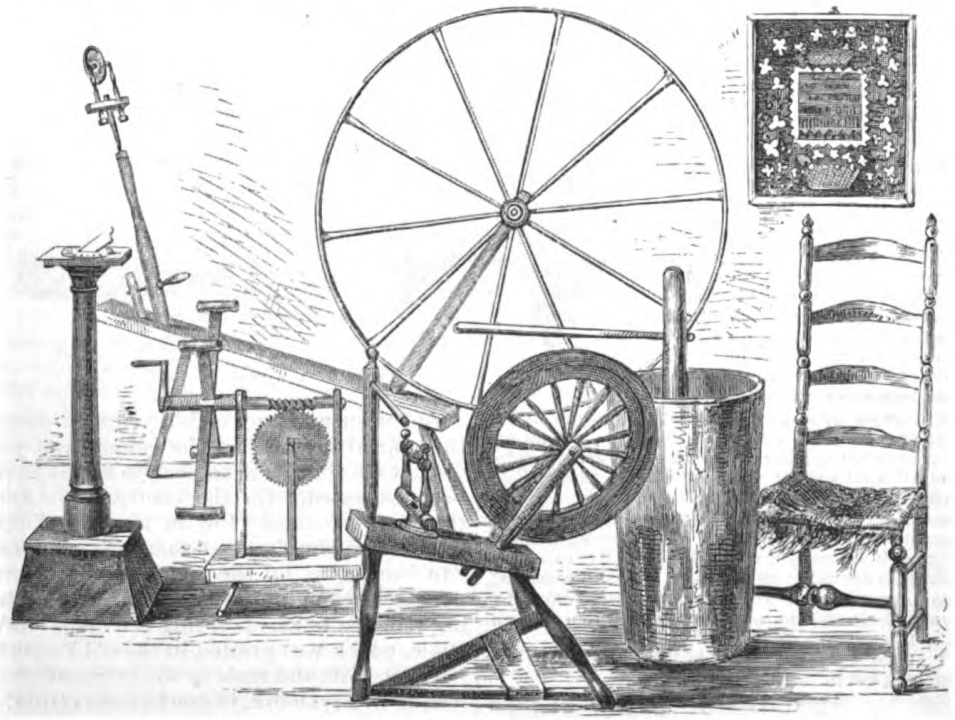
Dress and the occupations of woman, always of infinite interest, would suffice for an article of length, so that we can but touch upon them briefly here.

Two great paintings in Pilgrim Hall intend to show the dress of the time and people, and with some success. The one at the west end of the hall, by Sargent, is carefully grouped and painted, but it lacks the quality which it might well have had, had the painter been himself a Puritan instead of what he was, a cultivated Boston gentleman; for it is undoubtedly true "that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." No man can understand the Puritans or their ways so well as he who is himself in harmony with their beliefs, or has been brought into close and intimate contact with them. In Sargent's picture the Pilgrims are well drawn and painted, but they

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are sufficiently described as "Academic"—such as a painter not in sympathy with his subject might make from good models and well-devised costumes. The dresses are doubtful, and Governor Carver could not have got himself up in such style to land on Plymouth Rock; nor should he have had the weak legs of a fine gentleman such as Angelica Kauffman liked to paint.

Weir's picture of the Embarkation in the Capitol at Washington is well known, and it has been well copied by Mr. Parker for the Pilgrim Hall. In this picture the dresses and accessories are better, and more like what we believe them to have been. The greatest failure is the figure of Standish, in an extravagant posture, and one as improbable for him as any thing any painter could well conceive. But Art is a mistress, and her worshipers have ways we do not understand.



OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.

In the illustration on page 195 is a figure such as we fancy the Puritan dames of that day may have been. The dress does not attempt to do more than to protect the person and to be fitting for the business of life. Winslow's young wife may have put on her feathers and her best silk stomacher to go on a long voyage in the ship *Mayflower*, but the lady we have pictured would be more like.

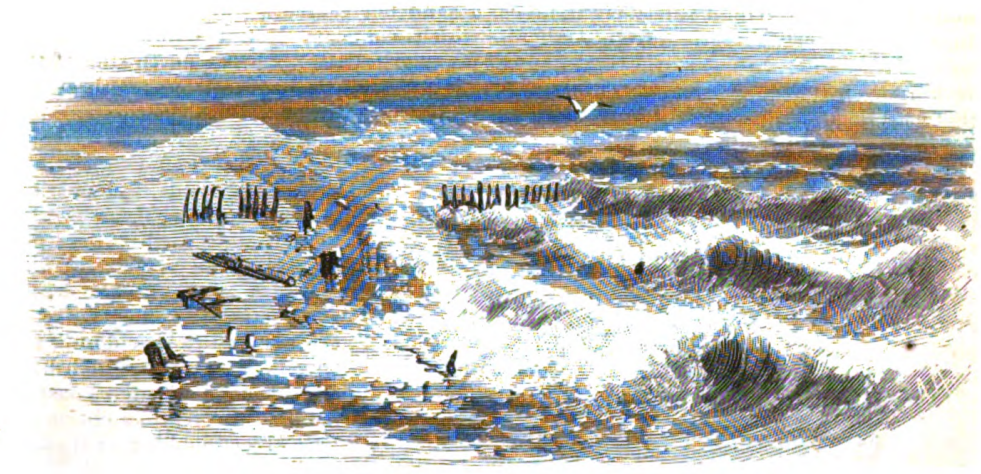
We should not forget the vast change which has come over the world in the occupations of women. At the period of which we write—and long after it—women had work to do, and much of it. They spun the wool and the flax into thread, they wove it into cloth, and they made it up into garments for their husbands, sons, and daughters. So it was in Solomon's day, so it was in Cæsar's day, and so it was in Bradford's day. We have found a group of the spinning-wheels, the reels, and some other household articles in use in those days, which may help to an understanding of the matter. Many persons now alive can remember when their mothers made an active use of these things, when the matron stood and whirled the large wheel which twisted the wool and spun the warp and made the woof which was to be woven into garments for the men she loved and cared for; when pretty girls sat at the picturesque smaller wheel and spun the flax which was to be woven and whitened for their own wedding outfits. Those were not bad times, when there was good and useful work for women to do, and plenty of it, which they *must* do.

In this group may be seen the great wooden mortar, made from the hollow tree, in which was pounded up the corn, which took the place of wheat in that early day; and the sun-dial, too, which told the hour of noon, and supplied the place of clock to nearly every household.

But all is changed, and within half a century, to such an amazing extent as to have created a revolution in social life. Steam and machinery have destroyed the occupations of women, and in a degree those of men.

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A CRUISE AMONG THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.



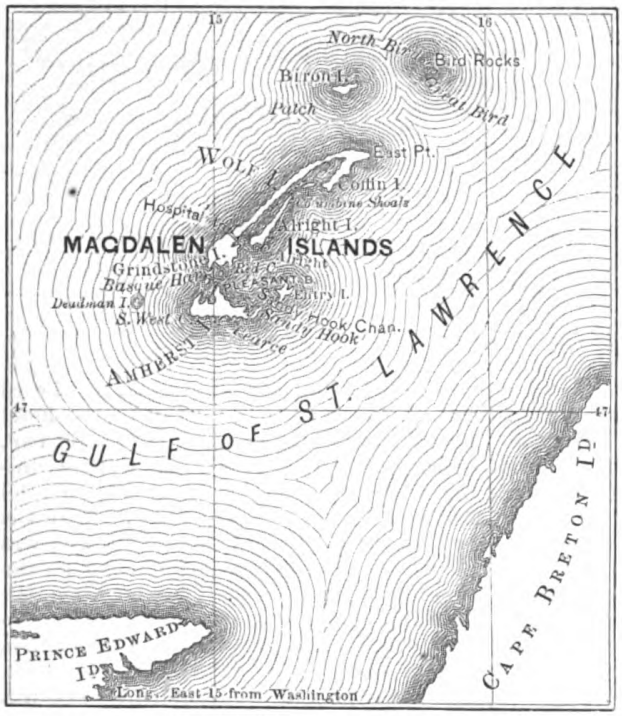
SAND DUNES AND WRECKS BETWEEN AMHERST AND GRINDSTONE ISLANDS.

MY attention was first called to the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when I sailed in the *Anna Maria* fishing schooner. The skipper had often cruised in their neighborhood, and strongly advised me to visit them. Accordingly, I packed my kit and started in search of this *terra incognita*, in September, two months too late to see them, if one consults his personal comfort, although really the best season, if the tourist wishes to gain a clear notion of the savage character of the islands and the waters which encircle them, and of the isolated life which the islanders lead. I went by way of Prince Edward Island, and found it no laughing matter either to reach or leave these dunes of sand, even so early in the autumn, although they are but fifty-six miles due north from Eastern Point, Prince Edward Island, the distance from Souris, where the boat touches, to Havre Aubert, Amherst Island, being but eighty miles. Twice a month, until navigation closes, the steamer *Albert* runs from Pictou to the Magdalens, touching at Souris to take the mails when the weather allows her to enter the exposed port of Souris. But her movements are very uncertain, and the sleepless vigilance which is said to be the price of liberty is trifling compared with the watchfulness required on the part of the voyager who has made up his mind to reach the Magdalen Islands, and to reach them by the steamer *Albert* from Souris. No one could tell me the exact day or hour she was to be looked for, and a gale of wind about the time we might begin to expect her seemed to render it very uncertain whether she would touch at Souris at all; but the postmaster promised to send me word at the hotel when they came for the mail-bag. At nine in the evening, the wind having moderated, the whistle of the steamer was heard shrieking in the port. I ran to the hotel for my carpet-bag, but the postmaster had, of course, forgotten to send me word according to promise, and every one at the hotel had gone to an itinerant show. With the bag on my shoulder, I ran a mile, and was able to clamber over the side of the steamer just as she was shoving off from the breakwater; a slight detention of five minutes, owing to a loose screw in the engine, was all that enabled me to catch the boat. The *Albert* proved to be, without exception, the most clumsy and dangerous craft I ever stepped foot on, considering the perilous nature of the waters she navigates. The weather was fine and the wind fair, so we managed to average nearly six knots, which took us in sight of the islands at sunrise. It was a clear, cheerful day after the storm. Nearly a hundred sail of our Gloucester fishermen dotted the horizon, and the crests of Amherst, Alright in the extreme distance, and Entry directly ahead and near at hand, were exceedingly beautiful, warmed by the morning sun, which mellowed their various vivid tints into pearly grays.

It may be said here that the name now given to the whole group originally belonged to the long narrow island which comprises the more or less lofty divisions termed respectively Amherst, Grindstone, Alright, Wolf, Coffin, and Grosse Isle—islands which are all more or less connected by a double row of sand dunes inclosing lake-like lagoons, but divided in some places by sea-openings fordable at low water, and at Basque Harbor, Havre aux Maisons, and Grand Entry Harbor deep enough to admit of the entrance of small vessels. Around the Magdalen Islands, never more than a few miles distant, are Deadman's Island, the

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Bird Rocks, Biron Island, Shag Rock, and Entry Island, which are now all comprised under the same name. The Magdalen Islands *par excellence* trend thirty-eight miles in a northeasterly direction, from Amherst to Coffin Island; a long spit, called Sandy Hook, and partially under water, extends due east from Amherst toward Entry, from



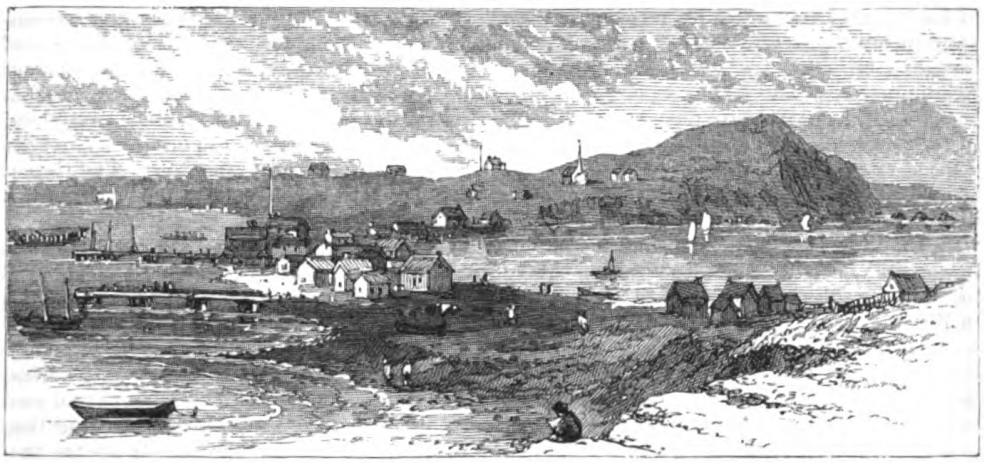
MAP OF THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

which it is separated by a narrow and dangerous channel. Pleasant Bay is the bight formed by Sandy Hook round by Basque Harbor to Grindstone Island, and is a commodious and safe roadstead in all but easterly winds, when vessels must cut and run for the other side of the island, or make a dash for Havre Aubert if taken too suddenly. In the terrific gale of August, 1873, our fishing fleet was lying for refuge in Pleasant Bay, when the wind shifted so rapidly and violently into the eastward that thirty-three schooners were driven on shore in an hour, piled together on the top of each other. The skeletons of some of these hapless vessels still bleach on the beach at Amherst.

Rounding the grand, gayly colored sea-cliffs of Entry Island, the *Albert* steamed up to an anchorage at Amherst, at the bottom of Pleasant Bay, and a boat carried the mails and one solitary passenger ashore through the surf. The curious little town of Amherst lies there, composed of perhaps fifty houses straggling up the flanks of the Demoiselle, a conical hill, which on the sea side falls vertically nearly two hundred and eighty feet. The business portion of the metropolis of the Magdalens clusters farther down, where store-houses and fish stages for the drying of cod are huddled together on a sand bar scarce a hundred paces across, which connects Mount Gridley with the Demoiselle Hill. On the north side of this bar is Pleasant Bay; on the south side is Havre Aubert, twisted by our fishermen into Harbor le Bear. It is a small but perfectly safe port, the best in the Magdalens, it is said; but the entrance channel is very narrow and shifting, and accessible only to vessels drawing not over twelve feet of water. On the flats in the centre of the harbor lies an old hulk rotting in the storms which howl around that devoted coast so much of the year—a characteristic object, looking as if planted there purposely to indicate the character of those desolate isles.

The passenger aforesaid found better lodging than he had reason to expect, at Mrs. Shea's little boarding-house. The variety in the larder was limited, but the eggs were fresh, the milk rich, and the tea good, and the total cost of board and lodging not over seventy-five cents per diem. Amherst town may be said to be the seat of the government. Mr. Fox, the revenue collector and superintendent of wrecks, and Mr. Painchaud, the United States consular agent, who is very polite to our countrymen, reside there; also Mr. Fontana, the most important individual in the islands, the agent of Admiral Coffin, the proprietor, who holds them subject to the jurisdiction of the Dominion. In reward for his public services, Captain Isaac Coffin, uncle of the present owner, received a grant of these islands from the British crown in 1798. They were first discovered by Jacques Cartier, and were colonized by French, chiefly Acadians, who sought refuge here when expelled from Acadie. They have received accessions from Canada, St. Pierre, Jersey, and England, and now number about five thousand, nearly all of French descent, and speaking and retaining the language, customs, and religion of the parent country. They occupy the land generally by leasehold, under various conditions, and the rents are devoted by the proprietor to the laying out of roads and other public improvements. But great dissatisfaction has grown out of the existing tenure of lands. It is alleged that the prosperity of the islands is hindered by the present arrangement, and strong efforts are now made to bring about the transfer of the islands to

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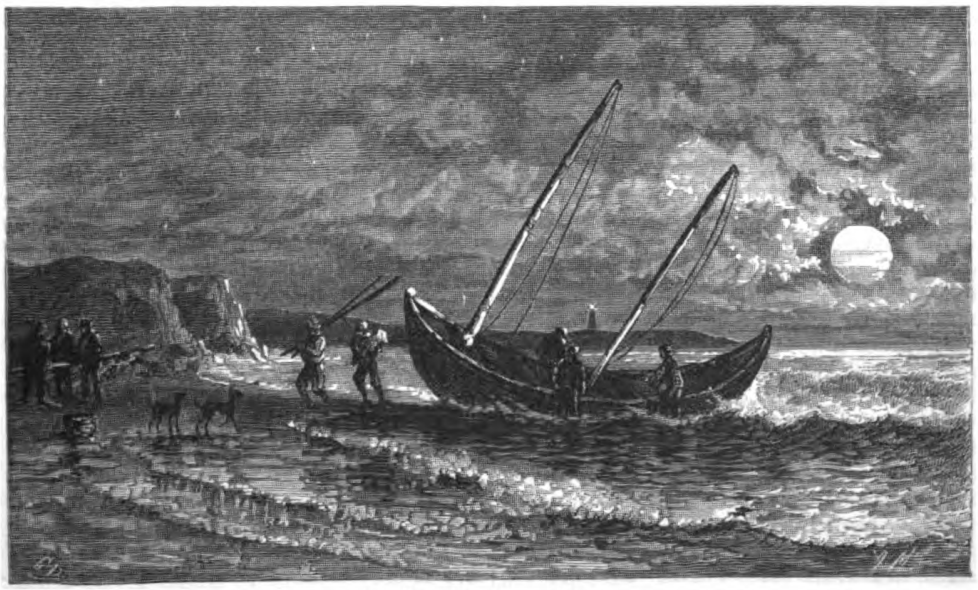
AMHERST, LOOKING TOWARD DEMOISELLE HILL.

the Dominion. The admiral asks £18,000, which would not seem excessive, considering that the area of the Magdalens is seventy-eight thousand acres, of which fully one-third is arable, and another third not wholly useless, while the fisheries add greatly to their value.

The lions of Havre Aubert were soon visited, including the English chapel on Mount Gridley, the new Roman Catholic church on the Demoiselle Hill, and the jail and post-office, which are within the same inclosure, and under the charge of one superintendent, whose official duties are not exhausting. There is a mail but twice a month, and for five months there is no mail at all, for the shore ice forms around the islands while the Strait of Northumberland is closed, and navigation ceases in the Gulf from December to April inclusive.

It was important to visit Entry Island, and to seize the first good weather, as the passage of nine miles in a small boat may prove very difficult in case of a sudden change of weather, always liable to happen after the 1st of September; and, in fact, at all seasons the sea rises in the Gulf of St. Lawrence with great rapidity, always rugged and tumultuous, with vast combers that break, owing to the tides and currents and the shoalness of the water and the undertow, all aiding to render navigation there excessively hazardous, combined with the frequent fogs.

Some men had come from Entry Island to attend the sale of wrecked goods at Havre Aubert, and I was able to return with them. We sailed in the broad light of the full moon, skirting Sandy Hook. A number of the islanders with their dogs came down to help us beach the boat and land the cargo on a long low sand spit on the northern side



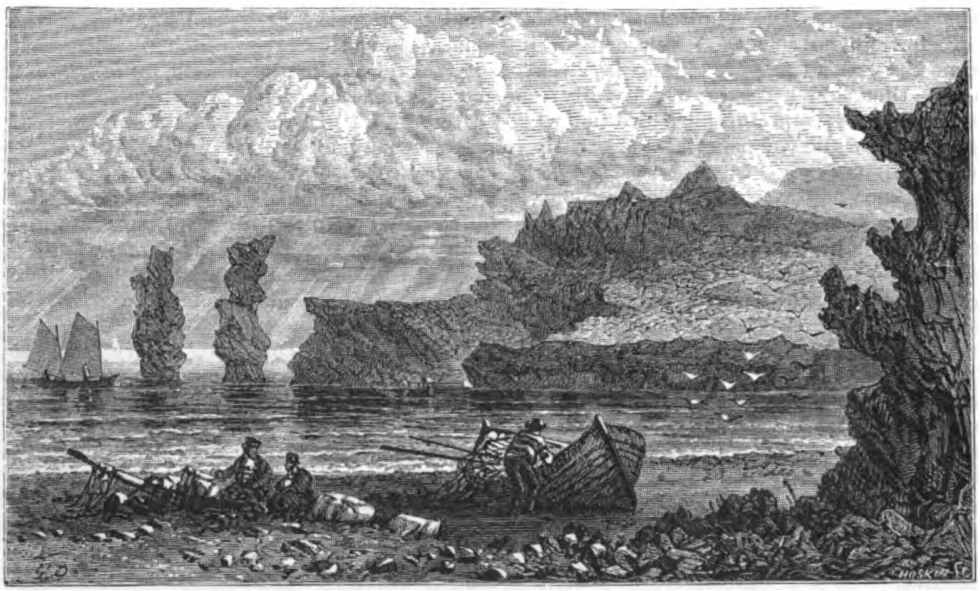
LANDING ON ENTRY ISLAND.

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of Entry, and the scene by moonlight was very picturesque, and seemed more as if on the shore of some tropical isle surrounded by summer seas and balmy breezes than in the almost hyperborean regions of the St. Lawrence.

Mr. James Cassidy, the keeper of the light-house, cordially invited me to lodge with him. A long mile over a rolling moorland, with shadowy hills on our left and the moon-lit sea and red star of the light-house before us, led through the frosty air to a warm fire in Mrs. Cassidy's comfortable kitchen, where a cup of tea and some of the capital island mutton added very materially to our well-being. "Look well to the commissariat," is ever the motto of your experienced traveler.

Entry Island is pentagonal in form, only two miles long in its greatest length, and



OLD MAN AND OLD WOMAN.

for its size offers a greater variety of scenery and attractions probably than any other island of the Atlantic. The western half of the island forms a gentle slope, broken into pleasant intervals, divided into charming meadows and pasture lands, overgrown with potatoes or waving grain and fragrant grasses, and ending abruptly in cliffs fifty to a hundred feet high. Bits of dwarf woodland scattered here and there give a very picturesque effect to this pastoral landscape, which is also heightened by the numbers of cattle, horses, and sheep every where visible, and the farm-houses of the ten families who here pass away their uneventful but not unhappy lives. They are all of Irish and English descent, and such a thing as want is probably unknown on Entry Island. It contains about thirty-two hundred acres, an average of over three hundred acres to a family. They export some stock and provisions, including considerable butter. Mrs. Dixon told me she owned fifty-five cows; the milk is excellent, and to be had for the asking. The people appear to be thrifty, and yet it does not seem that they make the most of their opportunities. But who would blame them for this? They have enough, and are content. The women do not have to buy four hats a year, or study the fashions from Paris; the men do not need to pore over the daily financial reports, or discuss the public-school question in a place where all are Protestants, where there are no schools, and only a minister twice or thrice a year to marry and christen. At the same time, I saw books and papers in every house I visited, including the old family Bible, and the people are as intelligent as they are hospitable. They use, in common with all the Magdalen Islanders, a peculiar square cast-iron stove set on high legs between two rooms, fitting in an opening in the partition wall, thus heating both apartments equally, and economizing both labor and fuel. Here during the long winter days, when shut out entirely from the rest of the world, they sit and spin yarns and woolen at the same time. The old-fashioned spinning-wheel is used in all the islands, and most of the people are clad in homespun.

The eastern half of Entry is of quite another formation—bold and mountainous. Although the highest elevations are but lofty hills, yet they are really so high, considering the small area from which they rise, as to give in miniature the effect of a very rugged and mountainous land. The highest summit is six hundred and eighty feet above the sea by the latest survey, and it looks

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higher, it is so steep. The prospect from the top on that calm September day was one of rare beauty. The tints of sea and sky were soft yet rich as those of southern latitudes. At our feet were spread the rich uplands and lowlands of Entry Island encircled by a line of silver foam. Beyond lay the group of islets clustering around Pleasant Bay, the red and gray precipices of Amherst, Alright, and Grindstone, bathed in hues so tender and beautiful I could hardly believe it was not some fair scene in the Ægean pictured before me like an exquisite dream. In the extreme distance, fifty miles away to the southward, could be discerned the faint outlines of Cape North and St. Paul's Island. As this hill, the highest elevation in the Magdalens, and commanding a view of the Gulf of St. Lawrence over one hundred miles in diameter, has remained without a name up to this time, the writer has ventured to name it St. Lawrence Hill. To the eastward of St. Lawrence Hill is Pig Hill, about fifty feet lower, but equally well defined. From these two peaks radiate a number of miniature gorges and dells thickly overgrown with savage woodlands of dwarf spruce, intermingled with birch, pine, and sassafras, and terminating on all sides but the land side in astonishing cliffs, generally vertical, and in some cases actually overhanging the sea. These magnificent precipices are three hundred and fifty feet high at the east end, gradually rising to over four hundred feet on the southern side. The loftiest of these cliffs, for lack of any other name, is here called the Watch Tower. Scarped and sculptured in a thousand fantastic shapes, and brilliantly hued with the lively and variegated tints of the new red sandstone intermingled with gray gypsum and warm ochres, the cliffs of Entry Island scarcely yield in beauty and grandeur to the famous rocks of the Channel Islands, which, indeed, never reach an altitude of four hundred feet. Devil's Island is a perpendicular isolated mass connected with the main island by a zigzag curtain some thirty yards across, over three hundred feet high, and tapering up to an absolute edge scarce an inch thick. The sheep wiggle across this edge, which may be likened to the bridge of Al-Sirat, to browse on the acre of grass on the summit, where they keep company with a colony of free-booting foxes, which, gradually driven from one post to another, have taken a last refuge in this almost inaccessible stronghold of despair, and raid on the hen-roosts o' stormy nights. Near the Devil's Island is a pool which has been sounded farther down than the sea-level without finding bottom.

I returned from Entry to Havre Aubert when a gale premonitory of the equinoctial was setting in, and was obliged to wait for clearing weather before starting for Grindstone Island. At length the elements seemed propitious, and we set out. The equipage, driven by Jean Nedeau, who can be recommended as a competent guide across the fords and quicksands of the Magdalens, consisted of a cart hung on what were intended for springs, but they did not fulfill the intent of the maker. The jolting I received that day was fitted to search out every weak spot in one's anatomy, and would sorely have tested the quality of false teeth. One could readily realize in Jean Nedeau's cart what may be the sensation of having the spine piercing upward into the skull. The sturdy roan pony that dragged us along at a three-mile-an-hour pace was of a decidedly domestic turn, and was strongly averse to leaving home.



DRAGGING THE HULL OF A SCHOONER TO THE BEACH.

Our road led around the southern side of Amherst Island, which is eleven miles long, east and west, very hilly in the interior, being five hundred and fifty feet high, and generally cultivated. Near the fishing ham-

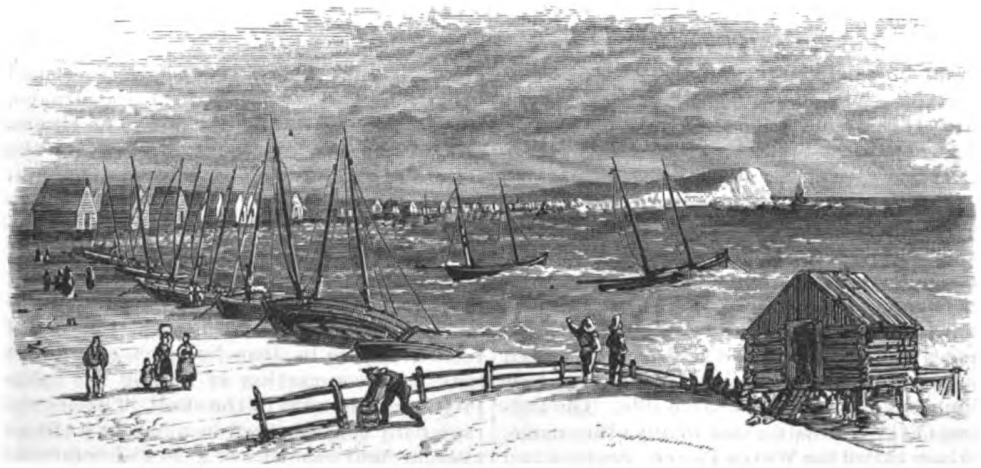
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let called the Basin we saw a very beautiful view. In the middle distance rose the Demoiselle Hill like an Acropolis; in the background lay the purple heights of Entry Island like the main-land; and in the foreground the blue waters of the Basin, girt with green meadows, where the peasants were harvesting the hay. No scene on this side of the Atlantic has ever reminded me so vividly of historic bits in Asia Minor. Passing the hamlets of Point du Moulin and Anse au Cabane, the road skirted the perpendicular red sea-cliffs on the left, while the spruce forests sang a wild music in the wind on our right. Here we saw a schooner on the stocks on a cliff, from which it will be slid on to the ice in the winter. Many small vessels are built on these islands, and it is not uncommon to construct them in the midst of the forest, over half a mile from the sea-side. In the winter, when the men can not farm or fish, the ship-builder buys a few gallons of gin, and then invites his neighbors to the launch. The cradle on which the hull is laid is placed on runners and drawn over the snow by many willing hands tugging at the cables. When they reach the cliff's edge, the vessel is lowered to the ice, forty or fifty feet below, on



THROUGH THE SURF.

goon called Basque Harbor, and began the toilsome journey along the dunes which protect it on the northwestern side. After proceeding a couple of miles, shielded from the sea by a range of low sand hills, we came to a break where the tide rushed through like a mill-race; here we waited for the tide an hour, with ample time to study one of the wildest and most desolate scenes on the face of the earth. Sharp-speared salt grass scantily covered the tops of the sand hummocks, and relieved the uniform white which only seemed more repelling when the surf lashed it with the foam of a storm that was gathering in the southeast, threatening and terrible in its gloom; wrecks, or bits of wreck, were every where visible, partly covered by the shifting sands. Seaward, Deadman's Island was distinctly seen—a large rock resembling a corpse laid out. When the tide had fallen somewhat, we ventured to cross, feeling our way along a shoal near the centre of the lagoon. The water was up to the hubs of the wheels, and any deflection from the landmarks which guided us might have proved hazardous. After wading two-thirds of a mile, we once more stood on dry but not on firm land, for that epithet will hardly apply



PORT AND VILLAGE OF ÉTANG DU NORD, GRINDSTONE ISLAND.

sloping ways, by the aid of crabs and a few oxen. When the ice breaks up, she becomes a thing of life, and goes forth to battle with the storms.

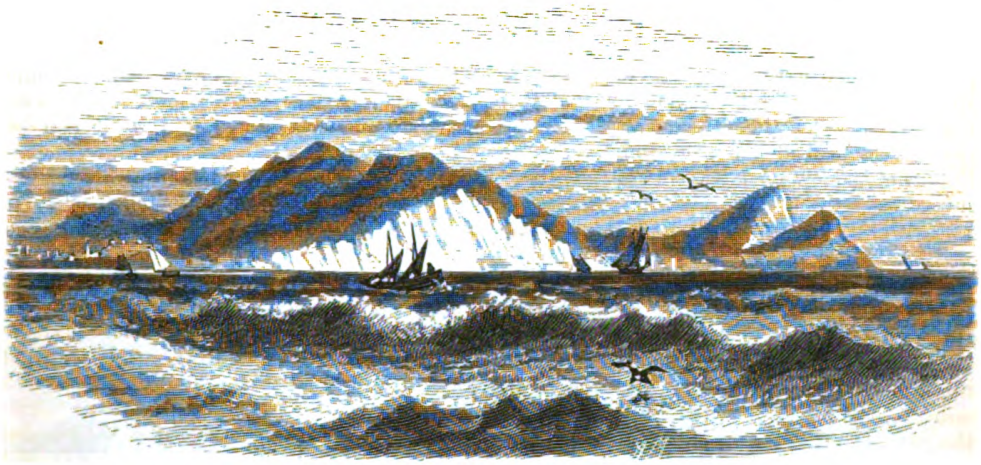
At ten o'clock we came down to the la- to bars more or less affected by every storm, and in places completely covered by the sea in a gale of wind. After this, we proceeded along the open beach, with the surf breaking among the spokes of the wheels. Curlew,

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plover, and wild-geese seemed to abound. In one spot two wrecks lay close together; one of them had been there ten years, and was still in tolerably good condition. She sailed out of Miramichi a noble vessel of twelve hundred tons, just off the stocks. It was her first voyage; she had proceeded less than two hundred miles when she brought up on the Magdalen Islands. The owner got his insurance, but the circumstances were against him. The far-sighted and resolute audacity that will build a vessel to cast it away is almost sublime, while one hardly knows what to think of the sailor who will deliberately destroy a ship on her first voyage.

Fording one or two more small inlets, we at length reached the end of the dune, twelve miles long, and entered the curious fishing village of Étang du Nord, on Grindstone Island. In summer many of the people leave their houses inland and come down to this place. The men go a-fishing when the weather is at all practicable, while the women and children dry the fish and have a warm meal ready when the men return. A large fleet of strong fishing boats of large size crowds the little port, just outside of which lies the curious rock called Gull Island. The shore of the haven is lined with rude houses on stages in the water for the storing of the fresh fish, and the huts of the fishermen are ranged behind these. A quaint place is Étang du Nord, with its French people and manners, and as I took a capital fast-day dinner in the snug house of M. Bourque, I could almost imagine myself back in the fishing towns of Brittany. From here in the dusk we jolted through the woods, down hilly paths, to the house of M. Nelson Arseneau, at Havre aux Maisons, where I was hospitably entertained for several days: "Vous êtes chez vous, monsieur," as mine host said to me, with unaffected cordiality.

Part of the little settlement of Havre aux Maisons, or House Harbor, is situated on Alright Island, which is reached by a ferry; both islands have some remarkable headlands over three hundred feet high, notably Cap au Meule, Cape Grindstone, and Cape Alright, while each contains much fine farming land, with comfortable farms and pretty valleys, affording pasture to numerous flocks and herds. Abundance of grain is raised on these islands, but the general complaint is that there are no mills to grind it. Brooks there are which, by the aid of a dam, could furnish the power; but I could not but think it very strange that, with such a capital situation and such abundance of wind, they do not use windmills, which are quite inexpensive. Cranberries grow on the islands, and the cultivation of that beautiful berry might easily become profitable.



PART OF CAPE ALRIGHT.

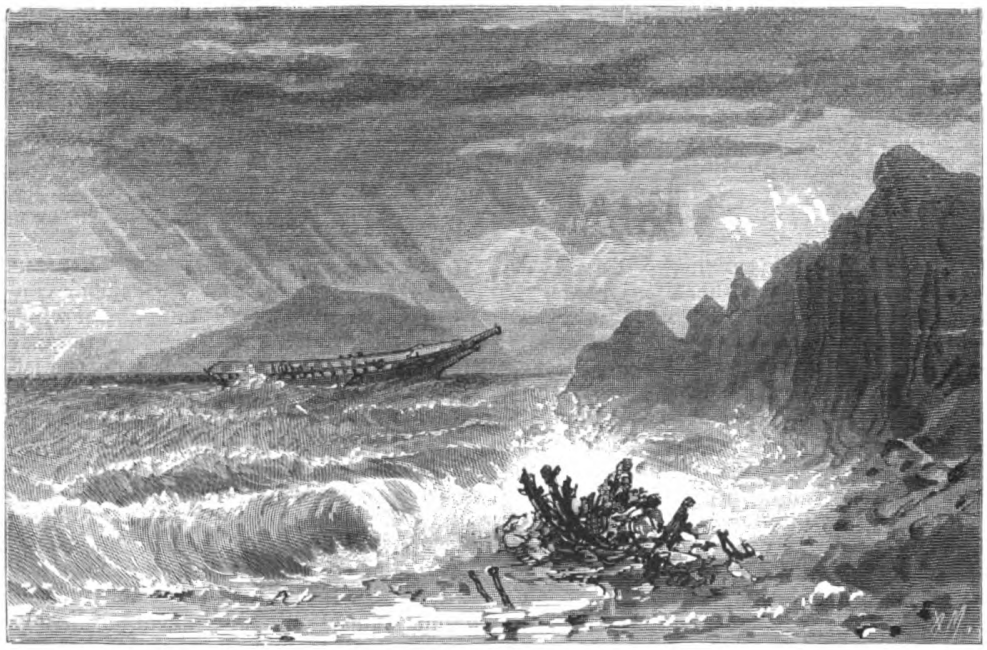
Havre aux Maisons is a port of much importance as the seat of the seal fisheries, in addition to what is done there in the disposal of shore mackerel and ship-building. In the last century the walrus frequented the Magdalens in vast numbers, but they were at last frightened away by the prodigious slaughter. But the seal has always been common around there, and sometimes the catch is important. In the winter of 1875 over twenty thousand were taken, valued at sixty thousand dollars to the hunters, and yielding several thousand barrels of oil in addition to the skins. The oil is tried out in vats. The blubber is thrown in at the top, which is left open; when the spring sun arrives, the warmth melts the blubber, and the oil runs into the tubs below. The seals are caught on the floating ice, which sometimes extends many miles, but is liable to be blown away from the shore ice with a change of wind. Immense is the excitement throughout the whole settlement when news runs from one end to

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the other like wild-fire that the seals have arrived. Every soul turns out, including the women, who stand on the beach with refreshments. Every party of hunters carries a small skiff with which to return in case the ice moves off. Dragging the dead seals over the ice is a very exhausting labor; some now use horses and sledges for this purpose; but at best it is a fearfully laborious and dangerous work, and many have lost their lives, carried away on the ice.

It may not be generally known that our fishermen have for years frequented the Magdalen Islands for mackerel. It is not uncommon to see a fleet of two hundred schooners in those waters, taking home annually thirty thousand barrels of mackerel, worth over $350,000 at a low estimate. But the fishermen of those islands also pursue the shore fisheries with profit in boats. Nine thousand barrels of mackerel and ten thousand quintals of cod, worth in the aggregate $100,000, are set down to their credit, exclusive of what were caught by the Yankee fishermen, during the not very profitable season of 1875. The herring fisheries are also of great value and importance at the Magdalen Islands.

Northeast from Grindstone Island stretches the broad and navigable lagoon formed by Wolf and Alright islands on either side, with their long sand dunes that unite them with Grosse Isle and Coffin Island. Grand Entry Harbor is a fine port of refuge between the latter two islands, which are the most common resort of the seals. Detached from these to the north are the Bird Rocks and Biron Island, which is inhabited by a few families who cultivate its rich soil and raise stock; but it is inaccessible, except when the weather is serene and with the wind off shore. Owing to the lateness of the season warning me to seize the first opportunity to leave, and the fierceness of the equinoctial gales which lashed the Gulf surges into rage unwonted even in that turbulent sea, I was unable to visit the remaining islands. Passage was kindly offered me in the small schooner *Sea Foam* to Souris, but on account of the heavy surf on the bar we could not avail ourselves of the favorable wind after the gale, but were forced to wait a day. The ship channel of Havre aux Maisons is very tortuous, in some places scarcely a ship's width, and lies so near the end of the spit that it can be touched by an oar in passing, while the current of the incoming or outgoing tide rushes through with such violence that in a moderate breeze it is extremely difficult for a vessel to get by the spit without being headed off by the tide and slued on a bank. Three times we got aground, and each time waited for the tide to lift us off; the same thing happened to the schooners in company with us. Finally, by the aid of a kedge, at slack tide, we were able to slip through the channel and put out into the open water of Pleasant Bay. But our fair breeze had failed us, and the weather looked dubious and threatening, with light and baffling winds all night, which took us to the southward of Entry Island, when the wind settled in



CAP AU MEULE AND WRECK, GRINDSTONE ISLAND.

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the southwest, with lightning, a heavy sea, and a very wicked-looking sky in the offing. A storm was brewing, and after a hasty consultation the helm was put up, and we bore away again for Pleasant Bay, where we dropped the mud-hook under the lee of the Demoiselle Hill, and were soon joined by a fleet of schooners. It blew fresh all day, shifting into the west, with a fine clear sky. In the afternoon we got up the anchor and moved farther up the bay, opposite Basque Harbor, to make a lee in case the wind should shift to the northeast in the night. There we lay until the following afternoon. The time was pleasantly whiled away exchanging visits with the neighboring schooners. Some very sensible, good fellows, with now and then a comical genius, were discovered in the diminutive cabins of these little craft, and the conversation, the merriment, and the yarns never flagged. On board our schooner we numbered six, consisting of the owners, the passenger, the skipper, the officers and crew, combined in the burly person of one man named Jim, and Joe, the cook, who professed to be from Gloucester, and was one of the most singular characters ever seen on board a schooner. Cleanliness in his person or apparel was not one of his prominent traits. I know he has washed his hands at least once in his life, because I heard the owner of the schooner send him on deck to do so just as he was about to knead some dough. As a cook, he was voted to be the greatest failure of the season, although he limited himself to cooking only salt-horse, cod-fish, and potatoes with their jackets on. But the imperturbability of his disposition, combined with an impudence that exceeds belief, afforded us a compensating fund of entertainment, aided by the undying feud that existed between this hopeful disciple of Soyer and the skipper.



THE SERENE JOSEPH.

"Blast your eyes!" roared the skipper, at dinner, "why don't you put the beef to soak before you boil it, you young pirate?"

"It was soaked," said the serene Joseph.

"And who was it but myself who put it in to soak at the last minute?" replied the skipper.

"Well, if you put it in to soak, what was the need of my doing it, eh?" answered the respectful youth. The whole morning Joe lay in a sunny spot on deck, out of the wind, in a brown-study. In the evening he handed around a greasy note-book, in which he had put down the result of his meditations in the form of a satirical poem on the captain, which was not altogether destitute of literary merit.

It was very interesting, while we lay there, to watch the gannets diving for mackerel. Rising to a great height, they suddenly turned head downward, and folding their wings close to the body, dropped into the water with the speed and violence of a shot, splashing the spray well into the air. When a flock of them were diving in this way over a school of fish, the effect was that of balls falling into the sea during a naval battle.

On the following day by noon the wind got into the northwest, and it was decided to make another attempt to get across. We ran through the channel between Entry and Amherst, passing near to the *Tigress* steamer, which was wrecked on the former island in the late gale two days previously. The sunset that evening was one of the most superb it has been my fortune to see. The waves were of the most exquisite emerald hue, tossing up their spray like diamonds, while sixty-five of our schooners fishing close together under the lee of the purple hills of Amherst Island, their mainsails touched with a rosy flame, and flocks of sea-birds darting hither and thither like bearers of light, or shooting-stars, their white wings illumined by the glory of the setting sun, combined to make a marine view of unsurpassed magnificence. But after the sun went down, the weather looked less satisfactory; however, it was decided to keep on. All night the wind was fresh but steady; all hands took turns at steering and watching, and a sharp look-out was kept for East Point Light, on Prince Edward Island. As soon as we made land, the helm was put up, and we bore away to give the reef off the point a wide berth. In the August gale of 1873 two of our schooners running before it, and with no other possible course that they could take and live, ran over the reef, and, owing to the depth of water

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then on it, might have escaped if they had not lost headway when their foresails jibed. An enormous breaker overtook and swooped over them at that critical instant. In a twinkling they were seen to capsize and go down, and not a vestige of them was ever seen again. Beating under the land against a strong breeze, accompanied by a fleet of our schooners running for a lee, we reached Souris at noon, and escaped a hurricane which came on soon after and destroyed many vessels.

FÉLICIEN DAVID.



FÉLICIEN DAVID.

ON a bright June morning, during the Paris International Exposition of 1867, I started out with a *flâneur* of that beautiful city for a stroll through the World's Building on the Champ de Mars. But as we were hurried along the skirt of the Champs Élysées on the top of an omnibus, the sweet air of the spring day began its enchantment, and by the time of our arrival at the Pont de Jena it had prevailed so far that neither of us made a motion toward alighting with the rest of the world, which was already hurrying across the bridge to the imperial entrance. The conductor cried again, with his eye upon us, "Descendez, s'il vous plait;" but June said, "Restez;" so we were soon gliding with the omnibus—any whither. As we were passing through Passy, my friend pointed out a pretty mansion surrounded with flowers, and said, "There dwells Rossini." And as I was stretching my eyes to the place, he added, "You are in luck to-day, for there is Rossini himself walking amidst his roses." Sure enough, there was the portly form of the veteran composer whom photography and the opera have made physically and spiritually familiar to the world. He wore a gown and a skull-cap, was the model of a well-to-do country gentleman, and was conversing earnestly with another, who seemed to be his gardener, apparently about the flowers. But my companion said, with

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some eagerness, "Look well at the man with him; it is a great man—Félicien David." Then, indeed, I alighted from the omnibus, for I had a strong curiosity to see this strange genius. M. David stood near Rossini with the slip of a rose-bud in his hand, and appeared to be teaching his distinguished brother how to graft it. Rossini was a great connoisseur of roses, but M. David was the very successor of Saadi in the rose garden, and could teach any body some novelty in that line. His light coat and straw hat were such as it would have delighted Rousseau to wear in the mansions of the fashionable, and recalled to me that country dress of which no company in Concord could make the French-Yankee Thoreau ashamed. There was something in the reddish-brown complexion, and the eyes—at once fiery and serene—of Félicien David which harmonized with the frame of roses in which I first beheld him; and though his hair was touched with gray, there was that in his pure look, his happy face, his elastic, boyish step, which hinted that somewhere amidst the singing leaves of his garden he had found the fountain of perpetual youth. But, alas! this morning's telegram says that his life has passed away. In his sixty-sixth year he has died with the falling of the last rose petals of his beautiful garden in the Rue Rochefoucauld—died singing airs from his own music!

More than twenty years ago Carl Bergman—he too gone!—gave us Félicien David's *Desert* at the Boston Music-Hall. The composition had been well received in London, Paris, and New York; but Boston was then newly possessed with the unappeasable spirit of criticism, which was carrying it far into the *Nil admirari* wilderness. So we heard much about the monotony of the *Desert*, and the lack of gushing springs therein; "And then," cried one critic, "the idea of expressing silence by sound!" But there were some who heard those chants of vastness, those tones that seemed shed from gentle stars overhead, and gladness of pilgrims catching glimpses of silvery cities—greeted from afar by toiling caravans—who felt that under the wand of a true genius the desert had blossomed like a rose. As the expression of Silence—only emphasized by the slow tread of camel feet which alone breaks it, of distances where the weary eye must alight before others stretching beyond, of the sweeping simoom, the night-watch with its relief of song—the *Desert* was in its time unique, daring, weird. In it Félicien David was a forerunner of Wagner in showing that Nature, though it may not be descriptively rendered by music, may be interpreted *en tableau*, combined with poetic conceptions, seen as exalted in transfiguration. The worst that could be said of the *Desert* was that it belonged to the "illustrative school"—a sin for which indulgence had been issued in only one case, Beethoven's *Pastorale*, by the rigidly artistic; but they who have more faith in genius than in any rules prescribed for it could not, after listening to the *Desert*, forget it or its author. For, indeed, the author and his greatest work in this case are one: the *Desert* chants the chapter of a life.

Félicien David, born at Cadenet, in Provence—known there at five years of age as an infant prodigy, strangely befallen that village of two thousand souls only learned enough to applaud his art with his violin, but with ample heart to feel the charm of his sweet voice—was an orphan when, at eight years of age, he was taken to be a chorister in the cathedral at Aix. He had been there only a year when he composed a piece of music which was thought worthy to be performed at grand mass, and was so performed. He found a true friend there, a professor in the Jesuit College, who had nothing to give him but his best care and instruction; but these he gave without stint, and Félicien presently came from the college, penniless, but full of ability and hope. At eighteen, being entirely without resources, he went to earn a very meagre living in a notary's office; but the Archbishop of Aix was scandalized that a youth whose sweet hymns he had listened to and loved should be an attorney's clerk, and through his influence he became *maestro* in the leading church of Aix, Saint Sauveur, and he was also made (aged nineteen) second leader of the orchestra in the same city. Félicien was of a melancholy temperament, and employed much of his time in writing *notturni*. He had a wealthy uncle, who, however, was also a miser. This uncle thought himself very liberal in giving his nephew an allowance of fifty francs a month; the only person who agreed with him was the nephew, who by it was enabled to live—just live—in Paris, and there pursue his studies. Cherubini was then director of the Conservatoire in Paris, and he did not fail to recognize the advent of a new musical genius; he placed him where he would be trained by MM. Fétis, Benoist, and Reber. But the miserly uncle thought it folly for the youth to be spending money to study in Paris, when he might be earning it as musician in Aix; so the allowance of fifty francs a month ceased, and Félicien earned his living by giving music lessons.

And now came Fathers Enfantin and Bazard, hierophants after Saint Simon, preaching his new gospel of Society. One of the first to throw himself into that movement, and with all the enthusiasm of an imaginative youth, was Félicien David. He went to dwell with the Community at Ménilmontant, where he composed the chants and choruses sung by the worshipers under the

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new cult of Saint Simon and Père Enfantin. When the association was condemned and dispersed by the government, a number of the brothers resolved to undertake a pilgrimage to the East. Among these was Félicien, who also took along with him for a companion—his piano! Three strange, seemingly idle, but most fruitful, years he now passed in the East, sometimes appearing on the path of his brother pilgrims, then disappearing, occasionally surprised while swinging in his hammock in some shady spot on the banks of the Nile, next reported as seen, sun-tanned, with a caravan in the Arabian Desert. The pasha happened once to hear his music—for he charmed the Alexandrians with concerts—took him to his palace, listened with rapture, and besought him to remain there forever as his favorite and friend.

But Félicien is the child of an ideal the pasha can not see, and so, refusing the seductions of Egypt and of palaces, he plunged again into the solitudes. At that time (1835) the plague began to rage at Alexandria, and was already slaying two hundred people each day, so the young composer journeyed by land to Syria; and now from his hammock, or from his sheltered seat on the camel, where his blank sheets and pencil are always before him, he sees and spiritually transmutes to music the romance of Gaza, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Tyre, Sidon, Smyrna, Rhodes, Cyprus, and the Isles of Greece. Before these eyes full of dreamy wonder passes the brilliant masquerade of ages and races, who fought and slew each other, it may be, but are now softened and blended in the perspective of Time into the same solemn grandeur of world-history. One day, as a man awakened from deep dreams, he finds his hammock changed to a civilized chamber, hibiscus and cassia replaced by boulevard brick: he was in a Paris lodging-house, turning the scenes through which he had been wandering into "Oriental Melodies."

But Paris did not appreciate those themes, and did not buy them; and Félicien sank into melancholy, which this time meant the seclusion of one dead. But the hermit was mastering the art and mystery of his vocation more thoroughly; and at the end of two years, during which Paris was unaware of his existence, he emerged, bringing with him several symphonies. One of these was performed at a concert in 1837; but the composer had not learned in the least how to manipulate *claqueurs* or conciliate managers and publishers, so the symphony gained him no fame: nevertheless, it won him the faith and reverence of a few men who held divining-rods that trembled at the veins of true genius, and these studied his symphony and awaited the next work of its author. But this was a long time in coming. Four years passed, when they who remembered that symphony sought out its author, and found him in an attic living on crusts; for the rest, eating his heart even while feeding it with the hope that he might still achieve some adequate work. So it went on for dreary years, until at last a lover of art who also had means encountered him, compelled him to receive assistance, and on a glorious day—the first for many years which gave him a door without the wolf at it—namely, in December, 1843, he set himself to composition of the *Desert*. Night and day he lives over again the scenes through which he had journeyed; all that was petty in his pilgrimage drops away, its grand features stand in relief, and in his exaltation they gain a more real, because more spiritual, life. In just three months from the time of its commencement the work is complete.

On the 8th of December, 1844, the *Desert* was brought out at the Conservatoire of Paris. An old fellow-traveler of the composer in Egypt, M. Colin, who was also a poet, wrote a poem which was recited in the intervals of the music. Then suddenly, from being the obscurest artist in Paris, Félicien David became the most famous: for a long time the public there would listen to nothing but the *Desert*, and before the season was over it had been reproduced in every capital of Europe. "At last"—so wrote the artist to a friend, after his splendid success—"at last I am rewarded for all my studies and struggles. Last night I gave my second concert at the Italian Opera-house; my success was as grand and still greater than on the first night. The *élite* of Paris attended. This new performance has consecrated my triumph. I have received these ovations without intoxication; I know what they will require of me in future. I have now a vast responsibility, and with the help of God I trust I shall not be inferior to myself in my new works."

It was easier to make high promises to himself than to fulfill them. The *Desert* had been such a complete expression that but little room remained for any new success in the Oriental style at all equal to the first. It must be admitted that the works which next followed—*Eden* and *Moses in Sinai*—were liable to the criticism of being gleanings over the well-harvested field—if such a figure can be used of a desert. The composer, however, was the first to recognize the difficulty, and he abandoned sacred subjects: he wrote *Herculaneum*, *Christopher Columbus*, *Lallah Rookh*, and *La Perle du Brasil*, all of which had fair success. But neither of them had a great success; they were operas, and it was plain that dramatic music was not M. David's forte. Yet among connoisseurs every where in Europe the music of these operas is highly valued, and selec-

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tions from them are usual in the finest concerts. This is especially true of *Herculaneum* and *Lallah Rookh*, which last a French critic once described as "a hammock in two acts." *Le Saphire* was, I believe, the only attempt the composer made to represent modern and common life, and the utter failure of it convinced him that he could not safely leave the region of reverie and ecstasy.

If Félicien David has never gained any grand popular success except that of the *Desert*, he has, nevertheless, in some later works shown powers of a kind more rare and subtle than are implied in that work. Some of his later melodies seem to weave spells around the listener like incantations. In style no more elegant composer survives him.

Personally, notwithstanding his artistic enthusiasm, or possibly even because of it, Félicien David was of a somewhat cold exterior, sad, and entirely unconventional. Popularly he was esteemed a misanthrope—an estimate often made without reason of those who have not been quite able to outlive the chill of early sorrow and poverty, especially when they have been accompanied by the vanishing away of a magnificent dream of an ideal world. For some years before his death he suffered from consumption. He was devoted to his few personal friends, who were sympathetic artists. He repelled all the social accompaniments of his fame from first to last—balls, banquets, and imperial invitations. By his own valor and genius he had reached pecuniary independence, and he made it the basis of a moral and intellectual independence which his adored Saint Simon could not have surpassed. His once-anxious brow had become the seat of a tranquil spirit. His eyes were lit with dreams that had passed beyond personal fame. He had become a sacred person, set apart by history, by memory, beyond the interest or invasion of the frivolous. He was ever working, and it is probable that from that little cottage and rose garden fresh musical wreaths will be brought, which would have adorned the brow, but may now only consecrate the tomb, of Félicien David.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER VII.

DISCOMFITURE.

THE Englishman drew forth a double eyeglass from a red velvet waistcoat, and mounting it on his broad nose, came nearer to get the full light of the candles. I saw him as clearly as I could wish, and, indeed, a great deal too clearly; for the more I saw of the man, the more I shrank from the thought of being in his power. Not that he seemed to be brutal or fierce, but selfish, and resolute, and hard-hearted, and scornful of lofty feelings. Short dust-colored hair and frizzly whiskers framed his large, thick-featured face, and wearing no mustache, he showed the clumsy sneer of a wide, coarse mouth. I watched him with all my eyes, because of his tone of authority about myself. He might even be my guardian or my father's nearest relation—though he seemed to be too ill-bred for that.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Colonel," he went on, in a patronizing tone, such as he had assumed throughout. "Here it is. Now prick your ears up, and see if these candid remarks apply. I am reading from a printed form, you see:

"'George Castlewood is forty-eight years old, but looks perhaps ten years older. His height is over six feet two, and he does not stoop or slouch at all. His hair is long and abundant, but white; his eyes are dark, piercing, and gloomy. His features are fine, and of Italian cast, but stern, morose, and forbidding, and he never uses razor. On the back of his left hand, near the wrist, there is a broad scar. He dresses in half-mourning always, and never wears any jewelry, but strictly shuns all society, and prefers uncivilized regions. He never stays long in any town, and follows no occupation, though his aspect and carriage are military, as he has been a cavalry officer. From time to time he has been heard of in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and is now believed to be in America.

"'His only surviving child, a girl of about fifteen, has been seen with him. She is tall and slight and very straight, and speaks French better than English. Her hair is very nearly black, and her eyes of unusual size and lustre. She is shy, and appears to have been kept under, and she has a timid smile. Whether she knows of her father's crime or not is quite uncertain; but she follows him like a dog almost.'

"There now, Colonel," cried the Englishman, as he folded the paper triumphantly; "most of that came from my information, though I never set eyes upon the child. Does the cap fit or not, Brother Jonathan?"

Mr. Gundry was leaning back in his own corner, with a favorite pipe, carved by himself, reposing on his waistcoat. And being thus appealed to, he looked up and rubbed his eyes as if he had been dozing, though he never had been more wide awake, as I, who knew his attitudes, could tell. And my eyes filled with tears of love and shame, for I knew by the mere turn of his chin that he never would surrender me.

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"Stranger," he said, in a most provoking drawl, "a hard day's work tells its tale on me, you bet. You do read so bootiful, you read me hard asleep. And the gutturals of that furrin English is always a little hard to catch. Mought I trouble you just to go through it again? You likes the sound of your own voice; and no blame to you, being such a swate un."

The Englishman looked at him keenly, as if he had some suspicion of being chaffed; but the face of the Sawyer was so grave and the bend of his head so courteous that he could not refuse to do as he was asked. But he glanced first at the whiskey bottle standing between the candlesticks; and I knew it boded ill for his errand when Uncle Sam, the most hospitable of men, feigned pure incomprehension of that glance. The man should have no more under that roof.

With a sullen air and a muttered curse, at which Mr. Gundry blew a wreath of smoke, the stranger unfolded his paper again, and saying, "Now I beg you to attend this time," read the whole of his description, with much emphasis, again, while the Sawyer turned away and beat time upon the hearth, with his white hair, broad shoulders, and red ears prominent. The Englishman looked very seriously vexed, but went through his business doggedly. "Are you satisfied now?" he asked when he had finished.

"Wal, now, Squire," replied Uncle Sam, still keeping up his provoking drawl, but turning round and looking at the stranger very steadfastly, "some thin's is so pooty and so ilegantly done, they seems a'most as good as well-slung flapjacks. A natteral honest stomick can't nohow have enough of them. Mought I be so bold, in a silly, mountaneous sort of a way, as to ax for another heerin' of it?"

"Do you mean to insult me, Sir?" shouted the visitor, leaping up with a flaming face, and throwing himself into an attitude of attack.

"Stranger, I mought," answered Mr. Gundry, standing squarely before him, and keeping his hands contemptuously behind his back—"I mought so do, barrin' one little point. The cutest commissioner in all the West would have to report 'Non compos' if his orders was to diskiver somethin' capable of bein' insulted in a fellow of your natur'."

With these words Uncle Sam sat down, and powerfully closed his mouth, signifying that now the matter was taken through every phase of discussion, and had been thoroughly exhausted. His visitor stared at him for a moment, as if at some strange phenomenon, and then fell back into self-command, without attempting bluster.

"Colonel, you are a 'cure,' as we call it on our side of the herring pond. What have I done to 'riz your dander,' as you elegantly express it here?"

"Britisher, nothing. You know no better. It takes more than that to put my back up. But forty years agone I do believe I must 'a heaved you out o' window."

"Why, Colonel, why? Now be reasonable. Not a word have I said reflecting either upon you or your country; and a finer offer than I have made can not come to many of you, even in this land of gold. Ten thousand dollars I offer, and I will exceed my instructions and say fifteen, all paid on the nail by an order on Frisco, about which you may assure yourself. And what do I ask in return? Legal proof of the death of a man whom we know to be dead, and the custody of his child, for her own good."

"Squire, I have no other answer to make. If you offered me all the gold dug in these mountains since they were discovered, I could only say what I have said before. You came from Sylvester's ranch—there is time for you to get back ere the snow begins."

"What a hospitable man you are! Upon my word, Gundry, you deserve to have a medal from our Humane Society. You propose to turn me out of doors to-night, with a great fall of snow impending?"

"Sir, the fault is entirely your own. What hospitality can you expect after coming to buy my guest? If you are afraid of the ten-mile ride, my man at the mill will bed you. But here you must not sleep, because I might harm you in the morning. I am apt to lose my temper sometimes, when I go on to think of things."

"Colonel, I think I had better ride back. I fear no man, nor his temper, nor crotchets. But if I were snowed up at your mill, I never might cross the hill-foot for months; but from Sylvester's I can always get to Minto. You refuse, then, to help me in any way?"

"More than that. I will do every thing in my power to confound you. If any one comes prowling after that young lady, he shall be shot."

"That is most discouraging. However, you may think better of it. Write to this address if you do. You have the girl here, of course?"

"That is her concern and mine. Does your guide know the way right well? The snow is beginning. You do not know our snows, any more than you know us."

"Never mind, Mr. Gundry. I shall do very well. You are rough in your ways, but you mean to do the right; and your indignation is virtuous. But mark my words upon one little point. If George Castlewood had been living, I have such credentials that I would have dragged him back with me in spite of all your bluster. But over his corpse I have no control, in the present condition of treaties. Neither can I meddle with his daughter, if it were worth while to do so. Keep her and make the best

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of her, my man. You have taken a snake in the grass to your bosom, if that is what you are up for. A very handsome girl she may be, but a bad lot, as her father was. If you wish the name of Gundry to have its due respect hereafter, let the heir of the saw-mills have nothing to do with the Honorable Miss Castlewood."

"Let alone, let alone," Uncle Sam said, angrily. "It is well for you that the 'heir of the saw-mills' hath not heard your insolence. Firm is a steady lad; but he knoweth well which foot to kick with. No fear of losing the way to Sylvester's ranch with Firm behind you. But, meddlesome as you be, and a bitter weed to my experience, it shall not be said that Sampson Gundry sent forth a fellow to be frozen. Drink a glass of hot whiskey before you get to saddle. Not in friendship, mind you, Sir, but in common human nature."

That execrable man complied, for he began to be doubtful of the driving snow, now huddling against the window-frames. And so he went out; and when he was gone, I came forth into the fire-light, and threw my arms round the Sawyer's neck and kissed him till he was ashamed of me.

"Miss Rema, my dear, my poor little soul, what makes you carry on so?"

"Because I have heard every word, Uncle Sam, and I was base enough to doubt you."

CHAPTER VIII.

A DOUBTFUL LOSS.

When I tried to look out of my window in the morning, I was quite astonished at the state of things. To look out fairly was impossible; for not only was all the lower part of the frame hillocked up like a sand-glass, and the sides filled in with dusky plaits, but even in the middle, where some outlook was, it led to very little. All the air seemed choked with snow, and the ground coming up in piles to meet it; all sounds were deadened in the thick gray hush, and nothing had its own proportion. Never having seen such a thing before, I was frightened, and longed to know more of it.

Mr. Gundry had a good laugh at me, in which even Suan Isco joined, when I proposed to sweep a path to the mill, and keep it open through the winter.

"It can be done—I am sure it can," I exclaimed, with vigorous ignorance. "May I do it if I can? It only requires perseverance. If you keep on sweeping as fast as it falls, you must overcome it. Don't you see, Uncle Sam?"

"To be sure I do, Miss Rema, as plain as any pikestaff. Suan, fetch a double bundle of new brooms from top loft, and don't forget while you be up there to give special orders—no snow is to fall at night or when missy is at dinner."

"You may laugh as much as you please, Uncle Sam, but I intend to try it. I must try to keep my path to—somewhere."

"What a fool I am, to be sure!" said Mr. Gundry, softly. "There, now, I beg your pardon, my dear, for never giving a thought to it. Firm and I will do it for you, as long as the Lord allows of it. Why, the snow is two foot deep a'ready, and twenty foot in places. I wonder whether that rogue of a Goad got home to Sylvester's ranch last night? No fault of mine if he never did, for go he would in spite of me."

I had not been thinking of Mr. Goad, and indeed I did not know his name until it was told in this way. My mind was dwelling on my father's grave, where I used to love to sit and think; and I could not bear the idea of the cold snow lying over it, with nobody coming to care for him. Kind hands had borne him down the mountains (while I lay between life and death) and buried him in the soft peach orchard, in the soothing sound of the mill-wheel. Here had been planted above his head a cross of white unpainted wood, bearing only his initials, and a small "Amen" below them.

With this I was quite content, believing that he would have wished no better, being a very independent man, and desirous of no kind of pomp. There was no "consecrated ground" within miles and miles of traveling; but I hoped that he might rest as well with simple tears to hallow it. For often and often, even now, I could not help giving way and sobbing, when I thought how sad it was that a strong, commanding, mighty man, of great will and large experience, should drop in a corner of the world and die, and finally be thought lucky—when he could think for himself no longer—to obtain a tranquil, unknown grave, and end with his initials, and have a water-wheel to sing to him. Many a time it set me crying, and made me long to lie down with him, until I thought of earth-worms.

All that could be done was done by Sampson and Firm Gundry, to let me have my clear path, and a clear bourne at the end of it. But even with a steam snow-shovel they could not have kept the way unstopped, such solid masses of the mountain clouds now descended over us. And never had I been so humored in my foolish wishes: I was quite ashamed to see the trouble great men took to please me.

"Well, I am sorry to hear it, Firm," said the Sawyer, coming in one day, with clouts of snow in his snowy curls. "Not that I care a cent for the fellow—and an impudenter fellow never sucked a pipe. Still, he might have had time to mend, if his time had been as good as the room for it. However, no blame rests on us. I told him to

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bed down to saw-mill. They Englishmen never know when they are well off. But the horse got home, they tell me?"

"The horse got home all right, grandfather, and so did the other horse and man. But Sylvester thinks that a pile of dollars must have died out in the snow-drift. It is a queer story. We shall never know the rights."

"How many times did I tell him," the Sawyer replied, without much discontent, "that it were a risky thing to try the gulches, such a night as that? His own way he would have, however; and finer liars than he could ever stick up to be for a score of years have gone, time upon time, to the land of truth by means of that same view of things. They take every body else for a liar."

"Oh, Uncle Sam, who is it?" I cried. "Is it that dreadful—that poor man who wanted to carry me away from you?"

"Now you go in, missy; you go to the fire-hearth," Mr. Gundry answered, more roughly than usual. "Leave you all such points to the Lord. They are not for young ladies to talk about."

"Grandfather, don't you be too hard," said Firm, as he saw me hurrying away. "Miss Rema has asked nothing unbecoming, but only concerning her own affairs. If we refuse to tell her, others will."

"Very well, then, so be it," the Sawyer replied; for he yielded more to his grandson than to the rest of the world put together. "Turn the log up, Firm, and put the pan on. You boys can go on without victuals all day, but an old man must feed regular. And, bad as he was, I thank God for sending him on his way home with his belly full. If ever he turneth up in the snow, that much can be proved to my account."

Young as I was, and little practiced in the ways of settlers, I could not help perceiving that Uncle Sam was very much put out—not at the death of the man so sadly, as at the worry of his dying so in going from a hospitable house. Mr. Gundry cared little what any body said concerning his honor, or courage, or such like; but the thought of a whisper against his hospitality would rouse him.

"Find him, Firm, find him," he said, in his deep sad voice, as he sat down on the antlered stump and gazed at the fire gloomily. "And when he is found, call a public post-mortem, and prove that we gave him his bellyful."

Ephraim, knowing the old man's ways, and the manners, perhaps, of the neighborhood, beckoned to Suan to be quick with something hot, that he might hurry out again. Then he took his dinner standing, and without a word went forth to seek.

"Take the snow-harrow, and take Jowler," the old man shouted after him, and the youth turned round at the gate and waved his cap to show that he heard him. The snow was again falling heavily, and the afternoon was waning; and the last thing we saw was the brush of the mighty tail of the great dog Jowler.

"Oh, uncle, Firm will be lost himself!" I cried, in dismay at the great white waste. "And the poor man, whoever he is, must be dead. Do call him back, or let me run."

Mr. Gundry's only answer was to lead me back to the fireside, where he made me sit down, and examined me, while Suan was frying the butter-beans.

"Who was it spied you on the mountains, missy, the whole of the way from the redwood-tree, although you lay senseless on the ground, and he was hard at work with the loppings?"

"Why, Ephraim, of course, Uncle Sam; every body says that nobody else could have noticed such a thing at such a distance."

"Very well, my dear; and who was it carried you all the way to this house, without stopping, or even letting your head droop down, although it was a burning hot May morn?"

"Mr. Gundry, as if you did not know a great deal better than I do! It was weeks before I could thank him, even. But you must have seen him do it all."

The Sawyer rubbed his chin, which was large enough for a great deal of rubbing; and when he did that, I was always sure that an argument went to his liking. He said nothing more for the present, but had his dinner, and enjoyed it.

"Supposing now that he did all that," he resumed, about an hour afterward, "is Firm the sort of boy you would look to to lose his own self in a snow-drift? He has three men with him, and he is worth all three, let alone the big dog Jowler, who has dug out forty feet of snow ere now. If that rogue of an Englishman, Goad, has had the luck to cheat the hangman, and the honor to die in a Californy snow-drift, you may take my experience for it, missy, Firm and Jowler will find him, and clear Uncle Sam's reputation."

CHAPTER IX.

WATER-SPOUT.

If Mr. Gundry was in one way right, he was equally wrong in the other. Firm came home quite safe and sound, though smothered with snow and most hungry; but he thought that he should have staid out all the night, because he had failed of his errand. Jowler also was full of discontent and trouble of conscience. He knew, when he kicked up his heels in the snow, that his duty was to find somebody, and being of

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Alpine pedigree, and trained to act up to his ancestry, he now dropped his tail with failure.

"It comes to the same thing," said Sawyer Gundry; "it is foolish to be so particular. A thousand better men have sunk through being so pig-headed. We shall find the rogue toward the end of March, or in April, if the season suits. Firm, eat your supper and shake yourself."

This was exactly the Sawyer's way—to take things quietly when convinced that there was no chance to better them. He would always do his best about the smallest trifle; but after that, be the matter small or great, he had a smiling face for the end of it.

The winter, with all its weight of sameness and of dreariness, went at last, and the lovely spring from the soft Pacific found its gradual way to us. Accustomed as I was to gentler climates and more easy changes, I lost myself in admiration of this my first Californian spring. The flowers, the leagues and leagues of flowers, that burst into color and harmony—purple, yellow, and delicate lilac, woven with bright crimson threads, and fringed with emerald-green by the banks, and blue by the course of rivers, while deepened here and there by wooded shelter and cool places, with the silver-gray of the soft Pacific waning in far distance, and silken vapor drawing toward the carding forks of the mountain range; and over all the never-wearying azure of the limpid sky: child as I was, and full of little worldly troubles on my own account, these grand and noble sights enlarged me without any thinking.

The wheat and the maize were grown apace, and beans come into full blossom, and the peaches swinging in the western breeze were almost as large as walnuts, and all things in their prime of freshness, ere the yellow dust arrived, when a sudden melting of snow in some gully sent a strong flood down our Blue River. The saw-mill happened to be hard at work; and before the gear could be lifted, some damage was done to the floats by the heavy, impetuous rush of the torrent. Uncle Sam was away, and so was Firm; from which, perhaps, the mischief grew. However, the blame was all put on the river, and little more was said of it.

The following morning I went down before even Firm was out-of-doors, under some touch, perhaps, of natural desire to know things. The stream was as pure and bright as ever, hastening down its gravel-path of fine granite just as usual, except that it had more volume and a stronger sense of freshness. Only the bent of the grasses and the swath of the pendulous twigs down stream remained to show that there must have been some violence quite lately.

All Mr. Gundry's strengthening piles and shores were as firm as need be, and the clear blue water played around them as if they were no constraint to it. And none but a practiced eye could see that the great wheel had been wounded, being undershot; and lifted now above the power of the current, according to the fine old plan of locking the door when the horse is gone.

When I was looking up and wondering where to find the mischief, Martin, the foreman, came out and crossed the plank, with his mouth full of breakfast.

"Show me," I said, with an air, perhaps, of very young importance, "where and what the damage is. Is there any strain to the iron-work?"

"Lor' a mercy, young missus!" he answered, gruffly, being by no means a polished man, "where did you ever hear of iron-work? Needles and pins is enough for you. Now don't you go and make no mischief."

"I have no idea what you mean," I answered. "If you have been careless, that is no concern of mine."

"Careless, indeed! And the way I works, when others is a-snorin' in their beds! I might just as well do nort, every bit, and get more thanks and better wages. That's the way of the world all over. Come Saturday week, I shall better myself."

"But if it's the way of the world all over, how will you better yourself, unless you go out of the world altogether?" I put this question to Martin with the earnest simplicity of the young, meaning no kind of sarcasm, but knowing that scarcely a week went by without his threatening to "better himself." And they said that he had done so for seven years or more.

"Don't you be too sharp," he replied, with a grim smile, partly at himself, perhaps. "If half as I heard about you is true, you'll want all your sharpness for yourself, Miss Remy. And the Britishers are worse than we be."

"Well, Martin, I am sure you would help me," I said, "if you saw any person injuring me. But what is it I am not to tell your master?"

"My master, indeed! Well, you need not tell old Gundry any thing about what you have seen. It might lead to hard words; and hard words are not the style of thing I put up with. If any man tries hard words with me, I knocks him down, up sticks, and makes tracks."

I could not help smiling at the poor man's talk. Sawyer Gundry could have taken him with one hand and tossed him over the undershot wheel.

"You forget that I have not seen any thing," I said, "and understand nothing but 'needles and pins.' But, for fear of doing any harm, I will not even say that I have been down here, unless I am asked about it."

"Miss Remy, you are a good girl, and you

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shall have the mill some day. Lord, don't your little great eyes see the job they are a-doin' of? The finest stroke in all Californy, when the stubborn old chap takes to quartz-crushing."

All this was beyond me, and I told him so, and we parted good friends, while he shook his long head and went home to feed many pappooses. For the strangest thing of all things was, though I never at that time thought of it, that there was not any one about this place whom any one could help liking. Martin took as long as any body to be liked, until one understood him; but after that he was one of the best, in many ways that can not be described. Also there was a pair of negroes, simply and sweetly delightful. They worked all day and they sang all night, though I had not the pleasure of hearing them; and the more Suan Isco despised them — because they were black, and she was only brown—the more they made up to her, not at all because she governed the supply of victuals. It was childish to have such ideas, though Suan herself could never get rid of them. The truth, as I came to know afterward, was that a large, free-hearted, and determined man was at the head of every thing. Martin was the only one who ever grumbled, and he had established a long right to do so by never himself being grumbled at.

"I'll be bound that poor fellow is in a sad way," Mr. Gundry said at breakfast-time. "He knows how much he is to blame, and I fear that he won't eat a bit for the day. Martin is a most conscientious man. He will offer to give up his berth, although it would be his simple ruin."

I was wise enough not to say a word, though Firm looked at me keenly. He knew that I had been down at the mill, and expected me to say something.

"We all must have our little mistakes," continued Sawyer Gundry; "but I never like to push a man when he feels it. I shall not say a syllable to Martin; and, Ephraim, you will do the like. When a fellow sticks well to his work like Martin, never blame him for a mere accident."

Firm, according to his habit, made no answer when he did not quite agree. In talking with his own age he might have argued, but he did not argue with his grandfather.

"I shall just go down and put it right myself. Martin is a poor hand at repairing. Firm, you go up the gulch, and see if the fresh has hurt the hurdles. Missy, you may come with me, if you please, and sketch me at work in the mill-wheel. You have drawn that wheel such a sight of times, you must know every feather of it better than the man who made it."

"Uncle Sam, you are too bad," I said. "I have never got it right, and I never shall."

I did not dare as yet to think what really proved to be true in the end—that I could not draw the wheel correctly because itself was incorrect. In spite of all Mr. Gundry's skill and labor and ingenuity, the wheel was no true circle. The error began in the hub itself, and increased, of course, with the distance; but still it worked very well, like many other things that are not perfect.

Having no idea of this as yet, and doubting nothing except my own perception of "perspective," I sat down once more in my favorite spot, and waited for the master to appear as an active figure in the midst of it. The air was particularly bright and clear, even for that pure climate, and I could even see the blue-winged flies darting in and out of the oozy floats. But half-way up the mountains a white cloud was hanging, a cloud that kept on changing shape. I only observed it as a thing to put in for my background, because I was fond of trying to tone and touch up my sketches with French chalks.

Presently I heard a harsh metallic sound and creaking of machinery. The bites, or clamps, or whatever they are called, were being put on, to keep the wheel from revolving with the Sawyer's weight. Martin, the foreman, was grumbling and growling, according to his habit, and peering through the slot, or channel of stone, in which the axle worked, and the cheery voice of Mr. Gundry was putting down his objections. Being much too large to pass through the slot, Mr. Gundry came round the corner of the building, with a heavy leathern bag of tools strapped round his neck, and his canvas breeches girt above his knees. But the foreman staid inside to hand him the needful material into the wheel.

The Sawyer waded merrily down the shallow blue water, for he was always like a boy when he was at work, and he waved his little skull-cap to me, and swung himself up into the wheel, as if he were nearer seventeen than seventy. And presently I could only see his legs and arms as he fell to work. Therefore I also fell to work, with my best attempts at penciling, having been carefully taught enough of drawing to know that I could not draw. And perhaps I caught from the old man's presence and the sound of his activity that strong desire to do my best which he seemed to impart to every one.

At any rate, I was so engrossed that I scarcely observed the changing light, except as a hinderance to my work and a trouble to my distance, till suddenly some great drops fell upon my paper and upon my hat, and a rush of dark wind almost swept me from the log upon which I sat. Then again all was a perfect calm, and the young leaves over the stream hung heavily on their tender foot-stalks, and the points of the breeze-swept grass turned back, and

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the ruffle of all things smoothed itself. But there seemed to be a sense of fear in the waiting silence of earth and air.

This deep, unnatural stillness scared me, and I made up my mind to run away. But the hammer of the Sawyer sounded as I had never heard it sound. He was much too hard at work to pay any heed to sky or stream, and the fall of his strokes was dead and hollow, as if the place resented them.

"Come away, come away," I cried, as I ran and stood on the opposite bank to him; "there is something quite wrong in the weather, I am sure. I entreat you to come away at once, Uncle Sam. Every thing is so strange and odd."

"Why, what's to do now?" asked the Sawyer, coming to my side of the wheel and looking at me, with his spectacles tilted up, and his apron wedged in a piece of timber, and his solid figure resting in the impossibility of hurry. "Missy, don't you make a noise out there. You can't have your own way always."

"Oh, Uncle Sam, don't talk like that. I am in such a fright about you. Do come out and look at the mountains."

"I have seen the mountains often enough, and I am up to every trick of them. There may be a corn or two of rain; no more. My sea-weed was like tinder. There can't be no heavy storm when it is like that. Don't you make pretense, missy, to know what is beyond you."

Uncle Sam was so seldom cross that I always felt that he had a right to be so. And he gave me one of his noble smiles to make up for the sharpness of his words, and then back he went to his work again. So I hoped that I was altogether wrong, till a bolt of lightning, like a blue dagger, fell at my very feet, and a crash of thunder shook the earth and stunned me. These opened the sluice of the heavens, and before I could call out I was drenched with rain. Clinging to a bush, I saw the valley lashed with cloudy blasts, and a whirling mass of spiral darkness rushing like a giant toward me. And the hissing and tossing and roaring mixed whatever was in sight together.

Such terror fell upon me at first that I could not look, and could scarcely think, but cowered beneath the blaze of lightning as a singed moth drops and shivers. And a storm of wind struck me from my hold, so that I fell upon the wet earth. Every moment I expected to be killed, for I never could be brave in a thunder-storm, and had not been told much in France of God's protection around me. And the darts of lightning hissed and crossed like a blue and red web over me. So I laid hold of a little bent of weed, and twisted it round my dabbled wrist, and tried to pray to the Virgin, although I had often been told it was vanity.

Then suddenly wiping my eyes, I beheld a thing which entirely changed me. A vast, broad wall of brown water, nearly as high as the mill itself, rushed down with a crest of foam from the mountains. It seemed to fill up all the valley and to swallow up all the trees; a whole host of animals fled before it, and birds, like a volley of bullets, flew by. I lost not a moment in running away, and climbing a rock and hiding. It was base, ungrateful, and a nasty thing to do; but I did it almost without thinking. And if I had staid to cry out, what good could I have done—only to be swept away?

Now, as far as I can remember any thing out of so much horror, I must have peeped over the summit of my rock when the head of the deluge struck the mill. But whether I saw it, or whether I knew it by any more summary process, such as outruns the eyes sometimes, is more than I dare presume to say. Whichever way I learned it, it was thus:

A solid mass of water, much bigger than the mill itself, burst on it, dashed it to atoms, leaped off with it, and spun away the great wheel anyhow, like the hoop of a child sent trundling. I heard no scream or shriek; and, indeed, the bellow of a lion would have been a mere whisper in the wild roar of the elements. Only, where the mill had been, there was nothing except a black streak and a boil in the deluge. Then scores of torn-up trees swept over, as a bush-harrow jumps on the clods of the field; and the unrelenting flood cast its wrath, and shone quietly in the lightning.

"Oh, Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!" I cried. But there was not a sign to be seen of him; and I thought of his gentle, good, obstinate ways, and my heart was almost broken. "What a brute—what a wretch I am!" I kept saying, as if I could have helped it; and my fear of the lightning was gone, and I stood and raved with scorn and amazement.

In this misery of confusion it was impossible to think, and instinct alone could have driven my despair to a desperate venture. With my soaked clothes sticking between my legs, I ran as hard as they would go, by a short-cut over a field of corn, to a spot where the very last bluff or headland jutted into the river. This was a good mile below the mill according to the bends of channel, but only a furlong or so from the rock upon which I had taken refuge. However, the flood was there before me, and the wall of water dashed on to the plains, with a brindled comb behind it.

Behind it also came all the ruin of the mill that had any floatage, and bodies of bears and great hogs and cattle, some of them alive, but the most part dead. A grand black bull tossed back his horns, and looked at me beseechingly: he had frightened me often in quiet days, but now I was

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truly grieved for him. And then on a wattle of brush-wood I saw the form of a man—the Sawyer.

His white hair draggled in the wild brown flood, and the hollow of his arms was heaped with froth, and his knotted legs hung helpless. Senseless he lay on his back, and sometimes the wash of the waves went over him. His face was livid, but his brave eyes opén, and a heavy weight hung round his neck. I had no time to think, and deserve no praise, for I knew not what I did. But just as an eddy swept him near me, I made a desperate leap at him, and clutched at something that tore my hands, and then I went under the water. My senses, however, were not yet gone, and my weight on the wattle stopped it, and I came up gurgling, and flung one arm round a fat, woolly sheep going by me. The sheep was water-logged, and could scarcely keep his own poor head from drowning, and he turned his mild eyes and looked at me, but I could not spare him. He struck for the shore in forlorn hope, and he towed us in some little.

It is no good for me to pretend to say how things were managed for us, for of course I could do nothing. But the sheep must have piloted us to a tree, whose branches swept the torrent. Here I let him go, and caught fast hold; and Uncle Sam's raft must have stuck there also, for what could my weak arm have done? I remember only to have felt the ground at last, as the flood was exhausted; and good people came and found him and me, stretched side by side, upon rubbish and mud.

MARTHE'S CHEVALIER.

TEN miles north of Paris lies the village of Villier-le-Bel (Villier-the-Beautiful); yet, seen by a traveler seated on the top of a diligence rattling over its cobble-stone pavement, never was town so inappropriately named. The French *bourgeoisie* wall round their gardens as they do their daughters, shutting each away alike from those who would mar, or admire, or merely curiously observe; and none passing through its tortuous alleys would suspect the existence of beautiful villas behind the prison-like walls. But Marthe La Joyeuse did not belong to the *bourgeoisie*. All her life long she had been walled out, not in. Not a blade of grass grew in the sloppy court which led to her home, where her old mother, her only relative, sat always knitting. She had roamed the streets with the *gamins* from her earliest babyhood as free as a young Arab of the desert. Yet in all the fine villas there was not a handsomer girl than Marthe, or one who carried her pretty head with more *hauteur*. A princess might have envied her carriage as her *sabots* clicked rapidly over the paving-stones; but if she was a little statuesque in bearing, it was but natural, for though there was nothing of real *noblesse* in her blood, and she was only akin to the Duchesse La Joyeuse, daughter of the Duc d'Angoulême (who, in 1664, was lady of Villier-le-Bel), in the fact that she bore her name, and walked the streets of the village that had owned that noble lady's sway, still many a picture of courtly dame had been painted from her face; for she was a professional model, and could not readily drop her studio airs the instant she stepped down from the model's stand. But there was a dignity about Marthe which was more than this—something which kept her, in the midst of sin and misery, as white-souled and as little worldly-wise as a baby. Her mother could not hear the cackle of the village gossips, for she was stone-deaf, poor woman, but she could see their shaking heads and doleful countenances when Marthe went by, and she would reply, "The saints take care of those who have not sense enough to take care of themselves." And they took care of Marthe. She was quick-witted and susceptible, with an ardent imagination; ideas dropped into her mind took root and grew, and from the crooked, ugly streets she learned many a lesson that she would never have understood so well in a college library. She had once heard mentioned the name of the Duchesse La Joyeuse, and it interested her because it was her own name. She asked questions of every one—of the artists for whom she posed, and of the old notary whose stockings her mother knit, until she knew all her history. The notary told her that the duchesse had given a fountain to Villier-le-Bel, for they still kept at the *mairie* the old deed of gift, signed with the autograph of Marie de Valois, Duchesse La Joyeuse.

She wondered if that without the church were the one: its Medusa's head fascinated her; she could not understand its expression of pain, with the snakes striking at the temples and biting the forehead. She said so to Adrienne one day, and looking up at the gargoyle which crouched under the eaves of the church, asked, "Why did they ever make such ugly things, when there are so many beautiful ones in the world?" And Adrienne, striking her own forehead with a wild gesture of despair, replied, "Because they *felt* them. You do not know the serpent's bite yet, but you will feel it some day: you are too beautiful to escape."

Not knowing what she meant, Marthe went into the church, and kneeling before the bronze Christ on the altar of St. Nicholas, repeated her Paternoster: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." The Church of St. Didier was so very old, it was incomprehensible to her mind that God Himself could be older. The Duchesse

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La Joyeuse was only a parvenue to the church; it was built in the twelfth century by the De Villiers family, for whom the town was named, centuries before the coming of the Duc d'Angoulême. The De Villiers had been a princely family, with many a chevalier in its genealogy. There was Philip, Chevalier de St. Jean de Jerusalem, who left this church to combat the infidels, and with the knights under his command killed forty thousand Turks, all for the honor of our sweet Saviour Christ. There were Knights of the Golden Fleece farther back, and as the longer family records are, the more names of rascals they contain, so there were those in the De Villiers family, and chevaliers too, of whom the least said the better.

Marthe could not read, but she had heard this talked over at the château, till all those dead people seemed real and living to her, for the château of Villier-le-Bel is now the property of a celebrated artist. From the Paris road you look across a magnificent park at a villa in the Italian style of the fourteenth century. Approached from Villier-le-Bel, you would hardly recognize the place, the change is so complete. Your way is barred by walls of such solid masonry that they seem a prison or some fortress of mediæval times; they are the remains of the old castle of the De Villiers family, while the villa is that of the Duchesse La Joyeuse. As Marthe came here every day to pose, she wondered if there were knights only in history, and rejected the idea at once. Somewhere there was a chevalier for her, she was sure, not exactly like the cruel De Villiers. She liked tender Chevalier Bayard best—the most perfect gentleman of chivalry.

Marthe had only one lover, a somewhat well-to-do carter, Jean Cottin by name, who owned a charrette and three percheron horses. She thought of him as she passed through the artist's elegant *salon*, all in bridal white, where the duchesse danced once, the great trees in the park looking down on gay parties of ladies and gentlemen making Watteau pictures on the greensward, and she told herself that she had made up her mind Jean Cottin could never be her chevalier. As she took her pose in the studio, the bonne handed her master a card, and he read, with a frown, "Arthur Chevalier," adding, "Let him come up; I can not leave my work to go down. Let us hope that he will make a short stay." Marthe's heart gave a quick leap as he entered, for the young newspaper correspondent was strikingly handsome. He was a *feuilletoniste* by profession, wrote theatrical reviews, with critiques and notices of new operas and dramas. But even in Paris there are seasons when there is nothing new upon the stage, and in default of his regular line of business M. Chevalier had decided to write an article on the artists of Villier-le-Bel. He explained his wish, and his host showed him various studies, sketches, and reproductions of his large paintings. Among others one entitled "Le Triomphe d'Amour."

A young girl stands in an open carriage drawn by men of different professions: the warrior in scarlet, with his sword upon his thigh; the poet in doublet of light blue satin, slashed through to pale gold, with wealth and debauch appropriately designated. The idea is evident: love dominates over all; every class and condition of men allows itself to be guided at her sweet will. The girlish charioteer stands gracefully, with the left hand reining tightly in her mettlesome steeds, while the right is far extended with a sweep of her slender whip. You feel the action, the pose of the instant is so skillfully caught. It is the prancing poet just now who is feeling the sting of her lash. Delicate rose-colored draperies float back from the figure; all is exquisitely charming in sentiment and execution. Arthur Chevalier praises it excessively, especially admiring the figure of the young girl for which Marthe is posing. Just as he is leaving he carelessly asks the name of the model, and, when told, replies, "Ah! the ghost of the duchesse still haunts her home, and has given her name to a face in no way unworthy the honor."

That was all; but Marthe felt that she had found her chevalier. She dreamed of him that night. He appeared to her like the seraph in the picture of the Annunciation in the chapel of the Virgin, holding a scroll, on which something appeared to be written. And just then she awoke, and heard the church bell clanging seven; and knowing she would be late, she hurried away without her morning coffee. She could not afford to offend the old artist. Every half franc was precious, for they were very poor. As she rang the bell at the little gate, her vision was realized. Arthur Chevalier stepped from a gateway, and with a polite bow handed her a folded paper. There was no time to ask him what it was, and to tell him that she could not read, for the portress opened the gate, and he was gone. How she wondered what was written on the paper! The bronze Voltaire in the grand dining-room seemed to leer at her with a mocking smile as she passed with the precious scroll held tightly in hands. She was so confused that she had not thought to hide it even, and her employer asked, "A note for me, La Joyeuse?" and took it before she could stammer, "I do not know, Sir. Your friend gave it to me as I came in."

"Ah! hum; verses—piff-paff," puffed the other, settling his eyeglass and removing his cigarette. "What's this?—

'C'est l'amour, c'est l'amour,
Qui fait le monde à la ronde.'

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Hum—*bagatelle!* the fellow has written a poem to my picture.

Hum, hum, hum, hum,
Mum, mum, mum, mum.

Not so bad, after all." And he mumbles away to himself, in a manner utterly impossible to comprehend, what appears to be a sonnet, with the refrain, "All for love, all for love, and the world well lost." There is something written on the back of the paper—not in verse. But this he does not see. Slipping his glasses into his pocket, replacing his cigarette, and streaking the unread words with mucilage, he claps the verses on a blank leaf of his scrap-book. If he had not been in high good humor that day, Marthe would have been scolded for her poor posing; but he was profuse with funny stories and jokes, and every now and then would break out into singing, in a stentorian voice, "C'est l'amour, c'est l'amour."

You see, God was better to Marthe than she knew, for He was all the time answering her prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." That evening, on her way home, she met Jean Cottin with his cart. He held a beautiful bouquet, which he gave her awkwardly. "I am going to Paris for a day or two," he said. "Good-by." "Good-by," said Marthe. But she thought it odd that he should give her so costly and so useless a present. Just then she looked up and saw her chevalier again, standing at a little distance. He had seen her accept the bouquet. "How provoking!" she thought. "I will show him that Jean and his flowers are nothing to me." And she threw them with assumed indifference to a lame girl whom she saw at a window. She had thought to ask her chevalier about the verses; but his face, as she looked up into it, was not a pleasant one, and she passed him without daring to speak.

Another day passed, and at night Marthe's mother greeted her, on her return, with the remark, "There was a poor sick young man here to-day, Marthe. I showed him the way to the doctor's. I hope he got something that will do him good."

"How did he manage to let you know that he was sick, mother?"

"Oh, he looked sick; he was as white as my cap. And then he talked by signs: he clapped his hand on his stomach and made an awful face."

Marthe was too much occupied by thoughts of her own to attach any importance to her mother's story. Jean Cottin had returned from Paris; she knew that he was coming, and had waited for him near the highway in the artist's park. As she sat in the shadow a little aside from the gate, where she could look down the long white road toward Paris, some one grasped the bars of the gate from without, and looked long and searchingly across toward the beautiful villa. It might have been a prisoner or a maniac peering through his grating, the face was so wrathful and thwarted in its expression. But Marthe recognized the face of her chevalier, all marred and changed as it was, and, half frightened, shrank a little nearer to the wall. With an impatient gesture, Arthur Chevalier let go his hold and walked away, and Marthe, looking after, saw him clamber to the top of the passing diligence. In the opposite direction, lazily leading the tandem, Flock was picking his way toward her. Flock was a contraction for *Flocon de Neige*, and was the name of Jean Cottin's great white percheron, as handsome a French cart-horse as ever stepped proudly under collar decorated with blue fleece and pink braid. Jean himself is paying no attention to his team, but earnestly reads a newspaper as he walks. Look down upon him as she may, she envies Jean Cottin now, for he can read. He was so preoccupied that he would have passed without seeing her, had she not called him by name.

"Oh, Marthe," he exclaimed, stopping instantly, "the Prussians have got us all in a trap. They are closing down upon us, and in another week will be in Villier-le-Bel. Get your things ready, and to-morrow I will move you to Paris."

They were none too soon, for three days later the gates of the R.R. were closed, and the siege proper of Paris began.

That was a terrible winter for all. Marthe hardly knew how it passed. Cottin worked with his horses at the fortifications during the day, and at night slept in their manger with a gun at his side. Marthe could hear them from her little room overhead, the horses champing their food, and Jean Cottin snoring heavily through the night. She tried hard to find employment. None of the artists that she knew had taken refuge in Paris; but she had letters to others; and from studio to studio, generally *au sixième*, she climbed, to receive every where the same reply, "We have no time for painting; we have laid aside the palette for the bayonet." At length she remembered a scene-painter who spent his summers near Villier-le-Bel, and thinking that through him she might gain an introduction to the manager of some theatre, and perhaps a place upon the ballet, she sought out his studio. She had not far to go, for it was in her own quarter, among the factories of Belleville, with its teeming population of riotous and insubordinate operatives. Threading her way through a narrow passage between high buildings, a *concièrge* led her across the court-yard to the studio. On the floor was stretched an enormous canvas, upon which a young Italian was literally sweeping in waves and clouds with a small broom. At one side of the room his colors were ar-

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ranged in little pots, like jellies. He told Marthe that his master was engaged for the moment, but she might wait for him.

"There's an author in there," said he, jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the artist's private office, "and when one of those scribbling chaps gets hold of the patron, we never know when we shall see him again. They give themselves great airs, these authors. The patron designs every scene, and sends it to the writer of the piece for his approval before it is mounted; and sometimes they make him redraw it three or four times; and that is no joke, you know, especially when the design is architectural, and he has to invent as many interiors for a cathedral. And after the author is pleased, there is the stage-manager to suggest alterations; and last of all, down pops the government, and forbids the representation of the piece for political reasons, as it did M. Sardou's *Dernière Charrette;* and there's your dish nicely upset for you. I'll warrant the patron won't mount that fellow's piece; it would be sure to be shut down upon; he is always in trouble with the government. And then I fancy it's a fairy ballet for La Gaieté, and there would be no end of grottoes of the devil to be lit up with red lights, and new effects enough to drive one mad. Very tiresome all that sort of thing. I prefer one of the steady-going regular kind, like *Hamlet*, where you know just where you are."

This interested Marthe. She could not help admiring the dexterity with which the boy whisked his great brush, and she said, "I have seen a great many big pictures, but even the historical painter at Villier-le-Bel never painted like that. I don't see how you know what you are about."

"Habit, habit," replied the other. "When I want to see the effect from a distance, I just sky up one of those ladders at the side of the room, and look down on my work from above. But— Hullo! you are in luck. M. Chevalier is going already."

Marthe turned with a start at the mention of that name, and saw the artist she had come to consult bowing down the staircase the man whose face she had last seen through the bars of the great gate to the park. Then she was shown into the study, where books and papers, statuettes and pictures, lay scattered about in true artistic confusion. A large book-case was stacked with portfolios bursting with original designs for scenic decoration. These and the gathering frost on the hair and beard of the artist told of a life of study and industry; but the face was a kindly one, and there was a merry twinkle in his eye, which seemed to tell that he enjoyed the grotesque combinations and fancies, the very froth of fun, which he created. Marthe gathered courage and told him her need.

"So you want a position at the Gaieté, do you?" (For Marthe had mentioned that theatre, remembering that the boy had said that her chevalier was in some way connected with it.) "I will give you a letter to Mademoiselle Nathalie Delamour, the leading *danseuse* on the ballet. She will find something for you to do, I am sure, for she is very generous."

A few hours later Marthe sat in the elegant reception-room of the actress. It was carpeted with tapestry, such as she had seen only hung as something precious upon studio walls. Through an open door across the hall she caught a glimpse of the dining-room, lined with buffets of carved ebony, bearing rich services in gold, silver, glass, and porcelain. The chairs were covered with Russia leather, each bearing the monogram of the actress, in letters of gold, under the crest and coat of arms of a Russian prince. A diminutive African, in livery of white embroidered with gold, appeared suddenly in this doorway. His face was so very black that it was quite lost against the background of carved ebony, and for the instant Marthe was startled by the apparition of a headless figure advancing toward her, till, on looking intently into the darkness, she saw two eyes glittering star-like above it. He came to lead her to the *cabinet de toilette*, which seemed to Marthe as beautiful as paradise itself. A high wainscoting of delicately sculptured white marble ran around the room; the space between marble and ceiling was filled with elaborately quilted pink satin, the ceiling itself being composed of Mechlin lace. Marthe stood in the doorway, dazzled by such splendor, until the *danseuse*, a blonde beauty, half rising from her cushions of white satin, called to her to come in.

"M. —— tells me," said she, twirling Marthe's letter of introduction in her jeweled fingers, "that you desire a place upon the ballet. Do you dance?"

"No, madam," replied Marthe, "but I would be willing to take great pains to learn, if I were only sure of employment afterward."

"Little goose!" said the *danseuse;* "don't you know that it takes *years* to fit one's self for the stage? You are a great deal too old to commence. One never overcomes a certain *gaucherie*, beginning at your age. But don't look so discouraged. If employment to gain your livelihood is all you want, I will give you work of another kind. You may darn my stockings."

Marthe was somewhat startled by this proposition; but need was pressing, and she said, pleasantly, "I shall, at least, not need any education for that profession."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mademoiselle Delamour. "My last girl was an experienced lace-mender; in fact, she knew

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a little too much, and that was why I discharged her. You see, my stockings are of *point appliqué* on silk; so, when a stitch breaks, it is rather a nice matter to mend it neatly. When I am dancing, the heel of my boot or one of my diamond gaiter buttons frequently catches in one of those *appliqué* flowers; off it goes, and has to be replaced. Adeline ripped off quantities without my ever suspecting it, making them up into collars, and selling them on her own account. But I mean to pay you well enough not to tempt you to any little speculation of that kind. Here is a whole bundle of them, for I have not had any mending done since Adeline left, and a new pair every night makes it rather expensive. However, your fingers do not look as if they were all thumbs, and I think we shall suit each other capitally."

Marthe had abundant cause to be grateful for the extravagant generosity of the actress, for from her stocking darning she earned sufficient to support herself and mother throughout the siege without Jean Cottin's help. He was sorry for this. He would so gladly have spent his all for her, and she would not accept a sou.

At length the capitulation came, and Jean went back to Villier-le-Bel with a sore heart, for he had had his little talk with Marthe, and she was inexorable. "I shall come back for my box some time," he said; "there is not room for it in the charrette to-night; and maybe by that time you will have changed your mind and will come too." When he set out Marthe noticed that there were but two horses to his tandem. Old Flock, with his proud step and blue housings, was missing, but she did not understand it until she found under her table a sack of potatoes, and on it a note for a hundred francs, weighted down by a little heart-shaped dish of cream-cheese, such as the French call a chevalier, with the word chevalier printed in green letters upon one side. Had Jean meant to be sarcastic or sentimental? Neither; all cheese was a luxury to him, and he had only thought that Marthe might be pleased with the little good-by gift, purchased before the siege was raised, when to gain such delicacies as potatoes and cream-cheese required that dear old Flock should go to the butcher's shambles. Carefully, not because it was poor Jean's gift, but that it recalled a name precious to her, Marthe guarded the little heart-shaped dish, using it as a vase for violets which she picked from the faded bouquets the actress gave her, and placed on a bracket before a picture of the Virgin.

Slowly the spring came in, but there was nothing to suggest spring-tide in the noisy crowded streets of Belleville, the quarter of Paris pre-eminently the home of misery and malcontents, and at this time the hot-house of the Commune. Marthe heard the cause discussed and advocated about her by starving women and desperate men, and over the stockings for feet which should have walked in better ways, she prayed the Virgin to bless the actress of the Gaieté. She knew that the spring must be giving a tenderer beauty to Villier-le-Bel, and she longed for the green meadows and the park; but one intense hope kept her in Paris. Still her heart was growing sick with waiting. Where, where was her chevalier?

One afternoon as Nathalie was looking over the work which Marthe had returned, the negro footman thrust his head into the exquisite dressing-room, and announced "Mussoo Artoor." The guest was heard at the same time mounting the staircase, and Nathalie had only time to lift a silken curtain and push Marthe into her bath-room before he entered the apartment.

If the elegance of the dressing-room had dazzled unsophisticated little Marthe, the room in which she now found herself was no less magnificent. It was paved in mosaic, of a brilliant Pompeian pattern, and the ceiling, with its kaleidoscopic crystals, had been copied from a hall in the Alhambra. The bath, which occupied the centre of the room, was entirely of silver plate, each faucet ornamented with a large brilliant, while the toilet articles bore the monogram of the actress in small diamonds set in black enamel. A rose-window, both in shape and in the quality which it gave the light, occupied one wall; the other, Nathalie's Russian prince had first caused to be decorated with frescoes; reproductions of Raphael's "Triumph of Galatea," "Aphrodite rising from the Sea," the "La Source" of Ingres, with other watery nymphs and goddesses, all of which the actress had caused to be covered with enormous plate-glass mirrors. "What pleasure," she had said, "do you suppose it can be to me to have always before my eyes faces and forms more beautiful than my own?" And when her lover had sworn that this was impossible, she replied, imperiously, "In my own house at least there shall be no room for question: here I choose to be the only woman as well as the prettiest." Thinking to please her better, the prince next sent a fine collection of marine views as suitable decoration for her bath-room. "You can look off at that beautiful view of the Bay of Naples, and fancy yourself drifting on its blue waters; the surf breaking on the brown crags in this, by the English painter Moore, will give you the sea in its stormier moods; this stretch of yellow sands, by Vernier, with the white sails flitting like phantoms 'out into the west as the sun goes down,' will serve to dream over when you float yourself, 'as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean;'

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here is a view at a watering-place, by Charnay, with so much of gayety and fashion in it that it might be the shore at Biarritz taken from our own little villa; and this iceberg, by the American Bradford, will suggest refreshing coolness on the sultriest of summer days."

But the capricious Nathalie refused to be pleased. "Take them back to your picture-gallery in Russia," said she. "Naples suggests fleas to me. I do not like the seashore any where, it smells so horribly of fish, and the bathing suits are so unbecoming. When I want an iceberg, I shall ask Bossier to manufacture me one, a gigantic sorbet, *à la fraises au Champagne*. Besides, *mon cher*, I see enough of painted canvas each night at the theatre, not to have it thrust before me in my hours of repose." And so the offending frescoes were covered with mirrors, and the choice collection of marines went, as she had requested, to St. Petersburg.

Of this history Marthe knew nothing, nor did she notice the beautiful things now about her. The moment that she found herself there, she had heard a familiar voice which thrilled through her soul, and she now crouched at the curtain, eagerly drinking in every word.

"Oh, Arthur, you find me in the depths of despair," said Nathalie.

"How is that?" replied the voice. "Has the prince proved recreant?"

"No, indeed. It is a proof of his continued devotion which causes my present distress."

"Are you so tired of him, then?"

"Not at all. Listen. He has just sent me such a love of a *coupé*, lined with light rose-colored satin, and a pair of splendidly matched grays, with a bank-note large enough to keep them for a year. I am dying to try them on the Champs Élysées, and nowhere can I find a coachman. I had supposed it would be the easiest thing imaginable, but every one seems so taken up with the Commune that all my efforts have been unavailing."

"It is really too bad. Why couldn't the prince have sent a servant too? How prodigal he is of his gifts! and I have never given you any thing but poetry and flowers."

"They are the only appropriate pledges of affection. All gifts but flowers outlast the passion that prompted them. And as for poetry, it and love are alike creatures of the imagination. But, seriously, Arthur, I am much obliged for your sonnets in the *feuilletons*. They have been of immense service to me. Have you ever written them to any other woman? I have scanned the papers closely, but have never seen any thing which I thought was from your pen."

"No, Nathalie, I never wrote a line of poetry to any woman but you—except once. She was very beautiful, and she gained her livelihood by her beauty, like yourself. Have you ever seen these lines of Arsène Houssaye?—

'C'est la jalousie
De la comédie.
On t'appelle Nathalie
Pour ne t'appeler Thalie.'

It is my despair just now that that idea did not enter my head first, it is so appropriate to you."

"Never mind poetry now, Arthur. Tell me about that other love of yours; she interests me."

"She was only an artist's model. I saw her at a studio, and lost my heart completely. I wrote her one of my most inspired and impassioned sonnets, and begged her, if she returned my sentiments, to carry some flowers in her hand as she passed my hotel the next morning."

"So that was the beginning. Did the *liaison* last long?"

"Begging your pardon, there was no *liaison* at all; the girl scorned me most unequivocally. I was sauntering in front of the hotel, and saw her coming down the long road. She had no flowers in her hand; but I was prepared for this. Knowing that she might not have been able to procure them, I had provided myself with a hot-house bouquet, which I now handed to a passing carman, telling him carelessly to give it to the first pretty girl he met. She accepted it graciously enough, and as she came toward me with it my heart beat in triumph. When she had almost reached the hotel, and her subdued smile showed that she recognized me, she tossed the bouquet through an open window to some beggar or other, and passed me with as pretty an expression of demure unconsciousness as I ever saw. No; I did not leave the village immediately. I was wild for the girl. I was determined that she should love me. At that moment, if by any pretext I could have divorced my wife, I would have married this little model. I found out where she lived, and interviewed her mother. She looked like a covetous old soul, and I played upon that strain: told her I would give—I don't remember how much, but that she should have a competence for the rest of her days, and I would make a lady of her daughter. At first she shook her head, and, 'Sorry, sorry,' was all I could get out of her. I asked her if her daughter was at home. 'No,' said she; 'at the doctor's;' and told me how to find the house. 'Then she will see me?' I asked. 'Certainly, certainly,' replied the old lady. 'And if I do not find her,' I said, 'beg of her to meet me at M—— gate, the one that leads to the park, at six o'clock this afternoon.' 'Certainly, certainly, without fail,' said the old lady; whereat my sinking hopes revived, and I thought that perhaps money would do what sentiment could not.

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She was not at the doctor's, nor did she meet me at the appointed rendezvous, and I understood that I was played with and fooled as never woman had played with me before. I think, however, that what piqued me the most was that she had scorned my poem. I thought then, and still think, that it was the best I ever wrote."

Poor Marthe! some of the hard riddles of her life were solved that hour. How often she had asked herself why her poor mother was deaf! She knew now. Had she rightly understood the words spoken in their hour of need, would she have been able to have refused the proffered money? And even if she had done so, and had told her daughter, could she, Marthe, whose heart was well-nigh bursting with love for her chevalier, have repulsed the love so longed for, though offered at the price of dishonor? And as Marthe looked into the past and recalled every word that had been spoken, every desire of her heart, she thanked God from the depths of her soul that He had answered her prayer, as she knelt in the old church that morning, and, not knowing that she asked the denial of her heart's desire, prayed, "Lead us not into temptation." The conversation went on in the boudoir; but Marthe hardly listened to it now, though it was her chevalier who spoke.

"You have thought my offerings trivial, Nathalie, beside the gifts of your prince; but I am ready to do something for you now which I doubt you would find another admirer devoted enough to perform. Rather than you should lose the pleasure of a promenade in your new equipage, I will myself mount the box and conduct you."

"And wear my livery?"

"Why not? I have long been your devoted slave. That badge of servitude is most appropriate. Better still, it will disguise me beyond recognition. I shall be sure to see plenty of my associates on the way to the Bois."

The next day the Commune was at its height; but Marthe knew nothing of it, for she kept her room, busily mending her patron's stockings and thinking her own little thoughts—regrets for wasted affection, and thanks to a merciful God who had led her safely blindfold by the side of an abyss so deep that she had surely been dizzy and fallen had she seen. Another day, and the troops were ordered to fire upon the Communists. "I am glad to hear that," said peace-loving people, as the heavy boom of cannon began. "All of this disorder will be quelled presently, and we shall have quiet."

Boom! roared the cannon, with a detonation so powerful that the house shook and the windows rattled shudderingly. "Come in," said Marthe's mother, starting up in bed with alacrity. "Marthe," she added, enthusiastically, "I am getting back my hearing. Somebody knocked." *Cr-r-rack!* rattled the mitrailleuse. *Cr-r-rack!* "Dear me!" continued old Madame La Joyeuse—"dear me! just hear that dress-maker tearing the breadths of calico! There she goes again—cr-r-r-r-rack!"

Marthe had work to carry home, and though she knew that there was fighting going on somewhere, she hardly thought to find it in her path as she set out that afternoon. All seemed lovely and peaceful enough as she entered the Buttes Chaumont, that beautiful park which occupies the old quarries from which the stone was dug that built the palaces of Paris—quarries which had become the haunts of thieves, and to suppress whom Napoleon had changed its caverns and tunnels into this lovely work of art. She walked rapidly on past the lake, with its perpendicular cliffs crowned by the temple copied from one at Tivoli; past the cedars from Himalaya, and the brooks bordered with plants transplanted from the Alps; past various *rochers* and kiosks placed there for refreshment, till she stood upon a little eminence overlooking the Rue de Puebla. There, at her feet, an impassable obstacle in her path, was a barricade. It was formed of heavy carts, the open spaces being filled in with bags of sand, and commanded the street (which from this point descended steeply) so effectually that though it contained but fifteen men, they were sufficient to keep at a distance a regiment of soldiers. That there had been closer fighting, the number of bodies just beyond the barricade, and the two dead within, sufficiently testified; but the troops had retreated, unsuccessful in their attempts to force a passage. While Marthe looked, a consultation seemed to be going on among the insurgents, and finally they abandoned the barricade and passed by her, scattering and leaving the park in different directions. One only did not seem satisfied, and returned to the post, evidently thinking that something could still be done with it. He had been the commander; now he was both commander and garrison. Marthe watched him with a strange fascination as he moved from one side to the other, firing constantly as he saw that one or more of the soldiers advanced to within range. Suddenly she saw him groping on the ground beside his dead comrades, and she knew that his cartridges were gone. He had found several, and, with a steady aim, his faithful rifle sent its greeting to the soldiers, who were now forming in two lines under a new commander. He must have been a *franc tireur* all his life, Marthe thought, to have learned to make his shots so effective. And then for the first time she noticed his uniform; it was not that of a *franc tireur*, but

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there was something half military and quite familiar in the white and gold jacket and knee-breeches which, with the high top-boots, set off so well the lithe figure of the Communist. At the same time he noticed the movement of the troops, and comprehended that they were forming for an assault. Removing one of the sand-bags, he crept cautiously out under the carts, and reaching forward, secured two cartridge-boxes belonging to the dead soldiers beyond. It was done with the dexterity and agility of a fox; he was back in his place in an instant, and the opening walled up; but he had lost his cap with the white cockade, and from the blonde hair blown back from his forehead, Marthe recognized her chevalier in the livery of the actress. The soldiers were marching rapidly up the street in two lines, keeping close to the walls on either side. The only gun in the barricade was fired incessantly, and a soldier fell at each report; but on they came none the less surely, not firing a shot until actually under the barricade. Then a puff of light blue smoke rose from the front of the column, and Marthe saw two white arms toss in the air, a slender figure which sprang straight up, and then fell backward with upturned face, and the soldiers were leaping the barrier without opposition. Only three dead men! They stood within the barricade, surprised and disconcerted; then they divided into two parties, one to go back and order forward the dead-cart, and the other passed by Marthe, as she crouched behind a cluster of cedars, on their search for fugitives.

Urged by a blind instinct, Marthe hurried down to the little fort, so well defended, and knelt beside her chevalier. He had been a bad man, and the love with which he had loved her had been an unworthy one. But still he *had* loved her. She had heard it from his own lips but a short time before, and moved by a great pity, Marthe kissed again and again the beautiful face in her lap. Was it that he was only feigning death, or that he had been stunned, and the touch of her lips aroused him?

"Where are they?" he whispered, opening his eyes, but not moving.

"They have gone for the moment. Now is your chance. Come quick with me," said Marthe, who saw before her the hope of saving the man she had loved. Down one narrow side street, across a court, through an alley into another court, up the back stairs, and into Marthe's little room.

"But it will never do for me to stay here. Have you no disguise you could lend me? This livery is too conspicuous, and it has already been marked."

Marthe opened Jean Cottin's chest, and took from it a peasant's suit of clothes. He threw his elegant boots into a corner; but he could not keep Jean's clumsy *sabots* on his small feet, and Marthe substituted a pair of her own. The blue blouse changed his appearance completely; and when she fitted the heavy *limousin* about his neck, and tied the lappets of the plush cap well over his ears, she was sure that no one could recognize him. As he followed her down the stair again, he caught her hand. "Ah, it is you, my little La Joyeuse," said he. "If I ever get out of this scrape, I will find you again. I shall remember who it was who saved my life by a kiss in the barricade."

"I hope your life is saved," said Marthe, calmly; "but as for the kiss, I only gave it to you because I thought you were dead. I was as sure of it as if I had seen you lying in your coffin with the coins upon your eyes. If you get safe away, you need not hunt for me again. Try to be a little truer to your wife instead."

There were soldiers at the end of the street when the peasant passed out of the door and walked with a lazy slouch in the opposite direction.

"What a good actor he is!" thought Marthe. "He will get off." And flying up the stairs, she hastily disjointed the stove-pipe, and hid the top-boots within it, cramming the gold-broidered livery into the little stove. Then, hearing voices below, she descended again, and listened in the little passage to what the soldiers were saying.

"I tell you," said one of them, "the old lady is a foreigner, and does not understand French. Where's the corporal? Let him try her with a little German."

"Haben Sie," stammered the corporal, "einen Mann gesehen, Madame?" But Marthe's mother composedly continued her knitting. She had seen the futility of replying at guess to what people said to her.

"She is not German," said the corporal. "Here, Auguste, speak to her in English."

And Auguste, rubbing his clasped hands nervously, and advancing very near to the old lady, inquired, "Have you seen to pass by, in a white trowser, a man with gold trimmings sewed on?"

Then Marthe's mother, placing her spectacles carefully across her nose, looked at the man steadily, and remarked, in good French, "I'm a little hard of hearing."

A bluff fellow, who had listened impatiently to this conversation, exclaimed, "See here, comrades, I believe she's only shamming. He may be hidden in this very house, and I mean to search." But the search was to very little purpose, for he did not even find the livery which Marthe had just hidden.

"Marthe," said her mother, after they had gone, pointing to the fragments of Jean Cottin's gift, which the jarring of the cannon had shaken from the wall, "it must have

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stormed terribly last night. Did you know that your chevalier was broken?"

"Yes, mother, I knew it," replied Marthe, fitting together rather sadly the shattered fragments of her little broken heart.

Even with the aid of his disguise, Arthur Chevalier did not escape; he was arrested on suspicion, and confined at Vincennes. It was some time after the Commune had been quelled that a neighbor read his name in a list of the prisoners who had been favored with a trial and then shot. Marthe heard it without a tremor; he had been dead to her since the day she had heard him confess his love for her in the boudoir of the actress.

On the walls of Arthur Chevalier's prison was found, after his execution, a poem, which was supposed to be a prophecy, though no one came after his death to kiss him in his coffin: his neglected wife was far away, and Nathalie, though she anticipated his fate when Marthe returned the livery, could not compromise her position by any show of sympathy for a condemned Communist. This was the poem, perhaps it was not a prophecy, but a souvenir:

LOVE IN DEATH.

"I come not now in mockery,"
Her woman's pity said;
"From him I scorned, while living,
I ask forgiveness, dead."

I did not see her as she came,
My soul was wrapped in dark;
The coinèd weights were pressing close
On eyelids cold and stark.

Her words of tardy tenderness
I did not even hear;
For the first time I turned to her
A dull, unlistening ear.

On a mouth all unresponsive,
On the close-locked lips of death,
Fell the sweetness and the flutter
And the warmth of her dear breath.

Perhaps I only dreamed them,
Perhaps she did not speak;
But a tear burned in the flicker
Of her lashes on my cheek.

Touch of fire! Ah, how it thrilled me!
All the darkness then grew warm.
Oh! I would not, could I, waken
To life again and scorn.

No, a thousand times far sweeter
Is love, though mixed with death,
So I can not taste its bitter,
Having once drunk of thy breath.

Lapped thus in rapturous trances,
In ecstasy supreme,
Dream on, dream on, O heart of mine!
Oh, waken not, but dream!

Dream, while so lowly lying
Within thy coffin bed,
That, though she scorned thee, living,
She came and kissed thee, dead.

The rest of the story is quickly told. A few miles from Villier-le-Bel lies a dairy-farm, belonging to the Duc d'Ayen—a moated grange, more blithe, but not less picturesque, than that of Mariana. In a cool, low-browed room, whose thick stone walls are the remnants of an ancient round tower, stand rows upon rows of little heart-shaped chevaliers, that Marthe fills with snowy cream-cheese which Jean carries to Paris, with pats of butter shaped like yellow water-lilies, and stamped with a jonquil. While Marthe is petting Bloom, her black Holland cow, we will step into her neat little *salon*, with its floor waxed like a mirror, and its deep-seated windows full of geraniums and fuchsias, and examine the pictures that hang upon the walls. The day that they were married, Jean and Marthe stepped into Gonpil's art store and selected every engraving, lithograph, or photograph of the paintings for which she had posed. Here they are, and a choice art collection they make, with the names of many noted men in the corners. A very few originals there are too, for Marthe treasures these souvenirs of her life as a model, and Jean is thriving, and the artists have not been exorbitant when Marthe has requested a reproduction of even a great picture.

Over the fire-place a queer object has been let, mosaic-like, into the wall when the plaster was fresh. It is of porcelain, though not an ordinary tile. If you scream at the top of your lungs to Grand'mère La Joyeuse, knitting at the sunniest window, and rocking the baby with her foot, asking her if that is the family escutcheon, she will probably reply, as she did to me, "*Cochon!* no; that is Marthe's little heart that was broken; but Jean Cottin mended it soundly for her."

ANSWER FOR ME.

What would I do for you, my dear,
If I to-day could be lord of my life?
Suppose that we both were sitting here,
Mere man and woman, not husband, wife,
Would your faded face be fair, and your brow—
What but the wrinkles there would I see?
Would I love you then as I do now?—
But you shall answer, dear, for me.

I love not easily, love but few:
Light come, light go, is not my way:
No one has known my heart but you,
And you not its deeps, as you shall to-day.
Put your hand on it, and feel it beat—
Where is the other impossible she
Can quicken it, kneeling at my feet?—
But you shall answer, sweet, for me.

Love is forever, and only one;
For when it enters surrendered hearts
It is as the supreme master—none
Can dispossess him till life departs,
And none succeed him of royal line:
Vacant the darkened throne must be.
If desolation should fall on mine—
But you shall answer, love, for me.

If I were king of the world, my dear,
You could not be more my queen than now;
You would have the same old lover here,
Except that his crown would be on your brow.
Can any thing be too good for you
That a king may give you? Ask and see:
Name me the thing that I will not do—
For you shall answer, wife, for me.

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THE OLD DEACON'S LAMENT.



"THERE, WEEK BY WEEK, THE PARSON STOOD, THE SCRIPTER TO EXPOUND."

YES, I've been deacon of our church
  Nigh on to fifty year,
Walked in the way of dooty, too,
  And kep' my conscience clear.

I've watched the children growin' up,
  Seen brown locks turnin' gray,
But never saw sech doin's yet
  As those I've seen to-day.

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This church was built by godly men
To glorify the Lord,
In seventeen hundred eighty-eight:
Folks couldn't then afford
Carpets and cushings and sech like—
The seats were jest plain wood,
Too narrer for the sleepy ones,
In prayer we allus stood.

And when the hymns were given out,
I tell you it was grand
To hear our leader start the tunes,
With tunin'-fork in hand!

There, week by week, the parson stood,
The Scripter to expound;
There, man and boy, I've sot below,
And not a fault was found.

Of course I've seen great changes made,
And fought agenst 'em too;
But first a choir was interdooced,
Then cushings in each pew;
Next, boughten carpet for the floor;
And then, that very year,
We got our new melodeon,
And the big shandyleer.



"I TELL YOU IT WAS GRAND TO HEAR OUR LEADER START THE TUNES."

Then good old "China," "Mear," and all,
Were heard on Sabbath-days,
And men and women, boys and girls,
J'ined in the song of praise.

But that old pulpit was *my* pride—
Jest eight feet from the ground
They'd reared it up—on either side
A narrer stairs went down;
The front and eends were fitly carved
With Scripter stories all—
Findin' of Moses, Jacob's dream,
And sinful Adam's fall.

Jest room inside to put a cheer,
The Bible on the ledge
(I'll own I *did* get narvous when
He shoved it to the edge).

Well, well! I tried to keep things straight—
I went to ev'ry meetin',
And voted "No" to all they said,
But found my influ'nce fleetin'.
At last the worst misfortin fell—
I *must* blame Deacon Brown:
He helped the young folks when they said
The pulpit should come down.

They laughed at all those pious scenes
I'd found so edifyin';
Said, "When the parson rose to preach,
He looked a'most like flyin';"
Said that "Elijah's chariot
Jest half-way up had tarried;"
And Deacon Brown sot by and laughed,
And so the p'int was carried.

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"WELL, WELL! I TRIED TO KEEP THINGS STRAIGHT—I WENT TO EV'RY MEETIN'."

This was last week. The carpenters
  Have nearly made an end—
Excoose my feelin's. Seems to me
  As ef I'd lost a friend.
"It made their necks ache, lookin' up,"
  Was what the folks did say:
More lookin' up would help us all
  In this degin'rate day.

The church won't never seem the same
  (I'm half afeard) to *me*,
Under the preachin' of the truth
  I've ben so used to be.
And now—to see our parson stand
  Like any common man,
With jest a railin' round his desk—
  I don't believe I can!

A CRANIOLOGIST.

IN the autumn of 1874 I went to call on Dr. Hamilton Theack, a gentleman residing in an elegant establishment, No. — West Twenty-third Street, New York; and this visit I was induced to make by a very curious circumstance indeed. Accident had shown me, or seemed to show me, that Dr. Theack was connected with an incident as singular and mysterious as if, instead of occurring in the prosaic nineteenth century, it had taken place two hundred years ago; and I must say my curiosity was excited to the very highest degree to ascertain the solution of what had appeared to me for some months to be a hopeless enigma. I shall proceed to relate the incident I refer to, and how I discovered Dr. Theack's connection with it. In order, however, to make my narrative perfectly clear, it will first be necessary for me to speak of Dr. Theack's character, and of the circumstances under which I made his acquaintance.

I first became acquainted with him at Harvard University in 1859. He was at that time about twenty years of age, and was in many points of view a most interesting and even remarkable person. He was slight in figure, stooped somewhat, and his face was

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almost entirely colorless. His complexion was not so much what is described by the word *pale*, as of that dull, dead tint conveyed by the French word *mat*. His forehead was lofty, and edged by short brown hair brushed back from the temples, and his features were delicate and indicative of refinement. What impressed you most in his appearance was the dreamy, introspective expression of his eyes. They were large, dark, and deeply sunken in the sockets, and their absent and melancholy expression haunted you. This deep melancholy seemed ingrained in his character. He scarcely ever spoke, and did not mingle with the rest of the students, with whom he appeared to have nothing whatever in common; and I can best describe his absent and reserved air by saying that he seemed to be haunted by some possessing idea which prevented him from taking interest in any thing around him. He invariably dressed in black, and was very neat in his appearance. It was easy to see that he was poor, from the scantiness of his wardrobe, but as easy, also, to see that he was a gentleman. He was not disliked by his fellow-students, for his manners were courteous, however reserved; but the young men of the university plainly knew not what to make of him. The hopeless melancholy of his face raised up a barrier between them and himself; and setting him down as an "odd" character, they allowed him to go upon his way, to take his long solitary walks, and to live his quiet and retired life in peace.

I scarcely remember what led to the sort of intimacy which gradually grew up between us; but before the end of the session he seemed to banish much of his reserve when we were thrown together, and to regard me almost in the light of a friend. I was glad to respond to this sentiment. As I came to know him better, he greatly interested me; and I was flattered at having thus succeeded in piercing the outer husk, at least, of a character which seemed wrapped against others in so many folds of reserve. I discovered very soon that he was by no means as cold as he seemed to be; indeed, I came more and more to the conclusion that, instead of being chill and unimpressible in temperament, he was a person of very strong feelings. His melancholy was evidently *not* the result of a dull, phlegmatic, and depressed disposition, but of some definite cause; and I was seized with an irresistible desire to ascertain what was "on his mind." The attempt seemed hopeless. He rarely made the most distant allusion to himself; and at the end of months of intimacy I had only been able to discover that he was from the city of New York, was an orphan, and had only managed with the utmost difficulty to secure sufficient means to acquire a college education.

He was an intensely hard student, and I speedily came to the conclusion that one object of his exhausting intellectual labor was to escape from his haunting melancholy. His attendance on lectures was unremitting, and at two o'clock in the morning the light burning in his chamber indicated that he was still engaged in study. His studies took the direction, almost exclusively, of anatomy; and this was not singular, as he informed me that he intended to make medicine his profession. It was the particular department, if I may so say, of anatomy to which he devoted himself, which excited my interest: he had evidently a passion for the science of craniology, and was a thorough believer in phrenology. Like the majority of persons, I had myself given no special attention to this singular branch of physical science, and was disposed to be entirely incredulous of the ability of any one to read the character of an individual from the shape of his head. But Hamilton Theack had an implicit belief in this ability. He seemed to *feel* that it existed. The sight of a human skull thrilled through his frame, arousing his dormant impulses, and brought the blood to his cheeks. He had exerted himself with the utmost activity and perseverance to make a collection of these, to me, hideous objects, and had managed, in some manner unknown to me, to obtain plaster casts of the skulls of Goethe, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and other celebrities, which he was never tired of expatiating upon. When I visited him, as I frequently did, late at night in his room, he would manage speedily to divert the conversation from other subjects to his favorite one, and, skull in hand, would dwell with deep earnestness and a strange eloquence upon the unerring indications furnished by the bony receptacle of the human brain of the character of the individual while alive.

"See this depression," he would exclaim, exhibiting a cast of the head of Goethe. "Here is where the organs of *reverence* and *faith* are situated, and you may see for yourself that the indications are absolutely wanting. Here is the organ of *incredulity:* it is enormous, you see. And look at *benevolence:* there is nothing there. And now for Frederick. See how the forehead retreats, how narrow the temples are, how the inferior portion of the facial structure protrudes. It is the head of a magnificent brute; of a passionate, pitiless, intellectual animal; of the man who acknowledged with brutal frankness that he went to war to make the newspapers speak of him! Of this head of Napoleon I need say little. You will tell me that I find in this, as in the rest, the traits which familiarity with the characters and careers of the individuals induced me to look for. So be it. But can you mistake the extraordinary indications of the

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Napoleonic skull?—the piled-up forehead, as full of *imagination* as Shakspeare's; the straight superior lines of the ocular cavities, betraying *resolution;* and here, where I place my finger, the entire absence of the organs of *pity, philanthropy,* and *philoprogenitiveness?* And this head of Poe, the wonderful poet, the man of vast and sombre genius: look at the development of the temples, where the analytical and mathematical organs lie. Can you feel any surprise at finding that from this man's brain issued those extraordinary results of intellectual analysis, the *Gold Bug,* the *Murders in the Rue Morgue,* and the *Mystery of Marie Rouget?*"

He would discourse thus by the hour if I would only listen to him. I give but a brief and bald report of his vivid language. As he spoke, his eyes would glow, his face flush, and his low voice grow sonorous and full of a strange excitement. When at length some other visitor would come in—some chance acquaintance, bringing with him the atmosphere of the outer world and gay student life—Hamilton Theack would suddenly cease speaking, restore the object of his discourse to the shelf, concealed by a green curtain, from which he had taken it, and all at once his excitement would disappear, and he would relapse into silence and melancholy.

I was convinced that his devotion to craniology and belief in it was simply an eccentricity—the chance bias of a mind prone to busy itself with what was *outré,* and aiming to reduce to a science the vague speculations of erratic thinkers, for the intellectual satisfaction of clearing up what was misty, and defining what hitherto had remained indefinite. It was only some years afterward, when I met with him again on a brief visit to the city of New York, that I had this theory in regard to him completely overturned, and ascertained from his own lips that, in studying thus profoundly the science of craniology, he had a distinct and important object in view.

The visit I refer to took place in the year 1863, about seven years after my parting with him at Harvard. These years had been for me full of vicissitudes. The hot current of the great civil war had swept me on, as it swept so many thousands of persons, and I had completely lost sight, and scarcely remembered the existence, of the young student with whom I had spent so much of my time at college. He was now to be recalled to me. Soon after my arrival in New York I was walking along one of the streets in the vicinity of the Park—what one precisely I do not now remember—when, chancing to raise my eyes, I saw before me a small sign in front of a dingy building, containing the words, "Dr. Hamilton Theack." It is always pleasant to meet with an old friend or see a familiar name in a strange place, and I at once stopped, went to the door above which the small sign hung, and knocked. It was opened by my friend in person, and I took in at one glance the small office and its owner. Between Hamilton Theack the physician and Hamilton Theack the student there was little difference, except that all the personal traits of the individual seemed to have deepened and become more pronounced and salient. He was utterly pale, and his dark eyes were sunk more deeply in their sockets than before. The expression of haunting melancholy had also increased in intensity, and his thin lips were contracted by what seemed the habitual presence of mental depression. His dress was black, as before, but had become a little threadbare, and but for its extreme neatness, would have appeared poverty-stricken. As to his surroundings, these indicated very clearly that there had been no improvement in his fortunes. The office was small, dingy, and almost bare of furniture. A pine table containing some medical books stood in the middle of the room on the bare floor; there were only three or four chairs of the plainest and cheapest sort; and in the grate (for the season was autumn, and quite cold) a very few coals diffused only a sickly glimmer. The poor apartment was rich in one feature only—the long ranges of skulls and casts of skulls covering nearly one side of the room. These grinned at me in a manner which was far from enlivening; and a part of the weird and melancholy character of my surroundings seemed to enter into my mood as I sat down.

Dr. Theack met me with evident pleasure. His pale face lit up, he grasped my hand warmly, and then began that interchange of personal intelligence in reference to ourselves which old acquaintances, meeting after long separation, are apt to indulge in. I gave him an account of my life in Virginia after leaving college, and he informed me, in turn, of his own movements. He had begun the practice of his profession in New York, and hoped, he said, in course of time to make a comfortable, if moderate, living. The competition, however, he added, was very great; his personal address—a matter of very great importance in his profession—was not, he feared, such as to promise him very rapid success; meanwhile he had reduced his personal expenditure to the lowest possible point, was careful, above all, not to run in debt, and hoped that in due time he would attain to a fair practice.

"When you ought to marry," I said, laughing. "All physicians should marry. In your profession, my dear Theack, it is the married, not the unmarried, man who is called in to treat a certain and very remunerative class of ailments."

At these words his face suddenly colored.

"Ah," I said, "I see I have struck home!

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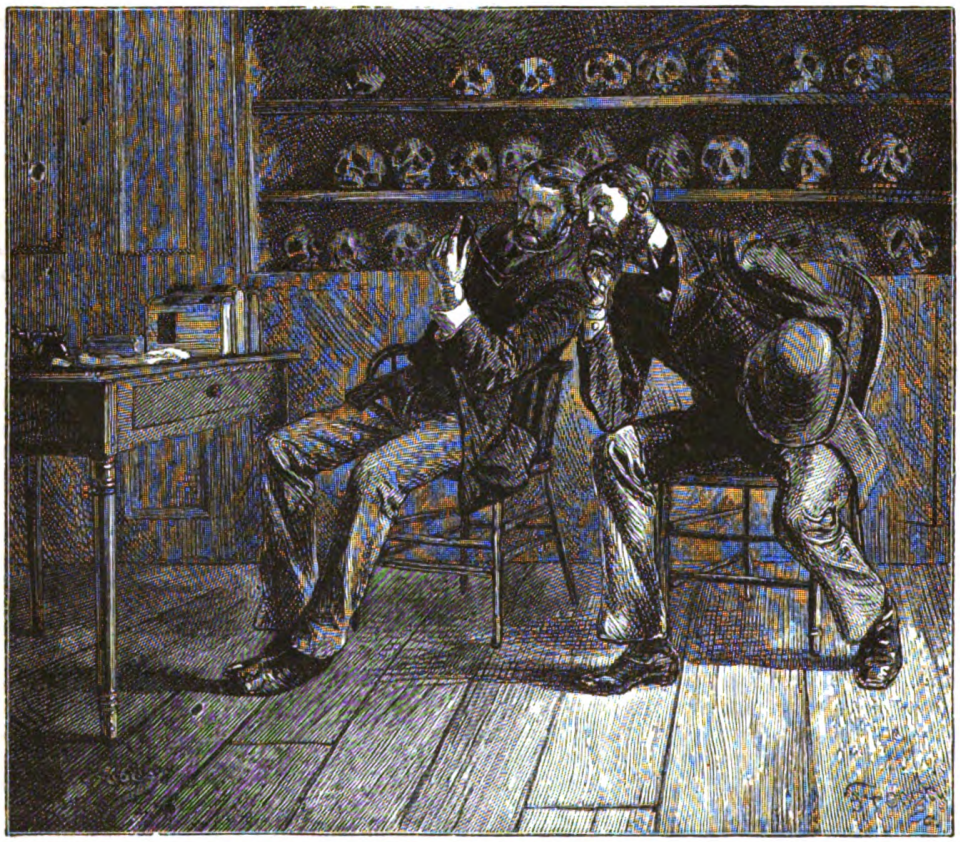
You have a Mrs. Theack in view, I see. Who is she, my dear friend? Come, I know you have her photograph."

I was about to add, "as you can not have her skull," but I was afraid of wounding the romantic susceptibilities of a lover.

My friend hesitated. I saw the old reserved look in his face; but then he seemed to gain courage, and said,

"You are right. Why should I have any concealments from you, friend?"

He put his hand into his breast, and drew out a small gold locket, attached to a narrow black silk ribbon, which he opened and held toward me. The locket contained a miniature on porcelain of a beautiful girl of about seventeen—one of the sweetest faces I have ever seen.



"THE LOCKET CONTAINED A MINIATURE ON PORCELAIN OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL."

"Well," I said, after looking at it for some moments, "I congratulate you, my dear fellow, on your choice of a sweetheart. A young lady with a face as charming as that might make any man's heart beat. I hope, for your sake, that your voyage to the tranquil harbor of matrimony may prove prosperous, and that you may soon arrive."

He shook his head with an air of deep melancholy.

"I am so miserably poor," he said.

"But poverty is not an impassable bar to matrimony—or, at least, it is a bar which in due time falls before energy and perseverance. I have said that a face like your lady-love's is enough to make any man fall in love. I will add that it seems to be the face of a person as faithful as she is beautiful. She will wait for you."

He shook his head again.

"I have little or no prospect of succeeding in my profession to the requisite extent."

"The requisite extent?"

"She is the daughter of a wealthy merchant, who loves money more than he loves all else put together in this world. He is a millionaire; I am nearly a pauper. He aims at what is called a 'brilliant match' for his daughter; and do you believe that even in ten years from this time I shall be a brilliant match for any body?"

I can still hear the sad accents of the speaker as he uttered these words. He leaned his elbow on the table near which he was sitting, rested his head upon his hand, and after a moment added, in a very low voice,

"You are a friend—the only human being I have ever felt strongly drawn toward. There is another obstacle still to my marriage, a fatal one, if not removed."

These words strongly excited my curiosity.

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"What other obstacle?" I said.

"One which—which I have—which there is but one means of removing."

"You are a perfect Sphinx, my dear friend. What is this obstacle, which I am glad to find is not an insuperable one, inasmuch as you intimate that there is a means of overcoming it?"

"It is a fatal obstacle, if I can not show that it does not exist," he said, in a low voice.

"Tell me what it is. I need not assure you that in speaking to me you are speaking to a friend, and may do so without reserve."

"I feel that I may. It is a singular circumstance in connection with myself that I am going to reveal to you. Do you remember when we were at Harvard what a strange passion I had for craniological studies, and how I had even then made a collection of human skulls and plaster casts of others?"

"Certainly I remember it. If I had forgotten it, a glance at your present surroundings would certainly recall it to my mind," I said.

"Naturally. And you no doubt supposed that my passion for this strange subject was only the result of eccentricity; that I studied it purely in the light of general science, without reference to any special object which I had in view."

"I confess I did think so."

"You could not have made a greater mistake."

"Indeed?"

"I had a special object in view from first to last."

"What object?"

"An end which I hope in a very short time now to attain."

"You are speaking in riddles, and even more mysteriously than before," I said.

He did not reply for nearly five minutes. He then raised his head—I saw a singularly reckless expression upon his countenance—and he said, abruptly, "Do you believe in craniology?"

"In craniology?"

"Yes. Let us adopt, as a definition of the word, *the science of ascertaining an individual's character from the conformation of his skull.*"

"Frankly, I do not believe in it," was my reply.

"Then I need say no more. You would not understand me."

"Say that I am a believer in your favorite theory, my dear friend, and continue."

"If I do so, you will only set me down as a dreamer."

"We are one and all dreamers in this world. Go on."

He hesitated. I saw the same reckless expression upon his face—the expression of a man who endeavors to laugh away some subject of bitter pain. He then added, in the same abrupt manner,

"I shrink from speaking plainly. You would understand that, if— Let me present you with a hypothesis."

"Present it."

"Suppose that you were a devout believer in this science you reject."

"I will suppose it."

"Suppose, further, that you were the victim of a disgrace—a taint in the blood—which this rejected science would enable you to remove."

I looked at the speaker with an expression which I suppose was one of imbecility.

"To remove," he added, "as far as your own convictions went, at least."

"Yes; I understand—that is to say, I do not understand you in the least."

"Suppose," he went on, with increasing excitement, "that this secret taint poisoned your very life and plunged you into a settled and hopeless melancholy."

"I will suppose it."

"Then listen, friend, and you shall hear—"

The communication which my companion had evidently made up his mind to, was suddenly rendered impossible. Cries were heard from the street in front of the office, and going quickly to the door, we discovered the cause of this outcry. A child, in endeavoring to cross the street, had been run over by a street car, and hastening to the spot, we found that one of her ankles—she was a little girl of about twelve—was nearly severed in two. Dr. Theack immediately gave all his attention to the case, and learning from the little sufferer where she lived, called a carriage and placed her in it. He then followed, took her in his arms, and the carriage drove away.

On the next morning I called on him again. He was not at his office, and he had not given me the address of his lodgings. On the next day I called again, with the same want of success; and as I was obliged to take the night train south, I left New York without again seeing Dr. Hamilton Theack or hearing the promised communication.

In the year 1873 I was requested by one of my friends, editing a literary periodical in New York, to prepare him an article on the circumstances attending the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and, supposing that I should be able by a personal exploration of the locality of this great historical event to collect some interesting details and anecdotes, I determined to make a visit to the little borough of Yorktown.

I reached the village, sleepily reposing near the great York River, on a beautiful day of summer, and proceeded to explore its environs, visiting in turn the half-effaced redoubts once shaken by the thunder of cannon; the old Nelson mansion in the town, against which Governor Nelson, its owner, himself directed the American fire; the Moore House, near at hand, where

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the commissioners met; and the spot where the British laid down their arms. Among these localities I was particularly interested by the Moore House, or, as it was called formerly, "Temple Farm." This interest was not from its connection with the surrender. It had associations more attractive as the country residence of Alexander Spotswood, formerly Governor of Virginia, a man of striking character, in whom I had always taken a deep interest. It was he who had acted as Marlborough's aid-de-camp at Blenheim, who had marched with his "Horseshoe Knights" to the Blue Ridge and founded an order of Virginia chivalry, and had proved himself so mighty a worker in iron that he was called the "Tubal-cain of Virginia."

Highly pleased now with the opportunity of visiting a spot which I associated in fancy with the tall form of the brave old soldier, whose grave was in a dilapidated inclosure near at hand, I strolled across the grass-plot in front of the half-ruined mansion, which seemed entirely uninhabited, and finding the front-door ajar, pushed it open and entered.

My first impression was that I had been mistaken in supposing, from the lonely and deserted appearance of the building and grounds, that the house was unoccupied. In the heavy layer of dust on the floor of the passage and the steps of the staircase I distinctly observed traces of human footsteps. They were evidently, however, not the steps of the members of a family ascending and descending. A single human being had plainly left these traces, and this human being, it was obvious, must still be in the house, unless he had descended by some other means than this, the main and apparently the only staircase.

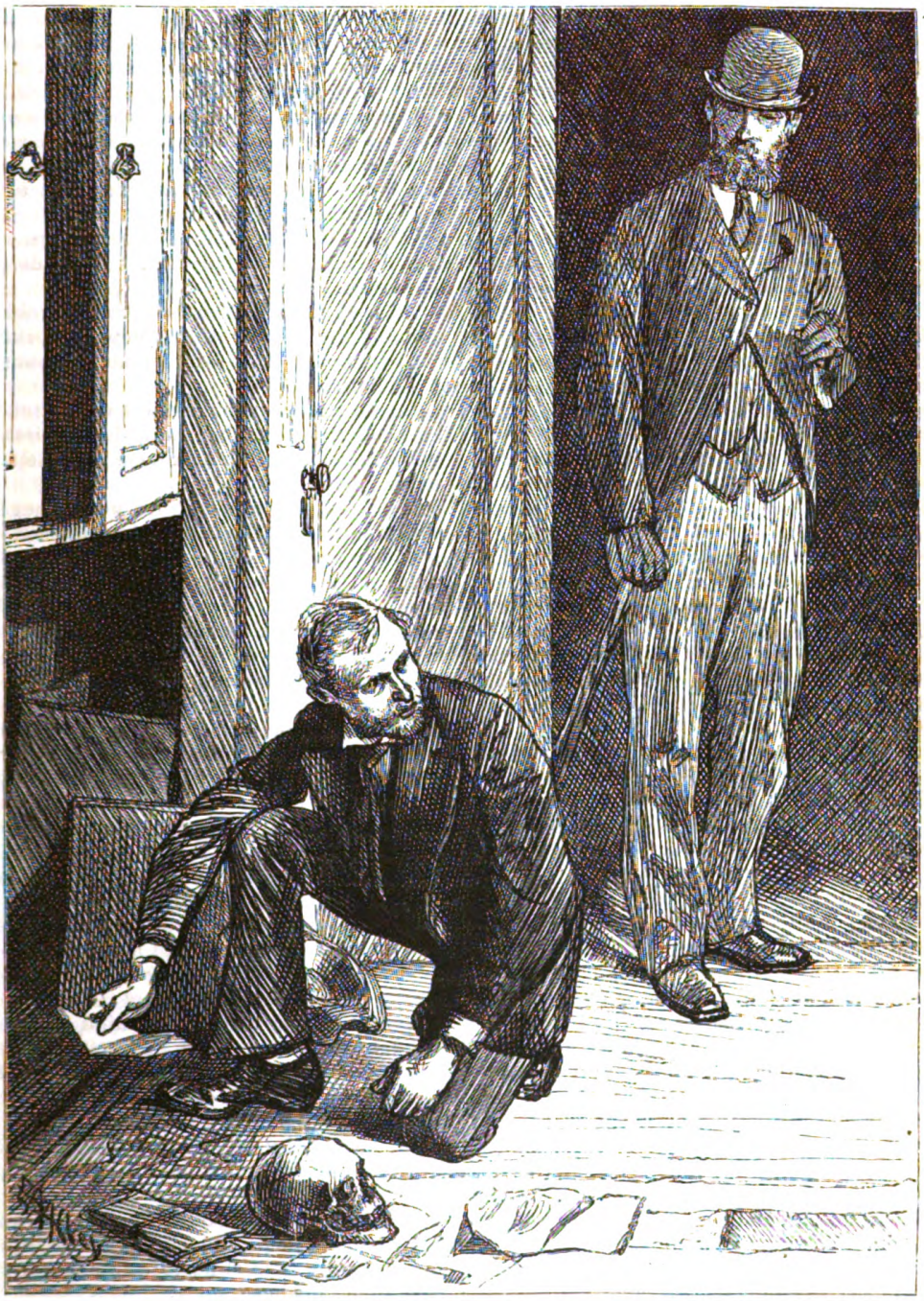
It would be difficult to describe the singular impression which these foot-prints made upon me. There was something in their appearance inexpressibly weird and even startling; and this effect was no doubt produced by the extreme silence and loneliness which wrapped the whole mansion. As I had approached the house I had seen no evidence whatever that any human being had occupied it for years. The fence around the grass-plot was half fallen; the grass had grown over a pathway formerly leading to the door from a small gate, which now hung by one rusty hinge; and a squirrel, which had been playing, evidently with a sense of perfect security and isolation, within a few feet of the ruined porch, overgrown with tangled and neglected vines, fled affrighted at my approach, and dodged out of sight around the trunk of a tree, plainly startled by the appearance of a strange intruder—a human being. The house itself was forlornest of the forlorn, and seemed to have been definitely abandoned to the owls. No household utensils were visible; no smoke rose from any chimney. All was silent, lonely, desolate, deserted. So that when I pushed open the half-closed door, and suddenly saw before me, on the dusty floor of the passage, those footsteps, which extended from the front-door to a door on the left, then to a door on the right—or rather to the two *doorways*, for the doors had disappeared—and then ascended the staircase, *and did not descend again*, the impression produced upon my mind was weirdest of the weird.

For some moments I stood looking at the footsteps in silence. Not a sound disturbed the profound stillness of the locality, and this circumstance contributed to heighten the effect produced upon me. I seemed in a few moments to have left behind me at an immeasurable distance all abodes of men, and to have entered some strange region full of loneliness and mystery. What should I do? The unknown is always the uncertain, sometimes the dangerous. Reason acting coolly ought, no doubt, to have persuaded me that there was nothing threatening in the mere trace of footsteps on a dusty floor, however deserted the spot; but imagination at such moments asserts its sway, and I found myself hesitating what course I should pursue.

Curiosity at last gained the day, and having remained for some time listening without hearing any noise, I slowly ascended the staircase, upon which the dust lay so deep as to form a species of carpet, muffling the noise of my steps. A straight flight of steps led first to a small landing, where the staircase turned to the left, and by a shorter flight reached an open space on the second floor, lit by a narrow window. On this space opened the doors of two or three chambers, and as the doors were not closed, I could see that the chambers contained no furniture whatever, and were tapestried with cobwebs, evidently the result of long disuse. A glance indicated these features of the second floor. I then concentrated my whole attention on the footsteps, which, on reaching the top of the staircase, turned toward a room on the right, into which, from my position at the moment, I was unable to look. From this room I now thought that I heard a low rustling issue. With a slight acceleration of the pulse, I slowly and silently approached the open door, reached the threshold, and, looking in, saw in front of a closet in the wall, the door of which was open, the figure of a man on his knees, with his back turned to me, engaged in some occupation which I was not able to discover. I was not conscious of having made the least noise, but instinct seemed to warn him of the presence of another human being near him. He rose quickly to his feet, turned round, and I recognized Hamilton Theack.

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The encounter was so wholly unexpected that I stood for a moment looking at him without the power to utter a word. He was more like a ghost than a living man. His frame was emaciated, and resembled



"I SAW THE FIGURE OF A MAN ON HIS KNEES."

that of a skeleton dressed in black, and his cheeks were hollow and devoid of all color. His eyes had always been deep set; they were now sunken and inflamed to an extent that it was painful to behold. A last circumstance all at once attracted my entire attention. In his left hand, clasped closely to his breast as though to guard the repulsive object, was a human skull, yellow from age, and with a paper label pasted upon it, apparently containing written characters.

On first seeing me he gave a nervous start. He recognized me, however, at once, and drawing a long breath, apparently of relief,

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advanced toward me, holding out his hand, and addressing me by my name.

"How singular it is that we should meet here in this deserted house!" he said. "What could have brought you here?"

I took his offered hand, and replied,

"Well, my dear Theack, it does not seem to occur to you that I might with propriety ask *you* the same question. I assure you that my surprise is as great as your own, if not greater, and there is some ground for it, you must allow, since you live in New York, while I live in Virginia."

"Yes, yes, you are right," he said, in his deep, melancholy voice.

"And then," I said, pointing to the skull, and endeavoring to assume a light tone—"and then consider the mysterious occupation in which I find you engaged, prosecuting your eccentric tastes for *craniology* in this out-of-the-way place; adding to your collection under circumstances so strange. As to my own presence, I am a mere tourist, passing an idle hour here in this house which was the residence formerly of a man of some note in Virginia, Governor Spotswood—a fact with which it is possible you were unacquainted."

His melancholy did not relax as I spoke.

"I was well aware of the fact; it induced me to come all the way from New York to visit this house."

"Indeed? And may I ask how Governor Spotswood, a man dead more than a century since, came to interest you, as he plainly does?"

"Yes, greatly, very greatly," he replied, in a dreamy voice; "and if I had only known what I should find in this house, in that dusty closet there, half buried under cobwebs in the darkest corner, I should have made this journey years ago instead of now."

"You really excite my curiosity in the highest degree, my dear friend," I said, "and it would be extremely unkind in you to leave it longer ungratified. I say this at the risk of appearing intrusive and even ill-bred; but remember that you were about to give me an explanation of your strange passion for craniological studies when I met you in New York, just after the war. You were prevented, you will also remember, from telling me what object you had in view by the accident to the little girl run over by the street car, and I was unable to see you again. You may now finish your explanation, and I await it with very great curiosity, I assure you."

"That is natural," he said, in a low voice. I could see that he was hesitating.

"You have an excellent opportunity to deliver your views, my dear friend," I went on, still endeavoring to speak cheerfully, "since you hold, I see, in your hand what may enable you to illustrate your philosophy."

"Yes," he said, in the same low, hesitating tone.

"Is that the skull of Governor Alexander Spotswood? If so, I should like of all things to look at it. I am familiar with his character and career: he was a hardy soldier, a man of inflexible resolution, as brave as steel, imperious in character, but, as Colonel Byrd tells us, so gentle and tender in his family that people laughed at him and called him *uxorious*. A piquant assemblage of traits, you must confess; and I should not be averse to examining the head of such an individual, with you at hand to point out the phrenological indications."

"This is not the skull of Governor Spotswood," was the low reply, in a tone of deep depression.

"Whose, then? You will not be able probably to answer that question. But stop! there is a label—the name, no doubt, of the individual—"

I made a movement of the hand to take the skull from him, but he suddenly drew back, exclaiming, in a quick, confused tone,

"No, no!"

As he spoke he tore off with nervous and trembling fingers the scrap of paper, crumpled it up, and put it in his pocket. It was an inner pocket of his coat, over his left breast, and as he threw back the lapel, I saw that this pocket already contained a bundle of papers, yellow from age, and written over with faded ink.

For some moments after this singular action Theack remained perfectly silent, his breast heaving, and drawing his breath with evident difficulty. He was plainly laboring under strong emotion of some description, and was hesitating apparently whether he should or should not follow some course. At last he shook his head slowly, with a grave, depressed air, and said, deliberately,

"All this must excite your curiosity more than it has ever been excited up to this moment, my friend. I will be frank with you, and say that, some minutes since, I had nearly resolved to unburden my mind of this whole mysterious matter; but I must defer the explanation for the present. Indeed, I am not in a physical condition to explain myself: the narrative, to be understood, would necessarily be of some length; and it might not even suit your own convenience to listen to it."

"Oh, perfectly! perfectly! Do not let that dissuade you. My visit is one of idle curiosity—my time of no value whatever."

He shook his head anew.

"I fear I can not. I have scarcely the strength. I have been quite ill, as you may see from my appearance; and then—and then— Pardon me, friend; this painful subject must be deferred to another time. To be frank with you, my physical weakness is not the only obstacle. "I have

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here"—he laid his hand upon the breast of his coat—"some papers which it is necessary for me first to examine. I have merely glanced at them, and have not ascertained their contents, only that they contain information which I have come hundreds of miles to search for."

"You came to look for these papers?"

"Yes; something told me that they must be in existence, and I first visited Richmond. There I examined the old documents in the General Court which were rescued from the conflagration of the city, and the archives of the Commonwealth in the clerk's office of the House of Delegates in the Capitol. I could find nothing, and repaired to Williamsburg, the old colonial capital, where I supposed some ancient documents might be discovered, but discovered none. Then, as a last hope, I came to this house."

"What induced you to do so, may I ask?"

"The fact that it was once the residence of Governor Spotswood."

"Of Spotswood?"

"Yes," he said, in a low tone. "It was during the term of Governor Spotswood, that is, early in the eighteenth century, that—that the events I wished to examine the record of took place."

"And—"

"Yes," he interrupted, speaking in quick and feverish tones—"yes, I have at last been fortunate. I have discovered what I was looking for. I have here—here in my breast—what I have longed for years to secure. But I have not had time to examine the documents; they may—I can not tell—I—I—"

He began to tremble, and, turning toward the closet, again stooped down, and felt carefully in every dark corner.

"There are no more," he muttered, "but perhaps—"

He rose quickly, and in turn explored a second closet.

"Nothing," he muttered.

He then passed rapidly by me, carefully examined the other rooms, which were without closets and wholly bare, and coming out to the top of the stairs, said,

"I have all the papers the house contains. There is nothing down stairs. Come, let us get out of this lonely place; the air stifles me!"

He went hastily down stairs as he spoke, and I could see from the manner in which he grasped the baluster that he was very weak—probably from the illness he had mentioned. I followed him, and we left the house, followed the overgrown path, passed through the gate hanging by its one rusty hinge, and walked toward Yorktown in silence. He went on for a hundred yards without speaking. He then said, more calmly, but in a tone of utter depression,

"All this must necessarily appear strange to the last degree, friend, and I regret that I can not tell you every thing at once. It is enough for me to say that I can not do so to-day. I promise you one thing, however, that whatever the result may be of my examination of the papers I have discovered, you shall sooner or later hear my whole story, and the explanation of this singular incident—our meeting here. Pardon my reserve now, and do not think ill of me. I shall return at once to New York—the boat passes Yorktown at half past four—it is now just four, I see, and I shall take the night train from Baltimore."

He carefully wrapped his handkerchief around the skull and walked on, evidently sunk in gloomy thought. No further allusion was made to the subject of our discourse. We reached the village, and at four o'clock the York River steamer made its appearance, and Hamilton Theack embarked for New York.

I have given thus, as fully as was possible in so brief a space, an account of my personal relations with Hamilton Theack, and of our meeting at three distinct places and periods—at Harvard in 1859, at New York in 1866, and in the neighborhood of Yorktown in the year 1873. Before proceeding to speak of the second visit which I paid him in New York, in 1874, when I found him no longer poor and single, but married and living in an elegant mansion, I must copy a passage from a letter which I received in the spring of that year from a friend residing in an old country-house on York River, and describe a visit which I made to the place in consequence of this letter. Of the somewhat singular passage referred to above, the following is an exact copy. Having mentioned the discovery of an old forgotten drain leading from the house toward York River, and noticed the fact that "the hollow echo under the horses' tread had often made the servants say there was buried treasure there," the writer of the letter thus continued:

"Speaking of hidden treasure, a strange incident occurred here some time since. On the broad beach, a mile or so from the house, was a large holly-tree, a very king among trees, being nearly as large as the largest oak I ever saw. The symmetry of its shape was complete. It stood almost alone, viewing a sheet of water three miles in expanse, and it had served as a landmark for long years to the sailors and oystermen, who in return had incrusted its trunk with names, dates, and other marks. It was justly an object of interest to us all, and its rich berries illumined many a Christmas for our household. You may imagine our surprise and distress when, on walking down to show it to a friend, we found it green and beautiful still, but *lying prone upon the earth*. A ditch eight feet or more in depth had been dug around its roots, and the earth inclosed by this circle had been riddled through and through as if by iron instruments. The tree had consequently fallen upon its side. This work must have furnished employment for many men during many hours, and yet no one knows exactly why it was

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done. We made many inquiries, but with little result. A brig had been seen in the river a day or two [before ?], but she took neither oysters nor grain. The negroes say that at night her crew dug up a large tree on the adjoining farm, and remarked they had made a mistake. A young white man of reliable character simply states that when he saw our tree lying on its side, he examined it, and found an impression in the earth under the roots, as if a square chest had been removed. It had rained before he saw the tree. The negroes say they had heard it called a treasure tree, but had never thought much about it. And this is all we know of it."*

This passage greatly excited my curiosity. I have always felt a keen interest in the subject of buried treasure, and am satisfied that large amounts of money were really hidden at certain spots along the Atlantic coast by the old marauders of the eighteenth century. The letter produced a strong effect upon my mind; I had abundant leisure at the moment; and I resolved to visit the spot where the old holly-tree had stood, and endeavor to discover the clew to the mysterious overthrow of this ancient landmark.

The York River Railway took me to West Point, where I embarked on the steamboat, and a few hours afterward I was put off at an old wharf, and walked to my friend's house, where I was cordially welcomed. I informed him of the object of my visit, in which he warmly encouraged me, and on the next morning we went to the locality which I had come to examine—the site where the holly-tree had stood, a sort of plateau rising above the beach on a narrow tongue of land, from which was obtained a superb view of the great river, here nearly or quite three miles wide. The holly lay where it fell. It was a tree of enormous size, and evidently of great age, partially hollow, but still green and sturdy. The roots were huge, and protruded upward and sidewise, after a weird fashion; but a portion still remained in the ground, the result of which was that the foliage of the tree was still fresh and green. The ditch traced around it was perfectly defined, in spite of numerous rains which had fallen, and it was easy to make out the perforations in the interior wall of earth, the peculiar appearance of which left no doubt in my mind that they had been made by a sharp instrument, with the view of discovering whether some object was not buried immediately beneath the trunk of the tree.

Having satisfied myself of the accuracy of my friend's account so far, I proceeded, in a mood of highly excited interest, to examine the cavity beneath the upturned roots, into which I scrambled down. The result left no question that something in the shape of a square chest had been buried beneath the tree. Not only were the sharp traces still plain in the earth, but, what was still more conclusive, the base of the tree itself and the interior of the roots bore the distinct impress of the object. After a careful inspection, I could come to but one conclusion, namely, that a long time before, and probably when the tree was small, an opening had been hollowed out directly beneath it, that in this cavity a box of iron or some other durable substance had been inserted, and that the roots of the tree had gradually enveloped the box, taking the impression of its sharp outline. The box was gone, but there were the roots with its stamp upon them and the marks in the earth. Having an ordinary two-foot rule with me, I measured these marks without difficulty. They indicated that the chest had been four feet six inches long, and three feet six inches wide; the depth could not be accurately determined, but had probably been about three feet, or perhaps a little more.

Having terminated this first examination of the locality of the strange incident, I came up out of the cavity and looked around. I confess I did so in that state of mind which is described by the word *dazed*. What was the meaning of all this? If the incident had taken place in the Middle Ages, when romance and mystery were so much in vogue, I might have felt less surprise; but to have such an incident occur in the nineteenth century, in the commonplace and prosaic year 1874, was startling. There was before me plain evidence of the fact that a party of men had stolen silently to this spot under cover of darkness, labored for hours, burrowed under the great holly, and borne off a chest containing something, and disappeared. Who were those men, and what did the chest contain? How did they know, or why did they suppose, that any such object was buried beneath the tree? Whence had they come, whither had they gone, and what did the whole mean?

I went to and fro, backward and forward, over the whole ground in the vicinity of the tree, without making the least discovery. After two hours thus spent I gave up the investigation, and resolved to return to the house. It occurred to me, however, to stroll down to a little cove in sight, where I thought it probable that the party had landed, and here, half buried in the sand, over which the waves went and came, I suddenly observed a small glittering object, and at once hastened toward it, a vague instinct telling me that I would find at last a clew to this nocturnal mystery. I was not mistaken. I picked up the object, and saw that it was a small golden locket. Something in its appearance seemed familiar; and, opening it, I saw that it was the miniature showed me by Hamilton Theack when I visited him at his office in New York—that of the beau-

* The letter from which the above is taken, word for word, is now lying before the writer of this paper.

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tiful young girl with whom he was so passionately in love.

This discovery incited in me unbounded astonishment. What connection could my friend Hamilton Theack have with this party of marauders, apparently searching for buried treasure? Had he been present? If so, what had induced him to make this singular search? If present, he had probably been the leader of the party. If the leader, then, no doubt, he had originated and organized the whole affair. What had led him to do so? What was his object? What had he expected to find? *Why* had he expected to find any thing? and what, if any thing, had he found? These questions chased themselves through my mind, and the mystery seemed only to become deeper as I pondered. There was the tree lying, stout and lusty still, upon the earth, where no wind could have laid it; there were the marks of picks and the sharp outline of the chest. There, lastly, was the locket, which said as plainly as if it uttered the words, "Hamilton Theack has visited this spot." There could be no reasonable doubt of the fact. The locket had always been guarded carefully on his person, and could only have left it by accident—in the hurry, say, of embarking or disembarking in darkness. Had I found any other object connecting him with the incident, I might have doubted—a letter, say, or the envelope of a letter addressed "Hamilton Theack." Such an incident might have been odd, but nothing more. A letter may be dropped from a passing steamer, and the tide might wash it ashore at any point. But I had not found a letter: I had found the locket which I knew my friend never allowed to leave his person. Then—I came round fatally to that conclusion—then he had accompanied this party of unknown persons who came and went in silence; he it was who, in all probability, had been the leader and head of the singular expedition.

I exhibited the locket to my friend R——, and, thinking it unnecessary to take him into my confidence, asked him if he had ever seen the original of the miniature, or knew whom it was intended to represent. He replied that the face was wholly unknown to him—certainly the likeness was not that of any young lady in Gloucester County or the region around Yorktown. After a new search, which resulted in nothing further, we went back to the hospitable residence of my friend; and when, after a visit of a few days, during which I again visited the fallen tree, I returned home, I took the locket with me. It is unnecessary to say that I designed restoring it to Hamilton Theack; and I came near doing so by inclosing it in a letter, with an account of the circumstances under which I found it. This, however, seemed unsafe, and I determined to wait until I made a projected visit to Richmond, in order to send it by express. This visit was unexpectedly delayed, and meanwhile I found that business required my presence in New York. I therefore resolved to preserve the locket, to take it with me to New York, to call on Dr. Hamilton Theack in his small office near the Park, and after restoring to him his precious treasure, demand in return for its recovery a full explanation of every mystery connected with his study of craniology, his visit to the deserted house near Yorktown, and the discovery of the locket, half buried in the sand on the banks of York River, near the fallen tree.

My visit to New York was delayed until October of the same year, 1874. I then arrived by the night train from the south, which reaches Jersey City Ferry about daylight; and going to my accustomed and favorite hotel, near Union Square, made my toilet, breakfasted, and then set out first of all for Dr. Theack's office. I remembered the street and locality perfectly well, and went straight to the spot. The small sign with "Dr. Hamilton Theack" upon it had disappeared, and the room was occupied by another person, who knew nothing whatever in regard to his predecessor. The disappointment was so unexpected that I scarcely knew what course to pursue. The brilliant idea, however, occurred to me to consult a directory. I returned to my hotel and asked for this useful publication, and turning to the letter T, at once discovered that Dr. Hamilton Theack resided at No. — West Twenty-third Street. Half an hour afterward I ascended the steps of the elegant residence indicated by the directory. A silent and deferential servant promptly appeared and took my card. I was shown into a drawing-room where every object indicated wealth and taste, and five minutes afterward Hamilton Theack came with a bounding step into the apartment, holding out both hands, and exclaiming, joyfully, "My dear friend, your visit is a treat indeed."

I looked at him with perfect astonishment. I am certain that if I had met him casually on Broadway, I should never have recognized him. His face was no longer thin, pale, and woe-begone. It had grown plump and ruddy, and his expression was laughing and joyous. The emaciated frame had undergone a similar metamorphosis. It no longer resembled a skeleton draped in sombre black, but was stout, well developed, and he was dressed in a handsome brown suit of the last fashion. On his finger I saw a diamond solitaire of great value, and another sparkled from the folds of his rich silk cravat. Hamilton Theack had evidently become an altogether new being, physically and morally, and I looked at him with an astonishment which I could not conceal, and which he plainly observed.

"I understand," he said, laughing: "you

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are puzzling your brain, my dear friend, to explain to your satisfaction how you find your old companion, once so poverty-stricken, living in a comfortable establishment, wearing respectable clothing, and enjoying his life a little—are you not?"

"I confess to some surprise, my dear Theack—I need not add, to very great pleasure, however, in addition."

"Of that I am quite certain. You went to my old office, did you not?"

"Yes."

"I have not occupied it for months—in fact, I have no office, and contemplate retiring from practice and visiting Europe with Mrs. Theack."

"Mrs. Theack!—there is a Mrs. Theack, then?"

"Unquestionably there is a Mrs. Theack," he laughed.

"And she is—that is to say, she was—"

"The original of the miniature I once showed you—yes; and its exact counterpart. Of that you shall judge."

He rose and rang a bell, which was answered in a moment by the deferential attendant who had admitted me.

"James," said his master, "inform Mrs. Theack that a very old friend has called to see me, and that I wish to present him to her."

"Yes, Sir."

And the door closed. Theack then resumed his seat, and said,

"You must endeavor to remember the face of the miniature, in order to compare it with the original."

"Why should you not show it to me again?" I said; "that would save me the exercise of my imagination."

"I am sorry to say I can not. I have had the misfortune to lose it—how, I am wholly unable to explain, unless the ribbon to which it was attached gave way, and it dropped without my knowledge."

"How long since?"

"You seem interested in the miniature. Well, I missed it—let me see—after a journey which I made, some time last spring."

"I am truly sorry you have lost it."

"And I too, I assure you; but I never expect to see it again."

I might have told him that I had the miniature in my pocket, where I had guarded it carefully since picking it up on the beach of York River; but there was time enough to explain all this, and I did not wish to precipitate matters.

"Well," I said, "so you are married, prosperous in your fortunes, and in vigorous health, my dear Theack—all that quite delights me, and I must add that your appearance and surroundings at the present moment are in vivid contrast to your pale face, and the rather sombre spot where our last meeting took place—the deserted house near Yorktown. I need not tell you, my dear fellow, that all this requires an explanation; and while you are thus engaged you may as well take up the broken thread, which you have twice dropped, of that other explanation—"

"Of my passion for craniology?"

"Yes."

"And the particular object of my studies?"

"Precisely."

"I promise you not to delay a full explanation of every thing now. The thread shall not break in my hands again. You will dine with me to-day, will you not? Yes? Then you shall know all you wish to know, 'over the walnuts and the wine.'"

A light step was heard coming down the staircase, and the rustle of a lady's dress; the door opened, and in came the living original of the beautiful miniature. Mrs. Theack was a young lady of about twenty-five, blonde, blue-eyed, and with a face full of the most winning smiles. I was presented to her as an old friend, and she held out a small white hand with charming grace.

"I scarcely require an introduction," she said; "Dr. Theack has spoken of you a thousand times, Sir. Believe me, I am *very* glad to see you."

Nothing could be simpler or more cordial. I resumed my seat; we entered into general conversation; and dinner was at last announced—an array of every delicacy of the season, served in a large and elegant apartment, presided over by silent and respectful waiters in white gloves, who came and went as though shod with the shoes of silence. As night fell, lights were lit, Mrs. Theack retired with smiles to the drawing-room, and her husband and myself were left alone over the wine.

"Now for my story," said Theack, entering without ceremony on the subject. "I know that you are more than willing, my friend, to let politics, the opera, the new books, and other topics wait, and listen to my personal narrative; are you not?"

"Let us lose sight of one and all, and come to the narrative, I beg you."

"Well."

"And begin at the beginning; that is to say, my dear friend, tell me all that you choose to tell. You will not weary me, I promise you."

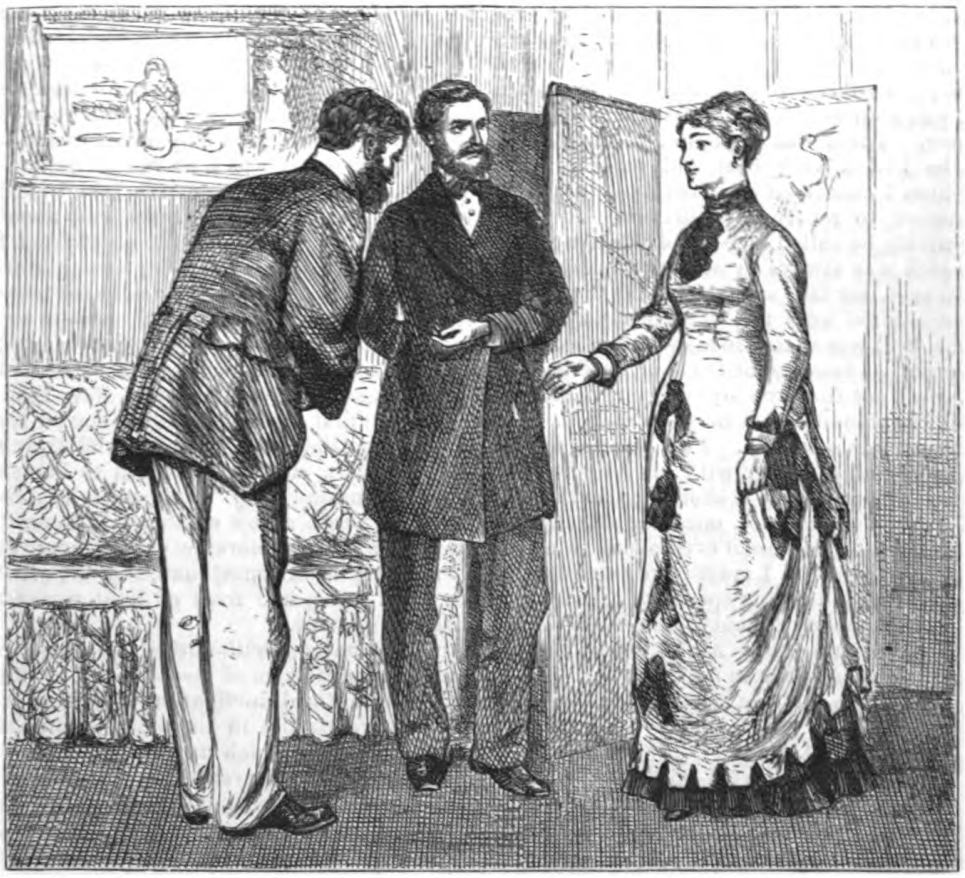
"Then I shall go back to my earliest recollections," he said, leaning back in his chair, and speaking in a musing tone. "These recollections will not detain us long, and are necessary to an intelligent comprehension of my story. I was born in the Isle of Nevis, one of the Leeward Islands, in the West Indies, my father coming of a Breton family named Théac, anglicized into Theack, and my mother of the same family with Alexander Hamilton, killed, not far from this

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spot where we now sit, by Burr in a duel. I remember the Isle of Nevis very well, particularly the vast rock rising thousands of feet above the sea, and my mother's little house, where she lived in great poverty. She was a widow, and I was an only child. I was happy, but as I grew to boyhood, I noticed one thing which made me first thoughtful, and then when I came to understand it, deeply melancholy. This was the fact that the families of the island living in our neighborhood seemed to avoid my mother, and took no notice of me, or if they did so, seemed to look at me in a singularly scornful manner, as if there was some taint about me, and I was an object of contempt. What could it mean? At first I was too young to take particular notice of this strange social ostracism. I was aware of it, without realizing its exact meaning, much less the explanation of it. But as I grew older it became more and more apparent, pressed more and more heavily upon me, and excited in me more and more a vague, mysterious uneasiness, a sort of nervous dread, as of some secret disgrace which attached, in the eyes of our neighbors, to myself and my mother.

"Things went on thus until I was sixteen years of age, and then my dear mother was taken very ill, and the physician said she could not recover. This was my first deep suffering in life; and I remember throwing myself in agony on the bed near her, and weeping passionately, as I kissed her poor thin hand, and told her I could not live without her. She looked at me with eyes full of tender tears, and murmured, 'My poor, poor child, you will live—it is not very good to live—in the Isle of Nevis at least—for us—but—'

"Her voice failed her as she thus spoke,



"SHE HELD OUT A SMALL WHITE HAND WITH CHARMING GRACE."

and a long silence followed. I was thinking of her words, which I could not understand, and at last said,

"'Why should it not be good for us—for you and me—to live here, mother?'

"Her face had been flushed by fever, but the color now faded out of her cheeks, and again she looked at me, with her former expression of deep tenderness. She did not speak, and I could see from the dreamy glance in her eyes that her mind was wandering.

"'Why *should* we not live here, mother? Dear, dear mother, tell me what this means.

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Why *you*, who are so good, so like an angel, should thus be—'

"A shadow seemed to pass over her forehead, and reverting to the language of her early years, for she was from France, she muttered,

"'*Nous sommes maudits—maudits, mon fils!*'

"These were her last words, 'We are cursed, my son.' A few moments afterward she expired, and I was alone in the world—a poor boy of sixteen, without a relative or friend on earth.

"Two years passed, and gradually the deep wound caused by my mother's death healed. Heaven is merciful, and sends its balm. I grew more cheerful, but there still was that vague, mysterious air in every one I met. All avoided me, looked sidewise at me, and seemed to regard me with loathing. I was soon to ascertain what all this meant now. There was a planter on the island who had a very beautiful daughter, for whom I conceived a boyish fondness. She seemed to return my affection—it could scarcely be called love—and when we met, which was always by accident, in some rural spot, her face smiled, and the few words she uttered were full of sweetness. Well, one day I was sitting in my poor house, when her father knocked at the door, entered, and I could see from the lowering expression of his countenance that he was enraged. His errand was soon told. I had formed or was forming an intimacy with his daughter, he said, with a scowl; it should go no further. I was to understand, once for all, that no daughter of *his* should even speak to a person like myself. I must have turned quite pale at this insulting speech of the old man—he was nearly seventy—and said, 'What is your meaning, Sir? Am I a *convict*, that no one can even speak to me?'

"'You are—do you mean you do not know it?'

"He stopped.

"'I am—am what?' I said.

"'You are the grandson, or the great-grandson, of a *pirate*—of the notorious *Theack!*'

"These words struck me like a blow in the face. I groaned, and could make no answer at first. I then exclaimed,

"'The grandson of a *pirate!* I am descended from a *pirate!*'

"'Yes, and one of the most infamous of the whole gang that once infested these waters. Every infamy was charged upon him, and in public official documents. He was from Hayti, and his son or grandson came here to Nevis to escape the disgrace attached to the name. Now you know why I forbid you to speak to my daughter. I warn you not to do so again, or—'

"He looked fiercely at me, went out, and mounting his horse, rode away. Well, I sat still for the rest of that day and during a great part of the night, reflecting. I remember my stunned feeling, and how my mind seemed to stagger under the load of my disgrace. This, then, was the explanation of those scornful glances of the neighbors, of my mother's melancholy, and of her last words, 'We are cursed, my son.' Before morning I had made up my mind what course to pursue, and had packed up my poor effects, taking special care to forget nothing which had belonged to my mother. I then went to Charlestown, and called on a money-lender of the place. What amount, I asked, would he lend me on my small property, or would he buy it? He looked at me keenly, saw that I was desperate, and offered to buy the property outright, offering me about one-third of its value. I accepted without a word, executed a deed for the tract, received the money, and went to the wharf to look for a ship about to sail—in what direction was a matter of indifference to me. A schooner was just loaded with rum, sugar, and molasses, and about to set out for New York. I inquired if I could obtain a passage on her; was answered in the affirmative. My packages were sent on board at daylight, and an hour afterward the schooner was going under full sail northward. The voyage was rapid, and in due time the vessel reached New York. I took the first lodgings I found, moved my effects into the small chamber, and trying by a resolute effort of the will to banish from my memory my whole past life, resolved to begin a new existence if I could, to pursue some honorable employment, to do my duty as an honest man, and die, when my time came, free from at least *personal* disgrace or taint.

"After mature deliberation I resolved to adopt the profession of medicine. For this I had a natural inclination, and I commenced my studies in the office of an old physician, from which a year or so afterward I passed to Harvard University, where I first made your acquaintance. You must recall my profound melancholy at that time, and my solitary habit of living. The great misery of my disgraceful origin haunted and overshadowed me. I determined to banish it, if possible, by hard study, and applied myself to my favorite science, anatomy, with all the powers of my mind. I scarcely remember how my attention was first directed to craniology as a science, but it soon became a sort of mania with me, and chance one day added a thousandfold to the interest which I took in it. I was glancing, in the college library, at an old volume of one of the earlier historians of Virginia, when my eye was suddenly arrested by my own name—Theack. The writer gave an account of the naval fight between an English ship and that commanded by *the pirate 'Blackbeard,' alias John Theack*, off the coast

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of North Carolina, in the year 1720, and stated that Theack was killed in the action, his ship captured, and his head brought to Virginia on the point of a bowsprit. In a note, the writer added that the head was delivered to Governor Spotswood, and, after public exposure, the skull was labeled with its owner's name, and preserved as a curiosity, as men preserve the rope which has hung some great criminal.

"From that moment I was seized with a singular idea: to discover, if possible, whether this melancholy relic was still in existence, and to apply to an examination of it my theories of craniology, in order to ascertain whether the human being to whom it had belonged had been the monster that he was represented to be. To have it contradict the traits attributed to him was a forlorn hope, but the idea that it might do so haunted me. I saw no other hope. The official reports of the man and his career were all blackened by hostility; for Theack was a Frenchman, and England and France were then at war. The test I dreamed of seemed the sole one remaining; if I could apply it, and the result was favorable, it might not convince others, but at least it would convince *me*. Well, this project never left my mind. I was too poor to visit Virginia then, but I resolved to do so at the earliest possible moment. I left college, established myself in New York, and, reducing my expenditures to the lowest point, gradually laid up a small sum to defray my traveling expenses. Meanwhile I made the acquaintance, by accident, of a young lady —she has just left us—conceived an ardent passion for her; and this intensified, I need not say, my desire to ascertain the real character of *Theack the pirate*. I was possessed now by another idea: that he was not a buccaneer in any sense, but the commander of a privateer sailing under French letters of marque, which would fully account for an attempt to blacken his name; and I then resolved to examine every document in reference to him that remained in existence. The opportunity to visit Virginia only came in the year 1873. I then proceeded to Richmond and examined the ancient archives there, but found nothing; thence I went to Williamsburg, the former capital, but was equally unsuccessful. Then, as a last and desperate resort, I went to the Moore House, near Yorktown, or Temple Farm, as it was once called, Governor Spotswood's country residence, led by a faint hope that I might there find something. I was not mistaken, as you know. In the corner of a dark closet on the second floor I discovered a number of papers, which I saw at a glance related to the subject of my search; and then, as I continued to grope, my hand fell upon that skull, to which was attached a paper containing the words, 'Theack the Pirate.' I had just made this discovery when you came into the room; the scene which ensued between us you will no doubt remember.

"Well, friend, I came near making then and there a clean breast of every thing. I was prevented by two considerations—physical prostration and a sense of shame. I had been very ill before leaving New York, and had not recovered from my nervous prostration; and then I had not examined the papers taken from the closet, and feared that they might only confirm the vile character attributed to Theack. It was only on my way to New York and after my arrival that I could make the examination. Let me come at once to the point, and say that the result restored to me my self-respect, and made me the happiest man alive, for it resulted in—my marriage.

"I shall proceed to explain what I mean. First, I applied to the skull my craniological tests, and was overjoyed. The organs of this man, who for a century and a half had borne the reputation of cruelty, brutality, and general infamy, were those of a brave, generous, and kindly soldier, endowed with some of the finest traits of humanity. Either this had been his real character, or craniology was a delusion; and as I believed in the science implicitly, *I* at least was convinced, and thus was relieved from that sense of degradation which had so long oppressed me. This, however, was only one point gained. The more important inquiry remained—whether the papers which I had discovered in the house near Yorktown contained evidence of the real character of the man, or facts connected with his career. The result of this examination I shall state briefly. The papers consisted of the report of Lieutenant Maynard, giving an account of the naval fight with 'the famous pirate *Blackbeard, alias John Theack*,' in which he was stigmatized as a desperado and wretch; of an official communication on the subject from Governor Spotswood to the Virginia Burgesses, apparently a copy; and of documents found on board the 'pirate ship.' Among the latter was the official commission from the French monarch to his trusty subject Jean Théac to cruise under letters of marque against English vessels, the two countries being at war; a list of the prizes captured by the said Captain Jean Théac; and the official certificates of the officers of the ports in which the prizes were condemned and sold, in regular accordance with maritime regulations. Thus the man stigmatized as a mere freebooter had been the commander of a privateer, regularly commissioned by the King of France. The charges blackening his name had been the result of international bitterness in time of war—certainly not attributable to Governor Spotswood, but probably to English ship-owners whom he had despoiled.

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"So much for that, the great point, my dear friend. This singular investigation had ended, you see, in the complete vindication of my ancestor's character—he was no more a pirate than Jean Bart or Paul Jones—and I and my poor mother had lived all those years under undeserved disgrace. But I have not yet finished my account. A more singular circumstance still remains to be mentioned. Among the papers captured on board my ancestor's vessel was one addressed to 'André Théac, Martinique,' carefully folded, sealed—that is to say, it had evidently *been* sealed, though the seal was now broken; and this paper, strange to say, contained no other writing whatever. The fact, I need not tell you, excited my astonishment, and for a long time I vainly puzzled my brain to make out the meaning of this paper. Would you like to see it?"

"Of all things," I replied.

Hamilton Theack rose, went to a secretary in an adjoining room (the library), opened it, took a paper from it, and returned to his seat.

"Look!" he said, holding the yellow sheet toward me; "here is the address on the outside, 'André Théac, Martinique,' here is the broken wax, and here is the letter—nothing!"

I took the paper, scanned it closely, saw that it was blank, and returned it with the comment, "So you did not toss aside that paper. What value can it have? It contains nothing."

"It contains a great deal," he said, "as I shall speedily demonstrate. The idea of tossing it aside never entered my mind. You are an unbeliever in the chain of reasoning leading me to my faith in craniology, but to other modes of reasoning you must give your assent, namely, to that which I adopted on this occasion. What was the object, I asked myself, of Captain Théac in writing the words, 'André Théac, Martinique,' on the back of this sheet? That might have amounted to nothing—he might have *intended* to write the letter afterward. But then the letter was *folded;* more still, it was carefully *sealed.* Then it contained some communication for André Théac, of Martinique; and I of course came to the conclusion that the letter was written in sympathetic ink, in accordance with a private understanding between Jean and André Théac. Well, no sooner had I reached this conviction than I applied the ordinary tests, with which my chemical studies had made me perfectly familiar. The acetate of lead is generally employed on such occasions, and I applied sulphureted hydrogen to the paper, in order to bring out the suspected writing, but nothing appeared. I then resorted to the test for writing traced with an infusion of chloride of copper, or the salts of cobalt—heat. You may see the result."

He rose, held the sheet to the fire, and gradually faint blue characters appeared upon it, fading slowly again, as the paper cooled, when taken away.

"The letter to André Théac had been written with the nitrate or sulphate of cobalt," continued Theack; "and to save you the trouble of deciphering it in the ancient Breton French, I will repeat its substance. It was addressed to Jean Théac's brother, as the words *Cher Frère* at the beginning indicated, and the writer made this statement. He had been chased, he said, by an English cruiser into Chesapeake Bay, and as the Englishman was double his strength, he had endeavored to avoid fighting, more especially as he had on board nearly six millions of livres, the proceeds of the sale of prizes. Finding that he was closely pursued and in imminent danger of capture, he had proceeded to conceal this large sum at a spot not far from the mouth of York River, which he reached in a row-boat under cover of darkness, with half a dozen of the trustiest of his crew. They had landed, selecting a prominent point of land on the north bank of the river, and had there buried the treasure, which was contained in a box bound with iron. The letter containing this information he hoped to send by some passing vessel or trusty messenger, so that, in the event of his capture or death, his brother might recover the treasure and convey it to his wife for her benefit and that of her infant child. The exact spot, he added, where the chest was concealed was two leagues north-northwest of the fishing village of Yorktown, on the north bank of York River, at fifty-three paces from the beach, under a small holly-tree, standing by itself, which tree had been dug up, and then replanted directly above the chest. The date of this paper was August 10, 1720, just preceding the engagement in which the writer lost his life.

"You will now understand, my dear friend," added Hamilton Theack, "how it is that you find me living in comfort, and married to the woman of my choice. I shall not unduly lengthen out my narrative, but proceed to the end. So exciting had all these emotions proved, that I had a return of my illness, and it was not until spring in the present year, 1874, that I rose from my bed. I then lost no time in prosecuting the search for the treasure, in which I believed as firmly as in my existence. I had made strong friends of a whole family of stalwart watermen on Staten Island—a father and three sons—by unremitting attention to the mother of the young men during a desperate illness, from which she recovered, and I had no difficulty in inducing these men to accompany and assist me in an expedition of which I would tell them more at a future time, I said. They consented at once; we embarked on a small fishing

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sloop, the property of the family, reached the Chesapeake without accident, and, under cover of darkness, sailed up York River toward the spot indicated in the letter. I discovered what I supposed to be *the holly*, went ashore with the men, leaving one of them in charge of the sloop; and under my direction the men plied the picks provided with such ardor that the tree was soon uprooted, and a deep excavation made beneath it. There was nothing! and I never felt an emotion of such bitter disappointment. Then all my hopes were to be extinguished; this treasure was a mere dream; I was to remain still poor, unmarried, without hope! All at once the idea flashed across my mind that I had mistaken the spot. I said as much hurriedly to the men, and directed them to cease their work. Then we all returned to the sloop, and I took a new observation of the shore. The moon had now risen, and I could distinguish objects more clearly. At the distance of a quarter of a mile above, I thought I could make out a tongue of land, at the extremity of which grew a single tree. I pointed to it, gave rapid directions, the sloop moved, and I was soon standing erect in the boat again, which darted toward the shore, propelled by its vigorous oarsmen. A single glance at the tree now before me persuaded me that I had discovered the true locality. It was a holly of enormous size, and I could well believe that it dated back as far as the year 1720.

"The men set to work again with greater ardor than before, a ditch was dug around the huge trunk, and piercing with a crow-bar which I had brought the inner wall of this ditch, I felt it strike against some apparently metallic substance! At that sound my temples throbbed and my hands trembled. Again I plunged the crow-bar through the wall of earth, and this time there remained no doubt. Dull and muffled, but unmistakable, came back the sound of iron striking upon iron. My excitement was now overpowering, and seemed to communicate itself to the men. They redoubled their exertions, the large branch roots of the tree were severed one by one, then a powerful lever was applied, the huge holly toppled over and fell to the earth, and in the cavity directly beneath it lay an iron-bound chest three or four feet long, and nearly as wide and deep. The men under my direction attacked the surrounding earth with their picks, the chest was loosened, then pried up, then lifted out—and there it was before my eyes and the eyes of the panting workmen, the mysterious prize of our expedition. I shall not trouble you with any further description of my feelings. The chest was lifted by the men, who were called upon in so doing to put forth all their strength; carried to the boat; we reached the sloop; it was taken on board; and as the day broke we were nearing the Capes. Three days afterward the chest was in my lodgings at New York, the watermen had been rewarded, and had returned home without asking questions, and I had forced open the lid of the iron-bound box. The spectacle dazzled me. Piles of guineas and other gold coin saluted my eyes, and the riches before me produced in me a sort of vertigo. I plunged my hands into the mass, and grasped whole handfuls of the glittering coins, letting them fall again, and laughing wildly as I did so. Then I drew a long breath, summoned all my self-control, calmly closed the lid, and began to reflect. The result of this reflection I will succinctly state. I was the unquestionable owner of this treasure, the only living heir of its former owner. It was fairly and honorably acquired. I had fairly and honorably obtained possession of it; therefore I was fairly entitled to keep and enjoy it; by means of it to obtain the hand of the woman I loved, since I too was a millionaire like her father! Before next morning I had counted it. It amounted to very considerably over one million of dollars. Three months afterward Mrs. Theack's father had been informed that as the heir of a deceased relative I was wealthy; the fact was demonstrated to him by deeds of real estate and my bank account; he consented at once to my marriage: and thus I became the happy possessor, my dear friend, of the original of the miniature which I once showed you."

"And which I return to you," I said, taking the miniature from my pocket and handing it to him.

"My miniature—my dear miniature!" he exclaimed, grasping it.

"Which I picked up on York River, near the holly-tree, where you dropped it."

And I explained in a few words how I came to visit the spot.

"Singular!" he said. "Yes, it must have fallen as I assisted placing the chest in the boat. So you traced me! So be it, friend. You know, at least, that if my expedition was secret, it was not one I need be ashamed of. Do you not?"

"Assuredly not. You simply took possession of your property."

"One more question, friend."

"Ask it."

"Was I so fanciful in my views, or did I throw away my time in prosecuting the study which led me to visit the house near Yorktown?"

"The study—"

"Craniology. I should not have the pleasure of entertaining you here to-day had I not been what I am sure you used to laugh at me for being—a craniologist. And now let us go join Mrs. Theack in the drawing-room, and show her the miniature, the dearest of all things to me—after the original."

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GARTH:*

A Novel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AWAKENING.

ON seeing the sleepers the young stranger doffed his hat, and holding it against his hip, stopped short and ejaculated below his breath, "Deuce!" Presently he came forward, stepping lightly, a rather quizzical smile stirring the corners of his golden-brown mustache. He halted again in front of Elinor's chair, and looked down upon her with the full glance of a pair of bright hazel eyes. His smile gradually forgot itself in a more tender and wistful expression. Then a sudden resolve flashed into his face; he stooped quickly but gently, and, for half an instant, his mustache touched a little brown mole upon the upper part of the young lady's else immaculate cheek. She received the salute with disconcerting equanimity. Had her admirer been a fly she could not more superbly have ignored the liberty. Her serene eyelids quivered not, nor did the faint color deepen in her face. Indeed, the young man looked much the more disturbed of the two.

"It was a devilish contemptible action!" he murmured to himself. "By the saints, though, I've a mind to do it again!"

But a low voice behind him said, "Wait, young gentleman. That lady is private property."

He turned with a start. Mr. Urmson was awake, and was eying him with an aspect partaking, after all, rather of perplexity and inquiry than of severity. The stranger immediately approached the bedside, and took the elder's thin hand in his own warm white one. "Selwyn—you remember me?—old Garth's Jack," said he, speaking with a touch of embarrassment, but frankly and heartily. "I took this for the Sleeping Palace in the fairy book; and when I came on the Beauty here, I imagined myself the Prince, predestined, you know— But something must be the matter, Mr. Urmson? Any body ill?"

"Garth is ill," replied the other, raising himself on his elbow and drawing his brows together in the effort to collect his ideas. "You haven't seen Mrs. Tenterden? How long has— Do you know how this young lady came to be here?"

"My good luck must have had something to do with bringing her, I should think; but doesn't she belong here? I landed in Boston only day before yesterday, and came right on. Seen nobody but you, and know nothing. Old Garth—he ill!"

"I'm afraid Nikomis has been giving me one of her famous herbal distillations," said Mr. Urmson. "Excuse my not sitting up just yet—I'm none the less glad to see you, Jack. What's the news? You look well; growing older seems to have done you more good than it has the rest of us. Garth got your letter; but he lost it again the same day, and has had typhoid ever since."

"Devil!" rejoined Selwyn, sympathetically. "And you and Mrs. Mildred been nursing him? Poor old genius! Don't you think, though, he needed something of the sort to thin him a little? he was such an infernally heavy lump, mind and body, he couldn't budge himself nor be budged. Terrible fellow for slumping into holes and crawling in grooves! But about the letter, Mr. Urmson," continued the young man, drawing a chair to the bedside and seating himself. "Garth read it you, didn't he?"

"Suppose you turn your back to Miss Golightley; you'll be less apt to awaken her," said Mr. Urmson, a little maliciously. "Besides, I want to look at you, Jack. So you are turned detective? Speak low."

"I like to match my head against a clever rogue's; but— Oh, I'm no detective myself. I hit upon a lucky suggestion or two that put my dogs on the scent, but—"

"Why, what was it to you whether Mrs. Tenterden got back her money or not?"

Jack dropped his eyes with a half smile, but raised them again immediately. "If you hadn't waked up just when you did, I might have lied to you about that," said he. "Well; I may never be able to kiss her again; but I shouldn't have done it at all if I hadn't meant to try and get leave to do it all the rest of my life, Mr. Urmson."

"In that fairy tale, if I remember aright, the Beauty was awakened by the kiss of the true Prince. Miss Golightley seems to be still asleep. I fear the omen's a bad one for you."

"Omens be damned!—or no, I beg pardon; been trying to break myself of that habit since— I'll risk my chance with the other fellows."

"She is already engaged to be married," Mr. Urmson continued.

Selwyn's face seemed to grow older; he leaned forward on his knee, biting his lip; took his breath to speak, but let it forth again in a short sigh. "Garth, I suppose," he said at length. "Dear old fellow, I'm glad it's he!"

"It's a yet more eligible match than that—Mr. Golightley Urmson."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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The blood flew into the young man's face, and he sat up erect, as if he had been pricked with a lancet. "Then," exclaimed he, smiting his knee with his clinched hand, "He'll never marry her!"

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Urmson, gravely. Jack was forced to recollect himself.

"That's the second time you've seen me make a fool of myself. I had no business to make any such assertion. I don't happen to like your brother—your half-brother, Mr. Urmson. Miss Golightley will marry whom she likes, of course. Well, I'm glad I didn't know it before. Are you fond of your half-brother?"

"Why, I wish him well. We have always been on the best terms."

"He's staying with you, I suppose?"

"He took a room in the village while Garth is ill. At present he's in Brunswick, to get an old acquaintance of yours, Professor Grindle, down here."

"Old Grindle—how he used to dead me! But he'll put life into Garth, if any body can. But Garth's not one of the dying kind; he'll live till he's tired of it. I want to see him. Where is he?"

"He was in this world at five o'clock this morning; but his stay seems rather uncertain, in spite of what you say, Jack. We'll go in as soon as I get my house legs on again. If you have any business to talk, though, you had better trust me. Garth has been delirious for the last two or three weeks."

"Poor old Garth—dear fellow! I do hope he won't die, Mr. Urmson," said Jack, his voice husky with earnestness, and his sensitive face darkening. "I'm just like a woman about him—always have been since a shaking he gave me in college. But I know he won't die. Think of having her to take care of him! By—Jove, if I were Golightley, I'd keep her out of the way! Unless—Is that Danver affair on still?"

"It was when he caught the fever, I believe; but the shadow of death may hold such matters in abeyance for a while," answered Mr. Urmson, with the glimmer of a smile. "Yes, Jack, if you came here for love, methinks you are too late."

Jack tossed his head. "Well, business first, and love afterward, Mr. Urmson. I haven't told you about our success with the thieves. To begin with, we haven't got either of them, and we have found out that one of them has spent most of his share of the money."

"Oh! then there are two of them? Do you know who they are?"

"We know who one of them is, and I have my suspicions of the other, though my detectives don't know that I have yet. We followed the first one to Liverpool, and there lost sight of him. His name is Flint. We are pretty sure of coming upon him sooner or later, and then he will tell us how to get hold of the other one, who is the chief sinner, and an infernally clever fellow. The way they contrived the robbery it was almost worth the money they stole to see. And the other one managed so well that nothing short of Flint's evidence could convict him, even if we caught him."

"Who do you suspect him to be, Jack?" asked Mr. Urmson, taking pains to meet the young man's eyes with his own penetrating glance. "From your letter, it should be some one in this neighborhood. Is it any one I am likely to know?"

Selwyn caught up his knee and set his hat upon it; the hat fell to the floor, and he stooped to pick it up. "Knowing is an ambiguous expression," said he, with a smile. "You might think you knew him, but if he turned out a thief, you'd think you hadn't known him, after all. Anyway, though, it would be unbusinesslike of me to blab my suspicions. They might be wrong, in the first place."

"But that's too unlikely a supposition, Jack. What in the second place?"

"You might receive and comfort him, Mr. Urmson," returned the other, smiling again. "You'd do that for a near friend or relative, wouldn't you? Most men would."

"I'm not a bigot in the cause of human methods of justice," said the gray gentleman, holding his chin musingly between his thumb and forefinger. "I should probably let my action be guided a good deal by circumstances. However, your second supposition doesn't apply, either; for the only man of the kind for me is that poor half-brother of mine—your successful rival, young gentleman. He has lately been in Europe, you know, and has come back with some money. But a thief who should rob a lady for the sake of making himself an eligible match for her would be *sui generis*, to say the least of him."

"Well, I shall hold my tongue, or you will begin to think me a poor detective. If Golightley is to be the first villain, you'll say nobody short of Garth ought to play second. But, joking aside, I don't believe she can love him; and when it comes to the point, she won't marry a fellow she doesn't love."

As Jack made this assertion, he caught a peculiar expression in Mr. Urmson's face, such as caused him to turn abruptly in his chair. Elinor was still reclining in the same position, with her hands clasped in her lap, but her eyelids were unmistakably open, though still heavy with slumber. Jack rose at once and made his bow. His bow was somewhat noted in society for its easy grace, but this time it scarcely justified its reputation. His self-possession was impaired by the necessity for wondering how much of the late conversation the young

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lady had overheard, and by the attempt to recollect precisely in what words it had been couched.

"I only came in to tell you he was better, Mr. Urmson," said Elinor, sitting up and putting her hands to her hair. "I didn't know you were busy.—Mr. Selwyn! oh, I think I must have been asleep."

"It was my cursed bellowing waked you up; though I thought we were whispering," Jack interposed, regretfully. "Is—a—Mrs. Tenterden well, I hope?"

"Oh, not at all! I left him asleep— Yes, she felt a little feverish this morning, so I came up with the medicine. I hope my playing didn't disturb you, Mr. Urmson?"

"That spell which Nikomis wrought on me has left its influence in the air, I think," said he, looking pleasantly on the young lady's face, and making a determined effort to get up. "Every thing you do and say is music, Miss Elinor, and would cure me of being old and good-for-nothing, if any thing could. As for Garth, I don't wonder that he's better. Come on; let's all go in and have a look at him."

As he stood erect, the young people placed themselves on either side of him, each supporting an arm; and so they advanced, a well-united trio, toward the door. But at the same moment a lightsome step sounded along the passageway, and a charming figure of womanly youth and grace, with high color and sparkling eyes, appeared at the threshold. The trio paused with one accord; but the new-comer, after a brief hesitation, just long enough to give the beauty of her presence its full effect, came straight up to Mr. Urmson and kissed him on the cheek. Elinor looked hard at her, and did not offer any greeting; but the other took her hand with a kind of joyous freedom, and said, "You dear Elinor, I've seen him! I dared come, because Mrs. Tenterden's in bed, and is not to know. How thin he is! but I like his beard—it looks like a pirate's."

Unless one positively hated Madge, it was nearly impossible to withstand the fresh onset of her glowing loveliness when she was bent upon being agreeable. All previous doubts and criticisms must for the moment forget or rebuke themselves; or it might even seem that such a woman was better worth believing in than any cut-and-dried distinctions between right and wrong. Elinor, who had studiously avoided associating with her since their conversation after church a fortnight previous, and had even indulged in unspoken disparagement of whatever she had seen her do or heard her say in the mean while, now felt a twinge of remorse—a misgiving lest, after all, she had misunderstood and done her less than justice. For here stood Madge, where Elinor had uncharitably believed her afraid to come, and spoke of Garth in such tones as she surely durst not have used had she been indifferent to him—which Elinor had suspected her of being. The words were nothing; it was the loving tone that was unmistakable. On the whole, therefore, it seemed likely that poor Madge had really acted from the most lofty and disinterested motives up till to-day; and to-day, in breaking loose from her self-imposed restraint, she had betrayed just that trait of loving womanly weakness which made the charm of her character complete. So, not for the first time in her experience, Elinor found herself obliged to do homage to a virtue which her reason rather than her intuition acknowledged.

All this time Madge had paid no direct attention to Selwyn, though the corner of her long oval eye had no difficulty in taking sidelong note of him. Jack, on the other hand, made little effort to disguise his admiration of Madge, whose developed beauty quite beggared his anticipation. "It's sad to be forgotten, Miss Danver," he said, with an independent toss of his head sideways; "but it seems I must remind you of your pirate's right-hand man—Jack Selwyn, at your service."

"Truly I knew you very well, only I never thought you would remember me," returned Madge, naïvely giving him her hand, "I can never forget any one who loves my Garth."

Selwyn gave Madge a keen look, and before he let go her hand he pressed it gently, but so significantly as might justify her in supposing that he wished to establish a tender private understanding with her. Under the circumstances, it was an audacious act, to say the best of it; yet, with the perverse luck that seems so often to attend audacity, it met with no open rebuke. Madge, perhaps, thought the best way to discourage flirtation was not to make too prudish a resistance to it. At all events, she kept a demure countenance, and withdrew her soft fingers only in time to avoid attracting remark.

"Did you see Nikomis when you came in?" asked Mr. Urmson. "I begin to think that Sam Kineo must have come back unexpectedly and carried her off."

"Oh, I don't think she expects him now," Madge hastened to say, veiling another side glance at Selwyn beneath her dark lashes. "He doesn't care much for the poor old thing, I'm afraid; besides, it must be so much pleasanter to stay in Europe than to come back here."

"Sam Kineo—isn't that the fellow Garth thrashed? Queer name, Mr. Urmson. And I remember a Mount Kineo, somewhere north of us, so called on account of the number of flint stones found there. Probably Sam is a pretty hard case."

"You have a talent for analogies, Jack;

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but the world is full of flints," remarked Mr. Urmson, a little ironically. During their somewhat disconnected colloquy the group had been collected just within the doorway. As the old gentleman spoke, he drew Selwyn a few steps onward across the threshold, leaving the two girls behind. "We are forgetting Garth," he continued; "but we're too large a party to visit him all at once.—Madge, you might take Miss Elinor down to the kitchen, and fumigate yourselves in the chimney corner.—Do you come with me, Sir. I presume your cigar-case will be a sufficient protection to us both. Come along; and after we've made our call, we'll rejoin the ladies by the kitchen fire."

They entered the sick-room accordingly, and shut the door behind them. Mr. Urmson approached the bedside, and after touching Garth's pulse and laying his finger-tips on his forehead, he said, "Well," with a long sigh, and then below his breath, "God bless her!" The invalid breathed on in seemingly dreamless sleep. Selwyn, standing motionless and in silence, observed him for a long time, afterward walking moodily to the fire-place and leaning there, with his shoulders against the side of the chimney-piece and his hands in his pockets. Mr. Urmson had taken a seat over against him.

"I had no idea of this," Jack said at length. "No mere fever has done that to Garth; there's been hell in his mind. And you may call me a fool if you like, Mr. Urmson, but I know one thing that's been the matter."

"Be as wise as you please; I sha'n't mind."

"Well, look here. I love Garth, and I don't care who knows it: that's one thing. And I know a cheat when I see it, no matter if it's as pretty as Madge Danver. I've seen women enough, good and bad, but never her equal, either for beauty or deviltry. If I were Mephistopheles and Caliban mixed half and half, there might be a chance of her getting suitably married. No wonder Garth got the fever!"

"I don't know your sources of information, but, judging by appearances, their engagement has been remarkable for the good faith and constancy shown on both sides."

"Good faith and constancy are life to scoundrels, but death to honest men. I don't pretend to fathom Madge Danver, but there's no mystery about Garth's share in the business. When we were in Europe together, Mr. Urmson, he lived like a man who felt that he was at his best and happiest, and knew there must soon be an end of it. But often, after we'd had a particularly fine time somewhere, and had got home again, he'd begin to tramp up and down the room, with that scowl of his, and his hands in his pockets, talking about Madge. By God, it was pitiable! He'd set his teeth, and growl out that she was the loveliest, sweetest, purest—that whatever good or great thing he did would be her doing—you can imagine the kind of stuff it was: always the same thing, and a lie from beginning to end. Once he came near killing me, for the second time in our acquaintance, because I told him he didn't care a damn for her, and knew it. He swore she was all he lived for, and that he had come to Europe only to make himself worthier of her. I told him I believed he lied, and then he took me by the throat. I hope I'll never get such another look as he gave me for a couple of seconds. If he'd only look that way at Madge once, I could almost believe she'd be true to him ever after; for she'd see that Garth had a bigger devil in him than she had. It wasn't two seconds before he let go of me, and put his hands down by his sides; but I'd made up my mind to be murdered, and almost wished he'd go on and finish me. Then I saw another thing I don't care to see again—I saw him cry. I never meant to tell this, Mr. Urmson. He's a terrible fellow."

Jack took a chair and sat down, fixing his eyes on the fire, his face moving with suppressed excitement. Mr. Urmson folded his arms, and was silent.

"At all events," Jack went on, advancing his chin and using a steadier tone, "that was the last I heard from him about Madge Danver. He went home some months afterward, and I must say I never imagined he'd find her faithful to him. But all I knew of her then was the glimpse or two I got of her before we started for Europe. She's clever enough to cheat with honesty. She has her own reasons for not letting him go till she's got her other strings in proper order."

"You have a clear head, Jack, and something better than that, maybe. I agree with you that Garth ought not to marry her. You know him well; but Madge you do not know. You have penetrated further than most people are able to do; you see the subtlety and perverted principles beneath the beauty and fascination, but you've taken no account of the goodness and sincerity that is mixed up along with it. That is what makes Madge hard to deal justly with. I have reason to believe that she has loved Garth at times as much as she can ever love any body, and that she would rather love him than any other man. She might have married twenty times while Garth was abroad, and the reason she didn't was that she feared to find out, when it was too late, that Garth was her true match, after all. Her love seems to come and go like the tide; but, in fact, it is her opinion as to the identity of the man with her ideal of him that varies. She would be perfectly happy if Garth would assert himself so powerfully as to drive all doubt and wavering

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out of her mind. She doesn't enjoy fickleness for its own sake."

"That's just what she does do, I say," interposed Selwyn. "What sort of an ideal has a girl like that got? What she likes is to feel the contact of a peremptory, masculine nature with her own. But she wouldn't be satisfied to find all the qualities she likes collected in one man. She'd rather have them distributed among half a dozen or a hundred, and so have the fun of going to a different man for the enjoyment of each quality. Fickleness is the breath of her life. I beg your pardon for disputing you, Mr. Urmson, but I believe what I say."

"I quite believe you believe it; but I'd rather be too lenient, Jack, than overharsh; and maybe, when you have lived long enough to find out how little good the best-disposed people can do, you'll think lenient opinions the wiser."

"Yes, but no fellow can hoist himself by his own waistband. I take myself as I am; God only knows whether I'll ever be any wiser. Look here. When Madge first came in just now, she was as full of the devil as she could hold. She has been up to some mischief or other this morning. Garth had nothing to do with her coming. That sentimental talk about him was humbug, and—"

"How do you know that?" inquired Mr. Urmson, beginning to smile.

"Because in the next breath she encouraged me to make secret love to her. Yes, I'm set down for a place among the happy hundred already. Was there ever any thing between this Sam Kineo and her?"

"There may have been; but Sam hasn't been in this part of the world for the last ten years or thereabouts, and I'll admit she may have been fickle enough to forget him."

"But she'd remember if she saw him. And what if she had seen him, and he were in the house at this moment?"

"And what if he should turn out to be the Mr. Flint whom you lost sight of at Liverpool—who, of course, is a half-breed Indian, known to have received letters directed in a feminine handwriting, and postmarked New Hampshire? That would be rather curious, in spite of its probability;" and Mr. Urmson took his chin meditatively in his hand. Jack was not fully satisfied whether the other's mood were wholly ironic or partly earnest; but at all events he seemed to resolve, after a little consideration, to let that particular subject drop for the time being. There were several other questionable matters.

"How about this nursing, and medicine-bringing, and music-playing?" he demanded, rising to get the violin, and returning with it to his seat by the fire. "Yes, this is Miss Elinor's instrument. But how came she, and not Madge, to act as Mrs. Mildred's substitute?"

"That is one of the few things that I don't know. I was asleep. Madge, you will be gratified to hear, has not visited Garth at all until to-day. It seems strange that she and Elinor should have come separately and apparently in ignorance of each other. I must say I was more surprised to see Madge here than Miss Elinor."

"It's all cross-purposes now," said Jack, biting his under lip; "but there seem to be about as many good people as bad mixed up in it, so it ought to come out right in the end—as right as things in this world are likely to come. There's somebody."

A wagon had driven up to the door, and there were voices in the hall below. The two men sat looking at each other, listening. Madge's voice, with its elastic rise and fall, soft and yet penetrating; the magniloquent superiority of Golightley's organ; and then a short forcible rumble that caused a smile to chase away the pugnacious expression which had just darkened Selwyn's face, and Mr. Urmson to rise to his feet with a breath of relief. Professor Grindle!

"We'll meet them down stairs," Mr. Urmson said, leading the way; and arm in arm they descended and entered the kitchen, whither the whole party had betaken itself.

"Ah, my dear Cuthbert, I got him, you see, in spite of the prince of the powers of Bowdoin and all his angels. But the dear boy's on the mending hand already—so our little Margaret tells me—and all Elinor's doing, eh? Ha! ha! Hm?"

This latter interjection, with an accompanying change of expression from gay to grave, was elicited by Jack Selwyn, whom Golightley had not till then happened to see. Feeling an authoritative tap on the shoulder, however, he turned his head, and had the sensation, which, whether agreeable or the reverse, was manifestly unexpected, of beholding within two feet of him a face he had supposed to be distant at least three thousand miles. Jack's hazel eyes seemed to find their way through Golightley's tinted glasses, and there was no avoiding a recognition. "Ah, you must be Selwyn—Jack Selwyn, I think. Let me see—studying law in Vienna, aren't you? How d'y' do?"

He held out an amicable, if somewhat patronizing, hand, which Jack looked at curiously, without moving his own from behind his back. "I keep an eye on the law," he said, while Golightley endeavored to ignore the rebuff by ostentatiously unbuttoning and removing his kid glove; "but speculation is my hobby just now. You ought to be able to give me a hint about South Americans, if any man can."

"Yes, I'm sure of that, Mr. Selwyn," said Madge, who had been observing the encounter of these gentlemen with an arch

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expression of mischief. She came up to Golightley as she spoke, and put her hand affectionately within his arm. "He made all his money in South Americans—didn't you, uncle? But then, you know, poor Mr. Tenterden lost all his in them; so you mustn't be too precipitate and positive, Mr. Selwyn. Now you needn't laugh, Uncle Golightley, because you know you taught me those words yourself."

Uncle Golightley had not laughed, nor even betrayed an inclination to do so; but after Madge had spoken, he seemed to think it as well to draw back his mustache and wrinkle the corners of his eyes in what might have answered for a spasm of polite merriment. At this juncture Elinor came up and touched his other arm, with a gesture implying both reluctance and the determination to overcome it.

"Won't you have some lunch?" she asked. "We've been getting it ready, and you are come just in time. You must have something to tell me about your journey."

"My sweet Elinor!" he exclaimed, turning quickly and raising her hand to his lips. It was perhaps as honestly affectionate a salute as he had ever given a woman.

"Come, then," said she, blushing and drawing him away.

Jack looked after them rather blankly; but he bit his lip with chagrin on finding that his discomfiture was being secretly observed by Madge.

"They are ever so much in love with each other," she remarked, as soon as their eyes met. "Don't you think they will be very happy?"

"I think she ought to be," Jack replied, after a pause, solacing himself with the ambiguity of his phrase.

In fact, however, Madge must have been as much surprised as he that Elinor should so far break down the barriers of her maidenly and constitutional reserve as thus deliberately to seek out her lover. Only Elinor knew how, during the last few hours, she had sadly but resolutely bound herself to be to Golightley, in deed as already in word, all that a woman may be to a man. He, for his part, had herein a new experience before him, and one which, in the present aspect of his affairs, was likely to occasion him a good deal of unpremeditated emotion. For it should be said of him that if hitherto he had been practically a stranger to the more noble and unselfish kind of love, he had also never happened to meet with a woman at once capable of rendering him the like tender and refined observance, and willing to do so. For the present the change in her bearing flattered and titillated him only; but a time might come when it should influence him more importantly.

"Let us have luncheon too," Madge proposed, with a dash of demure convivialism in her tone which made her appear delightfully jolly. "I know where there are some pickles, and I think maybe Nikomis might let you have a little brandy. And then you'll smoke a cigar over me, won't you? so as to drive away the contagion."

"Contagion!" echoed Jack, as he followed his beautiful entertainer to the pantry. "Every body here seems to think typhoid contagious. It's nothing of the sort."

"Oh, isn't it? How clever you are! Well, I don't care whether it is or not, for I know I shall never die of a fever. That's the pickles, I think. Can you reach them?"

"These are infernally good pickles, Miss Madge. Suppose we sit on these two water pails and eat our lunch off the flour barrel. I suppose I mustn't tell you how much in love with you I am? besides, you know it already."

"Oh, I'm engaged to Garth, Mr. Selwyn," said she, very gravely; "so you may tell me whatever you please."

"You are as logical as you are lovely. Well, I admire your genius for finance. Perhaps you can tell me something about South Americans?"

"Now you are making fun of me. Why should you come all the way from Europe to this pantry to ask such a question as that?"

"All the wise people don't live in Europe; but after eating these pickles, I'm prepared to expect almost any thing of this closet. I'd give a thousand pounds for trustworthy information about South Americans."

"Oh, I dare say; and then you'd go off and make eighty or a hundred thousand. I'd give five times as much as that, Mr. Selwyn, if—I had it in my pocket."

"But the better way is to find out for yourself, without asking any body, and then you could put the hundred thousand in your purse; and if any fellow came along, and offered you five thousand for information, you could turn up your nose and look virtuous and say, 'Go away, you naughty man. I don't know what you mean.'"

Madge laughed heartily, though not loud. "I like you ever so much," said she. "It's so pleasant to be perfectly silly once in a while! Aren't you going to eat any more? Oh, I suppose you want your brandy."

"Thank you, Miss Madge, I always carry the creature with me," replied Jack, producing a small traveling flask from his pocket. "Nikomis's might be too strong, you know. But this will keep us just at the right point of silliness. You must take a little."

"I will, if you are sure it's good for contagion, Mr. Selwyn; and perhaps I ought to smoke a cigarette too, if you have one. Thank you. South American ladies smoke cigarettes, don't they? Let's pretend we are there."

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Jack struck a match and handed it to her; she lit her cigarette, inhaled the delicate smoke, and breathed it forth again through her nostrils, her dark eyes sparkling at him through the fragrant haze. "Do I do it right?" she asked, innocently.

"Yes; and all you want now to make you perfect is a little refined swearing now and then: only you must be careful always to do it in a low, quiet voice, and with a very distinct enunciation. Let me instruct you."

"No," said she, with a sigh; "I sha'n't be perfect till I have a fortune. What was that we were talking about? Oh, finding out about things for yourself. But even if you had, there might be so much trouble in the way of turning it into money, that you would prefer to let the other fellow pay you for informing him. Shouldn't you think so? Because I'm sure any body who couldn't make a fortune out of five thousand pounds might as well stay at home and forget all about South America."

"You'd have to convince the other fellow, though, that your information would lead to something, else he might prefer to find out for himself too; and then where would you be?"

Madge touched her lips to the brandy, gave a little shudder, and set it down; then the ash of her cigarette fell on her dress, and she shook it hastily off with a merry pretense of dismay. She was evidently in the highest spirits, yet thoroughly under control of herself. Jack was by no means sure that he could read her thoughts, yet he felt it to be highly probable that she read his; and whether or not she was decided what to do, had, at all events, no special anxieties. She comprehended the bearings of the case, and meant to profit by her knowledge in one way or another. So much seemed likely enough; but how she got her knowledge Jack was unable to conceive. It could hardly have been by dint of pure mother-wit; and, on the other hand, it was incredible that any criminal in his proper senses would spontaneously confess himself to a woman, be her fascinations what they might. Was it possible, then, that Madge really knew nothing, and was audaciously attempting to bluff him into giving her a clew? These speculations passed through Jack's head while he was biting off the end of his cigar and striking a fresh light. He leaned back on his water pail till his shoulders came against the side of the meat safe, and in this position awaited what his charming companion might say next. It ought to be something to the point. But there was never any forecasting what Madge would say or do.

"I wish you'd teach Garth to smoke and drink and swear," she began, dropping her festive air for one of thoughtful gravity. "He does them once in a while, of course, but not smoothly and as if they were nothing. He would be shocked if he saw me—this way." With the words, she crossed one knee over the other, and fell into a beautiful parody of Selwyn's careless attitude. He smiled satirically, and said, "After a ten years' courtship, that's odd."

"Oh, there's a great deal about me that Garth doesn't know, and wouldn't if he were to court me ten years more. I don't behave to him as I do to you, Mr. Selwyn. Garth isn't a detective; and he says straight out what he means and what he wants, as a man ought to do. There's nobody like him, I know. I don't want there to be."

"If I teach him to smoke and drink and swear, there wouldn't be any Garth at all. Is that what you want?"

"*You* teach him any thing?" exclaimed she, with a pungent accent of angry contempt, though still the tone was low. "You think you know me, Jack Selwyn. You've found out that I didn't visit him while he's been ill, have you? And you say I don't love him. You are an honorable gentleman, of course, and can tell women how they should behave and think; and you can see through them, can't you? *You* teach my Garth any thing? Ha! ha! ha! I do love him! I do—do love him!"

"Do you?"

"Yes, I love him. And yet I can tell you all you would like to tell me, if you weren't too—polite. I didn't go to him when he was ill, because I didn't care to; and I didn't care whether he died or not. I don't care now. And you may tell that to every body you meet: I dare say you will. But rather than see him get to be like other men, with their airs and lies and little vices, I'd die myself. So I love him. I don't want to die; I like to live, and I never want to die; but I'd sooner die than see him like you, or like—the man who's engaged to marry Elinor."

"You are very acute, Miss Madge," muttered Selwyn, conscious that he had winced.

"Would you be willing to take me on your detective force?" asked she, with an angry smile, resting her firm round arms on the barrel head, and bending her bright face toward him. "It must be such an interesting profession, if a handsome, fashionable young gentleman goes into it just for fun—or no, it was because he had a noble, abstract hatred of wrong, and love of justice! And now that he finds somebody is going to marry Elinor, how much more abstract his hatred of wrong becomes, and how much harder he will make his detectives work! And he means to get people to help him without their knowing it themselves; he sees through every body, and manages them so cleverly!"

"You are letting your cigarette go out, Miss Madge."

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"Thank you; I know what you mean. You don't want Garth to marry me; I wouldn't make a good wife for him. Perhaps he don't love me, because we have waited so long? But then you know that he'd marry me, whether he loved me or not, because he's said he would; so you want to make him believe that I'm not faithful to him. Do you think I didn't understand why you began to flirt with me the first minute you saw me, and why you proposed to sit in here, and gave me brandy to drink and tobacco to smoke? You thought you'd get evidence against me, and tell Garth I was immodest and false, and would betray him for the sake of the first fop that came along. That was honorable and like a gentleman, wasn't it? And how self-sacrificing of you to flirt with a pretty girl in the cause of abstract right and justice!—only you wouldn't tell Garth that part of it. Tell him all, if you like; you'll find he loves me enough to kill you for it. What right have you to meddle between us? If I ran away from him with another man, what would you think?"

"I should wonder what had been the object of all this talk."

"Ah, Jack Selwyn, what a quick-witted man!" She paused abruptly, and for a moment Jack thought she was about either to laugh immoderately or give way to a passion of tears; it was uncertain which. But after a few irregular breaths, she regained control of herself, and did neither. She went on in a less rapid tone than before, though there was now a jarring metallic ring in it.

"I'll tell you, because I know you can't understand, and wouldn't believe if you did. If I ran away from him, it would be because I loved him too much to stay and marry him. I know what he needs, and what I am. He needn't feel jealous of the man I run off with, nor of any body in the world. What is love? Can you tell me? Do you think there could be a woman who honored it so much as to turn her back on it?—Well, have I kept you entertained, Mr. Selwyn? Have you enjoyed your lunch?"

"Yes; I never had a spicier one," returned he. He spoke, as he had done ever since she had launched into this unexpected and bewildering tirade, in a cold, cynical tone, not because he felt cynical, but as an instinctive defense against being quite overborne and vanquished by the passionate, hap-hazard subtlety of her attack. So soon as the stress was removed, however, he could venture to take a more genuine attitude. And now he owned to himself that he had taken this young woman's measure quite too heedlessly, and had fairly laid himself open to the taunts and ridicule she had dealt out to him. The interview had greatly modified his idea of her, yet in such a manner as to stagger all expectation of easily finding her out. What she had said was one thing, and something of a puzzle in itself; why she had said it, and whether she meant it, were other questions which Jack felt his inability to answer. He did not know whether she meant to marry Garth or not. Had she made up her mind to desert him, and was she trying to justify her fickleness by calling it fine names? Or was she (feeling herself insecure) striving to shame herself into honesty? Had she spoken from deliberate forethought or from unpremeditated impulse? It had sounded very like the latter; yet, on going over what had passed, Jack could not find that she had any where given him a practical handle against her. She had said some apparently very reckless things, yet nothing really irretrievable, that she might not interpret to her own advantage. On the whole, the main impression left upon his mind was more of a woman, in every sense of the phrase, than he had given her credit for being. And though Jack was not given to fear of either woman or man, he was frankly willing to congratulate himself that his destiny was not bound up with that of this beautiful and brilliant girl.

"I'm sorry to have made you angry," he said; "but you ought to consider that no one but you would have been keen-witted enough to take offense. Take my advice for what it's worth—don't marry Garth: marry some old fool. You were born to set the world by the ears, and Garth would be terribly in your way, I can tell you."

"Thank you. You would not dare say that to me if Garth were here."

"I'll repeat it before him where you choose. Why should I varnish words with you, Miss Madge? You have given me the right to say what I think to you, and I shall use it henceforward. What would be the use of my declaring that I had a profound reverence for your candor and constancy and moral and religious fastidiousness, or that I believed in the guileless innocence of a girl who had just outwitted me? Yes, I admit you've outwitted me. I know no more about South Americans, for instance, than I did before; but then, Miss Madge, I know as much; and probably that will be enough for the purpose."

Madge got up and set her foot upon the water pail, resting her elbow on her knee and her chin upon her hand, while her dark glance wandered over the brown boarded floor. "I'm glad you have treated me as you have done," said she. "I have looked forward to your coming, and I might have helped you, and you me; but I shall feel better to do without you, and to hate you. Do your best to take Garth from me," she added, looking up at him with a sudden gleam of enmity. "He won't thank you in

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the end, and I will have my way in every thing in spite of you all."

"And I'm to clear out?" said Jack, rising also and going to the door. "Well, good-by. It's worth a man's being born to quarrel with you; but he'd better die than love you."

He went out, closing the door of the shadowy little pantry behind him. Madge, when she felt herself entirely alone, reseated herself on the bucket, and staid long in still-eyed reverie, one arm thrown across the top of the barrel, while the fingers of the other hand pinched little creases in the skirt upon her knee. At last a change came over her; she began to pant and tremble; suddenly she turned and pillowed her forehead on her arms, and then for a time she wept from her very soul. Could Garth have come to her then, he might have gained a blessing both for Madge and for himself. But the time passed, and she got slowly to her feet, feeling that she had done with tears. And, after all, the blessing might have grown into a curse.

FIZZ AND FREEZE.

A STORY OF THE NORTH POLE.



FRIGIMAND.

ONCE upon a time a great king lived at the North Pole—up there among the ice and snow, just where no one ventures to go nowadays, not even the ships—and this king's name was Frigimand.

What a cross, selfish, hateful old fellow he was! and how he abused his people! What he liked best was *eating*, and he was always thinking of his dinner or his supper, or scolding his poor cook because *he* couldn't think of something new to put on his table.

This cook had a hard time, I can tell you. He was a queer-looking dwarf, and he had six sons, all dwarfs like himself, who had nothing to do but assist their father. So one made the pies, and another made the cake, and still another pared the potatoes and turnips, while some kept the fire going and washed the dishes, and all were busy as bees. Their father, poor old Skimantaste, was terribly afraid of the king, because, whenever his food didn't suit him, he always threatened to have the old man burned alive, and the cook knew well that his royal majesty would think nothing of carrying his threats into execution.

At last, one day when Frigimand had been in a worse humor than usual, and had grumbled and fretted till every one about the court had wished themselves away, he suddenly concluded to travel. Not that he wanted to learn any thing, or expected to come back any wiser or better than when he went, but merely because his time hung heavily on his hands, and he knew not how to employ it at home. So he made his preparations, gave a parting scolding to Skimantaste, and set off, taking no one with him, not even a newspaper reporter.

After a long and tedious journey, he arrived in the city of New York one morning in July, and a very hot, unpleasant morning it was. Frigimand was almost melted. He had never known what warm weather was before, and he was almost afraid to go about the city at all.



THE KING'S KITCHEN.

The third day after his arrival he ventured out to take a walk, and, going along Broadway, he stopped to look in at all the shops where he saw any thing to eat or drink.

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The first place he stopped at was a large drug store, where a number of people were drinking soda-water. Seeing how it foamed and sparkled, Frigimand stepped up to the counter and asked for a glass. That was so cool and refreshing that he took another, and another, until he had drunk *six* glasses of soda-water, and had tried as many kinds of sirup. Then, having paid for this delicious new drink, he took out his note-book and wrote "FIZZ," which he thought would best describe it.

Going a little further, he came to a large ice-cream saloon, and here again he stopped to look. He saw groups of people sitting at little tables, eating something which looked very nice, so he went in and took a seat. A colored waiter rushed up to him with a thin book, which he put down on the table before him, and then stood waiting to receive his order. Now Frigimand hated books. The very sight of one made



"FIZZ."

him think of his school-days and his unlearned lessons. So he pushed this one away in a fright, and said, "No, no; I want some of *that!*" pointing to a plate of ice-cream which had just been placed before a lady near by.

This ice-cream looked so white, like the snow in his home, with a little pink tinge on the top, that he was quite inclined to get up and snatch the plate, like a greedy tyrant as he was.

The waiter nodded, and presently he brought him some ice-cream, which Frigimand ate just as quickly as he could swallow, and then called for some more. He went on, taking one plateful after another, until he had eaten *twelve*. Then he took out his note-book again and wrote "FREEZE" on the next page, because it was so very cold.

Well, King Frigimand staid one month in New York, and he spent nearly the whole of the time in consuming large quantities of *Fizz* and *Freeze*, until at last he made himself sick, and was forced to set sail for home.

On the voyage he could talk of nothing



"FREEZE."

else but Fizz and Freeze, and no sooner had he landed than he sent into the kitchen for old Skimantaste, and told him that he must have these new dainties every day.

"But I don't know how to make them, your Majesty," said the trembling cook.

"Then find out!" roared Frigimand, in a passion. "And remember this—if you don't give them to me to-morrow, you will surely be roasted alive."

Back into his kitchen ran the poor old fellow, crying and bemoaning his hard fate; in from the garden, where they were gathering vegetables for dinner, ran the six sons, eager to know what new trouble had befallen their father. The story was soon told, and after consulting together, the six sons went to look for the king, and beg for their father's life.

They found that unreasonable monarch in a very bad humor. At first he would not listen to any thing they said; but at last the oldest and wisest of the sons spoke thus:

"Your most gracious Majesty, I have a plan to propose. If you will send our father to visit this wonderful city of which you speak, that he may learn there how to prepare these delicacies for your pleasure, will



THE PETITION.

it not be a better way to procure them than merely to burn him? For if your Majesty will condescend to think, your Majesty will see that a live cook is more useful than a dead one, even if he be roasted."

This argument convinced Frigimand. He

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graciously consented that old Skimantaste should go on a voyage of discovery. So the old man set out as soon as he could get ready, and after a tedious passage he too



SKIMANTASTE'S RETURN.

reached the city of New York, but quite late in the fall.

He soon found the shops where the ice-cream and the soda-water were sold, and at once he began to ask for recipes, and to learn how they were to be put together.

Soon he bought all the necessary materials and loaded his ship with them—barrels of sugar, baskets of eggs, bags of salt, essences for flavoring, cans of condensed milk, and a monstrous ice-cream freezer, the largest he could find. Also he bought a soda-water fountain, and all the things necessary for making soda-water, such as gallons of sarsaparilla and lemon sirup, great hogsheads of carbonic acid gas, and so on, until the ship was loaded.

Then he sailed away home again, and arrived there safely one fine morning, and the joyful news of his return was carried at once to King Frigimand.



ON THE SLY.

Frigimand was really delighted. He went to see the vessel unloaded, and the barrels and boxes carried up to the royal kitchen; and he was as impatient as a child until every thing was unpacked and Skimantaste was fairly at work.

The soda-water fountain was carried into the king's library, and all the books were tumbled out to make room for it. The ice-cream freezer was set up in the court-yard of the palace, the cream was made ready, and the six sons were set at work to keep it turning in the tub until Skimantaste said it was frozen enough.

So for a while all went on well. The busy Skimantaste ran back and forth, first to inspect the soda-water, then to look at the cream, and Frigimand walked up and down, almost smiling, and wonderfully patient.

By-and-by the old cook opened the freezer to taste the cream, and he handed the spoon to one of his sons afterward, which was a very unlucky thing. The naughty little fellow licked the spoon, and was charmed. He whispered to his brothers, and set them all wishing for a taste.

Presently one, more daring than the rest,



FRIGIMAND AT DINNER.

opened the freezer and took out some on his finger. Immediately all the others thrust *their* fingers in, and began to dance about, delighted with the flavor.

So they went on, taking larger mouthfuls, and getting deeper into the ice-cream, until they heard their father's step; then they all worked very busily; but no sooner were they alone again than they began tasting more boldly than ever, until they had entirely emptied the freezer.

At this moment the great bell rang to announce that the king's dinner was served, and Frigimand rushed to the dining-room at its very first stroke. In a very short time he had cleared all the dishes placed before him, and then called out to Skimantaste to bring some of the long-wished-for Freeze.

The triumphant cook ran out to the court-yard, and, lifting the lid of the freezer, found it entirely empty! He was so frightened that he just stood staring, never speaking a

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word, until Frigimand, out of patience at his delay, came running after to see if any thing was wrong.

When he stood by his terrified cook and looked into the empty freezer, his rage was frightful. He snatched the large china dish from Skimantaste's trembling hand and broke it over his head, then he kicked the



"EMPTY!"

freezer and the tub in which it stood, and upsetting them both, scattered the great lumps of ice all over his kingdom, and many of them descended into the northern sea.

Every one ran out of his way when they saw how furious he was—courtiers, servants, cook, and all—while the king rushed into his library, declaring that though he had been so cruelly cheated of the Freeze, he would, at any rate, have some Fizz. Here again the unhappy king was doomed to suffer disappointment.

For unluckily the machinery did not work very well, and when he tried to draw it from the bright silver tubes, as he had seen the men do in the drug store, it would not come. This was too much for Frigimand's temper. He instantly caught up a hammer, and began to batter the whole thing, in a new fit of rage. Then, in a single moment, before any one knew what was coming, the whole of the apparatus blew up.

The gas exploded with a fearful crash,



ROYAL VENGEANCE.

destroying the palace, the people, and the king, scattering the fragments far and wide. Nothing was ever afterward seen or heard of Frigimand and his kingdom. But to this



ORIGIN OF ICEBERGS.

day all that part of the world is full of great blocks of ice, which we call icebergs, lying around just as the king distributed them in his fury, and making it too difficult and dangerous for people to travel in that neighborhood.

And sometimes the whole sky is full of strange lights and colors that flash and sparkle so brilliantly that we can see them away off here, and learned men call these flashes the "Aurora Borealis," or "Northern Lights," but I know better. I know they come out of the old king's soda fountain, and are only the *Fizz* broken loose.



BIRTH OF THE AURORA.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.



FAC-SIMILE OF AN IMPROVISED SKETCH BY THACKERAY.—[SEE PAGE 264.]

A RECENT perusal of several tributes to the memory of Thackeray induces me to revive such recollections as I may of that truly good and great man of genius. When one applies epithets of such singular import to any human being whatever, the meaning can not be that he had not faults, failings, and weaknesses, but that the real excellences of his character far outweighed any deviations into less estimable manifestations of disposition or manner. Although my notes will consist merely of impressions recorded after a considerable lapse of time, since I never before attempted to set down a single memorandum upon the subject, and they will be necessarily, therefore, somewhat brief and slight, yet even such traces of a person so distinguished as Thackeray could scarcely fail to possess a certain interest, and none the less, perhaps, that my acquaintance and familiar intercourse with him happened to be of the most informal character. I was, in fact, introduced to him in Boston upon the very day next to that of his arrival, upon his first visit to the United States. He had brought a letter to a literary friend of mine, who saw fit to conduct him directly to my place of business, though I had no reason to suppose that he had ever heard my name before. Our interview was, nevertheless, of some length, and very agreeable. I was more or less familiar with his fascinating productions, though far less so than I have since become. Our conversation turned principally upon the subject of the city, which evidently struck Mr. Thackeray with the most unqualified amazement. "Why," said he, "there is nothing that looks new about it; it has every appearance of solidity, just like an English city." I was a little surprised at this remark, considering that he had seen so much of the world, and must have heard something about Boston, since he had made it his first point of destination in this country, and might be supposed to have learned something of our history and condition. I ventured jokingly to inquire

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if he expected to see log-huts, wigwams, or buildings of rough boards. "Not that, of course," he said; but he "certainly had no idea of finding every thing in such a settled and improved condition, so that he should not have known but what he was actually in Europe." I said that Boston having been settled nearly two hundred and fifty years, and having had not a little commercial and general intercourse with the world abroad, it had made much advance from its aboriginal state, and that Bostonians, who had long enjoyed some advantages of education, were as eager to hear his proposed lectures as would be the most cultivated people on the other side of the ocean. We parted with mutual expressions of good-will, expecting to meet soon again at the Tremont House, where he had taken up his quarters, and where at that time I also had my lodgings.

In thinking over our conversation of the morning, I could not but wonder at the exceedingly superficial knowledge which Englishmen of cultivated minds and much general intelligence often display in regard to this country, though to a far greater degree at that period than since important and stirring public events have attracted toward us so much more interest and attention. I have observed some truly ludicrous mistakes as to the geographical features of the United States by writers who ought to have known better, and who might have informed themselves more correctly with the most ordinary pains. This must have been owing to sheer indifference, much modified, however, of late years through more frequent intercommunication between the people of the several countries. This state of things is powerfully illustrated by a remark in the *Memoirs of Bunsen* in relation to the entire ignorance he found, upon his arrival in England, in 1838, of "the state of the case" between the papal government and that of Prussia, which had resulted in his own recall from the Roman court, "having then to learn, what he had afterward frequent opportunities of observing, that the English public mind, dwelling upon an immense amount of interests, general and individual, which belong to national concerns, requires time in order to take any cognizance of foreign transactions not self-evidently having a bearing on England." This is the remark, by-the-way, of Baroness Bunsen, the writer of her husband's *Memoirs*, herself of English birth and education in the upper circle of English society. Not much before the period of Thackeray's first visit to the United States, I remember to have read in the *Quarterly Review* a reference to the seat of our national government as "Washington, near Albany, the capital of New England." The language, remembered after so many years, may not have been precisely as here set down, but so nearly the same as to make no real difference, and in every respect equally absurd, and, I believe, in fact, however incredible, exactly as I have stated it.* A singular mistake in point of historical accuracy has also been made very recently by Mr. Green, of Oxford, in his valuable and exceedingly interesting *History of the English People*, in which he characterizes the Pilgrims of Plymouth as "simply poor men and artisans." No doubt most of those worthies were in the middling, and many in the humbler, walks of life, and few, perhaps, of equal rank with the Puritans in general and "merchant adventurers" who resorted to the "Bay" and other more northerly shores of Massachusetts; but Brewster was designated in his time as "the learned," was a Cambridge University man, and had been in the diplomatic service of Queen Elizabeth; the title of "gentleman" was attached to Winslow's name; and Standish, who rendered such signal military service, claimed descent from a noble family.† Surely "poor men and artisans" merely could not have contemplated and carried out such an enterprise; for though they could never have conceived of its ultimate grand results, yet there was true manly heroism at the bottom of it; and if in their general feebleness they might be compared to the *army of sheep*, according to the old fable, yet they had lion-like commanders, and were thus better off than if, in their main body as strong and bold as lions, they had been led on merely by sheep.‡

Carver, their first Governor, chosen on board the *Mayflower*, was evidently a man of mark; Bradford, who succeeded him, is famous for his invaluable "Journal;" and Allerton is well known to have been an intelligent and accomplished person. Their legal papers and records in existence make plainly manifest that the leaders of this little band of exiles for conscience' sake were well versed in the technicalities and essential principles of law. But if there were no surer evidence of their superiority to the standing which Mr. Green, inadvertently, of course, but too indiscriminately, assigns them, what can be said of the fact that they so early instituted a record office for deeds of landed estate?—a safeguard of titles not

* An English letter was recently received in this city bearing the remarkable inscription, "Member New York Press Box 5 New Hampshire Boston Mass United States." The member did not claim it, either here or in New York, and it is now at Concord awaiting an owner.—*Boston Advertiser*, March 9, 1876.

† "The best linguist in the colony."—Rev. B. F. De Costa's "Footprints of Miles Standish." Pamphlet. Charlestown: 1864.

‡ In a mention of Mr. Edward Winslow, Macaulay says: "Hampden, the first of those great English commoners, whose plain addition of Mister has, to our ears, a more majestic sound than the proudest of the feudal titles."—Macaulay on "Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden."

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then known in England, in which country the written evidences of rights to estates were preserved until long afterward in muniment chests of private mansions. In reality, these "poor men and artisans," in the exercise of a broader intelligence than they had left behind them, immediately upon their arrival at the inhospitable shores to become their home, laid the foundation of a government from, for, and of the people, afterward infused into and popularizing the more aristocratic institutions and practices of the Massachusetts with which they became eventually incorporated. For it was there, before they had landed from their frail bark, they drafted and executed, as was never such instrument made before, that brief and noble declaration of principles looking to the future formation of a frame of civil government, which should be known to all future times as the Constitution of the *Mayflower*. It is of these wise and devout men that Webster said, in his oration upon Plymouth Rock, at the celebration of Forefather's-day, in 1820, "The mild dignity of Carver and Bradford; the decisive and soldier-like air of Standish; the devout Brewster;* the enterprising Allerton; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in Heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation—all these seem to belong to this place, and to be present on this occasion, to fill us with reverence and admiration."

But this is a wide divergence from the main purpose of this paper. Of course Thackeray was very soon much sought after in the literary and social circles of Boston. To a large extent these constitute one and the same body of intelligent and cultivated persons. The neighborhood of the university has had the influence for many years to diffuse education and a marked degree of refinement among the upper classes of the city; and although Boston has little pretension to aristocracy, in the European sense of the word, yet, owing to its wealth and the higher style of intellectual culture enjoyed by its people, it is probably the most exclusive in its social habits and requirements of any American city. With this society, after a while, Mr. Thackeray became familiarly acquainted, and received from it every possible attention, but not so much at first as on his second visit. Indeed, outside of the lecture-room, when he came in 1855, his life in Boston was one round of dinner parties and evening entertainments. On both occasions I sat by him at dinner at the Tremont House almost every day when he was not engaged abroad, and had the pleasure of his conversation there and in his apartments. I suppose an allusion in one of his essays to the enormity of eating pease with a knife, and his partial extenuation of the offense by reference to the practice of his great-grandmother, "one of the finest ladies of the old school I ever saw," led me to pay some attention to his own manner at table; and I remarked that he was especially observant of those small but essential requirements of refined society for neglect or ignorance of which Americans of a certain class have sometimes exposed themselves to the comments of the uncharitable; though I imagine that any thing remarkably Johnsonian on such occasions would hardly be seen in these days on the part of a real American gentleman, or of any one entitled by station to mingle with the higher classes of society.

I observe in one of the papers of the "Bric-à-Brac Series" a reference to Thackeray's alleged brusqueness toward those, in a casual meeting in the street, with whom he had been only a few hours before in the free enjoyment of social and friendly communication. I certainly saw nothing of the kind. My meetings with him were uniformly easy and friendly. For instance, Blanchard Jerrold gives the following account of his personal demeanor:

"There were times, and many, when Thackeray could not break through his outward austerity, even when passing an intimate friend in the street. I and a mutual friend met him one afternoon in Fleet Street, ambling to Whitefriars on his cob; and a very extraordinary figure he made. He caught sight of us, and my companion was about to grasp his hand, but he just touched his hat with his finger, and without opening his lips or relaxing the solemn cast of his features, he passed on. My companion stamped his foot on the pavement and cried, 'Who would think that we were up till four o'clock this morning together, and that he sang his "Reverend Dr. Luther," and was the liveliest of us!'"

* SCROOBY.—"This remote hamlet of Nottinghamshire, adjacent to the borders of Yorkshire, which now echoes to the whistle of the Great Northern Railway—here in the old manor-house of Scrooby (the outline of whose moat may still be seen), this ancient hunting-seat of the Archbishop of York, the resting-place of Queen Margaret of Scotland, daughter of Henry VII., on her journey to Scotland in 1503; where disappointed Wolsey retired after his fall, to discover too late that fidelity to God brings a higher and more certain blessing than the most devoted fidelity to an earthly king; here, where Wolsey's royal rival, Henry, passed a night in 1541; here, where James I. solicited of the archbishop that he might take his royal pastime in the forest of Sherwood; in this very manor-house, or in one of its offices, met the simple, humble Separatist worshipers, Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford, the leaders of the Pilgrim band, the founders of the civil and religious liberties of America."—"The Pilgrim Fathers," etc. A lecture delivered in London 18th January, 1866, by Benjamin Scott, F.R.A.S., Chamberlain of the city of London. London: MDCCCLXIX.

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Now I must say that I entirely sympathize with Thackeray on the occasion in question, and regard his conduct as altogether natural and proper. If his tall figure on horseback was "extraordinary"—and I can conceive his appearance to have been a little verging toward awkwardness—he, perhaps, was conscious of it, and did not care to expose himself to the spoken comments of one who might take liberties, on the score of the freedom indulged in until four o'clock of the previous morning. Besides, he was out for exercise and to seek recovery from the effects of recent late sitting, and the expectation of Jerrold's friend that he would haul up to the sidewalk to engage in conversation upon that or any other topic, when riding by himself for purposes of change and refreshment, seems to me little better than impertinence. Very likely, after so freely unbending on the morning referred to, he may have felt like Charles X., when in England in exile, who, at the solicitation of the manager, had obligingly attended upon some humorous representation in his neighborhood; but upon being waited upon soon afterward for a repetition of his visit, bowed graciously and took snuff, as he replied, "Ver' good, ver' good; mosh obleeshe; but von sosh fon, it is enough."

In fact, Thackeray seemed to me a high-bred, conscientious, and considerate man, a gentleman in sentiment and feeling, deeply thoughtful, introspective, as well as keenly and constantly observant of outward things; and any seeming "austerity" which I might have observed I attributed to the absorption of his mind in his literary pursuits and contemplations. This sort of abstraction, however, could hardly have been permitted to him while in the United States, since, with the true spirit of a gentleman, making it a point to write nothing about us or our concerns while accepting our hospitality and making profit out of our attendance upon his lectures, he was at leisure to enjoy himself in society as he saw fit. Indeed, I think he felt himself quite at home, and sometimes, in a festive mood, indulged in certain off-hand private remarks, not always well taken by sensitive persons to whom they happened to be addressed. In this way offense was on some occasions given when certainly none could have been intended. They were examples of English bluntness, in cases where I think an American gentleman would have scarcely given way to a personal allusion, even if involving himself in the same category. An instance or two of this sort I might relate, were it not for the revival of trifling, but not the most agreeable, recollections to the parties concerned.

We took various walks together, in which he enjoyed the exercise, as I certainly did the conversation upon literary topics and upon persons and things which he had seen or expected to see in this country. His remarks, with an occasional touch of satiric humor, were in their general spirit genial and benevolent; and it was easy to see that his disposition was charitable, however shrewd and even caustic his expressions may sometimes have been. I do not think he struck me as being what is technically called a *conversationist*—that is, one who would be invited to dinner for the purpose of keeping up the round of talk—and there was not the least shadow of attempt to show himself off; and though what he said was always sensible and to the point, it was the language of a well-bred and accomplished gentleman, who assumed no sort of superiority, but seemed naturally and simply at ease with his companions of the moment. In walking with him up the Beacon Street Mall, with the accustomed pride of a Bostonian in the Common and its surroundings, I called his attention to the ancient elms on either side intermingling their branches in a spreading arch overhead, so as to form a remarkably agreeable picture, and asked him if the view through the vista did not strike him as particularly beautiful. He agreed that it was so, perhaps with less ardor than I had expressed, and remarked that it hardly compared with the "Long Walk," that at Windsor, I suppose; which seemed to me a modest way enough of pointing out the great disparity between the two ranges of natural scenery. But the private residences on Beacon and Park streets, by the side of the Mall, he admitted could hardly be surpassed, for elegance and the appearance of comfort, even in London.

Sometimes I invited him to accompany me to the north part of Boston, then a good deal dilapidated, though originally noted as the court end of the town. There was not much to be seen there worthy of special note; but there was more of the appearance of antiquity than in other streets which he had visited, and many of the old houses were of solid brick, with some ambitious effort at ornamentation, exhibiting the former Bostonians of that quarter as a people of substantial means, though it was now inhabited by a very different class of persons. Not far from twenty years earlier, Governor Hutchinson's house, adorned with fluted pilasters outside and paneled with mahogany in the interior, was still standing, near Garden Court and Garden Court Street—names suggestive of rural charms around ancient city dwellings—but had at length given way to the demands of modern improvement.

Of course I took the greatest delight in Thackeray's lectures, though not always disposed to assent to his critical judgment of the English humorists, but, with the en-

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tranced audience, yielded myself to the charm of his unaffected and spirited manner of delivery, to his close analysis of character, to his humane and generous sentiments, to his pathetic turns of thought, and, with profound relish, to his clear, sweet, and simple English, in the use of which I can scarcely think he has had his equal. It was all so different in style and matter, to my taste, from the writings of another noted novelist of the day, whose popular readings of his own stories I attended once or twice, with little comparative interest. Indeed, I feel about Dickens's novels pretty much as the exiled French king did about the merry exhibition, in the anecdote already related —that they are all very well for once, with no little power of momentarily affecting our sympathies, though with some mental reservation, but feeling no more desire to see them again than I should wish to renew my fictitious tears, when taken unawares, over the exaggerated pictures of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. On the other hand, I experience an ever new delight in reading again and again whatever Thackeray has written. Nor do I believe that Thackeray himself regarded Dickens as in any sense a rival, though he would naturally refrain from giving expression to any dissent from the overwhelming popular estimate of his contemporary's writings. But time has already settled, in part at least, the question between the novels of these famous authors. It may be doubted whether any grave English judge would now think of taking a story of Dickens to the bench with him for perusal in the intermission of business; while Thackeray's are books to recur to in the study and in moments of languor when nothing else seems fitted to furnish the longed-for entertainment. He has sometimes been severely commented upon by very loyal English critics for his ridicule and unsparing denunciation in his lectures upon the "Four Georges." But see how later history takes his part. Oxford, I suppose, is still loyal enough, though scarcely so much so as when it was a refuge for King Charles, and melted down its plate for his service. But Green, in the *History of the English People*, already quoted, says of the first two Georges: "But neither had any qualities which could make their honesty attractive to the people at large. The temper of the first was that of a gentleman usher, and his one care was to get money for his favorites and himself. The temper of the second was that of a drill-sergeant, who believed himself master of his realm, while he repeated the lessons he had learned from his wife, and which his wife had learned from the minister." Of the third George, for whom I think there is still a sort of respect felt even in this country, on account of his domestic virtues, and especially because of his personal afflictions, Mr. Green remarks: "But dull and petty as his temper was, he was clear as to his purpose" (which purpose was to rule), "and obstinate in his pursuit of it." Of the fourth George, whom I believe Thackeray meant partly to satirize in Joseph Sedley, what possible good could ever be said?

When Thackeray finally left Boston to fulfill his engagements in New York and elsewhere, I heard nothing of him, except by an occasional kind message, or through the newspapers, until the intelligence came of his sudden departure for home. Some time after I knew of his arrival in England, as he had talked to me freely enough about his own writings—that is, when I introduced the subject, or it came up by some natural allusion, for he was the last man to obtrude himself or his works—I sent him a story, written by myself, descriptive of characters and manners in a certain part of America, and published during the interval between his first and second visits to the United States. His comment upon the book was that it was extremely well written, which I regarded as a valuable compliment from an author and scholar of his literary accomplishments, and one so distinguished for the pure style of his compositions; but he rather took me down by saying that "the characters introduced were too uniformly good." Still, actual villains were at that time much rarer in the region in question than at a later date, and my object had been to describe rather the ordinary run of society, none the less correctly that it might be thought a little tame, and so far in favor of its virtuous tendencies and conduct. Besides, to compare small things with great, some of Thackeray's most fascinating works are not always diversified with personages of the exceptional character alluded to. Of course there are striking exceptions. I suppose that Dr. Firmin, in *Philip*, is the most finished and polished scoundrel ever exhibited in the pages of fiction. His cool, deliberate villainy is really almost incredible; and yet we do believe, subject to the author's wonderfully penetrative power of delineation, that such a character is possible. But I remember none exactly answering the requirements in question in *The Newcomes*, for instance, though mean and low enough some of them are. Even Florac is a good sort of Frenchman, after his way, and one can not help feeling an interest in the easy-going and unscrupulous gentleman, in spite of his foibles. Honeyman is a sanctimonious scamp, to be sure, whose religious profession, with its advantages, does not save him from what Milton calls, "low descents of mind;" but, in consideration, perhaps, of his sacred office, Thackeray satirizes his short-comings and excesses rather from a ludicrous than a criminal point of view, and relentingly at last sets him down in the re-

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sponsible chaplaincy of Bogley-Wallah, procured for him by the interest of his noble and much-injured relative, Colonel Newcome. Some of the ladies of that most admirable novel do, indeed, exhibit in a remarkable degree the baleful influence of merely worldly desires and ways—old Lady Kew, for instance, and the "Campaigner"—while I might have retorted upon the author that the delightful, most generous, and spiritually minded Madame De Florac was almost too good

"For human nature's daily food;"

and the bright ethereal spirit of Ethel Newcome, notwithstanding the influence of her education and surroundings, was enough to redeem from sweeping censure a whole penitentiary of the less refined and less attractive of her sex.

On Thackeray's second visit to the United States, in the winter of 1855, I saw him still more familiarly than on the occasion of his first lecturing tour. During the earlier period I happened to be too much engaged in professional pursuits to leave much leisure for friendly or social intercourse, except, as I have observed, at our frequent meetings at table. After dinner I sometimes went with him to his apartments, consisting of a parlor and bedroom, the most agreeable of any in the Tremont House, for a little social chat. On one of these occasions he recited to me his "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," afterward printed in a collection of his poems which was published in Boston. But he was certainly not a poet; that is, notwithstanding his power of writing such admirable prose, together with a knack of versifying, he did, after all, lack a certain mysterious qualification which goes to make up the complement of a poet—in a word, what a famous poet calls, in this relation,

"The vision and the faculty divine."

He gave those touching verses forth with emphatic expression and every manifestation of the tender feeling which must have inspired them. "But," said he, "they made no mark"—referring to the fact that they had formerly appeared in some London periodical. But the truth is, an author can not always tell what is the actual judgment in regard to his lighter productions, which may be very much admired, though the knowledge of it may never come to his ears. I expressed my own gratification at the sentiment and spirit of the verses, which seemed to give him pleasure. Indeed, some passages of the poem have been often quoted, as exhibiting a peculiar softness, so to say, of feeling in one whom too many, not sounding the real depths of his nature, have regarded simply as a satirist and a cynic, because, looking more profoundly than they into the motives and springs of human action, he portrayed the basenesses of some, as he certainly did display the more generous impulses and principles which governed the conduct of many of his more conspicuous characters. I observe that the late Mr. William B. Reed, in his touching memorial of Thackeray, gives one of the stanzas of this ballad, describing the passage as "lines of tenderness, often quoted, which no one but he could have written." The ballad, for all its lively turns, is inexpressibly melancholy in its effect, in its regretful reminiscences of old, familiar, jovial times, with one peculiarly sweet touch of holier memory, combined with a sad and lonely effort to drown it all in the solitary dispatch of a meal so suggestive of a once more genial board. In manner, it reminds one of the style of Béranger; in sentiment, of Catullus, in his

"O dulces comitum valete cœtus,
Longe quos simul a domo profectos
Diverse variæ viæ reportant."

But I think I must here copy some of the stanzas—enough to preserve the connection of the thought:

"A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields;
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

"This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo:
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace—
All these you eat, at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

* * * * * * *

"We enter; nothing's changed or older.
'How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?'
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'
'It is the lot of saint and sinner.
So honest Terré's run his race?'
'What will monsieur require for dinner?'
'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'

"'Oh, oui, monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer;
'Quel vin monsieur désire-t-il?'
'Tell me a good one.' 'That I can, Sir—
The Chambertin with yellow seal.'
'So Terré's gone,' I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner place;
'He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

* * * * * * *

"Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

* * * * * * *

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.

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A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

"I drink it as the Fates ordain it—
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of the dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is—
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!"

By-the-way, speaking of his great novel *The Newcomes*, there is in it a description of the celebration of Founder's-day at Greyfriars School, as he designates the Charter-House, where he pursued his boyish studies. At this admirable institution, dating from the time of James I., provision is made for the comfortable support within its walls of fourscore decayed and aged men, pensioners of the hospital, as they were former pupils of the establishment, enjoying as a right, if duly qualified, the thoughtful bounty of the founder. What a blessing it would be if some such provision might be made by rich men in this country, in connection with our colleges and academies, so that respectable persons of a certain age, beaten in the battle of life, could retire to some such establishment, the scene of their youthful sports and studies, without loss of self-respect, and pass their declining years in requisite leisure and devout preparation for the end! There are individuals of vast wealth in America—richer, it is said, than any of the rich nobility of England—who, mindful of their own early advantages of education, or of that lack of them which has maybe been their social obstacle all their lives, might found dozens of such hospitable refuges for those who have not been so fortunate as themselves, who could readily spare the superfluous wealth thus benevolently bestowed, and perhaps save some accumulating anxieties to their heirs. In Chapter LXXV. of *The Newcomes* Thackeray writes: "Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen, pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive? you wonder—the Cistercian boys called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive? I wonder—or kind old Codd Gentleman? or has the grave closed over them?"

But the explanation of the curious appellation, Codd, seems to me simple enough, though it did not occur to Thackeray: at least, in the absence of any other gleam of light on this point, the theory I would advance may be thought plausible. I believe that the cant name in question was applied to these old gentlemen by the boys in consequence of their wearing *pigtails*, so called, the fashion of the time at the period of which Thackeray wrote, as it had been of the day of their predecessors. Naturally, at a classical school, they would seek for the desired designation in the ancient tongue. Hence the word *coda*, used by various Roman writers for *cauda*, a tail, might readily occur, and be contracted into *Codd* among the boys; or even its use may have been deduced, by diminution, from *codicillus*, in its sense of an appendage.

I remember once standing with Thackeray on the steps of the Tremont House, toward evening, when crowds were pouring into the Tremont Temple, nearly opposite, to hear him deliver a lecture in behalf of some benevolent object, and I think the topic of the lecture was "Charity." "What in the world," said he, "can possess these people to flock to hear me speak an essay which was printed in last month's *Harper's Magazine*, and doubtless has been read by so many of them?" I suggested that it was the way with numbers of our people to run after celebrities, and that after reading whatever he might have written, the impulse would be only the stronger to see him face to face. Besides, the price of admission to the prospective lecture was comparatively small—I think only twenty-five cents—and many would attend who might not feel able to afford the higher sum demanded for his full course. In fact, it was the opportunity for the multitude, who constituted a different class from those who had secured places at his readings upon the "English Humorists" and the "Four Georges." The audience, in fact, proved to be large, and doubtless the proceeds in behalf of the benevolent project correspondingly liberal.

In the many sketches of Thackeray's life and opinions, I do not remember to have observed any special reference to the religious part of his character. To me he seemed a person of deeply religious convictions, though he certainly made no special professions of them, and of profound veneration for things holy; in a word, I thought him actuated by a sincere Christian spirit, as I think is manifest in all his writings, whenever the circumstances warranted the manifestation of his sober inward thought. I am sure, with all his dislike of hypocritical pretension and his disposition to hold it up to deserved obloquy, that he would have shrunk from the slightest trivial allusion by his companions to the awful relations between this world and that which is to come. In one of our many conversations I mentioned to him the objections urged by an accomplished lady friend of mine to his assignment of good, generous Colonel Newcome, at the close of his noble life, to the foundation of the hospital within the precincts of which his boyish days had been

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passed, and where his solemn "Adsum" at the last ushered his brave spirit to the good man's home of eternal rest. I write of it as if it were all real, as it truly seems to be. The lady thought it a shame to bring such a man to what she thought a sort of degradation. "Then," said Thackeray, with more than usual earnestness of manner—"then she is not a Christian!" This was in itself as much a profession of faith as if he had written volumes in defense of it. I suppose the excellent lady only meant to say that, in a worldly point of view, it shocked the "offending Adam" in her, that so grand and simple a life as that of the beloved colonel should not have been crowned with "all that should accompany old age." But as Scott justly observes, in effect, in the introduction to one of his novels, in answer to the complaint of a tender-hearted critic who objected to the melancholy fate of one of his most interesting characters:—This life is a scene of discipline, trial, and vicissitude. If virtue always obtained an earthly reward in worldly riches and honors, it would be but a mechanical sort of world, its problems to be worked out to mathematical precision and demonstration, with only a selfish motive for action, altogether inconsistent with real virtue, and by no means conformable with the wiser designs of Divine Providence. In fact, it would operate to the obliteration of the eternal distinction between humble virtue and triumphant vice. I once asked Thackeray which he considered his best novel, and he said, without hesitation, he thought *Esmond* superior to either of the others. I was a little surprised at his opinion at the time, in fact being then less familiar with *Esmond* than with several of the rest; but repeated perusal of it subsequently has confirmed to me the justness of his judgment.

It seems to be the fortune of those who are prominently before the public, in certain relations with it, to have a class of followers the motives of whose pursuit are not always altogether intelligible. Probably the idea of some reflected distinction is often at the bottom of it. Actors and opera-singers of the male sex, however deficient in any remarkable personal advantages, have often been the objects of this sort of demonstrative admiration on the part of enthusiastic young ladies, until notes and bouquets became too common to command any special value. It was a subject of amusement with Thackeray, that he, a grave gentleman past middle life, a philosopher and a moralist, not beautiful certainly, with white hair and in spectacles, dignified and somewhat reserved in manner, should be exposed to this species of personal adulation. I am afraid he had occasion sometimes to set down the demonstrations in question to the disadvantage of the manners of some of the freer of our American girls, compared with the more staid demeanor of English young ladies with whom he was acquainted. Of course no imputations of a moral nature could arise, except so far as manners are in themselves the external indications of the inner moral sense. I know that one very pretty young lady actually followed him to Boston from a distant city, whose respectable father came and reclaimed her from this Quixotic undertaking. Her countenance was known to me, and one day, walking with Thackeray on Beacon Street, we met this infatuated young person coming from the opposite direction. He accosted her politely, and passed on without pause, remarking, as if to himself, with a sort of sigh of relief, "Well, thank Heaven, that pipe is smoked out." I was a good deal struck by the more than ordinary freedom of the expression from such a man and on such an occasion. Surely it was not in the best taste; but I am not attempting to describe Thackeray as other than he was, according to his several moods of mind; and I imputed this odd sort of outburst to a sense of weariness and annoyance experienced, and perhaps to his having made, at the moment, a resolute effort to free himself from an uncomfortable acquaintance in the future. I never heard of the young lady afterward; but have no reason to doubt that her childish escapade, as in the case of other young persons carried away by a temporary flight of fancy, ended in her settling down into a sober, domestic American matron, than whom I am sure there are none more virtuous and well-conditioned in the whole range of the wide world.

Mr. Thackeray was an admirer—as what man of taste and true sentiment is not?—of female beauty. Certainly he saw in Boston many cultivated and attractive ladies; but I think he admired, more than others, one married lady whom he knew in private life rather than in general society, and in whose parlor I often met him. It was a domestic scene in which he seemed completely at home, and where he conversed freely of his own household ties in England, which he so sorely missed in another land. Of this lady, distinguished for her personal attractions and her unpretending good sense, he used to say, "She would be a countess any where;" which was taken as a remark of no little significance from one who had the *entrée* into aristocratic English society, and was sufficiently well acquainted with countesses and duchesses at home.

Of course Thackeray studied character wherever he observed any of its eccentricities. There were idiosyncrasies enough in Boston, if he had had the leisure to look them up; but his associations there and in other American cities, I imagine, were with

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an altogether different class from the persons he may have sometimes met at "Caves of Harmony," or the like, in his more familiar home life in London, sitting up till four o'clock in the morning and singing his "Reverend Dr. Luther." But among his casual acquaintances were two or three whose society he occasionally enjoyed, and who, I think, were as likely to have become depicted in those future novels which, alas! we long for in vain, as any persons with whom he became acquainted in English life. They were persons with whom he might have been on easy terms at the "Cave" aforesaid, had there been any such place in Boston (though there are lower dens enough), where gentlemen of slightly Bohemian tastes and manners might resort for occasional relaxation, and of which we may infer from some of his descriptions he had in his youth learned something. He appeared to like their society once in a while better than that of persons in Boston of more formal ways and habits. One of these acquaintances of his possessed a good deal of native shrewdness, and was fully alive to public events and the gossip of the day; the other, with no small share of Yankee wit and dry humor, had a capital story-telling faculty, which must have afforded Thackeray a fund of amusement. I am sure he made studies of them both. They got up small supper parties for him, and sometimes they did me the honor to invite me to form one of a small party with him at Porter's to partake of game, for which that place of entertainment in the neighborhood of Boston was then famous. Other engagements always prevented my attendance upon symposia which would doubtless have proved highly eventful for hilarity, and would have exhibited our genial friend in some of his merriest moods, and perhaps have procured me the privilege, which I should have prized, of hearing "Dr. Luther" itself. At the time of his return to the United States, events were impending in our country, though still apparently distant, which filled the minds of thoughtful men with a sense of danger to our institutions, and were the subject of more or less conversation between us. He could not be expected to possess any considerable information upon the political complications of the country; but I am sure that he wished well to the republic and to its fortunes, though it was evident that he had not the slightest sympathy with the sentimental causes which finally led to such a tremendous revolution in our national affairs.

Our primitive dinner hour at the Tremont House was half past two o'clock. On these occasions we generally had the company of an excellent lady, already referred to; and I believe he really preferred these not very pretentious repasts to the formal feasts, at hours so much later, in fashionable London society; for it was easy to see that his tastes in this respect were simple enough, and that his personal wants were easily satisfied. We had wine, commonly sherry, of which he moderately partook, to which was not unfrequently added a modest half bottle of Champagne. As our talk at table turned a good deal on literary subjects, he inquired of me, one day, if I had ever seen some verses of his upon Charlotte and Werther; to which I was ashamed to make a negative reply, but begged him to repeat them; which he did, with unmoved gravity of tone and feature, as if it were some especially solemn recitation, though relieved a little by the sly twinkle of his eyes through his spectacles. As I wish to say a word, in this connection, about a striking act of courtesy and kindness on his part, I will copy the verses, which may now also be found in the volume of his poems already mentioned, with some slight changes, not, I think, for the better:

"SORROWS OF WERTHER.

"Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

"Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

"So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And by them no more was troubled.

"Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

I expressed my honest liking for these odd stanzas, and ventured to ask for a copy. He said nothing, but at tea-time—that is, about half past six or seven o'clock—he came down with a sheet of paper in his hand, and a little bustle, as though he had accomplished something, and handed me the verses, copied out in his wonderfully fine handwriting, illustrated at the top by one of his incomparable ink drawings. I looked upon it with the most unaffected admiration. I was astonished at the rapidity as well as the excellence of the execution, and certainly I have no article of curiosity in my possession which I value so highly. There is nothing in the recently published "Thackerayana," or even in the far better exhibition of his artistic skill from the later collection of his daughter, to be compared with it. Charlotte is standing at the table, "cutting bread and butter"—an operation eagerly watched by several youngsters who surround it, whose expectant interest is admirably depicted by an effective mark of the pen or a dot; while Werther, dressed in the fashion of the day, obsequiously enters the

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room, cocked hat in hand, manifesting his profound interest in the domestic scene before him, which, strangely enough, led to such tragic results. Charlotte, however, looks as serenely composed as she subsequently did when Werther was "borne before her on a shutter." It is the same which is copied at the head of this paper.

Like all the rest of the world, I was deeply shocked and grieved at the intelligence, so unexpected, of Thackeray's sudden death, and sincerely mourned that such a great light should have gone out of the world. For I think there has been no one else, in his line of writing, who could penetrate so keenly into the sources of human action; who could so faithfully portray the errors and eccentricities of his fellow-mortals; who showed such a high sense of the virtues which sometimes adorn human nature; who more humanely held up virtue as an example to be followed; who made persistent folly more ridiculous, or more relentlessly assigned to vice its fitting retribution.

MISS TRUEPENNY'S FORTIETH CHRISTMAS.

ONLY a few years ago I saw her walking stiff and erect through the hall of her old home. Her gown of lustreless silk rattled on the old oaken boards, its stiff folds clanging like pasteboard, and the high heels of her shapely boots stumped along with a measured precision. The still irrepressible brightness and warmth of her hair were hidden by a severe bit of three-cornered lace that fell over her high white brow, and heightened the dead, cold, passionless contour of her face. Her hands were clasped loosely behind her; her eyes bent to the floor. As she walked there, the figure was not an uninteresting one in a grim, ascetic point of view, but not readily connected with aught that concerned the tender passion.

Yet many a brave soldier, and perhaps arrant rogue, carries a bit of lead with him to his grave. The bullet goes in and never comes out, but makes a comfortable bag and bed for itself, and has a peripatetic home for many a year. It may be that in that time long ago the rosy god took aim for another target, or hit this one in sportive jest, for she was, when quite a young woman, red-haired, high-nosed, and superior. This last the worst of all. She had mastered every thing at the village school, and it was the general belief that while she was away for a twelvemonth or two, Elizabeth had learned more than was wholesome for any one young woman to know; and when, upon her return, she actually took the place of her college-bred cousin Matthew Gorse, as book-keeper and cashier in her father's store, and was perched upon the high stool, with a pen behind her delicate ear, her slim little hands fumbling among bills and papers in the worm-eaten drawer, the villagers shook their heads and hoped no harm might come of all this wisdom that Deacon Truepenny had bought for that "hoighty-toighty da'ter o' his'n."

But Obadiah looked over at the rickety throne of his daughter, and not for the first time in his life thanked God she was not a son. In another part of the store lounged idly his nephew, young Matthew Gorse; and as the sharp ferrety eyes of the old man fell upon his comely head, they took an expression of scorn and disgust that told very plainly in what estimation he was held by his forehanded uncle.

"A clerk, indeed!" groaned Obadiah, who remembered his own bitter apprenticeship in that line—"trapesin' about with the girls at night, yawnin' and loungin' through the day, stickin' up his impudent nose at his betters, and findin' fault with his bread and butter—a clerk, indeed!" Obadiah was about sick of it. "If he couldn't help out with the mackerel and ile, and was too dainty to pick out the rotten apples, why, he might go to thunder," would conclude Obadiah, who, although a deacon, was driven to the verge of profanity by this reprobate nephew of his.

"And as to makin' head or tail o' them 'ere accounts o' his'n," it was too much for Obadiah. "There was a screw loose somewhere. Squire Bronson hadn't paid that bill, nor Lawyer Bates nuther; leastways if they had, it was all mixed up somehow. He didn't want to be rash, but if he found out any thing wrong—" And here the old man's greedy eyes would fasten themselves upon his daughter's face. She was his anchor, his hope. "What with the tarnal fashion o' reckonin' nowadays," the old ledger was a sealed book to him. Matthew would push it over to his uncle, smile contemptuously, and lounge away, secure, as the old man well knew, that the contents were like a Chinese puzzle in his hands. But now he could look away from that scornful face and mocking smile, and gaze upon the calm, serious one of his daughter. It might not be lovely to some folks, but to him it was the one face in the world.

Her keen gray eyes, her high nose, her sharp-set mouth, were more alluring in the eyes of her father than any soft-dimpled loveliness. There was that in Elizabeth's face that lent comfort to his fretted soul, and a clean quiver about the girl's nostrils brought back his dog Bess to him, and often he fell to calling her by that name, as the only venture to a caress he knew how to give.

When young Matthew caught to this pet title, for he had always hated the grim one of Elizabeth, the old man grinned maliciously.

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"Bess it is, young man," he said, "sure's you're born, and Bess was the best pointer the world ever saw. If you've been at any capers, she'll nose you out, mark my words for it."

And Matthew would turn upon his heel and walk contemptuously away; but surreptitiously he would watch his cousin from a distance, and as he saw the head of the young girl bent over the battered old ledger, her keen eyes probing that miserable tell-tale of a book, his soul began to be vaguely troubled. His contemptuous indifference for this young school-miss, with her shallow knack of deceiving her father into the belief she was so wise, yielded to a sense of mastery he found in that face, so pale, so proud, so severely cold. He did see that clean quiver of the nostrils; it was perfect; it was fatal. She knew all; it was but a question of time. She held in those pretty slim hands of hers his life or his death, his future manhood, or his eternal shame.

He found something tigerish in her toying with the fluttering pages of that wretched old book, and began to long for the time when she would swoop down upon her prey and end this agony of yearning and suspense.

For there had dawned within him of late, since, instead of the repulsive power of his uncle, he had found a higher, purer, nobler force to combat and fear—there had broken on his troubled spirit a keener sense of suffering, but with it the necessity for expiation, which amounted at times to an agony of yearning. He resolved one night to feed this desire, let it cost what it would.

He got up and sat by the window. For the first time he could look upon that bit of water shimmering yonder in the moonlight without a shudder. His hot eyes suddenly became wet; a sob escaped him.

Hour after hour he sat there, motionless, absorbed, the prey to that thought that in the ghastly gray of the morning took so dubious a shape it tore the heart within him. All at once he saw the blue cambric gown of his cousin flitting down the garden path. He crept stealthily down the stairs, holding his breath as he passed his uncle's door, and went out into the garden.

The fresh, fragrant air made him dizzy. He felt the pulses of his temples beat and his heart shake at the rustle of the bushes through which he trod. Nature had scarcely awakened from her sleep, and the moon was still in the sky. The garden seemed without a pulse, and the blue robe of his cousin, that was now but a step from him, took the shape, to his dazed senses, of a cloud that had floated down from heaven. He stepped onward, and clasping the blue of that cloud, fell on his knees at her feet.

The heart of this young girl, already touched by the tender grace of the summer morning, with the green of the grass, the twitter of the birds, the perfume of the flowers, by that indefinable sympathy of virginal youth with all that is mystical and sweet in nature—the heart of this young girl ceased to beat when she saw the pale, spectral face of her cousin, and felt the clutch of his hand upon her dress.

"You know all," he said; "you've got my secret out of that accursed ledger. Come, put an end to my misery. Tell my uncle to-day, if you've a spark of womanly pity, Bess; finish it all to-day."

She stood quite still and looked down upon him. Even in that second of agony he thought her face was the purest and proudest in the world. He felt no shame in kneeling there. Apart from his crime, it seemed to him right that he, that every one, should be at her feet. But the suspense was overpowering.

"Speak—for God's sake, speak, Cousin Bess! Betray me at once, won't you? Oh, speak!"

"No," she said; "I will not betray you."

But as he got upon his feet, and took one long breath of relief, and caught the hand hanging at her side, she drew it away, and held it back from him.

"Oh yes, of course," said Matthew, bitterly. "I know what you mean: you'll shield me from disgrace. You've got a little more pride of family than Uncle Obadiah. He'd hustle me off to jail without a qualm; but you—you'll save me, and hate me as only a proud woman can. And, Bess, see here; I can't bear to thwart you; you shall have your will. Bess, Bess, what do you want me to do? Speak the word. Go and throw myself in yonder pond, and wipe it all out forever? Oh, I swear to you I'll do it this moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and you shall look on and see!"

He really meant what he said. He was overstrung with the weakness and agitation of those long hours of wakefulness, and there was something in the face of his cousin that stung him to madness. Just then he would rather have died than remained in the world with her. He made a plunge forward, but her hand now grasped his for one little moment.

"No," she said, dropping his hand and clasping her own. "I will not have it so." Her tone implied that she had even thought of this way of wiping out dishonor, but rejected it. The next words told why. "Because I can not bear to have you die," she said; and two big tears rolled out of her eyes upon her clasped hands.

"Oh," cried Matthew, with a groan of agony, "why didn't I know there was such a woman in the world? Now it is too late."

"It is not too late," said Elizabeth, gravely. "And—"

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"What?" interrupted Matthew. "Oh, Bess, don't drive me mad. Don't make me live to despise me. Tell me, could you ever forgive me? Could you in ten, twenty years, if I went through some sort of terrible expiation at your bidding—could you have the womanly heart to endure me in the same world with you?"

A slight rustle in the bushes at her side startled Bess. She looked, and saw only the graceful haunch of a Guinea-hen; but it quickened the nerves of Miss Truepenny.

"Listen to me," she said. "You say you will do all that I bid you. Do you mean what you say?"

"Yes, yes," he replied; "that is what I want—to do just as you will, as God is my judge, Bess. I'd have the strength now to even tell my uncle."

"No, no," she said, with a shudder, for she knew her father well; "but you must pay the money back to him, without his knowing it was gone. You must take three thousand dollars of mine that are lying in the bank—yes, yes, you must; you said you'd do all that I bid you."

"Oh, Bess," he groaned, "to take your money—your little money! I can't, Bess."

"You will, Matthew; you will borrow this money of me, and pay me the same interest for it that the bank allows. It must be withdrawn to-day—this morning—so that I can make the books right. It is dreadful to have them wrong. There, now; it is all over."

She put her hand upon his head with a sad sweet gesture of farewell, and as she left him it seemed to Matthew that the bushes parted, and where her tender, gracious face had been, that of a demon remained—a cynical, sly, sneering face, a face of demoniac will and purpose, the face of his uncle Obadiah.

Matthew remained for a moment petrified with fear and disgust; but the face vanished, and it all seemed like a dream of his disturbed fancy. It was impossible; it could not be. Of course not. At breakfast there sat his uncle Obadiah, with his wrinkled face untouched by emotion of any kind. He ate with his head bent as usual to the table, once in a while casting a quick, furtive glance upon his daughter, which habit was a part of his meal.

As for Bess, she poured out the coffee with a steady hand; her voice had no quaver in it; but there was something always about his cousin that seemed masterful to Matthew, only it was wonderful such tenderness could go hand in hand with it. A hundred emotions took away his appetite. It seemed to him that his soul had just been born.

How different was the store that day! The gaudy placards upon boxes and bales, the fly-paper on the mouldy old ceiling; on one side flaunted gay-colored prints and petticoats, while upon the other stood sturdily rakes and hoes, shellers and feeders, even more costly implements of agriculture. The side window, with its narrow dusty panes, its shelves filled with fruit and pickle jars, patent medicines, and stale confectionery, held also the desk and stool of the accountant. Many a time had he perched there, a band of iron about his head, every nerve in his body tingling with desperation and despair. Now there was a high white brow there, cool and calm and passionless, a white warm body, but apparently without nerves; above all, a soul free from stain.

How different it was! The old flavor in the back of the building of musty grain and mildew, and down in the cellar the strong conglomeration of mackerel and oil, of brown sugar and molasses, of horse liniment, vinegar, and home-brewed beer, of rancid butter and bacon, of hides, of beef, hams, and codfish—the odor of these, mingling and commingling, failed to create the usual sensation of disgust to Matthew. He took off his fine coat, and pulling up his shirt sleeves, ramificated down in the very bowels of this damp, sticky, subterranean retreat, the half-shut, wrinkled, cunning eyes of his uncle following him curiously and with an ominous speculation.

Some disagreeable work was got over that morning, Mr. Truepenny seemingly willing enough to humor the busy bent of his nephew. About noon Matthew went above, and at the top of the ladder beheld the flutter of a blue cambric dress; it set his heart to beating painfully. Instinctively he took his hat from his head, and when Bess saw first that handsome, spectral head, it was even with the floor. It was so handsome and yet so spectral a head that it reminded her of one in a picture she had seen somewhere, that of a Cavalier prone upon the block, ready for the axe of the headsman close by.

She stooped and put in his hand a bit of paper. He bent his head over her hand, and as she drew it gently away a loose flutter of ribbon from her sleeve remained in Matthew's grasp. He looked at it with a sort of greedy piety, and put it in his pocket with the check.

It must have been nearly noon before he could go to the bank. Obadiah seemed possessed with a desire to tidy the whole establishment, and worked hand in hand with his nephew till that hour.

When Matthew went out of the store he cast one little look behind. The grave, candid eyes of Bess, as they met his, wore the trusting confidence of a little child. A fleeting color touched her cheek. She nodded to him encouragingly. It was all he could do to keep calm, and he went out into the street with blurred eyes and a faltering step. Yet he thought he should see her

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again in ten, fifteen minutes—at the utmost a little half hour.

He walked on with a quick step, holding his head high, looking neither to the right nor the left. Many a passer-by noticed his preoccupied, agitated manner, and spoke of it afterward, as people will, twisting and distorting every thing into damnatory evidence against the accused. The money was paid over to him without a question, the party counting out the three thousand dollars no doubt busy in his mind as to what speculation that red-haired, high-nosed young woman was about entering into; but he made no remark, and Matthew put the money in his pocket, where already lay that little treasure of blue ribbon, and went on his way to that red-haired, high-nosed damsel, whistling softly as he went, for the first time in years.

But he had scarcely gone a third of the way when he saw his uncle Obadiah coming up the street with one of their old townsmen by the name of Dobson—a lounging, shiftless fellow who had lately been appointed a policeman under the new law.

His uncle Obadiah was given to consorting with all classes of people, and he walked by the side of this fellow with the same shuffling and sly demeanor that he bore with the squire of the parish.

Matthew, with a slight salutation, would have passed quickly on, congratulating himself that Obadiah was well out of the way for a time, but he felt the hand of his uncle on his arm.

"We'll walk together," said the old man. "Come," he continued, leaving his companion and leaning heavily upon Matthew's arm, "we'll go down by the dam where people won't be listenin': I want a word with you."

Obadiah was not wont to consult his nephew in any thing, and Matthew's courage was shaken when they reached the mill. His eyes instinctively avoided the malicious twinkling ones of his uncle, and he shook himself free from that clutch of his skinny hand. A dim horror began to penetrate him. The noise of the water falling from the wheel, the wheel itself, became a phantom of dread to his imagination. It reminded him somehow of a drowning creature holding up its dripping arms in terror and supplication.

"I take it, Matthew," began his uncle, "that you'll be reasonable; you've generally found out pretty quick on which side your bread is buttered. You needn't look as if you were going to be hung. For some wise reason or other the devil is let have his agents here on the earth, and you seem to be a pretty good help o' his'n. You're in luck, young man. If you behave right, I'll do the fair thing by you; if you don't, you've no one but yourself to blame. I happened to be on the other side o' the hedge this mornin' when you had that little talk with Elizabeth."

Matthew did not even start. He knew it all now, but he shuddered, and said,

"Yes, I saw you."

"Hum—you did?" continued Obadiah. "You see, I get up early—'Early to bed and early to rise,' you know, that's my motto; and Elizabeth she's a chip o' the old block, ain't she? She's got a long head, has Elizabeth, and a cool, calculatin' brain, hain't she, now?"

"Go on!" said Matthew, fiercely; "go on! What do you want with me?"

"Well," drawled Obadiah, "I might prosecute you as a thief, you know; you confessed you stole the money."

"I took what was mine," said Matthew, his face in a blaze of passion. "My grandfather had no right to leave you my mother's share. I won't be called by that name—be careful what you say."

"It's my way," said Obadiah, "to call things by their right names. Any body that takes what ain't belongin' to him is a thief—hold! keep back there! I'd like to say that up yonder on the bank is an old friend, Dobson. He's got handcuffs in his pocket, and all them little things that are in his line o' business. He hain't had much to do lately, and it's no more'n right he should be ready when he's called. Perhaps I may want him, and, ag'in, I mayn't. Now see here, I'll give you your ch'ice, young man: you can take that there money that you've got in your pocket—that three thousand dollars of Elizabeth's—and you can clear off with it, get away to the devil if you like, but don't never let me see or hear of you ag'in, me nor mine. Hark ye, young man, it'll be a short shrift if ye do. I'll haul you up; I'll hunt you down; I'll take the furtherest end of the law on you. Them white fingers o' yourn hev been mighty free lately; they ain't satisfied with takin' my money—they must prowl around my da'ter!"

And here the heat in the old man's eyes rivaled the blaze in Matthew's.

"Take your ch'ice, and take it quick, young man—your freedom, the world before you to play the devil in, and that three thousand dollars of Elizabeth's you've got in your pocket there, or a jail, a striped shirt, a shaven head, and a cell."

Matthew sank down upon the grass. His head fell upon his hands. He was too sick and sad even to be angry any more. It was all over; he had lost all, as he had, perhaps, well deserved—hope for the future, redemption for the past. It was gone forever, that impossible phantom of faith and tenderness and ineffable charity in which he had dared to trust.

He got upon his feet, and pulling the bills from his pocket, put them in Obadiah's

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hand. The bit of blue ribbon fell from his trembling fingers, but he picked it up and put it back in his pocket again. Then he turned to Obadiah.

"See here, old man," he said, "there is Elizabeth's money. Take it back to her; she's waiting for it now." Here his voice shook, and the muscles of his face twitched with an irrepressible agony. "Tell her," he said, "it was all useless—all her sweet womanly mercy; but tell her too—do you hear?—that because of that mercy I'll do the best I can. I'll try to wipe it all out, for her sweet sake, and then I'll come back, and not till then. Say, will you tell her that? or shall I do it? I swear to you that in spite of you or Dobson I'll walk up the street there to Elizabeth. I'll risk every thing rather than she shall lose faith in me. May I depend on you?"

"Y—yes," stammered Obadiah; "you may reckon on my doin' what's right."

"Swear that you will; swear by—O gracious Heaven! what is there sacred to the soul of this old man?—swear by Elizabeth herself, as you hope to hold her love or favor, you'll deal fairly by me in this one way."

And the old man swore. His face quivered like a shaken piece of parchment, and his voice was but a whisper, but he swore. Then Matthew strode away, and in all the weary years that followed, a water-wheel was a spectre of dread to him, and that thorny brake, that bank of tenderest green, flecked with buttercups and daisies, a spot to shudder over and forget.

Obadiah sat there a moment, broken and trembling with a little argument that went on within him, and he wiped the cold sweat that started to his brow. Then he put away the bills, and went up to Dobson on the bank above.

Elizabeth looked up when her father entered the store, looked over and beyond her father expectantly, and with an air of hopeful certainty a little fretted by delay. Her finger rested upon a place in the ledger, and on the desk lay a crumpled mass of bills held down by a rusty old weight. But her father shuffled on, and there was no step after his. The long hours of the afternoon went slowly by; shadows began to lengthen, and the heat and dust of the day were tempered by the approach of evening.

Still Elizabeth lingered at the desk, unconsciously held there by a weight of suspense, of vague and harrowing fear. It was already twilight when a group of idlers gathered under the side window, and the confused murmur of their voices reached her troubled senses through the broken panes of glass. At last, with fatal precision, these words fell upon her ear:

"Three thousand dollars! It was a pretty good haul for Mat Gorse to make off with. The young scalawag somehow outwitted them all. They do say the money belonged to Miss Truepenny."

Then Miss Truepenny got down from the stool, and, taking her hat from its accustomed peg, walked out the door homeward. By the time her father came, hot and flustered, with even a more shuffling step than usual, and took his seat at the table, Elizabeth was as calm and cool as ever. Her fingers held to him the brimming cup of tea, and not a drop therein quivered; her keen gray eyes looked out beyond her father to the dusky laburnums at the garden gate, then they returned again and settled themselves upon his face.

"So Matthew Gorse took my money today and ran away with it?" she said.

"Yes, yes," replied the old man, his shaking hand spilling the tea upon the snowy cloth; "so they say, Bess. You shouldn't 'a trusted him. But it didn't matter; he was a thief and a scoundrel before."

"It *did* matter," said Elizabeth. "He took those three thousand dollars and went away, did he, father?"

Her voice grew shrill with a sudden overpowering tone of yearning, and she looked steadily at the old man.

"Yes, yes," stammered Obadiah, his voice also getting shrill, and his chin shaking painfully. "But don't mind, Bess; I'll make it up to you, every penny of it, and more."

"No," she said, in a hard, bitter voice, "you can't give it to me—nobody can. You can't make it up to me—nothing can."

And Obadiah found to his dismay that nothing could induce Elizabeth to take from him the three thousand dollars. Her own three thousand hidden away became a curse to him. She made him feel like a thief himself. He had, after all, taken her money, as Matthew Gorse had taken his. No matter what the motive was, there the money lay—stolen from her, concealed, put out of her reach or knowledge. The thought was misery to him.

The fact that he had done this thing to save her from falling into what he thought was a snare of the devil, mattered little to him now. If Matthew Gorse had told him, and he had known, that the money he had taken was spent in some righteous way, it wouldn't have raised the young man a whit in his estimation. Money was money, and it must belong somewhere. If it was taken from its rightful owner, the one who took it was a thief—there lay the whole matter.

This epigrammatic way of settling it made the old man's hair white in a year, took all the cunning out of his eyes, put in his face something weak and pitiable, but changed it vastly for the better—wonderfully for the better. If Matthew Gorse could have met his uncle in the streets of Plimpton Centre a few years after he parted with him, he

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wouldn't have known him. He would have lifted his hat to the bent, drooping, white-haired old man and passed reverently by.

But these years that bent and shattered the body and soul of Obadiah Truepenny seemed to harden and petrify and preserve his daughter. She grew straighter and stiffer and sterner and colder, till she might almost as well have been made out of stone.

Obadiah could find no fault. She poured out his tea for him, at the age of thirty, with the same punctuality and accuracy that had marked that courtesy ten years before. She was now the soul and centre of the business in Plimpton, which had greatly prospered now that the railroad ran through the town. She bought and sold, bargained and trafficked, with the long head and sagacious foresight he had credited her with when she was but a girl. And all legal culprits had the same reason to fear her that they found long ago with her father. She had no mercy, not even when he pleaded for them, as he did often and strenuously; so that, being a legal culprit himself, he began to tremble at her approach, and crept away to his own room, there to shiver and moan and vainly strive for courage to undo what he had done. For of what avail would it be now to make his daughter, the one being on earth dear to him, hate and despise him and cast him from her?

Obadiah meant to tell his daughter all, as he had sworn so to do; but he had not stipulated when, the time was not in the bond, and the moment had never come to him when it seemed easy, or indeed possible, to fulfill his promise to Matthew. He determined he would tell her in five years—in ten; he put it off to fifteen, and then took the crime to his conscience to lie there a curse forever.

Elizabeth was thirty-seven years old when one morning Obadiah walked down the main street of Plimpton, leaning heavily upon his gold-headed cane, and was suddenly hailed from afar by a voice that seemed familiar to him, and yet it did not appear possible that the disreputable and dilapidated tramp approaching could ever have been known to him. The man's head was bound up in a red handkerchief, and despite the freezing air, a woolen shirt and overalls seemed to comprise his wardrobe.

"You don't know me, do you, deacon?" he said, coming close to the old man; "and I'm blest if at first I could make you out. It don't seem as if livin' on the fat o' the land and sleepin' on beds o' down has done much for you, any more'n starvation and campin' out has done for me. The game's pretty well played for both of us, I reckon; but I want to tell you, deacon, that there's somebody on the war-path. Unbeknown to myself, I did you a bad turn out yonder."

"Out where, Dobson?" said Obadiah. Perhaps there was only one other face in the world so stamped upon his memory that he could have known it after all these years of hardship and frustration. But in that scene down by the mill-dam, this man Dobson was a mute and unconscious partaker, and Mr. Truepenny's memory was keen to agony here.

"In the mines," said Dobson. "I fell upon your nephew Mat out there. Yes, I did, deacon, that's a fact; and sheer ill luck and misery followed me from that minute. I'm blest if he wasn't a regular Jonah; he had the cussedest ill fortune in every thing he undertook, and things went from bad to worse right straight along. One don't talk of home much out that way, deacon: think of it, you understand, more or less all the time, but don't talk of it. But that day I threw up my hand; couldn't stand it, caved right in, seventeen miles from camp, dead cleaned out, no whiskey even. We got down in a frozen ledge, Mat and I, the sky heavy as lead over us, and some big black wings flappin' down. 'We'll leave our bones here, Mat,' says I, 'and them varmints up there 'll pick 'em clean.' And says Mat—he always took things quiet, you see—says Mat, 'As well here as any where.' And says I, 'Mat, no; I'm blest if I wouldn't ruther be covered up clean in Plimpton church-yard, and so would you if you hadn't made off with that money of Elizabeth Truepenny's;' and, Lord! if there was ever a mad miner, stark, ravin' mad— But hold on, deacon! here, lean on me. Don't take on about it; ten chances to one his bones are bleachin' out there now. It ain't half so easy to get back as to go. He swore he'd come, and what Mat undertook in that line, he generally put through; but he was pretty well caved, his right leg dragged a little, and a rattlin' old cough stuck to him night and day. He started on the trail and left me clean behind; but, deacon, I think he's slipped out, I do indeed."

Something in the face of the deacon touched and went far to terrify the old miner. It was seamed and haggard and gray.

The people in Plimpton Centre thought it a fine thing to see the deacon go up the main street leaning upon the arm of that miserable Dobson.

"That's true piety," they said, and doffed their hats reverently to the poor old gentleman. That night the deacon was no longer able to take the cup of tea from the hand of his daughter. She went up to his room with it, and held it to his lips, and looked down upon him with her cold keen eyes.

"What night is it, Bess?" he said. "I heard the church bell a bit ago."

"It is Christmas night, father."

"Go down, Bess, go down, and bid Betty build the Christmas fire upon the hearth. Bid her get out the blackberry wine. Some one may need the warmth and cheer to-night."

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"You are best in bed, father."

"Ay, but go down as I bid you, Bess; make it bright and cheery and warm below there."

When Elizabeth returned to her father, he held out to her his shaking hands.

"How old are you to-day?" he said; "how old, Bess, God help me, how old?"

"Thirty-seven years, father," she said, and smiled bitterly.

"And can't you get a bit warm with the Christmas fire, Bess, and Betty's wine? It's the day our Saviour was born to save miserable sinners. You are so cold and white, Bess; poor sister Nan can't be much colder and whiter, though she's been a ghost this many a year, since ever Matthew Gorse was born."

At the sound of that name Elizabeth's eyelids fell. A shudder crept through her frame. Something that had been dead within her sprung to life with a birth-pang of sinister joy.

"It's a cold hearth-stone," muttered her father; "a lonely one this many a year. Keep the Christmas fire bright, Bess; he may come home at any time. I've righted him in my will. You won't grudge him the money, Bess? I did him a foul wrong."

Here he raised himself on his elbow and looked pleadingly in her face.

"Father," said Elizabeth, in a harsh, strained voice, "didn't Matthew Gorse take my money and run away with it?"

"No, no, no," said the old man, and fell back upon the bed. "He sent it back to you, with a message, Bess. I'd ha' told you long ago, but I got more and more scared of you; but he told me to tell you for your sweet sake—for your sweet sake—"

"Oh, my God!" said Elizabeth, and fell on her knees by the bedside.

Then Obadiah fell into broken sobs and exclamations, and told her all.

Obadiah Truepenny died that night, and when upon the day of the funeral the will was read, the people of Plimpton Centre thought it a wicked and unjust thing for Deacon Truepenny to leave half his fortune to that scape-grace of a nephew, Matthew Gorse.

Time rolled on, however, and Matthew did not come to claim his inheritance. Every night the ruddy glow from Miss Truepenny's sitting-room windows gleamed halfway across the road, but it was fully three years afterward that it shone upon a shabby, disheveled, fierce-looking vagrant, who stooped upon the door-step to put some of the snow by the way-side upon his burning, throbbing head. His breath was nearly spent, and the Christmas bells that rung out from the church below made a confusion in his brain. His shaking hand raised the massive old silver knocker, but Betty did not unfasten the chain.

"Obadiah Truepenny?" she said. "Why, Lord o' mercy, he's dead and buried these three years!"

"Dead!" said Matthew, and dropped on the door-sill like a stone. That word was like a bullet to him. "Dead!" he gasped out, and gave up the struggle. He fell on his face along the porch, and there Elizabeth found him.

Some hours after, he opened his eyes upon the wide, pleasant old sitting-room. The Christmas fire was burning upon the hearth, casting a ruddy glow upon the homespun carpet; blazing upon the polished heads of brass, the quaint old heads of andirons, shovel, and tongs, staring at each other from their separate corners, just as in the old time; flickering upon the solid old mahogany sideboard, with its chubby decanters and tall glasses, its big square tray, upon which that Japanese woman had been falling slantwise through the air all these years, and never yet spilled those impossible flowers on the mountain by her side; lighting up the high straight-backed chairs, the tall mirror, the dried grasses on the mantel, the geraniums still blossoming in the warm south window; heating the air with a home scent of pine, a resinous odor of the old woods, that went straight to the soul of the poor vagrant upon the old chintz-covered settee. Once upon a time he was in keeping with the snug, gay appointments of this pleasant old room. He was as smart and dapper then, with his jetty locks and white skin and unexceptionable garments, as smirk and smart, as they. But now he was broken and bent and worn, shabby, unkempt, and miserable. His boots were rent, and so was his heart. He was out of place here: the heart of a cañon out yonder would suit him better.

And a shadow there by his side, some drapery upon the floor, a ruffle of lace falling upon a white hand near by—all these took his breath away, brought weak, miserable tears to his eyes, shook the fainting soul within him. Her face—oh, the old proud, sweet face!—was turned a little away, and her hair—oh, the old ruddy, shadow-tinted hair!—had half fallen upon her shoulder; the high nose, the clean cut of the nostril, the firm sweep of the chin and throat—why, she was the same old sweet, sad, imperious Bess, the very same, while he—oh, misery!—was but a ghost to trouble joy. All the old fear of her and the old worship came swooping back upon him.

He made an effort to fall at her feet, but sank back powerless.

"Bess! Bess!" he cried, in a voice cracked and hollow as a broken drum. "Did the old man tell you before he died? Did he right me at the last? Oh, I swear to you, Bess, I've been true to my word ever since.

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I've done my best, Bess, poor, miserable wretch that I am—I have done my best. See here"—and he took from his breast a ragged, faded bit of ribbon—"I've kept it all these years; it's all I went away with, and it's all I've come back with. I couldn't make up the money, Bess; luck was against me somehow. Where other men gained, I always lost; and even now I'm in the way. I must go, Bess; but tell me, before I leave you, did the old man right me at the last?"

Then she slipped from her chair to the floor, and for the first time in twenty long years and more he felt the arms of a woman about his neck, of all the arms in the world, those of his cold proud cousin, and tears were raining out of her eyes upon his wasted cheek.

The poor trembling lips of the wanderer, touched by those of Elizabeth, grew faint with rapture. As for Bess, this was the first, the very first, lover's kiss that had ever been hers, and she was forty years old that day.

"He righted you, Matthew. He was sorry. He has left you sixty thousand dollars in his will. You are as rich as I, dear. I pray of you to forgive him."

"Forgive him—yes, with all my heart. But take the money—no; your money, Bess—sixty thousand dollars!" and the poor baffled gold-seeker repeated it once again—"Sixty thousand dollars!"

"With his prayer to be forgiven, dear. And the old store is there. You shall be its master, and mine, Matthew. Oh, say—tell me—are you happy at last—as happy as I?"

"Why, Bess, if I've only the strength to bear it. It's tougher than misery, somehow. Bess, I'm a weak, miserable wretch, you know. Let me have it out, dear;" and he put his head down on her breast, and sobbed all the old wretchedness and wrath and sorrow away.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER XV.

GOING home in the carriage, Zoe was silent, but Severne talked nineteen to the dozen. Had his object been to hinder his companion's mind from dwelling too long on one thing, he could not have rattled the dice of small-talk more industriously. His words would fill pages; his topics were that Miss Gale was an extraordinary woman, but too masculine for his taste, and had made her own troubles setting up doctress, when her true line was governess—for boys. He was also glib and satirical upon that favorite butt, a friend.

"Who but a *soi-disant* woman-hater would pick up a strange virago, and send his sister to her with twenty pounds? I'll tell you what it is, Miss Vizard—"

Here Miss Vizard, who had sat dead silent under a flow of words which is merely indicated above, laid her hand on his arm to stop the flux for a moment, and said, quietly, "*Do* you know her?—tell me."

"Know her!—how should I?"

"I thought you might have met her—abroad."

"Well, it is possible, of course, but very unlikely. If I did, I never spoke to her, or I should have remembered her. *Don't you think so?*"

"She seemed very positive; and I think she is an accurate person. She seemed quite surprised and mortified when you said 'No.'"

"Well, you know, of course it *is* a mortifying thing when a lady claims a gentleman's acquaintance, and the gentleman doesn't admit it. But what could I do? I couldn't tell a lie about it—could I?"

"Of course not."

"I was off my guard, and rudish; but you were not. What tact!—what delicacy!—what high breeding and angelic benevolence!—and so clever, too!"

"Oh, fie! you listened."

"You left the door ajar, and I could not bear to lose a word that dropped from those lips so near me. Yes, I listened, and got such a lesson as only a noble, gentle lady could give. I shall never forget your womanly art, and the way you contrived to make the benefaction sound nothing. 'We are all of us at low water in turns, and for a time, especially me, Zoe Vizard; so here's a trifling loan.' A loan!—you'll never see a shilling of it again! No matter. What do angels want of money?"

"Oh, pray!" said Zoe; "you make me blush."

"Then I wish there was more light to see it. Yes, an angel. Do you think I can't see you have done all this for a lady you do not really approve? Fancy! a she-doctor!"

"My dear friend," said Zoe, with a little juvenile pomposity, "one ought not to judge one's intellectual superiors hastily, and this lady is ours;" then gliding back to herself—"and it is my nature to approve what those I love approve, when it is not downright wrong, you know."

"Oh, of course it is not wrong; but is it wise?"

Zoe did not answer: the question puzzled her.

"Come," said he, "I'll be frank, and speak out in time. I don't think you know your brother Harrington. He is very inflammable."

"Inflammable! — what! Harrington?

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Well, yes—for I've seen smoke issue from his mouth—ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! I'll pass that off for mine some day when you are not by. But, seriously, your brother is the very man to make a fool of himself with a certain kind of woman. He despises the whole sex—in theory—and he is very hard upon ordinary women, and does not appreciate their good qualities. But when he meets a remarkable woman, he catches fire like tow. He fell in love with Mademoiselle Kloaking."

"Oh, not in love!"

"I beg your pardon. Now this is between you and me: he was in love with her—madly in love. He was only saved by our coming away. If those two had met and made acquaintance, he would have been at her mercy. I don't say any harm would have come of it; but I do say that would have depended on the woman, and not on the man."

Zoe looked very serious, and said nothing. But her long silence showed him his words had told.

"And now," said he, after a judicious pause, "here is another remarkable woman; the last in the world I should fancy; or Vizard either, perhaps, if he met her in society. But the whole thing occurs in the way to catch him. He finds a lady fainting with hunger; he feeds her; and that softens his heart to her. Then she tells him the old story—victim of the world's injustice—and he is deeply interested in her. She can see that: she is as keen as a razor. If those two meet a few more times, he will be at her mercy; and then won't she throw physic to the dogs, and jump at a husband six feet high, and twelve thousand acres? I don't study women with a microscope, as our woman-hater does; but I notice a few things about them; and one is that their eccentricities all give way at the first offer of marriage. I believe they are only adopted in desperation, to get married. What beautiful woman is ever eccentric? Catch her; she can get a husband without. That doctress will prescribe Harrington a wedding ring; and if he swallows it, it will be her last prescription; she will send out for the family doctor after that, like other wives."

"You alarm me," said Zoe. "Pray do not make me unjust. This is a lady with a fine mind, and not a designing woman."

"Oh, I don't say she has laid any plans; but these things are always extemporized the moment the chance comes. You can count beforehand on the instincts of every woman who is clever and needy, and on Vizard's peculiar weakness for women out of the common. He is hard upon the whole sex; but he is no match for individuals. He owned as much himself to me one day. You are not angry with me?"

"No, no. Angry with *you*?"

"It is you I think of in all this. He is a fine fellow, and you are proud of him. I wouldn't have him marry to mortify you. For myself, while the sister honors me with her regard, I really don't much care who has the brother and the acres. I have the best of the bargain."

Zoe disputed this—in order to make him say it several times.

He did, and proved it in terms that made her cheeks red with modesty and gratified pride; and by the time they had got home, he had flattered every thing but pride, love, and happiness out of her heart, poor girl.

The world is like the Law, full of implied contracts: we give and take, without openly agreeing to; subtle Severne counted on this, and was not disappointed. Zoe rewarded him for his praises and her happiness by falling into his views about Rhoda Gale. Only she did it in her own lady-like way, and not plump.

She came up to Harrington and kissed him, and said, "Thank you, dear, for sending me on a good errand. I found her in a very mean apartment, without fire or candle."

"I thought as much," said Vizard. "Did she take the money?"

"Yes: as a loan."

"Make any difficulties?"

"A little, dear."

Severne put in his word. "Now if you want to know all the tact and delicacy with which it was done, you must come to me, for Miss Vizard is not going to give you any idea of it."

"Be quiet, Sir, or I shall be very angry. I lent her the money, dear, and her troubles are at an end; for her mother will certainly join her before she has spent your twenty pounds. Oh, and she had not parted with her ring; that is a comfort, is it not?"

"You are a good-hearted girl, Zoe," said Vizard, approvingly. Then, recovering himself, "But don't you be blinded by sentiment. She deserves a good hiding for not parting with her ring. Where is the sense of starving, with thirty pounds on your finger?"

Zoe smiled, and said his words were harder than his deeds.

"Because he doesn't mean a word he says," put in Fanny Dover, uneasy at the long cessation of her tongue, for all conversation with Don Cigar had proved impracticable.

"Are you there still, my lady Disdain?" said Vizard. "I thought you were gone to bed."

"You might well think that. I had nothing to keep me up."

Said Zoe, rather smartly, "Oh yes, you had—Curiosity." Then, turning to her brother: "In short, you may make your mind quite easy. You have lent your money, or given it, to a worthy person, but a little wrong-headed. However"—with a tele-

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graphic glance at Severne—"she is very accomplished; a linguist; she need never be in want; and she will soon have her mother to help her and advise her; perhaps Mrs. Gale has an income; if not, Miss Gale, with her abilities, will easily find a place in some house of business, or else take to teaching. If I was them, I would set up a school."

Unanimity is rare in this world; but Zoe's good sense carried every vote. Her prompter, Severne, nodded approval; Fanny said, "Why, of course;" and Vizard, who, it was feared, might prove refractory, assented even more warmly than the others. "Yes," said he, "that will be the end of it. You relieve me of a weight. Really, when she told me that fable of learning maltreated, honorable ambition punished, justice baffled by trickery, and virtue vilified, and did not cry like the rest of you, except at her father dying in New York the day she won her diploma at Montpellier, I forgave the poor girl her petticoats; indeed, I lost sight of them; she seemed to me a very brave little fellow, damnably ill used, and I said, 'This is not to be borne; here is a fight, and justice down under dirty feet.' What ho!" (roaring at the top of his voice).

Zoe and Fanny (screaming, and pinching Ned Severne right and left). "Ah! ah!"

"Vizard to the rescue!"

"But, with the evening, cool reflection came. A sister, youthful but suddenly sagacious (with a gleam of suspicion), very suddenly has stilled the waves of romance, and the lips of beauty have uttered commonsense. Shall they utter it in vain? Never! It may be years before they do it again. We must not slight rare phenomena. Zoe *locuta est*. Eccentricity must be suppressed. Doctresses, warned by a little starvation, must take the world as it is, and teach little girls and boys languages, and physic them with arithmetic and the globes: these be drugs that do not kill; they only make life a burden. I don't think we have laid out our twenty pounds badly, Zoe, and there is an end of it." The incident is emptied, as the French say, and (lighting bed candles) the ladies retire with the honors of war. "Zoe has uttered good sense, and Miss Dover has done the next best thing, she has said very little—"

Miss Dover shot in, contemptuously, "I had no companion—"

"For want of a fool to speak her mind to."

CHAPTER XVI.

Ingenious Mr. Severne having done his best to detach the poor doctress from Vizard and his family, in which the reader probably discerns his true motive, now bent his mind on slipping back to Homburg and looking after his money. Not that he liked the job. To get hold of it, he knew he must condense rascality; he must play the penitent, the lover, and the scoundrel over again, all in three days.

Now, though his egotism was brutal, he was human in this, that he had plenty of good nature skin-deep, and superficial sensibilities, which made him shrink a little from this hot-pressed rascality and barbarity. On the other hand, he was urged by poverty, and, laughable as it may appear, by jealousy. He had observed that the best of women, if they are not only abandoned by him they love, but also flattered and adored by scores, will sometimes yield to the joint attacks of desolation, pique, vanity, etc.

In this state of fluctuation he made up his mind so far as this: he would manage so as to be able to go.

Even this demanded caution. So he began by throwing out, in a seeming careless way, that he ought to go down into Huntingdonshire.

"Of course you ought," said Vizard.

No objection was taken, and they rather thought he would go next day. But that was not his game. It would never do to go while they were in London. So he kept postponing, and saying he would not tear himself away; and at last, the day before they were to go down to Barfordshire, he affected to yield to a remonstrance of Vizard, and said he would see them off, then run down to Huntingdonshire, look into his affairs, and cross the country to Barfordshire.

"You might take Homburg on the way," said Fanny, out of fun—*her* fun—not really meaning it.

Severne cast a piteous look at Zoe. "For shame, Fanny," said she. "And why put Homburg into his head?"

"When I had forgotten there was such a place," said Mr. Severne, taking his cue dextrously from Zoe, and feigning innocent amazement. Zoe colored with pleasure. This was at breakfast. At afternoon tea something happened. The ladies were up stairs packing—an operation on which they can bestow as many hours as the thing needs minutes. One servant brought in the tea; another came in soon after with a card, and said it was for Miss Vizard; but he brought it to Harrington. He read it:

"Miss Rhoda Gale, M.D.".

"Send it up to Miss Vizard," said he. The man was going out; he stopped him and said, "You can show the lady in here, all the same."

Rhoda Gale was ushered in. She had a new gown and bonnet, not showy, but very nice. She colored faintly at sight of the two gentlemen; but Vizard soon put her at her

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ease. He shook hands with her, and said, "Sit down, Miss Gale; my sister will soon be here. I have sent your card up to her."

"Shall I tell her?" said Severne, with the manner of one eager to be agreeable to the visitor.

"If you please, Sir," said Miss Gale.

Severne went out zealously, darted up to Zoe's room, knocked, and said, "Pray come down: here is that doctress."

Meantime, Jack was giving Jill the card, and Jill was giving it Mary to give to the lady. It got to Zoe's room in a quarter of an hour.

"Any news from mamma?" asked Vizard, in his blunt way.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good news?"

"No. My mother writes me that I must not expect her. She has to fight with a dishonest executor. Oh, money, money!"

At that moment Zoe entered the room, but Severne paced the landing. He did not care to face Miss Gale; and even in that short interval of time he had persuaded Zoe to protect her brother against this formidable young lady, and shorten the interview if she could.

So Zoe entered the room bristling with defense of her brother. At sight of her, Miss Gale rose, and her features literally shone with pleasure. This was rather disarming to one so amiable as Zoe, and she was surprised into smiling sweetly in return; but still her quick defensive eye drank Miss Gale on the spot, and saw, with alarm, the improvement in her appearance. She was very healthy, as indeed she deserved to be; for she was singularly temperate, drank nothing but water and weak tea without sugar, and never ate nor drank except at honest meals. Her youth and pure constitution had shaken off all that pallor, and the pleasure of seeing Zoe lent her a lovely color. Zoe microscoped her in one moment: not one beautiful feature in her whole face; eyes full of intellect, but not in the least love-darting; nose, an aquiline steadily reversed; mouth, vastly expressive, but large; teeth, even and white, but ivory, not pearl; chin, ordinary; head, symmetrical, and set on with grace. I may add, to complete the picture, that she had a way of turning this head, clean, swift, and bird-like, without turning her body. That familiar action of hers was fine—so full of fire and intelligence.

Zoe settled in one moment that she was downright plain, but might probably be that mysterious and incomprehensible and dangerous creature, "a gentleman's beauty," which, to women, means no beauty at all, but a witch-like creature that goes and hits foul and eclipses real beauty, doll's to wit, by some mysterious magic.

"Pray sit down," said Zoe, formally. Rhoda sat down, and hesitated a moment. She felt a frost.

Vizard helped her: "Miss Gale has heard from her mother."

"Yes, Miss Vizard," said Rhoda, timidly; "and very bad news. She can not come at present; and I am so distressed at what I have done in borrowing that money of you; and see, I have spent nearly three pounds of it in dress; but I have brought the rest back."

Zoe looked at her brother, perplexed.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Vizard; "you will not take it, Zoe."

"Oh yes; if you please, do," said Rhoda, still to Zoe. "When I borrowed it, I felt sure I could repay it; but it is not so now. My mother says it may be months before she can come, and she forbids me positively to go to her. Oh! but for that, I'd put on boy's clothes and go as a common sailor to get to her."

Vizard fidgeted on his chair.

"I suppose I mustn't go in a passion," said he, dryly.

"Who cares?" said Miss Gale, turning her head sharply on him in the way I have tried to describe.

"I care," said Vizard. "I find wrath interferes with my digestion. Please go on, and tell us what your mother says. She has more common-sense than somebody else I won't name—politeness forbids."

"Well, who doubts that?" said the lady, with frank good humor. "Of course she has more sense than any of us. Well, my mother says—oh, Miss Vizard!"

"No, she doesn't, now. She never heard the name of Vizard."

Miss Gale was in no humor for feeble jokes. She turned half angrily away from him to Zoe. "She says I have been well educated, and know languages; and we are both under a cloud, and I had better give up all thought of Medicine, and take to teaching."

"Well, Miss Gale," said Zoe, "if you ask *me*, I must say, I think it is good advice. With all your gifts, how can you fight the world? We are all interested in you here; and it is a curious thing, but do you know, we agreed the other day you would have to give up medicine, and fall into some occupation in which there are many ladies already to keep you in countenance. Teaching was mentioned, I think; was it not, Harrington?"

Rhoda Gale sighed deeply.

"I am not surprised," said she. "Most women of the world think with you. But, oh! Miss Vizard, please take into account all that I have done and suffered for Medicine. Is all that to go for *nothing*? Think what a bitter thing it must be to do, and then to undo, to labor and study, and then knock it all down; to cut a slice out of one's life—

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out of the very heart of it—and throw it clean away. I know it is hard for you to enter into the feelings of any one who loves science, and is told to desert it. But suppose you had loved a *man* you were proud of—loved him for five years—and then they came to you and said, 'There are difficulties in the way; he is as worthy as ever, and he will never desert *you*, but you must give *him* up, and try and get a taste for human rubbish; it will only be five years of wasted life, wasted youth, wasted seed-time, wasted affection, and then a long vegetable life of unavailing regrets.' I love science as other women love men. If I am to give up science, why not die? Then I shall not feel my loss; and I know how to die without pain. Oh! the world is cruel. Ah! I am too unfortunate! Every body else is rewarded for patience, prudence, temperance, industry, and a life with high and almost holy aims; but I am punished, afflicted, crushed under the injustice of the day. Do not make me a nurse-maid. I *won't* be a governess; and I must not die, because that would grieve my mother. Have pity on me!—have pity!"

She trembled all over, and stretched out her hands to Zoe with truly touching supplication.

Zoe forgot her part, or lost the power to play it well. She turned her head away and would not assent; but two large tears rolled out of her beautiful eyes. Miss Gale, who had risen in the ardor of her appeal, saw that, and it set her off. She leaned her brow against the mantel-piece, not like a woman, but a brave boy that does not want to be seen crying, and she faltered out, "In France I am a learned physician: and here to be a house-maid! for I won't live on borrowed money. I am very unfortunate."

Severne, who had lost patience, came swiftly in, and found them in this position, and Vizard walking impatiently about the room in a state of emotion, which he was pleased to call anger.

Zoe, in a tearful voice, said, "I am unable to advise you. It is very hard that any one so deserving should be degraded."

Vizard burst out, "It is harder the world should be so full of conventional sneaks; and that I was very near making one of them. The last thing we ever think of, in this paltry world, is justice, and it ought to be the first. Well, for once I have got the power to be just, and just I'll be, by God! Come, leave off sniveling, you two, and take a lesson in justice—from a beginner; converts are always the hottest, you know. Miss Gale, you shall not be driven out of science, and your life and labor wasted. You shall doctor Barfordshire, and teach it English too, if any woman can. This is the programme. I farm two hundred acres—*vicariously*, of course. Nobody in England has brains to do any thing *himself*. That weakness is confined to your late father's country, and they suffer for it by outfighting, outlying, outmanœuvring, outbullying, and outwitting us whenever we encounter them. Well, the farm-house is large. The bailiff has no children: there is a wing furnished, and not occupied. You shall live there, with the right of cutting vegetables, roasting chickens, sucking eggs, and riding a couple of horses off their legs."

"But what am I to do for all that?"

"Oh, only the work of two men. You must keep my house in perfect health. The servants have a trick of eating till they burst. You will have to sew them up again. There are only seven hundred people in the village. You must cure them all; and if you do, I promise you their lasting ingratitude. Outside the village, you must make them pay—*if you can*. We will find you patients of every degree. But whether you will ever get any fees out of them, this deponent sayeth not. However, I can answer for the *ladies* of our county, that they will all cheat you—if they can."

Miss Gale's color came and went, and her eyes sparkled. "Oh, how good you are! Is there a hospital?"

"County hospital and infirmary within three miles. Fine country for disease. Intoxication prevalent, leading to a bountiful return of accidents. I promise you wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, and every thing to make you comfortable."

"Oh, don't laugh at me. I am so afraid I shall—no, I hope I shall not disgrace you. And then it is against the law: but I don't mind that."

"Of course not: what is the law to ladies of elevated views? By-the-bye, what is the penalty—six months?"

"Oh no. Twenty pounds. Oh dear! another twenty pounds!"

"Make your mind easy. Unjust laws are a dead letter on a soil so primitive as ours. I shall talk to Uxmoor and a few more, and no magistrate will ever summon you, nor jury convict you, in Barfordshire. You will be as safe there as in Upper Canada. Now, then—attend. We leave for Barfordshire to-morrow. You will go down on the 1st of next month. By that time all will be ready: start for Taddington, eleven o'clock. You will be met at the Taddington Station, and taken to your farm-house. You will find a fire ten days old, and, for once in your life, young lady, you will find an aired bed; because my man Harris will be house-maid, and not let one of your homicidal sex set foot in the crib."

Miss Gale looked from Vizard to his sister, like a person in a dream. She was glowing with happiness: but it did not spoil her. She said, humbly and timidly, "I hope I may prove worthy."

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"That is *your* business," said Vizard, with supreme indifference: "mine is to be just. Have a cup of tea?"

"Oh no, thank you; and it will be a part of my duty to object to afternoon tea. But I am afraid none of you will mind me."

After a few more words, in which Severne, seeing Vizard was in one of his iron moods, and immovable as him of Rhodes, affected now to be a partisan of the new arrangement, Miss Gale rose to retire; Severne ran before her to the door, and opened it as to a queen. She bowed formally to him as she went out; when she was on the other side the door, she turned her head in her sharp, fiery way, and pointed with her finger to the emerald ring on his little finger, a very fine one: "Changed hands," said she: "it was on the third finger of your left hand when we met last;" and she passed down the stairs with a face half turned to him, and a cruel smile.

Severne stood fixed, looking after her; cold crept among his bones: he was roused by a voice above him saying, very inquisitively, "What does she say?" He looked up, and it was Fanny Dover leaning over the balusters of the next landing. She had evidently seen all, and heard some. Severne had no means of knowing how much. His heart beat rapidly. Yet he told her, boldly, that the doctress had admired his emerald ring: as if to give greater force to this explanation, he took it off, and showed it her, very amicably. He calculated that she could hardly, at that distance, have heard every syllable, and, at the same time, he was sure she had seen Miss Gale point at the ring.

"Hum!" said Fanny, and that was all she said.

Severne went to his own room to think. He was almost dizzy. He dreaded this Rhoda Gale. She was incomprehensible, and held a sword over his head. Tongues go fast in the country. At the idea of this keen girl and Zoe Vizard sitting under a tree for two hours, with nothing to do but talk, his blood ran cold. Surely Miss Gale must hate him. She would not always spare him. For once he could not see his way clear. Should he tell her half the truth, and throw himself on her mercy? Should he make love to her? or what should he do? One thing he saw clear enough: he must not quit the field. Sooner or later all would depend on his presence, his tact, and his ready wit.

He felt like a man who could not swim, and wades in deepening water. He must send somebody to Homburg, or abandon all thought of his money. Why abandon it? Why not return to Ina Klosking? His judgment, alarmed at the accumulating difficulties, began to intrude its voice. What was he turning his back on? A woman, lovely, loving, and celebrated, who was very likely pining for him, and would share not only her winnings at play with him, but the large income she would make by her talent. What was he following? A woman divinely lovely and good, but whom he could not possess, or, if he did, could not hold her long, and whose love must end in horror.

But nature is not so unfair to honest men as to give wisdom to the cunning. Rarely does reason prevail against passion in such a mind as Severne's. It ended, as might have been expected, in his going down to Vizard Court with Zoe.

An express train soon whirled them down to Taddington, in Barfordshire. There was Harris, with three servants, waiting for them, one with a light cart for their luggage, and two with an open carriage and two spanking bays, whose coats shone like satin. The servants, liveried, and top-booted, and buckskin-gloved, and spruce as if just out of a bandbox, were all smartness and respectful zeal. They got the luggage out in a trice, with Harris's assistance. Mr. Harris then drove away like the wind in his dog-cart; the traveling party were soon in the barouche. It glided away, and they rolled on easy springs at the rate of twelve miles an hour till they came to the lodge gate. It was opened at their approach, and they drove full half a mile over a broad gravel-path, with rich grass on each side, and grand old patriarchs, oak and beech, standing here and there, and dappled deer, grazing or lying, in mottled groups, till they came to a noble avenue of lofty lime-trees, with stems of rare size and smoothness, and towering piles on piles of translucent leaves that glowed in the sun like flakes of gold.

At the end of this avenue was seen an old mansion, built of that beautiful clean red brick—which seems to have died out—and white stone facings and mullions, with gables and oriel-windows by the dozen; but between the avenue and the house was a very large oval plot of turf, with a broad gravel road running round it; and attached to the house, but thrown a little back, were the stables, which formed three sides of a good-sized quadrangle, with an enormous clock in the centre. The lawn, kitchen-garden, ice-houses, pineries, greenhouses, revealed themselves only in peeps as the carriage swept round the spacious plot, and drew up at the hall door.

No ringing of bells nor knocking. Even as the coachman tightened his reins, the great hall door was swung open, and two footmen appeared; Harris brought up a rear-guard, and received the party in due state.

A double staircase, about ten feet broad, rose out of the hall, and up this Mr. Harris conducted Severne, the only stranger, into a bedroom with a great oriel-window looking west.

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"This is your room, Sir," said he. "Shall I unpack your things when they come?"

Severne assented, and that perfect major-domo informed him that luncheon was ready, and retired cat-like, and closed the door so softly no sound was heard.

Mr. Severne looked about him, and admitted to himself that, with all his experiences of life, this was his first bedroom. It was of great size, to begin. The oriel-window was twenty feet wide, and had half a dozen casements, each with rose-colored blinds, though some of them needed no blinds, for green creepers, with flowers like clusters of grapes, curled round the mullions, and the sun shone mellowed through their leaves. Enormous curtains of purple cloth, with gold borders, hung at each side in mighty folds, to be drawn at night-time when the eye should need repose from feasting upon color.

There were three brass bedsteads in a row, only four feet broad, with spring beds, hair mattresses a foot thick, and snowy sheets for coverlets, instead of counterpanes; so that, if you were hot, feverish, or sleepless in one bed, you might try another, or two.

Thick carpets and rugs, satin-wood wardrobes, prodigious wash-hand stands, with china backs four feet high. Towel-horses, nearly as big as a donkey, with short towels, long towels, thick towels, thin towels, bathing sheets, etc.; baths of every shape, and cans of every size; a large knee-hole table; paper and envelopes of every size. In short, a room to sleep in, study in, live in, and stick fast in, night and day.

But what is this? A Gothic arch, curtained with violet merino. He draws the curtain. It is an anteroom. One-half of it is a bath-room, screened, and paved with encaustic tiles that run up the walls, so you may splash to your heart's content. The rest is a studio, and contains a choice little library of well-bound books in glass cases, a piano-forte, and a harmonium. Severne tried them: they were both in perfect tune. Two clocks, one in each room, were also in perfect time. Thereat he wondered. But the truth is, it was a house wherein precision reigned: a tuner and a clock-maker visited it by contract every month.

This, and two more guest-chambers, and the great dining hall, were built under the Plantagenets, when all large land-owners entertained kings and princes with their retinues. As to that part of the house which was built under the Tudors, there are hundreds of country-houses as important, only Mr. Severne had not been inside them, and was hardly aware to what perfection rational luxury is brought in the houses of our large landed gentry. He sat down in an antique chair of enormous size; the back went higher than his head; the seat ran out as far as his ankle when seated; there was room in it for two; and it was stuffed—ye gods, how it was stuffed! The sides, the back, and the seat were all hair mattresses a foot thick at least. Here nestled our sybarite, with the sun shining through leaves and splashing his beautiful head with golden tints and transparent shadows, and felt in the temple of comfort, and incapable of leaving it alive.

He went down to luncheon. It was distinguishable from dinner in this, that they all got up after it; and Zoe said, "Come with me, children."

Fanny and Severne rose at the word. Vizard said he felt excluded from that invitation, having cut his wise-teeth; so he would light a cigar instead; and he did. Zoe took the other two into the kitchen-garden—four acres, surrounded with a high wall of orange-red brick, full of little holes where the nails had been. Zoe, being now at home, and queen, wore a new and pretty deportment. She was half maternal, and led her friend and lover about like two kids. She took them to this and that fruit tree, set them to eat, and looked on superior: by way of climax, she led them to the south wall, crimson with ten thousand peaches and nectarines; she stepped over the border, took superb peaches and nectarines from the trees, and gave them with her own hand to Fanny and Severne. The head gardener glared in dismay at the fair spoliator. Zoe observed him, and laughed. "Poor Lucas," said she; "he would like them all to hang on the tree till they fell off with a wasp inside. Eat as many as ever you can, young people; Lucas is amusing."

"I never had peaches enough off the tree before," said Fanny.

"No more have I," said Severne. "This must be the Elysian Fields, and I shall spoil my dinner."

"Who cares?" said Fanny, recklessly. "Dinner comes every day, and always at the only time when one has no appetite. But this eating of peaches—oh, what a beauty!"

"Children," said Zoe, gravely, "I advise you not to eat above a dozen. Do not enter on a fatal course, which in one brief year will reduce you to a hapless condition. There—I was let loose among them at sixteen, and ever since they pall. But I do like to see you eat them, and your eyes sparkle!"

"That is too bad of you," said Fanny, driving her white teeth deep into a peach. "The idea! Now, Mr. Severne, do my eyes sparkle?"

"Like diamonds. But that proves nothing; it is their normal condition."

"There, make him a courtesy," said Zoe, "and come along."

She took them into the village. It was one of the old sort: little detached houses with little gardens in front, in all of which

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were a few humble flowers, and often a dark rose of surpassing beauty. Behind each cottage was a large garden, with various vegetables, and sometimes a few square yards of wheat. There was one little row of new brick houses standing together; their number five, their name New Town. This town of five houses was tiled; the detached houses were thatched, and the walls plastered and whitewashed like snow. Such whitewash seems never to be made in towns, or to lose its whiteness in a day. This broad surface of vivid white was a background against which the clinging roses, the clustering, creeping honeysuckles, and the deep young ivy, with its tender green and polished leaves, shone lovely; wood smoke mounted thin and silvery from a cottage or two that were cooking, and embroidered the air, not fouled it. The little windows had diamond panes, as in the Middle Ages, and every cottage door was open, suggesting hospitality and dearth of thieves. There was also that old essential, a village green—a broad strip of sacred turf, that was every body's by custom, though in strict law Vizard's. Here a village cow and a donkey went about grazing the edges, for the turf in general was smooth as a lawn. By the side of the green was the village ale-house. After the green, other cottages; two of them

> "Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine."

One of these was called Marks's Cottage, and the other Allen's. The rustic church stood in the middle of a hill nearly half a mile from the village. They strolled up to it. It had a tower built of flint, and clad on two sides with ivy three feet deep, and the body of the church was as snowy as the cottages, and on the south side a dozen swallows and martins had lodged their mortar nests under the eaves. They looked, against the white, like rugged gray stone bosses. Swallows and martins innumerable wheeled, swift as arrows, round the tower, chirping, and in and out of the church through an open window, and added their music and their motion to the beauty of the place.

Returning from the church to the village, Miss Dover lagged behind, and then Severne infused into his voice those tender tones which give amorous significance to the poorest prose.

"What an Arcadia!" said he.

"You would not like to be banished to it," said Zoe, demurely.

"That depends," said he, significantly.

Instead of meeting him half-way and demanding an explanation, Zoe turned coy, and fell to wondering what Fanny was about.

"Oh, don't compel her to join us," said Severne. "She is meditating."

"On what? She is not much given that way."

"On her past sins; and preparing new ones."

"For shame! she is no worse than we are. Do you really admire Islip?"

"Indeed I do, if this is Islip."

"It is, then; and this cottage, with the cluster-rose tree all over the walls, is Marks's Cottage. We are rather proud of Marks's Cottage," said she, timidly.

"It is a bower," said he, warmly.

This encouraged Zoe, and she said, "Is there not a wonderful charm in cottages? I often think I should like to live in Marks's. Have you ever had that feeling?"

"Never. But I have it now. I should like to live in it—with you."

Zoe blushed like a rose, but turned it off. "You would soon wish yourself back at Vizard Court," said she. "Fanny! Fanny!" and she stood still.

Fanny came up. "Well, what is the matter now?" said she, with pert yet thoroughly apathetic indifference.

"The matter is—extravagancies. Here is a man of the world pretending he would like to end his days in Marks's Cottage."

"Stop a bit. It was to be with somebody I loved. And wouldn't you, Miss Dover?"

"Oh dear no. We should be sure to quarrel, cooped up in such a mite of a place. No! give me Vizard Court, and plenty of money, and the man of my heart."

"You have not got one, I'm afraid," said Zoe, "or you would not put him last."

"Why not, when he is of the last importance?" said Fanny, flippantly, and turned the laugh her way.

They strolled through the village together, but in the grounds of Vizard Court Fanny fairly gave them the slip. Severne saw his chance, and said, tenderly,

"Did you hear what she said about a large house being best for lovers?"

"Yes, I heard her," said Zoe, defensively; "but very likely she did not mean it. That young lady's words are air. She will say one thing one day and another the next."

"I don't know. There is one thing every young lady's mind is made up about, and that is, whether it is to be love or money."

"She was for both, if I remember," said Zoe, still coldly.

"Because she is not in love."

"Well, I really believe she is not—for once."

"There, you see. She is in an unnatural condition."

"For her, very."

"So she is no judge. No; I should prefer Marks's Cottage. The smaller the better; because then the woman I love could not ever be far from me."

He lowered his voice and drove the insidious words into her tender bosom. She began to tremble and heave, and defend herself feebly.

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"What have I to do with that? You mustn't."

"How can I help it? You know the woman I love—I adore—and would not the smallest cottage in England be a palace if I was blessed with her sweet love and her divine company? Oh, Zoe! Zoe!"

Then she did defend herself after a fashion, "I won't listen to such— Edward!" Having uttered his name with divine tenderness, she put her hands to her blushing face and fled from him. At the head of the stairs she encountered Fanny, looking satirical; she reprimanded her.

"Fanny," said she, "you really must not do *that*"—(pause)—"out of our own grounds. Kiss me, darling. I am a happy girl." And she curled round Fanny and panted on her shoulder.

Miss Artful, known unto men as Fanny Dover, had already traced out in her own mind a line of conduct, which the above reprimand, minus the above kisses, taken at their joint algebraical value, did not disturb. The fact is, Fanny hated home, and liked Vizard Court above all places. But she was due at home, and hanging on to the palace of comfort by a thread. Any day her mother, out of natural affection and good-breeding, might write for her; and unless one of her hosts interfered, she should have to go. But Harrington went for nothing in this, unfortunately. His hospitality was unobtrusive, but infinite. It came to him from the Plantagenets through a long line of gentlemen who shone in vices; but inhospitality was unknown to the whole chain, and every link in it. He might very likely forget to invite Fanny Dover, unless reminded; but, when she was there, she was welcome to stay forever if she chose. It was all one to him. He never bothered himself to amuse his guests, and so they never bored him. He never let them. He made them at home, put his people and his horses at their service, and preserved his even tenor. So then the question of Fanny's stay lay with Zoe: and Zoe would do one of two things—she would either say, with well-bred hypocrisy, she ought not to keep Fanny any longer from her mother, and so get rid of her; or would interpose and give some reason or other. What that reason would be, Fanny had no precise idea. She was sure it would not be the true one; but there her insight into futurity and females ceased. Now Zoe was thoroughly fascinated by Severne, and Fanny saw it; and yet Zoe was too high-bred a girl to parade the village and the neighborhood with him alone—and so placard her attachment—before they were engaged, and the engagement sanctioned by the head of the house. This consideration enabled Miss Artful to make herself necessary to Zoe. Accordingly, she showed on the very first afternoon that she was prepared to play the convenient friend, and help Zoe to combine courtship with propriety.

This plan once conceived, she adhered to it with pertinacity and skill. She rode and walked with them, and in public put herself rather forward and asserted the leader; but sooner or later, at a proper time and place, she lagged behind, or cantered ahead, and manipulated the wooing with tact and dexterity.

The consequence was that Zoe wrote of her own accord to Mrs. Dover, asking leave to detain Fanny, because her brother had invited a college friend, and it was rather awkward for her without Fanny, there being no other lady in the house at present.

She showed this to Fanny, who said, earnestly,

"As long as ever you like, dear. Mamma will not miss me a bit. Make your mind easy."

Vizard, knowing his sister, and entirely deceived in Severne, exercised no vigilance; for, to do Zoe justice, none was necessary, if Severne had been the man he seemed.

There was no mother in the house to tremble for her daughter, to be jealous, to watch, to question, to demand a clear explanation—in short, to guard her young as only the mothers of creation do.

The Elysian days rolled on; Zoe was in heaven, and Severne in a fool's paradise, enjoying every thing, hoping every thing, forgetting every thing, and fearing nothing. He had come to this, with all his cunning; he was intoxicated and blinded with passion.

Now it was that the idea of marrying Zoe first entered his head. But he was not mad enough for that. He repelled it with terror, rage, and despair. He passed an hour or two of agony in his own room, and came down, looking pale and exhausted. But, indeed, the little Dumas, though he does not pass for a moralist, says truly and well, "Les amours illégitimes portent toujours des fruits amers;" and Ned Severne's turn was come to suffer a few of the pangs he had inflicted gayly on more than one woman and her lover.

One morning at breakfast Vizard made two announcements. "Here's news," said he; "Doctor Gale writes to postpone her visit. She is ill, poor girl!"

"Oh dear! what is the matter?" inquired Zoe, always kind-hearted.

"Gastritis—so she says."

"What is that?" inquired Fanny.

Mr. Severne, who was much pleased at this opportune illness, could not restrain his humor, and said it was a disorder produced by the fumes of gas.

Zoe, accustomed to believe this gentle-

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man's lies, and not giving herself time to think, said there was a great escape in the passage the night she went there.

Then there was a laugh at her simplicity. She joined in it, but shook her finger at Master Severne.

Vizard then informed Zoe that Lord Uxmoor had been staying some time at Basildon Hall, about nine miles off; so he had asked him to come over for a week, and he had accepted. "He will be here to dinner," said Vizard. He then rang the bell and sent for Harris, and ordered him to prepare the blue chamber for Lord Uxmoor, and see the things aired himself. Harris having retired cat-like, Vizard explained: "My womankind shall not kill Uxmoor. He is a good fellow, and his mania—we have all got a mania, my young friends—is a respectable one. He wants to improve the condition of the poor—against their will."

"His friend! that was so ill. I hope he has not lost him," said Zoe.

"He hasn't lost him in this letter, Miss Gush," said Vizard. "But you can ask him when he comes."

"Of course I shall ask him," said Zoe.

Half an hour before dinner there was a grating of wheels on the gravel. Severne looked out of his bedroom window, and saw Uxmoor drive up. Dark blue coach; silver harness, glittering in the sun; four chestnuts, glossy as velvet; two neat grooms as quick as lightning. He was down in a moment, and his traps in the hall, and the grooms drove the coach round to the stables.

They were all in the drawing-room when Lord Uxmoor appeared; greeted Zoe with respectful warmth, Vizard with easy friendship, Severne and Miss Dover with well-bred civility. He took Zoe out, and sat at her right hand at dinner.

As the new guest, he had the first claim on her attention, and they had a topic ready—his sick friend. He told her all about him, and his happy recovery, with simple warmth. Zoe was interested and sympathetic; Fanny listened, and gave Severne short answers; Severne felt dethroned.

He was rather mortified, and a little uneasy, but too brave to show it. He bided his time. In the drawing-room Lord Uxmoor singled out Zoe, and courted her openly with respectful admiration. Severne drew Fanny apart, and exerted himself to amuse her. Zoe began to cast uneasy glances. Severne made common cause with Fanny. "We have no chance against a lord or a lady, you and I, Miss Dover."

"I haven't," said she; "but you need not complain. She wishes she was here."

"So do I. Will you help me?"

"No, I shall not. You can make love to me. I am tired of never being made love to."

"Well," said this ingenuous youth, "you certainly do not get your deserts in this house. Even I am so blinded by my passion for Zoe that I forget that she does not monopolize all the beauty and grace and wit in the house."

"Go on," said Fanny. "I can bear a good deal of it—after such a fast."

"I have no doubt you can bear a good deal. You are one of those that inspire feelings, but don't share them. Give me a chance; let me sing you a song."

"A love song?"

"Of course."

"Can you sing it as well as you can talk it?"

"With a little encouragement. If you would kindly stand at the end of the piano, and let me see your beautiful eyes fixed on me."

"With disdain?"

"No, no."

"With just suspicion?"

"No; with unmerited pity." And he began to open the piano.

"What! do you accompany yourself?"

"Yes, after a fashion; by that means I don't get run over."

Then this accomplished person fixed his eyes on Fanny Dover, and sang her an Italian love song in the artificial, passionate style of that nation; and the English girl received it point-blank with complacent composure. But Zoe started and thrilled at the first note, and crept up to the piano as if drawn by an irresistible cord. She gazed on the singer with amazement and admiration. His voice was a low tenor, round, and sweet as honey. It was a real voice, a musical instrument.

"More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear."

And the Klosking had cured him of the fatal whine which stains the amateur, male or female, and had taught him climax, so that he articulated and sang with perfect purity, and rang out his final notes instead of slurring them. In short, in plain passages he was a reflection, on a small scale, of that great singer. He knew this himself, and had kept clear of song; it was so full of reminiscence and stings. But now jealousy drove him to it.

It was Vizard's rule to leave the room whenever Zoe or Fanny opened the piano. So in the evening that instrument of torture was always mute.

But hearing a male voice, the squire, who doted on good music, as he abhorred bad, strolled in upon the chance, and he stared at the singer.

When the song ended, there was a little clamor of ladies' voices calling him to account for concealing his talent from them.

"I was afraid of Vizard," said he; "he hates bad music."

"None of your tricks," said the squire.

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"Yours is not bad music; you speak your words articulately and even eloquently. Your accompaniment is a little queer, especially in the bass; but you find out your mistakes, and slip out of them Heaven knows how. Zoe, you are tame, but accurate: correct his accompaniments some day—when I'm out of hearing. Practice drives me mad. Give us another."

Severne laughed good-humoredly. "Thus encouraged, who could resist?" said he. "It is so delightful to sing in a shower-bath of criticism."

He sang a sprightly French song with prodigious spirit and dash.

They all applauded, and Vizard said, "I see how it is. We were not good enough. He would not come out for us. He wanted the public. Uxmoor, you are the public. It is to you we owe this pretty warbler. Have you any favorite song, Public? Say the word, and he shall sing it you."

Severne turned rather red at that, and was about to rise slowly, when Uxmoor, who was instinctively a gentleman, though not a courtier, said, "I don't presume to choose Mr. Severne's songs; but if we are not tiring him, I own I should like to hear an English song; for I am no musician, and the words are every thing with me."

Severne assented dryly, and made him a shrewd return for his courtesy.

Zoe had a brave rose in her black hair. He gave her one rapid glance of significance, and sang a Scotch song almost as finely as it could be sung in a room:

"My love is like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune."

The dog did not slur the short notes and howl upon the long ones, as did a little fat Jew from London, with a sweet voice and no brains, whom I last heard howl it in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. No; he retained the pure rhythm of the composition, and, above all, sang it with the gentle earnestness and unquavering emotion of a Briton.

It struck Zoe's heart point-blank. She drew back, blushing like the rose in her hair and in the song, and hiding her happiness from all but the keen Fanny. Every body but Zoe applauded the song. She spoke only with her cheeks and eyes.

Severne rose from the piano. He was asked to sing another, but declined, laughingly. Indeed, soon afterward he glided out of the room and was seen no more that night.

Consequently he became the topic of conversation; and the three, who thought they knew him, vied in his praises.

In the morning an expedition was planned, and Lord Uxmoor proffered his "four-in-hand." It was accepted. All young ladies like to sit behind four spanking trotters; and few object to be driven by a viscount with a glorious beard and large estates.

Zoe sat by Uxmoor. Severne sat behind them with Fanny, a spectator of his open admiration. He could not defend himself so well as last night, and he felt humiliated by the position.

It was renewed day after day. Zoe often cast a glance back, and drew him into the conversation; yet, on the whole, Uxmoor thrust him aside by his advantages and his resolute wooing.

The same thing at dinner. It was only at night he could be number one. He tuned Zoe's guitar; and one night, when there was a party, he walked about the room with this, and putting his left leg out, serenaded one lady after another. Barfordshire was amazed and delighted at him, but Uxmoor courted Zoe as if he did not exist. He began to feel that he was the man to amuse women in Barfordshire, but Uxmoor the man to marry them. He began to sulk. Zoe's quick eye saw and pitied. She was puzzled what to do. Lord Uxmoor gave her no excuse for throwing cold water on him, because his adoration was implied, not expressed; and he followed her up so closely she could hardly get a word with Severne. When she did, there was consolation in every tone; and she took care to let drop that Lord Uxmoor was going in a day or two. So he was, but he altered his mind and asked leave to stay.

Severne looked gloomy at this, and he became dejected. He was miserable, and showed it, to see what Zoe would do. What she did was to get rather bored by Uxmoor, and glance from Fanny to Severne. I believe Zoe only meant, "Do pray say things to comfort him;" but Fanny read these gentle glances *à la* Dover. She got hold of Severne one day, and said,

"What is the matter with you?"

"Of course you can't divine," said he, sarcastically.

"Oh yes, I can; and it is your own fault."

"My fault! that is a good joke. Did I invite this man with all his advantages? That was Vizard's doing, who calls himself my friend."

"If it was not this one, it would be some other. Can you hope to keep Zoe Vizard from being courted? Why, she is the beauty of the county! and her brother not married. It is no use your making love by halves to her. She will go to some man who is in earnest."

"And am I not in earnest?"

"Not so much as he is. You have known her four months, and never once asked her to marry you."

"So I am to be punished for my self-denial."

"Self-denial! nonsense. Men have no self-denial. It is your cowardice."

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"Don't be cruel. You know it is my poverty."

"Your poverty of spirit. You gave up money for her, and that is as good as if you had it still, and better. If you love Zoe, scrape up an income somehow, and say the word. Why, Harrington is bewitched with you, and he is rolling in money. I wouldn't lose her by cowardice, if I was you. Uxmoor will offer marriage before he goes. He is staying on for that. Now take my word for it, when one man offers marriage and the other does not, there is always a good chance of the girl saying this one is in earnest and the other is not. We don't expect self-denial in a man; we don't believe in it. We see you seizing upon every thing else you care for; and if you don't seize on us, it wounds our vanity, the strongest passion we have. Consider, Uxmoor has title, wealth, every thing, to bestow with the wedding ring. If he offers all that, and you don't offer all you have, how much more generous he looks to her than you do!"

"In short, you think she will doubt my affection if I don't ask her to share my poverty."

"If you don't, and a rich man asks her to share his all, I'm sure she will. And so should I. Words are only words."

"You torture me; I'd rather die than lose her."

"Then live and win her. I've told you the way."

"I will scrape an income together, and ask her."

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my soul."

"Then, in my opinion, you will have her in spite of Lord Uxmoor."

Hot from this, Edward Severne sat down and wrote a moving letter to a certain cousin of his in Huntingdonshire:

"My dear Cousin,—I have often heard you say you were under obligations to my father, and had a regard for me. Indeed, you have shown the latter by letting the interest on my mortgage run out many years, and not foreclosing. Having no other friend, I now write to you, and throw myself on your pity. I have formed a deep attachment to a young lady of infinite beauty and virtue. She is above me in every thing, especially in fortune. Yet she deigns to love me. I can't ask her hand as a pauper; and by my own folly, now deeply repented, I am little more. Now all depends on you—my happiness, my respectability. Sooner or later I shall be able to repay you all. For God's sake, come to the assistance of your affectionate cousin,

"Edward Severne.

"The brother, a man of immense estates, is an old friend, and warmly attached to me. If I could only, through your temporary assistance or connivance, present my estate as clear, all would be well, and I could repay you afterward."

To this letter he received an immediate reply:

"Dear Edward,—I thought you had forgotten my very existence. Yes, I owe much to your father, and have always said so, and acted accordingly. While you have been wandering abroad, deserting us all, I have improved your estate. I have bought all the other mortgages, and of late the rent has paid the interest, within a few pounds. I now make you an offer. Give me a long lease of the two farms at £300 a year—they will soon be vacant—and £2000 out of hand, and I will cancel all the mortgages, and give you a receipt for them as paid in full. This will be like paying you several thousand pounds for a beneficial lease. The £2000 I must insist on, in justice to my own family.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"George Severne."

This munificent offer surprised and delighted Severne; and, indeed, no other man but Cousin George, who had a heart of gold, and was grateful to Ned's father, and also loved the scamp himself, as every body did, would have made such an offer.

Our adventurer wrote and closed with it, and gushed gratitude. Then he asked himself how to get the money. Had he been married to Zoe, or not thinking of her, he would have gone at once to Vizard, for the security was ample. But in his present delicate situation this would not do. No; he must be able to come and say, "My estate is small, but it is clear. Here is a receipt for £6000 worth of mortgages I have paid off. I am poor in land, but rich in experience, regrets, and love. Be my friend, and trust me with Zoe."

He turned and twisted it in his mind, and resolved on a bold course. He would go to Homburg, and get that sum by hook or by crook out of Ina Klosking's winnings. He took Fanny into his confidence: only he substituted London for Homburg.

"And, oh, Miss Dover," said he, "do not let me suffer by going away and leaving a rival behind."

"Suffer by it?" said she. "No. I mean to reward you for taking my advice. Don't you say a word to *her*. It will come better from me. I'll let her know what you are gone for: and she is just the girl to be upon honor, and ever so much cooler to Lord Uxmoor, because you are unhappy, but have gone away trusting her."

And his artful ally kept her word. She went into Zoe's room before dinner to have it out with her.

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In the evening Severne told Vizard he must go up to London for a day or two.

"All right," said Vizard. "Tell some of them to order the dog-cart for your train."

But Zoe took occasion to ask him for how long, and murmured, "Remember how we shall miss you," with such a look that he was in Elysium that evening.

But at night he packed his bag for Homburg, and that chilled him. He lay slumbering all night, but not sleeping, and waking with starts and a sense of horror.

At breakfast, after reading his letters, Vizard asked him what train he would go by.

He said the one o'clock.

"All right," said Vizard. Then he rang the bell, countermanded the dog-cart, and ordered the barouche.

"A barouche for me!" said Severne. "Why, I am not going to take the ladies to the station."

"No; it is to bring one here. She comes down from London five minutes before you take the up-train."

There was a general exclamation, Who was it? Aunt Maitland?

"No," said Vizard, tossing a note to Zoe; "it is Doctress Gale."

Severne's countenance fell.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S NEW-YEAR.

WE came to call them the Little People, not knowing their names at first, and feeling it necessary to call them something, since we saw them go up and down by our windows so often after we began our small housekeeping. Father had kept us at St. Ursula's, for he had put us in charge of the wife of another sea-captain, who sent us to the school with her own girls, always directing our letters to her care in the city where we went for our vacations, till we grew so fond of the old town of Portston that we chose to stay there altogether, when through with school, and make a home for father when he should be done wandering up and down the earth, and be ready to put another master in the brig. It was such a cozy, charming little home that it seemed a shame he could not enjoy it too, but must needs be leading his storm-tossed life at sea. "I've never known any other," he wrote us, in reply. "You enjoy it for me, my darlings. It will be a comfort to know it's there." And so we did, as best we could. "Poor father!" we used to think, with our faces against the pane on stormy nights; "always out in this weather, almost born at sea, never having any home since the day his pretty young wife, our mother, died, and left him with her two babies on his hands!" So we busied ourselves making the little place pleasant for father when he came—for he traded in the Chinese waters, and said that the world was all alike to him, and when he sailed into Northern ports it would be to cast anchor there; and we had our small occupations and amusements, our books, our letters, our neighbors, and of these last the Little People somehow came to be the chief.

Every day they took their morning walk, up one side and down the other of our lane, the wife always leading the husband by the hand, the husband bent by his infirmities, the wife bent by leaning toward him. Worn and withered Little People they were, he always smiling and happy, she always with a slightly anxious air, except when his glance was turned upon her, and then she looked smiling and happy too.

They were very poor; that was evident. In all the time we knew them their outer garments never changed. The husband wore a long surtout in winter that had been brushed till it looked like burlap, in its effort for respectability, and a hat of some long bygone fashion; a linen coat and a palm-leaf hat in summer. The wife wore always her old plaid cloak that enveloped her completely, and her queer straw bonnet. But poverty made no odds to them. They were poor, just as they were blue-eyed, just as they were little. It was a circumstance of nature with which they made no quarrel nor dreamed of any complaint.

By-and-by, and very slowly, we made their acquaintance, after we had wondered and queried and conjured up a whole unreal world about them. They were such very odd little creatures, it seemed as though they might, by some accident, have been left over from an antediluvian era, sealed like the toads in clefts of rocks, or rather trunks of trees, and unconsciously one day set free to take up life where they left it. And yet in some strange way they touched the heart—the dear Little People! At first we exchanged with them a look of recognition, then a nod, and presently a smile; one morning a reference to the weather as they passed the gate where we were leaning; another day an invitation to rest on the door-stone with us; then, on still another day, a long chat; and at last we boldly went to see them.

What a miracle of neatness that tiny house of theirs was—and only one old pair of hands to do it all! They owned it—fortunately, since they owned almost nothing else, nothing but some two thousand dollars in the savings-bank—and they lived almost altogether on the produce of their little garden, which a neighbor cultivated for them at the halves, as it is called, and out of their share of which they sold some grapes and apples and pears to the provision dealer in exchange for beef and chicken now and then. Without doubt that provision dealer was in collusion with Divine Providence—they received so very much for so

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very little. "Lor' bless you, miss," said he, one day, when the suspicion was half hinted, "it all comes back to you. Some pays for their pleasure one way, and some another. I don't care for your lyceums here winter-times; I never go down river summers; I don't drive a fast horse, except when my brown colt gets a fly in his ear; and Killikinick suits me just as well as Partagas. Now I get *my* fun out of seeing them Little People take ten times as much as their nurly apples are wuth, 'thout the leastestest idee that it ain't a bony fidy business of give and take, six to one and half a dozen to the other, and then going off satisfied with the trade, thankful to have that price on the apples and be beholden to nobody, and independent as Fourth of July. Let 'em have all they want and charge it to you? Oh, 'tain't wuth w'ile. But then if you insist—Queer Little People, them Nicholsons! They know what trouble is!"

If they did know what trouble was, they kept it bravely to themselves. It was not easy to guess that they had ever known any thing but this even tenor; and although, when we were more familiar, we fancied we could see through the disguise of the content of one of them, never were we more mistaken. If trouble had been hers, she had something that quite outweighed it now, something that made honey out of every blossom of regret. The old husband—paralyzed since his early manhood, but yet with a tolerable command of his limbs, and with his mind but little more impaired than his child-like dependence on his wife displayed—sat in his willow-woven rocking-chair, placidly smoking his pipe, perhaps, when we went in, perhaps asleep, perhaps listening to her as she went through the items of the local paper that a neighbor sent in every week, or else as she read and expounded, in a strange and lively manner, various passages from the big Bible on the table between the windows, but chiefly the stories of the Old Testament, to which she gave a novel modern air that pleased the old man vastly.

"Now, wife," he would say, coming in from the garden, where he had been pottering about with his stick, trimming up a grape-vine laboriously, or picking a mess of greens, "let us have some reading. Let us have the story of the little maid that wished to goodness her master would go to the prophet in Samaria and be cured of his leprosy, just as Abby Lurvey wished I'd go to the new clairvoyant doctor—only there's some difference, you know, Huldah, between the captain of the host of the King of Syria and me," he added, innocently. "And then read right on," he said. "I'm pretty tired, and I'd like to go to sleep with the sight of the horses and chariots of fire that the young man saw in the mountain behind Elisha, the horses plunging and prancing, and angels holding the bridles, I suppose;" and with the magnificent picture in his mind, he would be asleep before she reached the place.

"He sleeps easy," Mrs. Huldah would say. "Ah, poor soul! it's well for him. God is always good to us, miss. Where the harness galls the flesh is callous; and it's fifty years since his affliction came to Heber—"

"Fifty years!"

"Fifty long, long years. And he's never known it."

"Never known it! Why—"

"No. When he got up from the sickness, he never asked what ailed him. Nobody said the word to him, nobody called it so then, that *I* know. We called it a stroke, but he never heard us. He sees there's something wrong—sometimes he does. He leans on me, you see, as if he was the little child I lost. And once in a while it comes over him that that isn't the way it should be. But he forgets it in a moment, and—and it never troubles him."

"But it must be a sad trouble to you."

"Oh, dear child, no. Why should it trouble me? What am I here for but just to care for him and to pick the pebbles out from under his poor feet? Oh no, no; it's a happiness to me—it's Heaven's blessing that he's spared to me."

"Yet it seems as though it must be very sad," said one of us—little Job's comforters—"for a woman to be leaned on, instead of having some one to lean on herself. But then, to be sure, you have your son."

"I have my son," said Mrs. Huldah, in a tone so inscrutable that we immediately scrutinized it; for we had vaguely heard of this son as the natural product of the seaside place—a sailor bound to foreign ports. "A sailor bound to foreign ports," said Mrs. Huldah, shaking her head; "a little curly-headed sailor six years old;" and the sob caught her breath in spite of her. "I'll tell you about him, dears; 'most every one's forgotten. I never forget it; there's never an hour in the day I don't long for my little son. It was fifty years ago. His father had the stroke. I was wild with trouble. I was a high-tempered body then, too. The lad, the little lad, fretted me, and I—I struck him! He'd never had a blow in all his little life. I'll never forget the look in his great brown eyes—like Heber's eyes—as I did it. That afternoon he ran away to sea. At least we suppose he did; for a ship sailed before sunset, and every body said a little curly-headed stowaway must have been found fast asleep in her before she reached blue water—a little stowaway that couldn't pronounce his own name plainly."

"And didn't the captain bring him home again?" we asked, as Mrs. Huldah paused.

"He never came himself. That ship was never spoken. We waited, and waited,

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and— Oh, many's the night I've walked the floor, looking out the window at every turn for the boy whose mother broke his heart. But he's passed clean out of Heber's mind."

"But wasn't any thing saved—any body?"

"There came a rumor, after half a dozen years, of somebody belonging to that ship escaping from a South Sea island and a raft of mutineers. I went a hundred miles to find the man, an old fellow: he had gone to sea again. Sometimes I think the dear lad went down with the ship, sometimes that the mutineers spared him and took him off: there may have been good men among them —who knows? Perhaps they had excuse for their mutiny. Perhaps they respected his innocence. They may have taught the lad the little they knew. Sometimes in the night he comes to my bedside—once in a while the little curly-headed lad with the pained, wondering look, but oftenest a tall, broad, bearded man he seems, with great brown eyes, like Heber's eyes. We won't talk of it any more."

"It's a wicked shame—it's a wicked shame," we cried, "for you to have such trouble."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Huldah, presently; "sometimes it seems to me as though my lot were too sunshiny to last. Other women have their great families, but they can't have more love out of the whole of them than I have out of Heber—can't—can't have such trust and such reliance. He believes in me so, you see; he has such confidence that if the world was wrong, I could put it right. And it's such a happiness to be doing for him! If I did for him forever, I couldn't pay him for his old goodness to me when we were young, couldn't pay him for the comfort he's been ever since his stroke—patient as a saint, and so gentle! Yes, it's every thing to have him to love, to sympathize with, you see, to talk my poor fancies with, just as if we were one soul indeed. And, oh! he was a good husband to me when he was young and well. That was fifty years ago, and he's close on eighty now: we've both passed the third quarter of a century, my dears. But he's so used to the slow change that he thinks I'm just as fair and smooth and straight, as blue-eyed and rosy, as I used to be," said Mrs. Huldah, with a laugh.

"I'm sure you're just as sweet!" I cried.

"Oh no, my dears. You can't remember. But I should like you to have seen Heber when he married me! You wouldn't think, dears, to see the little bowed figure now, that he was tall and stalwart then, with a right arm like a sledge-hammer, and a face as noble and strong as— See, now, since it's you," said Mrs. Huldah, "I'll show you what I seldom show any one, for fear it may seem like a mockery;" and she hurried to a drawer of the old-fashioned secretary, and took out a little wax medallion, a bass-relief, in profile, of her husband in his youth. "You'd never think," said she, wiping it tenderly, "that 'twas the breathing image of him once. And yet I couldn't tell which was most like then. Oh, he was a beauty, he was a beauty, and good as he was handsome! He used to come in from his hard work and take the baby, and say, 'Now it's your turn to run out; you go get an airing; I'll teach the little chap to do without you.' Oh, he did without me very soon!" And then we saw tears falling on the wax medallion, beside which the little old man, asleep in his chair, with his head fallen on his breast, seemed the very caricature she knew he would when she had hidden the thing.

"It's too bad!" said one of us again, indignantly: we were little more than children, wanting to sympathize and hardly knowing how.

"No, indeed. I never said so," she replied, closing the drawer. "If he hadn't had his stroke, he'd have had a hard life ahead; for he was ambitious and proud, and he'd have worked himself into crookedness and rheumatisms, and the little lad's loss would have been the harder. And as it was, we had the house and garden, and we had a little money in the Institution, and that, with what came in from such odd jobs of sewing as I have come across, has kept us comfortable, and left a little over for those that are poorer still." We glanced sidelong at each other—who could be poorer still? "And what," said Mrs. Huldah, "does a person need more than to be comfortable? Would I change this little house, where I've had all my joy and all my sorrow and my long years of peace, for the finest palace in the land? And would I take down my old sampler from the wall, and the little print of Lafayette there, for the sake of putting in their place the first picture in all the galleries? Oh! we hung it up together; we stepped back and admired it; we used to think so well of it when we were young and strong together, when he was just as I shall have him after we both wake up in the Land Beyond!—Waking, Heber? I was just telling Miss Iccles about the night when we hung up Lafayette, the night when the fire broke out on the South Green, you know, and the great elm before it looked like the Burning Bush, tossing up every bough and leaf afire—don't you remember?"

"Something, something," he replied. "It's a fine picture, it's a good likeness. I took his hand. When he came in over the long bridge, and the children were throwing flowers from their baskets, and the bells were ringing and the guns firing, I took his hand. I told him mine was a working-man's hand,

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but it would never do such work as his had done when it gave the working-man a chance. They said it was a fine speech, wife—a fine speech. They cheered me."

We fell into the habit of running over to see the Little People very often. I don't believe any body had ever taken a fancy to them before—exactly in the same way, I mean. A great many of the neighbors were very kind to them, of course; but they weren't interested in them as we were—quite as though they were the figures of a novel. We used to make excuses for our frequent errands: now we had a bit of plain sewing for Mrs. Huldah—her eyes were wonderfully sharp in their deep pits yet; now we wanted her rule for making Scotch bannocks; now we wanted her to taste the results of our rule for muffins; now we had enjoyed our chowder, or our calf's head and pluck, or some other dish a little out of the common, so much, that we took the liberty of bringing over a plate for her husband, and we had only wished that we had some of her purslane to go with it, and wouldn't she let us gather some one of these days, for there wasn't any in our garden—we didn't say that was because the gardener didn't allow a scrap of it to live.

"No pusley in your garden, dears!"—for one of us never went without the other. "Why, what sort of a garden is it? I thought every body has pusley, as every body has grass. Sakes alive! It'll be a favor to us if any body gets the stuff out of the ground! Now and then I sell a mess; but folks mostly don't know what a luscious dish it is—"

"I just brought in a mess, Huldah," said the old man. "Let the little things have that."

We exchanged glances at the transfer of the cognomen: so they called us little, too. But we didn't take his laborious greens, saying we preferred to come in some morning and walk through their old spicy garden, with its southernwood, and fleurs-de-lis, and bluebells and hollyhocks, among the beans and cabbages and corn, and gather them ourselves.

And so the days ran on; each one, we hoped, bringing father a little nearer home. And among all our other pleasures we used to take a constant one in the Little People, who seemed to us a sort of discovery and property of our own. They had become very near to us somehow; their old faces had now that familiar air which faces occasionally wear, as if you had known them in a past life; we couldn't bear to have any one laugh at them. When the autumn came we decked their tiny parlor with bright barberry boughs and seeded grasses; and when winter set in we carried over an ivy we had rooted purposely for their window; and we made them promise, in the midst of much merriment, to hang up their stockings for Christmas. "I haven't done it since I was a child," said the little man. "If I do it now, they'll think I'm in my second childhood. I'll do it, though, I'll do it," he said, with a delighted laugh. "And I'll put something in yours too. I'll put some blood oranges there. They have some at the dealer's; they came all the way from Malta, where the great knights were, you know; a rock in the sea, but the sun sucks its sweetness into these oranges. A little boy was paring one in the door; it was the color of a winter sky—you've seen it, Huldah, when the red lies just above the snow as the sun sinks, and over that the orange, and the orange fades away and sifts into the blue till you can't tell whether it is sky or sea up there—as it were the body of heaven in his clearness," said the old man, half to himself, remembering the story he loved to hear read of Moses in the Mount, and running on garrulously, as he sometimes did, whether any one listened or not.

"He's a sort of a poet," said Mrs. Huldah, apologetically. "Yes; I know about it, Heber; and I'll take over some of our winter pears and change them into oranges."

"You always were a witch, Huldah," said her husband. "But I suppose you're not going just now, are you? And it's cold for you, too. I'll go myself, if you don't mind;" and getting his big stick and his hat, while his wife found the comforter and filled the basket, off he went with his brown pears, intent on their metempsychosis at the kindly provision dealer's, where now and then he had ventured alone before.

"I think he'll give you a dozen," his wife called after him, as a reminder to maintain his rights, "and that will leave us some for poor old Susie More—she's down with a low fever. It's running through that district; and when I carried her the gruel last night, I did wish I had a bit of orange to cool her lips with."

We told her we shouldn't think it was quite safe for her to visit Susie. "Never makes any difference," said she. "I'm always over 'em. If it isn't typhoid, it's consumption, or rheumatics, or something worse. I never catch it. I always wear a camphor bag. And some way I shouldn't feel as if I had a right to my happiness if I never was doing and contriving for them that haven't as much, and it's all I *can* do, you see. And then, too, it's the only thing Heber's willing to spare me for; he says—but you know that's because he thinks so much of me—that I'm such a nurse it's too bad for any one to be sick without me. That's just his way, though. I'm no better than other folks—only I'm better than nobody, and these poor things have nobody. There's Katy Brown come for the sour milk, now." And she bustled away to get it, and presently we heard her saying, "Now, Katy, you

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be sure and bring back the pitcher, or else I can't keep the milk for you, for I haven't got a hundred pitchers. And, by-the-way, I wish you'd call round, if it isn't too slippery to get there, and tell Milly I've enough crusts for her now to make a capital brewis, will you?" And it was quite like a Lady Bountiful, and it made us blush for shame to see her doing so much in her poverty, and know we did so little in our comfort.

"Well," said Mrs. Huldah, when we stammered out something of the sort, "you see, my life's been all love. It seems sometimes, when I look back on it, like a hill in the sunlight. It's set in shadow, you might say—care, and cramping, and pain. I say so myself once in a while. But another day I see how it's lifted up into the clear sunlight that has never failed it, and that falls round it—yes, and pours over it. And what can I do but shed some of that sunlight, that love, on others that stand in need of it? I'm not a loud-mouthed person," said she, with her old face so beaming that it was almost beautiful, "but now and then it has seemed to me as though I ought to sing out to every body and tell them how God has loved me, and how Heber has."

Just then, as she was speaking, there came a sound of shuffling and creaking steps on the crisp snow outside, and of subdued voices at the door. We glanced up. Mrs. Huldah sprang to her feet and covered her white face with her hands. "Help, help, Lord!" she was whispering; and in the next instant she was going forward quietly to meet the men who were bringing in her poor old husband on a door. He had slipped on the paring of the little boy's blood orange, and had fallen and broken his hip.

We only staid to assist her in arranging a cot for him in the same room, under the little sampler in its brass frame, and after that we ran for Katy Brown and her old colored friend Milly, who were glad enough to repay, now that the chance had come at last, their own obligation for the sour milk and crusts of a lifetime. And then, as she refused to have us stay, we hurried home, out of the sight of suffering—poor Mrs. Huldah's as well as her gentle old Heber's.

Of course we went then every day, carrying our dainties and medicaments to the Little People, devising whatever our ignorant young wits could for their ease—for we had no older women's wits to help us—chiefly nourishing soups and injurious jellies. We sat up a part of several nights with the patient little man—together, of course, for neither of us dared be alone—and we felt that the wife would be worn out. But just as we would flatter ourselves that she must be having one sound sleep at length, the door of the stairs would open, and Mrs. Huldah would come in like a white spirit and send us off to her bed, saying it was no use—she could get nothing but cat-naps; she couldn't rest with him out of her sight. And he would murmur, "That's right, dear. Sit here in your chair and lay your head on my pillow, and we'll sleep together, as I'm afraid—I'm afraid we never—"

"Oh, now, Heber darling, don't say so. The doctor thinks nothing ever went off better—considering," she would cry. "Take a little of the beef tea the young ladies brought, and I'll stay here and say hymns while you go to sleep, and when you wake up it will be just the time the birds would be singing in the dark if it was summer weather." And as resistance would only have made trouble, we would go up stairs, and be asleep ourselves before we realized where we were; and in the morning Milly or Katy would come in, and she would get a nap again.

But there was no hanging of stockings for Christmas, as we had so gayly planned; for it was a sorrowing day in the little house, with no other Christmas cheer there—although, of course, we carried her over a part of our own Christmas dinner, which she could hardly taste, to be sure, but which we had made particularly fine, if by any happy chance father should come in season, as he had half promised—no other cheer than Mrs. Huldah's unfailing smile, as she repeated old hymns to Heber.

But the sweet old woman was growing pale and paler and more and more tired; and two or three mornings afterward, when we went over—it was snowing hard, and neither Milly nor Katy Brown had come, as it chanced—she herself had been out at the well drawing water, and was now going about the house, white as a ghost, and with dark hollow circles about her eyes. "Do go and lie down," we urged. "You look so tired; and we will stay till the doctor comes."

"No, no," whispered she, "I couldn't. He's had a restless night. He calls me every moment. He's been a little wandering too, I'm afraid. He's been talking as if we were both young, and just going to be married again—talking about wedding garments. Oh, I can bear any thing but that!" And all at once she burst out crying like a child.

Well, of course we hung about her, and held her hand, and wiped her eyes, and made a good cup of tea, all very softly, and coaxed her to drink it. "There!" said she at length. "I'm a silly old thing; but the fact is, I'm all tired out. And my head does ache! It's a providence that he's asleep at last, for it would break his heart to see me give up so. I don't know what makes me such a child. How good you are, dears! I've always loved your sweet little dark faces since I first laid eyes on them. It seemed as though I'd always known you. There! Now I'll get his

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nourishment ready for him when he wakes, and then I'll sit down and rest in the chair."

So we tiptoed about and put things in order for her, while she sat beside the cot; and then one of us got a comb and combed out her long gray hair, in hopes we could make her head feel better, and thought what pretty hair it must have been when she was young, and before there was so much trouble and care wrought in silver threads through all its soft color. "I'm sorry; but it doesn't do any good, dear," she said soon. "And the back of my neck is so bad; I've such very queer pains. You don't suppose I'm going to be sick, do you?" she said, looking round in a frightened way. "I hardly ever was in all my life; and, oh! what would—what would become of Heber? I'll bind a wet towel round my head, I guess." And she rose to do so, and all of a sudden fell over on the floor, having fainted dead away.

We slipped a pillow under her head, and fortunately the doctor came just then, with a great stamping and shaking off of the snow, and as soon as he had laid aside his great-coat, he took her in his arms and carried her up stairs, and we undressed her and put her into bed; and then one of us went down to the poor old husband, and one of us staid with her, for the little use or comfort we could be. And a hard, hard day it was for us, who knew so little of illness, and who loathed it in reality with all the antipathy that youth and strength and vitality have to decay and death. Heber's mind was wandering, as she had told us, certain memories seeming to rise over the fog that enveloped him, principally snatches from Huldah's hymns that had so long delighted him. "'Lo! what a cloud of witnesses!'" he would suddenly call out, following some viewless thing about the room with his wild eyes. Then he would fall asleep for a short space, and wake with a strange terror, and presently be murmuring, as if he were scarcely doing more than breathing,

> "'But timorous mortals start and shrink
> To cross this narrow sea,
> And linger shivering on the brink,
> And fear to launch away.'"

Babbling along indistinguishably a while, by-and-by we would make out that he whispered disjointed fragments of the Twenty-third Psalm. And when all was still again, and you could hear the frost drawing the nails of the old house, he would throw up his hands, and cry, clear and solemn, as though he were preaching to the people:

> "'Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
> Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
> See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
> And break upon thee in a flood of day!'"

And then followed a torrent of the hot and hurried murmurs, gradually growing lower and lower, till they ceased. As for the poor wife, she herself lay in a stupor, from which she only roused when some louder exclamation of Heber's ascended to her, once or twice trying to rise and go down, but falling back again.

It was a bad case of typhoid, Mrs. Huldah's, the doctor said next day. She had been down in the infected district too much, and the poison had laid hold of her exhausted system. There was hardly any hope. The doctor sent a nurse, who took the main stress of the care, and Milly and Katy and we ourselves came and went, relieving her. But on the morning of the third day—the great storm still blowing on outside—Mrs. Huldah looked up, brightening, and asked what day it was, and we told her it was the last one of the year.

"The new year," she sighed. "If only we might begin it together!" And then she asked us how her husband was.

We hesitated a moment; for we did not dare to tell the truth, lest it should shock her, and perhaps do fatal injury. He had ceased to wander and toss his hands about, and had grown very quiet; and every night as the sun went down he had seemed to withdraw a great tide of life from old Heber. He was sinking fast, as even we could see; he took no more nourishment, no stimulant; his poor strength had become all insufficient to meet the draft upon it; he lay death-still and white, and only once in a while could we see he breathed. We had just come up from his side, and had left Katy and Milly there.

"Don't be afraid," she murmured—"afraid to tell me. I shall be glad—if—he goes first. For what would he do—without me?" And so we told her we thought that he was dying.

It was a seraphic smile that overspread her wan face, and turned all the shrunken, shriveled trouble of the fever into something heavenly.

"We shall have our New-Year there!" she exclaimed, and she clasped her two wasted hands and prayed under her breath, half rapt, half fevered, as if she were praying his soul away. She ceased a moment to ask us not to let him know if she went before him, and then she began her prayer and praise again.

We were trembling ourselves from head to foot. We were very much frightened indeed. If it had not been for the snow, we could hardly have staid. It seemed to be our duty to stay, though; yet we had never seen death, and we shrank. And although in poor old Heber, who for so long had been but half alive, it did not seem so bad, yet here in this little upper chamber, with the white storm whistling on outside, desolate and horrible, we understood with awe that soul was parting from body, that dust was becoming nothing but dust, and the spirit loosing for its flight among the eternal mys-

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teries, that the most awful mystery of all was going on before our eyes. And it made us shiver with a cold like the cold of death and the grave itself.

She slept after a little, if that thin oblivion could be called sleep; but when she grew conscious it was only to begin her prayer again. We could see it in the rise and fall of her breast, and when that was seen no more, the prayer and the soul seemed to flutter together with the breath upon the lips.

So the day crept on, and the storm fell. And as we sat there still, there came a step on the stairs, and the door opened, and father came in. Some one had sent him there. We sprang to him, choking back our cry; and as we did so, through the gray pall of the weather suddenly shot a blaze of sunset light, and it fell rosily on father's face. And just then Huldah's eyes opened; a pulse of vitality seemed to throb back through her. "Eyes like Heber's eyes," we thought we heard her whisper. "My son! oh, my son!" And then she lay like a glorified saint, with the ecstasy of surprise sealed upon her smile in frosty silence.

We went through the snow, the next morning, with some roses, to that house of the dead. Our dead they were now. Father was there before us. It seemed to us we knew just how he felt, we were so sorry for him. He had grown to forget them—a six years old baby—in that long voyage, that mutiny, on the raft, on the island with the men who corrupted even his name; then taken on board the man-of-war to distant parts, shifting from port to port, growing up, marrying, losing his sweet young wife, wrapped in his babies, getting his ship, always one emotion coming to wipe out the other; supposing, finally, St. Ursula's to be the town's name till we took our little house, and then writing that it pleased him, and all we said about it had an odd familiar sound, and it seemed as if he had known the place in a dream. How glad he would have been to have come home and taken our Little People into his comfort and ease and love, and made their last years blessed: and now those years that might have been so compensating, to be filled only with reproach and sorrow!

We stood at the door and looked out, longing to think of something we could say to comfort father. The sun shone, the blue of the sky was dazzling, the whole earth was wrapped and feathered in a downy covering, till it seemed transfigured for a heavenly flight itself; the soft wind now and then stirred a bough and shook down a powdery spray about us. In this cold mimicry of death there was a joyous mood that seemed to wish to tell us that death was the least sad of all things. And when we went in, and saw the two lying side by side on the little cot below, white-robed and smiling peacefully, with Huldah's hand fallen from her breast and lying still on Heber, and father's head bowed at their feet, we realized, with a sort of transport, that he had no need to suffer, for our Little People had, as Huldah wished, their New-Year in heaven together.

GRIT.

"LOOK a-here, Phœbe, I won't hev no such goin's-on here. That feller's got to make tracks. I don't want none o' Jake Potter's folks round, 'nd you may as well lay your account with it, 'nd fix accordin'."

Phœbe Fyler set her teeth together, and looked her father in the face with her steady gray eyes; but she said nothing, and the old man scrambled up into his rickety wagon and drove off.

"Fyler grit" was a proverb in Pasco, and old Reuben did credit to the family reputation. But his share of "grit" was not simply endurance, perseverance, dogged persistence, and courage, but a most unlimited obstinacy and full faith in his own wisdom. Phœbe was his own child, and when things came to an open struggle between them, it was hard to tell which would conquer.

There had been a long quarrel between the Fylers and Potters—such a quarrel as can only be found in little country villages, where people are thrown so near together and have so little to divert their minds that they become as belligerent as a company of passengers on a sailing vessel—fire easily and smoulder long. But Phœbe Fyler was a remarkably pretty girl, with great clear gray eyes, a cheek like the wild rose, abundance of soft brown hair, and a sweet firm mouth and square cleft chin that told their own story of Fyler blood; and Tom Potter was a smart, energetic, fiery young fellow, ready to fight for his rights and then to shake hands with his enemy, whichever beat. There was no law to prevent his falling in love with Phœbe because their fathers had hated each other; indeed, that was rather an inducement. His honest, generous heart looked on the family feud with pity and regret. He would like to cancel it—especially if marrying Phœbe would do it.

And why should she hate him? Her father was an old tyrant in his family; and the feeble, pale mother, who had always trembled at his step since the girl could remember, had never taught her to love her father, because she did not love him herself. Obedience, indeed, was ground into Phœbe. It was obey or suffer in that family, and the rod hanging over the shelf was not in vain. But when she grew up, and left the childish instinct or habit behind her, and the Fyler grit developed, she had the sense to avoid an open conflict whenever she could, for her mother's sake.

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This, however, was a matter of no small importance to Phœbe. She had met Tom Potter time after time at sewing societies, sleigh rides, huckleberryings, and other rustic amusements; they sat together in the singers' seat; they went to rehearsal; but Tom had never come home with her until lately, and then always parted at the door-sill. Now he had taken the decisive step; he had come Sunday evening to call, and every Pasco girl knew what that meant. It was a declaration. But while Phœbe's heart beat at his clear whistle outside, and stood still at his knock, she saw with dismay her father rise to open the door.

"Good-evening, Mr. Fyler."

"How de do? how de do?" was the sufficiently cordial reply; for the old man was half blind, and by the flicker of his tallow candle could no way discern who his visitor might be.

"I don't really make out who ye be," he went on, peering into the darkness.

"My name's Potter. Is Phœbe to home?"

"Jake Potter's son?"

"Yes, I be. Is Phœbe to home?"

An ominous flash from Tom's black eyes accentuated the question this time, but old Reuben was too blind to see it. He drew back the candle, and said, in a surly but decisive tone,

"'Tain't no matter to you ef she is or ef she ain't," and calmly shut the door in his face.

For a moment Tom Potter was furious. Decency forbade that he should take the door off its rackety hinges, like Samson at the gates of Gaza, but he felt a strong impulse to do so, and then an equally strong one to laugh, for the affair had its humorous side. The result was that neither humor nor anger prevailed; but as he strode away, a fixed purpose to woo and marry Phœbe, "whether or no," took possession of him.

"I'll see ef Potter faculty can't match Fyler grit," he muttered to himself; and not without reason, for the Potters had that trait which conquers the world far more surely and subtly than grit—"faculty," *i. e.*, a clear head and a quick wit, and capacity of adaptation that wrests from circumstance its stringent sceptre, and is the talisman of what the world calls "luck."

In the mean time Phœbe, by the kitchen fire, sat burning with rage. Her father came back chuckling.

"I've sent that spark up chimney pretty everlastin' quick."

Phœbe's red lips parted for a rude answer, but her mother signaled to her from beyond the fire-place, and the sad pale face had its usual effect on her. She knew that sore heart would ache beyond any sleep if she and her father came to words; so she took up her candle to go to bed, but she did not escape.

"You've no need to be a-muggin' about that feller, Phœbe," cackled the old man after her. "He won't never darken my doors, nor your'n nuther; so ye jest stop a-hankerin' arter him, right off slap. The idee! a Potter a-comin' here arter you!"

Phœbe's eyes blazed. She stopped on the lower stair, and spoke sharply,

"Mebbe you'll find there's more things can go out o' the chimney than sparks," and then hurried up, banging the door behind her in very womanish fashion, and burst into tears as soon as she reached her room.

It was Tuesday morning when old Fyler drove from his door, hurling the words at the beginning of our story at Phœbe on the door-step.

He had found out that Tom Potter had gone to Hartford the day before for a week's stay, and took the chance to drive sixteen miles down the river on some business, sure that in his day's absence Tom could not get back to Pasco, and Phœbe would be safe.

But man proposes in vain sometimes. Mr. Fyler did his errand at Taunton, ate his dinner at the dirty little tavern, and set out for home. As he was jogging quietly along, laying plans for the easy discomfiture of Tom and Phœbe, a loud roll of wheels roused him, a muffled roar like a heavy pulse beat, a shriek as of ten thousand hysterical females, and right in the face and eyes of old Jerry appeared a locomotive under full headway, coming round a curve of the track, which the old man had either forgotten or not known ran beside the highway for nearly half a mile. Jerry was old and sober and steady, but what man even could bear the sudden and unforeseen charge of a railway engine bearing down upon him face to face? The horse started, reared, jumped aside, and took to his heels for dear life; the wagon tilted up on a convenient stone, and threw the driver violently out; but in all the shock and terror the "Fyler grit" never failed. With horny hands he grasped the reins so powerfully that the horse could drag him but a few steps before he was stopped by the weight on the bit, and then, as Reuben tried to gather himself out of the dust and consider the situation, he found that one leg hung helpless from the knee, his cheek and forehead were well grazed, and his teeth—precious possession, over whose cost he had groaned and perspired as a necessary but dreadful expense—had disappeared entirely. This was the worst blow. Half blind, with a terrified horse and a broken leg, totally alone and seventy-seven years old, who else would have stopped to consider their false teeth? But he dragged himself over the ground, holding the reins with one hand, groping and fumbling in the dust, till fortunately the missing set was found, uninjured by wheel or stone, but considerably mixed up with kindred clay.

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"Whoa, I tell ye! whoa!" shouted the old man to Jerry, who, with wild eyes and erect ears, stood quivering and eager to be off.

"Darn ye, stan' still!" and jerking the reins by way of comment, he crept and hitched himself toward the wagon. Jerry looked round, and seemed to understand the situation. He set down the pawing fore-foot, lowered the pointed ears, and, though he trembled still, stood as a rock might, till, with pain and struggle, his master raised himself on one foot against the wheel, and setting his lips tight, contrived to get into the wagon, and on to the seat. "Git up!" he said, and Jerry started with a spring that brought a dark flush of pain to the old man's cheek. But he did not stop nor stay for pain. "Git up, I tell ye! We've got to git as fur as Baxter, anyhow. Go 'long, Jerry." And on he drove, though the broken leg, beginning to swell and press on the stiff boot-leg, gave him exquisite pain. But a mile or two passed before he met any one, for it was just noon, and all the country folk were at their dinner. At last a man appeared in the distance, and Reuben drew up by the road-side and shouted to him to stop. It proved to be an Irishman on his way to a farm just below.

"Say, have ye got a jackknife?" was Reuben's salutation.

"Yis, Surr, I have that; and a fuss-rate knoife as iver ye see. What's wantin'?"

"Will yer ole hoss stan' a spell?"

"Shure he'll stand till the day afther niver, av I'd let him. It's standin' he takes to far more than goin'."

"Then you git out, will ye, 'nd fetch yer knife over here 'nd cut my boot-leg down."

"What 'n the wurrld are ye afther havin' yer boot cut for?" queried the Irishman, clambering down to the ground.

"Well, I got spilt out a piece back. Hoss got skeert by one o' them pesky ingines, 'nd I expect I broke my leg. It's kinder useless, 'nd it's kep' a-swellin' ever sence, so's't it hurts like blazes, I tell ye."

"The divil an' all—broke yer leg, man alive? An' how did ye get back to the waggin?"

"Oh, I wriggled in somehow. Come, be quick! I want to git to Baxter right off."

"Why, is it mad ye are? Turn about, man. There's Kinney's farm just beyant a bit. Come in there. I'll fetch the docthor for yez."

"No, I won't stop. I must git to the tavern to Baxter fust; then I'll go home if I can fix it."

"The Lord help ye, thin, ye poor old crathur!"

"You help me fust, and don't jaw no more."

And so snapped at, the astounded Irishman proceeded to cut the boot off—a slow and painful process, but of some relief when over; and Jerry soon heard the word of command to start forward. Three more hard up-hill miles brought them to the tavern, just at the entrance of Baxter, and Jerry stopped at the back-door.

"Hullo!" shouted the old man; and the man who kept the house rose from his arm-chair with a yawn and sauntered leisurely to the piazza. But his steps quickened as soon as he found out what was the matter, and with neighborly aid Mr. Fyler was soon carried up stairs and laid on a bed, and the doctor sent for. "Say, don't ye give Jerry no oats, now I tell ye. I won't pay for 'em. He's used to hay, 'nd he'll get a mess o' meal to-night arter we get home."

"Why, you can't get home to-night!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Can't I? I will, anyhow, ye'd better believe. I've got to be there whether or no. Where's that darned doctor? Brush the dirt off'n my coat, will ye? 'nd here, jest rence off them teeth," handing them out of his pocket. "I lost 'em out, 'nd hed to scrape round in the dirt quite a spell afore I found 'em."

"Well, I swan to man!" ejaculated the landlord. "Do you mean to say you hunted round after them 'ere things after you'd got a broke leg?"

"Sure's you live, Sir. I hitched around just like a youngster a-learnin' to creep, 'nd drawed my leg along back side o' me; I'm kinder blind, ye see, or I should ha' found 'em quicker."

"By George! ef you hain't got the most grit!" And the landlord went off to tell his tale in the office.

"Take him up a drink o' rum, Joe," was the comment of a hearer. "I know him. He polishes his nose four times a week, you bet; rum's kinder nateral to him. His dad kep' a corner grocery. A drink 'll do him good. I'll stan' treat, fur he's all-fired close. He'd faint away afore he'd buy a drink, fur he 'stills his own cider-brandy. But flesh an' blood can't allers go it on grit, ef 'tis Fyler grit, 'nd he'll feel considerable mean afore the doctor gets here. Fetch him up a good stiff sling, 'nd chalk it down to me."

A kindly and timely tonic the sling seemed to be, and the old fellow took it with great ease.

"Taste kinder nateral?" inquired the interested landlord, with suspended spoon.

"It's reel refrashin'," was the long-delayed answer, as the empty tumbler went back to join the unoccupied spoon. "Now fetch on yer doctor." And without a groan or a word the old man bore the examination, which revealed the fact that both bones of the leg were fractured; or, as the landlord expressed it to a gaping and expectant crowd outside, "His leg's broke short off in two places." Without any more ado Reuben bore the setting and splinting of the crushed

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limb, and accepted meekly another dose of the "refrashin'" fluid from the bar-room. "Now, doctor, I want to be a travelin' right off."

"Traveling! where to?" demanded the doctor, glaring at him over his spectacles.

"Where to! why, back to our folkses, to Pasco."

"You travel to the land of Nod, man. Go to sleep; you won't see Pasco to-day, nor to-morrow."

"I'm a-goin', anyhow. I tell ye I've got ter. Important bizness. I wouldn't be kep' here for a thousand dollars."

The doctor saw a hot flush rise to his face, and an ominous glitter invade the dull eye. He knew his man, and he knew what determined opposition and helplessness might do for him. At seventy-seven a broken leg is no trifle; but if fever sets in, matters become complicated.

"Well," he said, by way of humoring the refractory patient, "if you're bound to go, you must go to-night; to-morrow'll be harder for you to move." And with a friendly nod he left the room, and the landlord followed him.

"Ye don't expect he's a-goin' to go, do ye, doctor?"

"Lord, man! he might as well stand on his head! Still, you don't know old Reub Fyler, perhaps. He's as clear grit as a grindstone, and if he is bound to go, he'll go; heaven nor earth won't stop him, nor men neither." And the doctor stepped into his sulky and drove off.

An hour afterward Reuben Fyler insisted on being sent home. A neighbor from Pasco, who had come down after grain with a long wagon, heard of the accident, and happened in.

"I'm bound to git home, John Barnes," said the old man. "I've got ter; I've got bizness. Well, I might as well tell ye, that darned Potter feller's a-snakin' 'nd a-sneakin' round arter Phœbe, 'nd ef I'm laid up here, he'll be hangin' round there as sure as guns. Fust I know they'll up 'nd git merried. I'll see him hanged fust! I'm goin' hum to-night. I can keep her under my thumb ef I'm there; but ye know how 'tis: when the cat's away—"

"H'm!" said John Barnes—a man slow of speech, but perceptive. "Well, ef you're bound to go, you can have my waggin, 'nd I'll drive your'n up."

"But change hosses; I can't drive no hoss but Jerry."

"You drive!" exclaimed John, in unfeigned astonishment.

"My arms ain't broke, I tell ye, 'nd I ain't a-goin' to pay nobody for what I can do myself, you can jest swear to that."

And John Barnes retreated to hold council with the bar-room loungers. But remonstrance was in vain. About five o'clock the long wagon was brought up, the seat shoved quite back to the end, and an extempore bed made of flour bags, hay, and old buffalo-robes on the floor of the rickety vehicle; the old man was carried carefully down, packed in as well as the case allowed, his splinted and bandaged leg tied to the side to keep it steady, his head propped up with his overcoat rolled into a bundle, and an old carriage carpet thrown over him and tucked in. Then another "refrashin'" fluid was administered, and the reins being put into his hands, with a sharp chirrup to old Jerry he started off at a quick trot, and before John Barnes could get into his wagon and follow, Fyler was round the corner, out of sight, speeded by the cheers and laughter of the spectators, and eulogized by the landlord, as he bit off the end of a fresh cigar, as "the darnedest piece of Fyler grit or any other grit I ever see!"

In the mean time Phœbe at home went about her daily work in a kind of sullen peace: peaceful, because her father was out of the way for one day at least; sullen, because she foresaw no end of trouble coming to her, but never for one moment had an idea of giving up Tom Potter, or of any way to achieve her freedom except by enduring obstinacy. Many another girl, quick-witted or well read in novels, would have enjoyed the situation with a certain zest, and already invented plenty of stratagems; but Phœbe had not been educated in modern style, and tact or cunning was not native to her; she could endure or resist to the death, but she could not elude or beguile, and her father knew it. Her mother was helpless to aid her; but, with the courage mothers have, she set herself out of the question, and having thought deeply all the morning over the knitting-work, which was all she could do now, she surprised Phœbe in the midst of her potato-paring by suddenly saying,

"Phœbe, I see what you're a-thinkin' of, and I want to say my say now, afore any body comes in. I've heerd enough o' Tom Potter to know he's a reel likely young feller; he's stiddy, 'nd he's a professor besides, 'nd he's got a good trade; there ain't no reason on airth why you shouldn't keep company with him, ef you like him. It's clear senseless to hev your life spoiled because your folks 'nd his folks querreled, away back, about a water right."

Phœbe dropped the potatoes, and gave her mother a speechless hug that brought the tears into those pale blue eyes.

"Softly, dear! I don't mean to set ye ag'inst your pa, noways; but I don't think man nor woman hes a right to say their gal sha'n't marry a man that ain't bad nor shiftless, jest 'cause they don't fancy him; 'nd I don't want to leave ye here when I go, to live my life over agin."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Phœbe, almost

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dropping the pan again, "I think it would be awful mean of me to leave you here alone!"

"'Twouldn't be no worse, Phœbe. I should miss ye, no doubt on't; I should miss ye consider'ble, but then I shouldn't worry over your hard times here as I do, some, all the time."

Poor saint! she fought her battle there by the fireside, and nobody saw it but the "cloud of witnesses," who had hung over many a martyrdom before that was not illustrated by fire or sword.

Phœbe choked a little, and her clear eyes softened; she was only a girl, and she did not fully understand what her mother had suffered and renounced for her, but she loved her with all her warm heart.

"I can't help ye none, Phœbe," Mrs. Fyler went on, with a patient smile, "but I can comfort ye, mebbe, and, as fur as my consent goes, you hev it, ef you want to marry Tom; but oh! Phœbe, be sure, sure as death, you *do* want to: don't marry him to get away from home. I'd ruther see ye drowned in Long Pond."

Phœbe's cheek colored deeply and her bright eyes fell, for her mother's homely words were solemn in their meaning and tone.

"I *am* sure, mother," she said, softly, and went away to fetch more wood for the fire; and neither of the women spoke again of the matter, but Phœbe's brow cleared of its trouble, and her mother lay back in her chair and prayed in her heart. Poor woman! she had mighty need of such a refuge.

So night came on, and after long delay they ate their supper, presuming that the head of the house was delayed by business, little thinking how he, strapped into John Barnes's wagon, was pursuing his homeward road in the gathering darkness and solitude; for though John caught up with him soon, after a mile or two some empty sacks fell out of the Barnes wagon, and no sooner did John miss them than he coolly turned back and left old Reuben to find his way alone. But the old man did not care; he had courage for any thing; so he drove along as cheerily as ever, though his dim sight was darkened further by the darkening air, the overhanging trees, and the limit set to his vision by the horse's head, which from his position was all he could see before him.

About nine o'clock a benighted traveler driving toward Baxter from Pasco way, with his wife, discerned dimly an approaching horse and wagon, apparently without a driver. He reined his own horse and covered buggy into the ditch to give room, but the road was narrow, and the other horse kept in the middle.

"Turn out! turn out!" shouted the anxious man. "Are you asleep or drunk? Turn out, I tell you!"

But old Fyler heard the echo only of the strenuous voice, and turned out the wrong way, setting his own wheels right into the wheels of the stranger's buggy.

"You drunken idiot! back, back, I say! you've run right into me"—not without objurgations of a slightly profane character to emphasize his remark. "Back, I say! The devil! can't you hear?"

By this time both horses were excited; the horse in the ditch began to plunge, the other one to rear and back, till what between the pull of his master on the reins and his own terror, Jerry backed his load down the steep bank at the road-side, and but for a tree that caught the wheel, horse, driver, and wagon would have gone headlong into a situation of fatal reverses, where even Fyler grit could not avail.

"Murder!" cried out the old man. "I've broke my leg, 'nd I'm pitchin' over th' edge! Lordy massy! stop the cretur! Who be ye? Ketch his head, can't ye? Thunderation! I'm a-tippin', sure's ye live!"

"Let your horse alone, you old fool!" shouted the exasperated traveler, who was trying vainly to tie his own to some saplings by the road-side, while his wife scrambled out as best she might over the floundering wheels. But by the time the man succeeded, Fyler's horse had been so demonstrative that the wagon wheels were twisted and locked together, the wagon body tilted up to a dangerous degree, and the old man rolled down to the other side and half out, where he hung helpless, tied by the knee, sick with the pain of his wrenched leg, and unable to stir; but still he yelled for help.

"Can you hold this plaguy horse's head, Anne?" said the traveler. "I never can right the wheels while he plunges and rears like that."

"I'll try," was the quiet response; and being a woman of courage and weight, she hung on to the bridle, though Jerry made frantic efforts to lift her off the ground and stand on his hind-legs, till the wagon was righted, the groaning old man replaced, his story told, and he ready once more to shake the reins, which still were grasped in his hard hands.

"But you ain't going on alone in this dark?" asked the astonished traveler.

"Yes I be, yes I be—sartain. I shall git on well enough ef I don't meet nobody, 'nd I guess I sha'n't."

"But you met us."

"Well, it's a-growin' later 'nd later; there won't be many more folks out to-night; they ginerly knows enough to stay to hum arter dark out our way." With which Parthian remark he chirped to Jerry and trotted away, without a word of thanks or acknowledgment, aching and groaning, and muttering to himself, "Darned fool! what 'd he want

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to be a-kitin' round in a narrer road this time o' night? Fixed me out, I guess; but I'll get hum, anyhow. Git up, Jerry!"

And Jerry got up to such a purpose that, about twelve o'clock that night, a loud shouting at the front-door roused Phœbe and her mother, and they were forced to call in a couple of men from the next neighbor's, at least a quarter of a mile away, to get the old man into the house, undressed, and put to bed.

As might have been expected, fever set in; but he fought that with "Fyler grit." And though fever is a force of itself, there is a certain willful vitality in some people and strength of will that exert wonderful influence over physical maladies; and after a few days of pain and discomfort and anger with himself and every body else, the old man grew more comfortable, and proceeded to rule his family as usual. By dint of questioning the daily visitors who always flock about the victim of an accident in a country village, he had kept himself posted as to Tom Potter's absence; but its limit was drawing to an end now, and he took alarm. He had not imagined that Tom might be as well-informed on his part, and that more than one note had passed through the post-office already between the young couple. Nor did he know that the postmistress was a warm friend of Tom's; for he had rescued her only child from the threatening horns of his father's Ayrshire bull, when little Fanny had ventured to cross the pasture lot after strawberries, and her red shawl attracted that ill-conditioned quadruped's notice and aroused his wrath. Tom's correspondence was safe and secret in passing through Aunty Leland's hands. But as soon as Reuben Fyler ceased to need doses from the drug store and ice from the tavern, Phœbe was kept within range of his eye and ear. Still, she knew Tom was at home now, and evening after evening his cheery whistle passed through the window as he sauntered by—a signal to Phœbe to get outside if she could; but she never could.

However, "Potter faculty" was at work for her. When the county paper was sent over from the post-office by a small boy, he had directions from Aunty Leland to give it at once into Phœbe's hand, "and nobody else's." So he waited about till Phœbe opened the kitchen door to sweep out the dust, and gave it to her with a significant wink—not that he knew what his wink signified at all, but, with the true *gamin* instinct, he gathered an idea from the widow Leland's special instructions that "somethin' wuz to pay," as he expressed it to himself.

And Phœbe, as she hastened in from the door to carry the paper to her father's bedside, perceived on the margin, in a well-known handwriting, these words, "Look out for lambs." As she hung up her broom, she tore off the inscription and tossed it into the fire; and then, while she patiently went through the gossip, politics, religion, and weekly story of the Slabtown *News*, exercised herself mightily as to what that mystic sentence might mean; but not till the soft and fragrant darkness of the June evening set in did she find a clew to the mystery.

Old Fyler had a few pure-blood Merino sheep on his farm that were the very apple of his eye. Not that he had ever bought such expensive commodities; but a wealthy farmer in the next town owned a small flock some years before, which the New England nuisance of dogs at last succeeded in slaying or scattering. In some panic of the sort, one had escaped to the woods, and, after long straying, been found by Fyler, with a new-born pair of lambs beside her, in a wood on the limit of Pasco township, where he was cutting his winter supply. Of course this windfall was too valuable to be neglected. The hay brought for Jerry's dinner was made into a soft bed, and, with the help of an Irishman, who was chopping also, the sheep and her family lifted into the wagon and taken home. Pasco was not infested with dogs; only two or three could be numbered in the village. And after the old sheep was wonted to her quarters a little, fed by hand, cosseted, and made at home, she was turned into a lot with the cows. And woe betide any dog that intruded among the beautiful Ayrshires! So the sheep increased year after year, carefully sheltered in cold weather, as became their high breeding, till now between thirty and forty ranged the sweet short pastures of the Fyler farm, and their fleeces were the wonder and admiration of all the town.

Late that night—late, I mean, for Pasco, for the old-fashioned nine-o'clock bell had but just rung, though Mrs. Fyler had gone to bed up stairs an hour ago, and Phœbe was just spreading an extempore bed on the lounge in the kitchen, to be where her father might call her in case of need—a piteous bleat, unmistakably the bleat of a lamb in some kind of distress, was heard outside. The old man started up from his pillow.

"What 'n thunder's that, Phœbe?"

"Sounds some like a lamb."

"Sounds like a lamb! Any body 'd think you was a durn fool. 'Tis a lamb, I tell ye. One o' them leetle creturs hez strayed away out o' the paddock. I 'xpect boys hez ben in there a-foolin' round 'cause I'm laid up abed. Lordy! I wish to the land I could smash that 'ere ingine. Go 'long out, gal, 'nd see to 't. It 'll stray a mile mebbe ef ye don't. You've got ter look out for lambs. They don't know nothin'."

Phœbe started as her father repeated the very phrase penciled on the edge of the pa-

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per; the lamb kept bleating, and the dimple in the girl's rosy cheek deepened while she found her bonnet, and turning the key of the kitchen door, stepped out into the star-lit night. That lamb was evidently behind the wood-shed, but so was somebody else; for Phœbe had hardly discerned its curly back in the shadow before she was grasped in a stringent embrace, and Tom Potter actually kissed her.

"Go 'long!" she whispered, indignantly. But Tom did not seem to mind her, and probably she became resigned to the infliction, for at least ten minutes elapsed before that go-between of a lamb was restored to its anxious mother in the paddock, and full half the time was wasted in a whispered dialogue—with punctuation marks.

Very rosy indeed Miss Phœbe looked as she returned to the house.

"Seems to me ye was everlastin' long 'bout ketchin' that lamb," growled old Reuben.

"Well, I hed to put it back, 'nd fix up the little gate. One hinge was off on't, 'nd 'twas kinder canted round, so's't the lamb got out, 'nd was too simple to get back."

Oh, Phœbe! Well it was that no oath compelled the speaking of the whole truth—of who unhinged the gate, or who had the lamb safe by a long string, having previously captured it in the paddock for purposes of decoy, or how, indeed, a letter came to be in that calico pocket, making an alarming crackle whenever she moved, terribly loud to her, but silent to the sleepy old man in his bed.

Phœbe went about very thoughtful the next day. The letter contained an astounding proposition. It was an artful letter, too, for it began with a recital of all the difficulties that made the way of true love proverbially rugged, and convinced her of what she had unconsciously admitted before, that she could never marry her lover in the world with her father's consent and the pleasant observances of ordinary life. Then it went on to plead in tender and manly fashion the writer's own affection; his ability to give her a pleasant and happy home, for he had just bought out the Pasco blacksmith shop, the owner thereof having moved to Hartford, where Tom had spent that week settling up the matter, and the smithy was a good business, being the only one in a wide radius. And it wound up with a proposal that as soon as her father got so much better that her mother could care for him alone, Phœbe should slip out some fine night on to the shed roof, thence to the top of the hen-house, and so to the ground, and meet Tom and his sister, who would be with him, at Peter Green's wood, half a mile away, and just at the edge of the Fyler farm. Phœbe was to consider the matter fully, and talk it over with her mother, and when she made up her mind, to put a letter in the corner of the cow-shed, where she milked daily, under a stone, where also she would find an answer, and probably other epistles thereafter.

Phœbe was not a girl to take such a proposal lightly. She did indeed consider it long and in earnest. Day by day as her father grew better, with a rapidity astonishing in so old a man—for Reuben Fyler's adventures are literally true—he became more and more ill-tempered and exasperating. The pain of the knitting bones, the bed-weariness, the constant fret over farm-work that was either neglected or hired out, worked on his naturally growling temper, and made life unpleasant to all around him as well as himself. Phœbe's mind was made up more by her father than even her own affection for Tom, or her mother's gentle encouragement. The old man vented his temper on Phœbe in the matter of Tom Potter more and more frequently; he reviled the Potter tribe, root and branch, in a radical and persistent way that would have done credit to an ancient Israelite cursing Canaan; he even taunted Phœbe with favoring such a chicken-hearted lover, scared with one slam of a door in his face; and Phœbe's inherited "grit" was taxed strongly to keep her tongue quiet lest she should betray her own secret; yet angry as she was, there was a glint of fun underlying her anger, to think how thoroughly Tom had countermined her father, which set the deep, lovely dimples in cheek and chin alight and sparkled in each steady eye, almost belying the angry brow and set lips.

So it came about that she yielded to the inner pressure and the outer persuasion. Her father was able now to get about a little on crutches, and sit at the window overlooking the cow-shed; yet it was there, right under his suspicious eyes, that Phœbe took the time, while she was milking and her mother feeding a new-weaned calf, to unfold her plans.

"Mother," she began, with eyes fixed on her pail, "I can't stand it any longer; my mind's made up. I'm going to Tom, if you keep in the same mind you was."

"Yes, dear; I think it is the best for both of us. But don't tell me any more about it than you can help. Tell me what you want me to do for you, but—"

"Yes, I know," answered Phœbe. "I don't want you to do any thing, mother; only you'll know if you miss me."

"Yes; and I want to tell you, Phœbe. Several years back I've kinder taken comfort a-fixin' for this time. I've hed a chance now 'nd then to sew a little, 'nd I've made ye a set o' things when you was off to school odd times, 'nd washed 'em up, 'nd put 'em up chamber for ye in the old press drawers. Then I've laid up some little too, out of a dozen of eggs here, 'nd a little milk there.

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'nd twenty gold dollars grandmother give me before she died. I guess there's nigh about fifty by this time; and the black silk dress Aunt Sary sent me from York arter her Sam spent that year here, never's ben cut. You better take that to Taunton to-morrer to be made."

"Oh, mother!"

"Well, dear, you're all I've got. Why shouldn't I? Oh, that pesky calf!" and just in time to divert sentiment into a safer channel, the calf threw up its head, knocked the good woman backward into the dirt, and with tail high in air, and its four feet apparently going four ways at once, began one of those wild canters about the yard which calves indulge in. Phœbe had to laugh, as her mother, indignant but unhurt, rose up from the ground, and old Fyler at the kitchen window grinned with amusement. So Phœbe transported her modest fitting-out little by little to Julia Potter, who was her only confidante in the matter, and could not even see Phœbe, but punctually went for the bundles, when Tom was notified that they would be left in the further barn, which opened on another road, for better convenience in haying. The black silk dress also was consigned to her care, with Phœbe's new bonnet, sent by express from Taunton along with the dress.

The day set for Phœbe's departure was the 3d of July, since the racket and wakefulness which pervade even country towns on this anniversary would make Tom's late drive less noticeable. The day was hot and sultry, and ominous flashes of tempest began to play about the far horizon, whence all day long great "thunder-caps" had rolled their still and solemn heights of rounded pearl and shadow upward through the stainless blue of heaven. Phœbe gave her mother a stringent hug and kiss on the stairs as she went up, little knowing how that mother's heart sank in her breast, or how dim were the sad eyes that dared not let a tear fall to relieve them. By nine o'clock the house was still, except for low mutterings of the storm and distant wheels hurrying through the night, which made Phœbe's heart beat wildly. She made a small bundle of needful things, wrapped it in a little shawl, put on her hat, and taking her shoes in her hand, slipped softly out of the window to the shed roof, and thence to the ground. She felt like a guilty thing enough as she stole over the hen-coop and roused the fluttering fowls, bringing out an untimely crow from one young rooster. But the thought of Tom and her father nerved her to action. Putting on her shoes hastily, she took a bee-line for Green's wood, where, at the corner of a certain fence, she was to find Tom and Julia. The storm was coming up now rapidly, but Phœbe did not feel any fear; the frequent flashes blinded her, but the road was plain after she had passed through the home lots and found the highway; and she met no one, as she had feared, for even those irrepressible patriots, the boys, had sought shelter from probable rain that would spoil their powder and wet their fire-crackers. But when Phœbe arrived at the rendezvous, her heart beat thick with trouble or fear, for no one was there. She knew Tom had got her letter; he had left a rapturous answer in its place, but what had kept him?

She sat down among the sweet-fern bushes and tufts of long grass to quiet herself and think, and being a cool-headed, reasonable girl, composed herself to the idea that something had delayed her lover, and she must have patience; but as the minutes went on long and slow enough, the thunder pealing loud and louder, the lightning darting swift lances from heaven to earth, and a sharp rush of rain rattling on the stiff oak leaves above her, Phœbe determined to go home; not without a certain indignation in her heart at the carelessness of the man who ought to have been not only ready but waiting to receive her, but also a reserve of judgment, for she had a great trust in Tom. Drenched to the skin, and chilled by the cold wind that rose with the storm, she retraced her steps, and dragging a short ladder from the cow-shed, contrived to get back on the roof, wet and slippery as it was; but to her dismay and wonder the window of her room was not only shut but tightly fastened, and the paper shade let down before it. Her father, waking with the noise of the heavy thunder, bethought himself of the lambs in the paddock, not being certain that Phœbe had remembered to fold them. He got up and hobbled to the stairs, calling her loudly, but with no reply. In vain his wife urged him to lie down while she called Phœbe; he wanted to scold her awake, and with pains and groans he drew himself up the stairs, only to find her bed untouched and her window open. At once the state of things flashed upon him; he did not swear, but setting his lips at their most vicious angle, shut and fastened the window, and let down the shade, fancying Phœbe had gone out to meet her lover, and would try to return.

"I've fixed the jade," was his first utterance, as he re-entered his own room. "She's gone 'nd slipped out o' the winder for to meet that darned Potter feller. See ef she'll git in agin. A good wettin' down 'll sarve her right."

"Oh, Reuben!" remonstrated his wife.

"You shet up. She's got to ketch it, I tell ye," he growled back; and his wife, consoled by the belief that her darling was by that time in kindly hands, lay down again and slept, to be roused an hour after by a loud knocking at the back-door.

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"What ye want?" demanded the old man, who had not slept, but waited for this result.

"It's me, father," said Phœbe's resolute voice. "Let me in; I'm out in the rain."

Mrs. Fyler sprang from her bed, but Reuben caught her arm and pulled her back.

"You lie still, I tell ye," he growled; and then went on, in a louder key, "Folks don't come into my door by night onless they've gone out on't."

"Let me in, father; it's me—Phœbe. I'm wet through."

The poor mother made one more effort to rise, but was held with vise-like grasp, as her lord and master retorted,

"No wet folks wanted here. You could ha' staid in ef you'd ha' wanted to keep dry."

Phœbe's spirit rose up at the taunt. Had she been let in, even to receive the expected indignation and scolding, there would have been no second exploit of the kind, for she was thoroughly disgusted with herself, and partially with her lover; but when steel strikes steel, it is only to elicit sparks. Her "Fyler grit" took possession of her. Picking up her soaked bundle, she set out for the Potter farm, which lay two long miles away, on a hill-side, and was approached by a wood road as well as the highway. But the wood road was the shortest and most lonely. She was sure to meet no one in that grassy track. So she struck into it at once.

A weary walk it proved. The storm went on with unabated fury. Rain poured fiercely down. Her rough way was full of stones, of fallen boughs, and crossed by new-made brooks from the mountain springs, suddenly filled and overflowing. But, with stubborn courage, Phœbe kept on, though more than once she fell at length among the dripping weeds and grasses, and was sorely bruised by stones and jarred by the fall.

But it was a resolved and rosy face that presented itself when the kitchen door of the farm-house on Potter Hill opened to a firm, sharp knock. There were friendly lights in the windows, and Mrs. Potter's kind old countenance beamed with pity and surprise as she beheld Phœbe on the door-step.

"Mercy's sakes alive, Phœbe! You be half drownded, child. Come in, come in, quick! Where's Tom and July?"

"Well," said Phœbe, with a little laugh, "that's just what I'd like to know."

"You don't mean to say they hain't fetched ye? Why, how under the canopy did ye get here?"

So Phœbe told her tale of woe, while her wet clothes were taken off by the old lady (who was watching for the party, and had sent the "help" and the younger part of the family to bed hours ago), and was told, in her turn, how Tom and his sister had set off at half past eight, and how they had been expected back "ever 'nd ever so long," so that Phœbe was supposed to have come with them when she appeared.

"I'll bet a cent that colt's run away. Tom would take the colt. He thought the old hoss was kinder feeble 'nd slow-goin'. But I'd ruther ha' took him—slow 'nd sure, ye know."

Here was food for anxiety; but it did not last long, for wheels rattled up from the highway side of the house, an angry "Whoa! whoa, I tell ye!" was heard outside, and in a moment Tom strode in, half carrying his sister, wet with rain, and crying.

"Take care o' Jule, mother; she's about dead. There ain't a cent's worth o' grit in her."

A low laugh stopped him very suddenly. He looked round, and there, by the little blaze in the chimney, which had been lit to warm her a cup of tea, sat Phœbe, rosy, smiling, and prettier than ever, in Julia's pink calico gown and a soft white shawl of his mother's.

"Tom! Tom! you'll get her all damp again!" screamed Mrs. Potter; from which it may be inferred what Tom was about.

However, Phœbe seemed to be used to dampness. Perhaps the night's experience had hardened her, for she made no effort to withdraw from this present second-hand shower, while Tom explained how the colt had been frightened, just as they drove by the post-office, at a giant cracker, and dashed off down the meadow road at full speed. This would not have mattered if a sudden jolt had not broken one side of the thills short off, whereupon the colt kicked and plunged till he broke the other, and with a sudden dash pulled Tom all but out of the wagon, tore the reins out of his hands, and set off at full speed, leaving them three miles from Green's wood, two from any house, with a broken wagon, no horse, and an approaching tempest. There was nothing to do but to walk back to the village, hire another "team," and through the pouring storm drive to Green's wood on the chance of seeing Phœbe.

Naturally they did not see her; and then Tom in despair drove round to Reuben Fyler's house, whistled under Phœbe's window, rattled pebbles against the pane, and at last knocked at the door, but with no sign or answer to reward him. Then Julia insisted on being taken home, and Tom was forced to yield, since he was at his wits' end, and there he found Phœbe.

"Tom, be still!" was the irrelevant remark uttered by Phœbe at the end of the recital, and she blushed more rosily than ever as she said it.

But Mrs. Potter, with motherly sense, served the hot supper that had been covered up in the chimney-corner so long, and when it had been done justice to in the most un-

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sentimental manner, sent the whole party peremptorily to their rooms.

In the morning the runaway colt was brought home bright and early, and Tom put him into the borrowed wagon and drove off with Phœbe, Julia, and his mother to the minister's house, where Parson Russell gave him undeniable rights to run away with Phœbe hereafter as much as he liked.

The news came quickly to her father's ears, and, strange to say, the old man chuckled. Perhaps his comments will explain. "Stumped it all the way up there in the dark, did she? thunderin' an' lightnin' too. Well, now, I tell ye, there ain't another gal in Pasco darst to ha' done it. She's clear Fyler. Our folks ain't made o' all dust; they're three-quarter grit, you kin swear to't. The darned little cretur! she beats all. Well! well! well! Wife, hain't you heerd what Aunt Nabby's a-sayin'?"

"Yes, I did."

"Law, Mr. Fyler," put in Aunt Nabby, "I thought ye'd be madder'n a yaller hornet."

"So ye come to hear me buzz, did ye? 'Tain't safe to reckon on folks. Miss Fyler, you fetch your bunnet; I'll tell Sam to harness up, 'nd you drive up to Potter's 'nd see the gal. She's a chip o' the old block. I guess I'll let her hev that 'ere brown 'nd white heifer for a settin' up. 'Tain't best, nuther, to fight with the blacksmith, when there ain't but one handy."

"Well, now, I am beat," muttered Aunt Nabby. "I thought ye'd ha' held out ugly to the day o' judgment, I've heern tell so much about Fyler grit."

"I think it's likely," was the composed reply. "It's bad ye're disapp'inted, ain't it? but didn't it never come to ye that it takes more grit to back down hill than to go 'long up it?"

"Mebbe it does—mebbe it does," said Aunt Nabby, shaking her head with the wisdom of an owl.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE bronze statue of Mr. Seward recently placed in Madison Square in New York is the memorial of a citizen who had certainly deserved well of his country and of his State. There have been some great names among those of the Governors of New York, and a distinguished place among them will not be denied to Governor Seward. The summary of his various services made at the unveiling of the statue on a bright and gusty October day by Mr. Evarts was complete and truthful, although naturally eulogistic. Mr. Seward was an eminent figure during the most disturbed epoch of our politics, yet he was always a leader with his pen rather than with his tongue. As an orator, indeed, he was not magnetic or inspiring, and his finest speeches were carefully written. Of one, indeed, and a most important, it is said that it was elaborately written out three times. In preparing his speeches he was accustomed to dictate to an amanuensis. He walked about the room, or stood before the fire, or looked out of the window, or sat in a huge chair, throwing his leg over the arm, but in the flow of composition there was no hesitation or delay. The order was clearly defined in his mind. The purpose was plain, and the argument was marshaled steadily to the end.

In the case of rewriting that we have mentioned, the change was due to doubt of the better general method of presentation of the subject at a most critical moment in public affairs. Generally, however, there was very little even of erasure or of substitution. But in one most interesting instance there was a verbal change in what has proved to be the most memorable phrase he ever used. When he was dictating the speech delivered at Rochester in October, 1858, known in his works by the title "The Irrepressible Conflict," Mr. Seward had used the word irresistible. But presently stopping as he walked about the room, and looking over the shoulder of his amanuensis, he observed the word, and said, "That is not exactly the word: irrepressible—irrepressible is what I mean;" and so the famous phrase was completed. This extreme care in composition was not that of a rhetorician, but of a political leader. Mr. Seward knew that his words would be weighed as those of a great party, that his speeches would be searched to discover the purposes and to detect the spirit of that party, and he could not permit himself the license, the extravagance, and inaccuracy in which a man who speaks merely for himself may indulge. He always felt this responsibility, and his speeches are therefore remarkable among all the speeches of the great debate, in which so many of his best years were passed, for their courtesy and moderation of tone. It is a curious illustration of a chapter of our political history which is closed, that the Rochester speech of which we have spoken, and which is studiedly courteous and candid, was instantly denounced as a brutal and bloody manifesto of civil war.

When we say, therefore, that Mr. Seward was not an orator, but a leader whose instrument was the pen rather than the tongue, it is not that we forget the number or the value of his speeches, or the important part they played in the great drama. Mr. Seward's fame indeed rests upon his speeches and his dispatches. But the speeches, like the dispatches, were meant to be read, not to be heard. They are, indeed, an essential part of our political history. They are speeches that must be read by every student of our politics. But they are the work of a man who had only in a limited degree the temperament or the especial gifts of the orator. Mr. Seward was a philosophic statesman. No man saw more clearly than he the scope of influences that were already active, none more truly foresaw logical results. But he had a faith and a patience that often sorely tried his associates, and he had, perhaps, not the tem-

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perament which made him the single, completed leader that the times demanded.

The statue which his friends have erected is altogether felicitous. It may possibly be excepted that it conveys the idea of a man tall and gaunt, like Mr. Lincoln. But that admitted, it is a singularly satisfactory memorial of the statesman whose wand was the pen. This truth has been apprehended by the sculptor, Randolph Rogers, who has made a simple sitting figure, one hand holding a scroll, and the other hanging over the arm of the chair, holding a pen. The action is perfectly natural and simple. A stranger who knew nothing of the person represented would see at once that it was a man essentially sedentary, whose work was done in the study rather than in the forum—the secretary and philosopher rather than the orator. It is also an admirable ornament of the square and of the city. It might seem that we are such a good-natured people, and the enthusiasm of cliques and circles raises money so readily, that we are in danger of being surrounded with the statues of small great men and monuments of unimportant events. But we have had wonderful escapes. There was the proposed statue to Tweed! No man whose name appears as a subscriber to that effigy ought ever to be trusted in any public capacity. Perhaps it would be well, as an awful warning, to erect a tablet inscribed with the names of those who thus insulted common decency.

Fortunately thus far there are no statues of famous men in the city of which any body need be ashamed, and among them there is none more satisfactory than that of Mr. Seward. Could he have foreseen it, it would have seemed to him reward enough for his long and faithful service. For he had sincere faith in the people, and this great and enduring honor would have persuaded him that republics are not ungrateful.

THE diary of John Quincy Adams, which fills twelve stately octavo volumes of more than five hundred pages each, is one of the most curious contributions ever made to our literature. It is truly an ideal diary in the sense that the writer records unreservedly his views of men and affairs. It seems like a transcript of the author's consciousness, and is a remarkable picture of a mind without humor and without imagination. Mr. Seward, of whom we were just speaking, was a sincere admirer of Mr. Adams, but he could not follow him in keeping a diary. After he became Secretary of State, Mr. Seward was asked if he did not mean to keep a journal, which could not fail to be most interesting and valuable. It was suggested to him that there were many vital facts which could not otherwise be known, and which would throw great light upon the course of public events—a light which otherwise must be always wanting. Thus all the intimate private details of his correspondence with Lord Lyons upon the *Trent* case, recorded as Mr. Adams would have recorded them, would be full of illustration and value. But Mr. Seward said that, after considerable reflection, he had decided not to do it. He had, however, intended to do it. He said that he had procured a large volume, neatly bound in solid Russia, and furnished with a solid padlock, but never a word was written in it. He concluded that the events about to take place were events of which he must be in a large degree a part, and that his record of them would always suffer from the imputation of being a personal apology or special plea. I am sure, he said, that my diary would be regarded as my plea for my side, and that would destroy its value. So, like the virgin page of the album of Moore's dainty song, the leaves of Mr. Seward's diary remained and remain "white and unwritten still."

Not so with that of Mr. Adams, however. His public life covered more than fifty-three years. He had filled all the great places in the government, including the highest. He was the most laborious and methodical of men. He had a wonderful gift of amplification and diffusion; and his son, the editor of the diary, says: "Independently of a diary kept almost continuously for sixty-five years, and of numbers of other productions, official and otherwise, already printed, there is a variety of discussion and criticism on different topics, together with correspondence, public and private, which, if it were all to be published, as was that of Voltaire, would be likely quite to equal in quantity the hundred volumes of that expansive writer." The diary is often dry and uninteresting; and when the incessant occupation of Mr. Adams is remembered, the patience and fidelity with which he made this daily record are amazing. But still more so is the perfect unreserve with which he transfers his feelings to the paper. It is almost inconceivable and wholly ludicrous that a man of the age and gravity of Mr. Adams should write down his wrath and contempt for other public men, his associates, and it would be amusing, if it were not a little humiliating, to think of his social intercourse with them after he had "freed his mind" about them to his mute confidant, the diary. Thus in 1841 he made a speech in the House of Representatives upon the Canadian troubles. It was just after the resignation of the greater part of the Tyler cabinet, and the tough old warrior, seventy-four years of age, writes with decision: "The speech has for the time saved Webster from the catastrophe which has befallen his colleagues. It has given him the means of saving himself from ruin and his country from a most disastrous war. My reward from him will be profession of respect and esteem; speeches of approbation and regard for me to my friends, knowing that they will be reported to me; secret and deep-laid intrigues against me, and still more venomous against my son. Such is human nature in the gigantic intellect, the envious temper, the ravenous ambition, and the rotten heart of Daniel Webster. His treatment of me has been, is, and will be an improved edition of Andrew Jackson's gratitude. But there are things, according to Plutarch, not to be told in the biographies of great men."

Whoever recalls Durand's portrait of John Quincy Adams will see the belligerent, aggressive face of the man who wrote these words, who asked no odds, and felt that he stood alone both among friends and foes. The diary is full of stings and thorns of this kind. But they are without the poison of malice. Thus on the 17th of June, 1843, Mr. Adams sneers at the "burlesque" of an oration by Daniel Webster upon Bunker Hill at the completion of the monument. But on the 18th, the next day, he writes that two friends dined with him: "They were both at the Bunker's Hill celebration yesterday, which went off admirably well. Webster's oration was brill-

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iant and eminently successful—two hours and seven minutes—suitable to the occasion, and often rapturously cheered." After all, Mr. Adams merely recorded the actual feeling and impression of a large part of the country at the time, using the words which the *convenances* and social decorum prohibit. Besides, he acted upon his conviction of the real nature of events and tendencies and persons around him, and therefore his action was invaluable. When all is said, and all the criticism upon his prejudice, obstinacy, and narrowness is made, John Quincy Adams remains one of the most illustrious benefactors of his country. His son has been censured for not omitting the sharp and excoriating epithets and allusions to persons whose friends and families are yet living to be grieved and exasperated. But to omit invective and sarcasm and extravagance would be to omit Mr. Adams. It would be striking the likeness out of the portrait. The editor had no moral right to do it. He had undertaken to give us the diary of John Quincy Adams. Its chief value lies in John Quincy Adams's views of the men and affairs of which he treats; and if the editor had assumed to soften and excise—if he had tried, for instance, to give us his father's opinion of Webster in any other than his father's words—he would have betrayed his trust.

What could an editor do with the following passage but leave it? and who doubts that its vehemence springs from its truth? "When the bill to repeal the Bankrupt Act was taken up, Wise, with a flourish of trumpets, made his hour speech, full of his usual portion of pompous bluster and sneaking mystification. He then asked for another hour, and actually moved a suspension of the hour rule to obtain it; and what with weasel malignity and dastardly Whiggery, there was a vote by yeas and nays of one hundred to eighty to grant him the privilege. As he could not obtain two-thirds, he failed in his insolent pretension." That passage gives the scene as we could not possibly get it from the *Globe*. It transports the reader to the spot. It is vivid historic painting. Its value is its sincerity. The trouble with the dignity of history is that it so often sacrifices the truth of history. Few men in the world are brave enough to keep a real diary. John Quincy Adams fortunately was one of them. He did not describe things as he wanted them to appear, but exactly as they seemed to him. He was not bidding by his record for votes, or influence, or praise; but he wrote with unflinching pen, for those whom he should never see, of the things that he did see, and saw plainly. It is very possible that he was not a lovely character. It is very certain that he was cordially disliked by many of his neighbors, and that there are many graces and charms to be mentioned which he did not possess. But he was a sturdy American in every drop of his blood and fibre of his frame; and Massachusetts may well ponder whether among all her modern sons whom she has not commemorated there be one who more truly deserves a statue than John Quincy Adams.

Mr. Tibs, who has an observing eye, not for dogs only, but for many aspects of life, informs the Easy Chair that he has decided that there are some serious objections to a suburban residence. This is a subject in which so many intelligent and judicious readers of this Magazine are interested that the Easy Chair could not be indifferent to Mr. Tibs's conclusions. The population which "sleeps out of town," which goes and comes daily to and from the neighborhood of every great city in every part of the country, is immense and increasing, and it has always rather an air of lofty sympathy and pity for those who still cling to the "sweet seclusion of streets." This is the more observable and amusing because the denizens of town upon their part assume that their fellow-creatures who resort to the country as a residence are mainly impelled by motives of economy. For who would live out of town if he could live comfortably in it? There is a great deal of this interchange of condolence. "You must find it very annoying to be tied to exact hours of trains and boats," says Urbs to Rus, "and it is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be obliged to pick your way through the river streets to the ferry, or wait at stations. However, you probably calculated the waste of time and the trouble before you decided to live in Frogtown."

"Every choice has its inconveniences undoubtedly," responds Rus, "but I concluded that I preferred fresh air for my children to the atmosphere of sewers and gas factories, and I have a prejudice for breakfasting by sunlight rather than by gas. Then my wife enjoys the singing of birds in the morning more than the cry of the milkman, and the silence at night secures a sweeter sleep than the rattle of the horse-cars. It is true that we have no brick block opposite, and no windows of houses behind commanding our own. But to set off such deprivations there are pleasant hills and wooded slopes and gardens. They are not sidewalks, to be sure, but they satisfy us."

"Yes, yes; I see," says Urbs. "We are more to be pitied than I thought. If we must go out in the evening, we don't have the advantage of stumbling over hummocks and sinking in the mud or dust in the dark; we can only go dry-shod upon clean flagging abundantly lighted. Then we have nothing but Thomas's orchestra and the opera and the bright little theatre to console us for the loss of the frog and tree-toad concert and the tent circus. Instead of plowing every where upon our own feet, which is so pleasant after running round upon them all day in town, we have nothing but cars and stages at hand to carry us to our own doors. I see clearly there are great disadvantages in city life. If a friend and his wife drop in suddenly in the evening or to dine, it is monstrously inconvenient to have an oyster shop round the corner whence to improvise a supper or a dinner. It would be so much better to have nothing but the village grocery a mile or two away. The advantages are conspicuous. I wonder the entire population of the city doesn't go out to live in Frogtown."

Rus always feels in secret that he is at a disadvantage so long as he must go to town every day to attend to his business. He reasons plausibly that the train or the boat is no more than the horse-car, and he proves conclusively that he can be at his office within half an hour of his friend who lives in Fiftieth street. But his friend irritatingly replies that on pleasant mornings he prefers not to take the car. He walks down in the bright air and through the busy street. With twinkling and triumphant eyes he invites Rus to

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do the same. Rus gayly replies that the sun is quite as bright upon green fields as upon brick blocks or stone flagging, and the shifting panorama from the car window is a lovely picture. Urbs assents, and adds that the dust and cinders also give great zest to the enjoyment, and that dragging through tunnels is full of delight and beauty.

So flies the chaff. But the real sorrow that Rus feels has not yet been touched. That is the grief which Mr. Tibs has observed and confided to the Easy Chair. It haunts the happy hours of Rus with sad foreboding. He can not look from his window but he sees it. He can not celebrate the charms of country and suburban life but it seems to mock him. It turns his joy to ashes. He looks upon the wife of his bosom with anguish as he thinks of it. He gazes ruefully into his children's eyes: pretty innocents, they know naught of the impending blow. It is a Shadow, as Thackeray would have solemnly said, with Bulwerian impressiveness, which Pursues Him at Mid Day. It Awakens Him At Mid Night, and Says to Him, Sleep No More! What is it, do you ask? inquires Mr. Tibs, in his most startling manner. Brethren, 'tis the fell hand of improvement. That is it. It is that which harrows the suburban soul and destroys suburban peace. No man, asserts Mr. Tibs—and his words are entitled to grave consideration—no man who lives in the neighborhood of the city, or in any little settlement, community, hamlet, thorp, village, or town which is occupied with people doing business in the city, but is exposed in his rural retirement, in his suburban home, to the ravages of improvement.

There are suburban neighborhoods of New York which are said to be subject to malaria, to fever and ague. It is false, as every denizen of Bay Ridge and Flushing knows. There are others which are alleged to be a prey to mosquitoes and chills. 'Tis a base fabrication, as every Staten Islander and dweller by the Newark marshes is ready to swear. It is notorious, and is established upon the very best authority, namely, that of the inhabitants of the districts themselves, that no shores are so salubrious as those of the bay of New York. Strict justice demands—and to nothing so much as strict justice and truthfulness in these matters are the peaceful people of those shores devoted—strict justice and truth demand that it should not be denied that single, exceptional, but upon the whole sufficiently well attested cases of malarial trouble have been known. But they were always brought from abroad, probably from that losel Yankee-land from which most of the woe of New York has proceeded. While, therefore, it is a wanton calumny—and the corroboration of all suburban property-holders is invited to the statement—to assert that any portion of the neighborhood of New York, or of any other great city, let it be Chicago or St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, or Savannah, is subject to malaria, or is otherwise than the true sanitarium of the continent, yet it must be owned with sorrow that every suburban region is infested with the spirit of improvement.

But like malarial disorders upon the healthful shores of the bay, it is an exotic, and brought from otherwhere. Does any body suppose, who knows Knickerbocker's Communipaw, for instance, that the spirit of improvement would break out of itself in that community? Does that primitive and pastoral people want avenues and curbs and gas lamps and macadamization? Does any rural neighborhood want them? Yet none can escape. Edwin and Angelina were married yesterday, and will devote their honey-moon to the quest of a place in which to build their permanent nest. They find it at last in the most delightful of suburban neighborhoods. They build the pretty cottage. They spread out smooth green lawns, and plant trees and shrubs, and hide themselves in flowers. They have made a sweet sylvan seclusion in which they sit and smile at the eloquence of Urbs, who pities their exile and depicts the charm of streets. Streets are charming, respond Edwin and Angelina in connubial chorus, but we will have none of them. Fond, foolish pair! For even at that moment the desolating spirit of improvement is staking out a street across their most emerald lawn and through their most sacred grove; their trees and flowers and turf are doomed, and their seclusion is to be turned into a dusty highway.

Suburban improvement is thus the ruthless devastator of home. There is no remedy. To oppose the ruin of the place which you have so carefully made, which has grown around you in increasing beauty with the growth and development of your family, which is associated with all that is happiest in your life, and which is in some sort the flowering and expression of yourself, is to be derided as withstanding the public benefit and the advantage of those less fortunate than yourself. The instinct of protecting the home that you have made is denounced as sentimental selfishness, and the law steps forward, cuts down your trees, plows up your lawn, lays a gutter under your window, destroys your home, and hands you some dollars for what it calls compensation, or demands them for what it styles improvement.

I am of opinion, therefore, says Mr. Tibs, and I commend the reflection to those intending matrimony, and thinking of a country home, that there are some serious objections to a suburban residence.

One thing to be noted "with pride," although we have just passed beyond the "centennial year," is that we have outgrown the holiday Annual and Souvenir, and that our Christmas books are now triumphs of literary and pictorial genius. This more modern and superior taste was shown first in the beautiful holiday issues of Shakespeare's songs and Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso," with illustrations by the Sketching Club and Birket Foster. The reasonableness of illustrating works which were already famous and familiar was conclusive, and now many of the noblest poems in the language have been issued in the rich and beautiful garb of profuse and admirable illustration. But we should like to see some mild buyer of the Keepsake of other years, whose eyes had been closed for half a century of Christmases, opening them suddenly upon "*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, illustrated by Gustave Doré." Doré is an incessant and lavish illustrator. But it is only occasionally that his subject suits his genius. There must be something essentially weird and fantastic, something transcending the cold bounds of exact fact and furnishing a limitless realm for the wild and grotesque play of his daring fancy, before he is thoroughly at ease

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and capable of his best work. Such a theme was the *Wandering Jew*, and such especially is the *Ancient Mariner*.

The poem, which time does not wither nor custom stale, but which, through all the varying moods and fashions of poetic taste, still holds the place it held, has a thousand interpretations, and is to some merely the gorgeous vision of an opium-distempered brain. But the wild faery of its conception, the singular, appealing spell of its music, and the moral which is so evident to many others make it one of the most enchanting of poems to all young and susceptible readers. Perhaps it hardly disputes with Gray's "Elegy" and Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" the palm of the finest of the shorter poems in English literature. But it is hardly less well known, and Carlyle's humorous figure, the soliloquizing metaphysician, with his "summject" and "ommject," would have gazed in dreamy bewilderment if he had been told that his surest title to the remembrance and gratitude of posterity was the *Ancient Mariner*. But still, with long gray beard and glittering eye, he holds the young wedding-guest of every generation, who "can not chuse but hear."

Fortunately released from any details of time or place, with only a ship, the ocean, and the supernatural to deal with, Doré follows the poem almost stanza by stanza, and has produced a powerful series of illustrations, some of which are full of imaginative force. There is little room for touches of tenderness, except in the glimpses of the wedding procession and of the bride, but the sombre spell of the glittering eye and of the vast, vague, nameless horror of the deed of doom pervades the whole. The work is not like the Keepsake and the Souvenir, an annual; it is a perennial. It will be as fresh next year as it is now, and it will appeal to the youths and maidens of five and ten years hence as much as to their elders to-day. How strangely and with what pathetic music this wild poem echoes the Divine wisdom, that not a lily blows nor a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father. It is this tender suggestion that fits this beautiful book to the Christmas tide of peace and love and good-will.

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

A CORRESPONDENT, whom the Easy Chair suspects to be of the gentler sex, despite the prodigious signature of Boanerges Greatorex, asks with indignation whether in any country in the world the traveling manners of those who seem to be ladies are so vulgar as in this. This searching question is the conclusion of a long narrative of experience in railway trains, during which Boanerges Greatorex seems to have suffered a great deal of anguish. He—if it be not she—says that during the lovely autumn season the trains in every direction were full of visitors going to or coming from the Centennial Exhibition. The number of cars was often so great that the trains were seriously delayed. The hotels on all sides were overrun with guests, and the discomfort was universal. Under these circumstances, he—or she—complains that it was most annoying to be exposed to the ill manners of those who apparently should have known how to behave properly. But he observed with amazement and horror the same thing in every part of the country, and he came to the conclusion either that well-mannered people do not travel, or that—in fact, that there are no well-mannered Americans.

This is a conclusion that was readily reached by the late lamented Mrs. Trollope, and by Dr. Fiedler and Captain Hall, who were all models of fine manners; but it would seem to be a rather rapid generalization for an American. Mr. Boanerges Greatorex should remember that it is the one rude and vulgar person who is always conspicuous in a room or a car, while the quiet and well-behaved are unobtrusive and unnoticed. But it is undoubtedly true that the misbehavior is often observed among those in whom it is unexpected and surprising. He says, for instance, that he was quietly seated in a drawing-room car, with others of a like peaceful disposition—a fact which should withhold him from rash generalizations—when the train stopped at a large town, and a family entered, mother, children of various ages, French nurses, and governesses. The father carried the baby, but when the bell rang, kissed good-by, and left the train, to stay behind. The family occupied the large separate room in the car, and in the midst of a tumultuous shouting to papa, who stood kissing his hands upon the platform, the train rolled away. From that moment the family took possession of the car, and virtually changed it into a nursery. The children roamed at large, munching cake and candy and accosting any stranger. The French nurse moved about with the baby, shouting and laughing. The mother talked with the children in the loudest voice, and there was apparently not the slightest consciousness upon her part that she and her family were not in the retirement of her own home, but in a public carriage full of strangers. Yet she had the general appearance of a lady, which made the vulgarity of her conduct and that of her family only the more disagreeable. And this kind of thing, writes Boanerges Greatorex, I constantly encounter, and I venture to say that in no other country do people of such essential vulgarity travel in first-class carriages. Won't you, dear Mr. Easy Chair, call attention to the disgusting fact, and exhort mothers who travel with their families to remember that a public carriage is not their private nursery?

This is his request, and those whose withers are wrung will please consider it. It is impossible to deny that there is great reason for the strictures of Boanerges. A certain boldness and effrontery in the manner of American women in public places and under circumstances where a modest reserve of tone and manner would seem to be instinctive, must be conceded even by those who do not think Trollope, Fiedler, and Hall the most accurate of limners. Every quiet Easy Chair upon his travels has constant occasion to acknowledge that there is too much reason for the sharp comments of Mr. Greatorex. How much gossip he hears, and how much talk of private affairs! How many absurd chapters of autobiography has not the Easy Chair heard in the cars! The other day he heard a well-dressed woman informing a drawing-room car full of strangers that Mr. P—— was so peculiar: he

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would have a furnished house in New York for the winter, but it should not be below Thirtieth Street nor above Fortieth, nor east of the Fourth Avenue nor west of the Sixth; and there must be a very convenient butler's pantry and a kitchen equipment for a *chef*, because Mr. P—— was accustomed to a certain style of cooking, and his appetite was delicate. One of his peculiarities was that the carriage must always be lined with pink. This oration was delivered to a fellow-traveler, but in a tone which showed that it was meant for all the ears in the car, and was designed to impress upon the mind of every hearer the great truth that the orator was Mrs. P——, and that the P——s were rich. That is a vulgarity beyond spitting on the floor. The woman's dress was entirely *comme il faut*. But it is one of the freaks of fate that money can never buy that for which it is so often most passionately desired.

Another form of the same kind of vulgarity is the loud expression of personal discomfort to which every tranquil traveler is exposed. Aches and pains and indigestions and distastes of every kind and degree seem to be an invaluable boon for travelers and an exhaustless spring of conversation. Charles Lamb's friend, who broke his long silence with the declaration, when he saw the apple-dumplings, "Them's the jockeys for me," is reproduced in every way. A grave fellow-passenger, under cover of conversation with his neighbor, informs the company that he can not understand how people can eat tripe. He can never eat tripe, and never could. His stomach always seems to revolt at it, and always did. Once he ate a piece of tripe without knowing it, and he had an awful time in consequence. He thought his very— It is irresistibly ludicrous. But the fellow takes the company into the confidence of his stomach with all the gravity of a man who is imparting interesting information. Or a young woman suddenly flounces in her seat and throws up her arms, and exclaims to her fellow-travelers, through a companion, "Did you ever know any thing so hot? I'm stifling. Can't you open this window? Whew! whew! Oh dear! it's dreadful, isn't it? It's always so in these cars. My! it's awful!" On one occasion, when this kind of remark had been made at some length for the edification of the company, a voice was heard from the other end of the car: "Yes 'm, it's awful. But le's try to bear up. 'Tain't nothin' to the sufferin's of the early Christians!" A general laugh followed, and nothing further was heard from that young woman.

These ill manners in public are a form of selfishness and vanity. The essence of good manners is kind thoughtfulness of others. The man who goes to his room in a hotel stamping and talking through the corridor, slamming his door, and flinging his boots heavily down upon the floor is merely brutally selfish. He is not aware that he owes duties to other people who will be affected by his conduct. He does not think that he rudely awakens some one to whom sleep is indispensable, and whom he has no right to disturb. Haydon's picture of the man in the chop-house waiting for the *Times*, which his neighbor has held for an hour, and is evidently bent upon holding until he has read all the advertisements, is an illustration of this common selfishness. The talk and conduct in the cars are generally signs of vanity or a morbid self-consciousness. A well-bred man keeps his toothaches and headaches to himself, and does not assume that strangers are interested in his digestion. A well-bred woman keeps her children quiet, and does not assume that all her fellow-travelers must share her fondness for them. If Mrs. P——, with her vivid sense of Mr. P——'s peculiarities and of her fine house and equipage, could only once know how supremely unimportant any individual is, how well the world fared before Mr. P—— arrived, and how unshocked the universe will be by his departure, she would be a modest and well-mannered woman.

That knowledge, indeed, would be a general corrective of manners. A certain kind of personal conceit often accompanies undeniable superiority. There are men, like Lord Chatham, who like to have their going and coming regarded as events, to move with a pompous bustle, and to be constantly recognized as great men. But if they could only know it, that very taste is constantly accounted to them for weakness, and their influence is just so far lessened. There is always a certain amount of cool observation and criticism in the world, which accurately measure men, like the quiet passenger in the car who sees and weighs all that occurs around him. That observation perceives that very eminent men and women behave among the great company of fellow-travelers upon the highway of life as the culprits whom Boanerges censures behave among their fellow-passengers upon the railway. They magnify themselves, their own tastes and peculiarities. But they weaken themselves by the very things that seem to them sources of strength. Lord Chatham's "pomp of gout," and clerks in full dress transacting the public business, do not make him a greater but a smaller man. Nothing so much enhances greatness as unpretending modesty and simplicity.

Editor's Literary Record.

VERY attractive externally is Longfellow's addition to our poetical treasures this season—*Poems of Places*, edited by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (J. R. Osgood and Co.). It comprises, as it now stands before us, five volumes—four on England, one on Ireland; but more are promised, "till the 'Voyage round the World,' sketched by Mr. Montgomery in the poem which stands as prelude, shall be brought to a safe and happy end." The volumes in form and size resemble the popular "Little Classics." The idea is so simple that one wonders it has never been attempted before. Mr. Longfellow shall state it here in his own poetical language:

"I have always found the poets my best traveling companions. They see many things that are invisible to common eyes. Like Orlando in the forest of Arden, they 'hang odes on hawthorns and elegies on this-

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tles.' They invest the landscape with a human feeling, and cast upon it

'The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.'

Even scenes unlovely in themselves become clothed in beauty when illuminated by the imagination, as faces in themselves not beautiful become so by the expression of thought and feeling."

Thus, with poets for companions and interpreters, the reader visits in succession the famous spots, and some of the humble and obscure spots which only the poet's pen has made famous. These are arranged in alphabetical order, so that one may select his site. The table of contents gives the name of poet as well as theme, so that one may easily select his guide. The list both of authors and places is quite extensive, made so by a careful selection of poems that are rarely long; often a single verse suffices to afford the poet's glimpse. Sometimes the connection with the locality is but a single thread, for all are not by any means strictly descriptive poems. The series deserves to be, and will become, one of the most popular of the many libraries of song that make accessible to the common reader the treasures of English verse.

The Poetical Works of Alice and Phœbe Cary (Hurd and Houghton) are collected in one volume, red line, with portraits in steel of the two sisters, and the Memorial by MARY CLEMMER. The lives of these two sisters were each an idyl; their mutual love was a sweet, pure romance. It is this personal sweetness and light, this inward purity and love and truth belonging to them, which gives their poetry its charm, and makes them more welcome visitors in the home of innumerable friends than some greater but colder, less loving, less tender, less hopeful, less spiritual poets.

It is curious that Scotland, whose theology has been the theme of so many sneers, and whose national character has been the object of so much satire, and which from certain points of view is accounted popularly as peculiarly harsh and forbidding, is the land of so much poetry and romance; and it adds to the peculiarity of the problem that the poetry is so unique in the two elements of humor and sentiment. Never did rockier soil produce more beautiful flowers. JAMES GRANT WILSON has gathered these flowers of poesy in two sumptuous volumes—*The Poets and Poetry of Scotland* (Harper and Brothers). In these volumes he traces the stream of Scottish poetry from the earliest to the present time. He includes selections from some two hundred and twenty poets. He adds concise biographies of their authors and sufficiently critical notices of their works to enable readers who are unfamiliar with this school of literature to form some judgment concerning them. Several hitherto unpublished poems of Robert Burns, William Tennent, and other notable Scottish poets are important additions to the collection. It is also enriched with a number of steel portraits. The reader who has never studied the nationality of the poets, but has accustomed himself to consider them as all belonging to the universal republic of letters, will be surprised to find how many of his favorites came from the land of Burns. Quite apart from the value of the collection as a study in English literature is its popular value as a simple collection of poetry, with the humor and the pathos, the sunshine and the tears, of true poetry; that is, of a warm heart in the highest state of emotions, and with a supreme capacity of musical expression.

Two volumes of American poems illustrated by American artists rival each other in their attractions. *The Skeleton in Armor*, by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is full of pen pictures of a dramatic sort, and these are well interpreted by the artist. The book is a companion to the *Mabel Martin* of last year, and the *Hanging of the Crane* of the year before, and is worthy to go on the shelf or parlor table beside them.—The *Mistress of the Manse* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is a much larger book, and the proportion of illustrations is relatively small. The theme is more quiet, the interest more psychological and less romantic and picturesque, and the artist's work, in some sense, more difficult, but it has been very well done, not only in execution, but also in the general harmony of the pictures and the poem. The artists have caught and carried out the spirit of the writer.

A comparison of *The Village School* and *Sir Rae* (both by J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is calculated to please American pride. Both are simple poems. The first is an English publication, probably imported in sheets, the second is native American. Some of the illustrations in the former show dramatic power in the drawing, but in all that belongs to the mechanical part of art are far from equal to the average American production. The second book is simply a story told pleasantly in smooth and flowing rhyme: it calls for no striking pictures; but the artist has made good use of his opportunities, and the volume is in all the externals of book-making exceedingly attractive.—The Appletons issue a new edition of the collected poems of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, containing some which have not appeared in any previous edition. The illustrations are by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks, and other well-known artists.

The Geographical Distribution of Animals, by ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE (Harper and Brothers), is a work of several years' growth, and to which, indirectly, several hands have contributed. Its author stands among English naturalists next, perhaps, to Mr. Darwin as a patient and assiduous collector of facts, and the chief value of this work is as a magazine. It is like a naturalist's cabinet, where many hundreds of specimens collected from all parts of the world are carefully arranged and tabulated, and left to tell their own story to the student of nature. This aspect of the book is increased by the maps and illustrations which accompany it, and which repeat to the eye the story which Mr. Wallace has told with his pen.

The present distribution of animals throws important light on the problems of prehuman history. It aids in the endeavor to map out the islands and continents of a former epoch, fill up the great gap in the past history of the earth, and obtain some indications of the existence of those ancient lands which lie buried beneath the ocean. For any thing like an accurate study of this theme some preliminary advance in science was, however, necessary: it was necessary to know something of the great changes which have taken place in times past on the earth's surface, something of the character and life of the extinct animals, something of comparative zoology, that animals externally alike, but really

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and anatomically different, may not be, as they have been, confounded. It is only comparatively recently, therefore, that such a work as this was possible, and it is quite probable that future research may lead to material modifications of some of Mr. Wallace's conclusions. His work, which comprises two large volumes, is in four parts. Part First treats of the principles and general phenomena of distribution of living animals; the means of dispersal; the conditions, climatic and other, affecting it; the true division, zoologically, of the earth; and the true classification, for purposes of his study, of the animal races. Part Second treats of the distribution of extinct animals. These two parts will give the general reader an idea of principles which the author inculcates and the purpose which he has in view. Parts Third and Fourth are more technical, and contain the classifications in detail for which the preceding parts have prepared. Part Third treats the theme from the point of view of the geographer, giving successive views of the different regions of the earth and their chief forms of animal life; Part Fourth treats it from the point of view of the systematic zoologist, taking in succession each family, and giving an account of its distribution. As far as practicable the scientific name is accompanied with the popular name, so as to make the book intelligible to the non-scientific reader, who gets at a glance some notion, at least, of the varieties of animal life in different regions from the admirable illustrations which accompany the volume.

We opened Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin's last volume, *The Boys of '76: a History of the Battles of the Revolution* (Harper and Brothers), at the close of a hard day's work, attracted by its pictures to see what it was. We did not lay it down till we had finished it. Mr. Coffin begins with the alarm among the New Hampshire hills in the spring of 1775; he traces the history of the Revolution through to its close in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. He says nothing of the political development, nothing of foreign complications. His book is a diorama. The battle pictures pass in rapid succession before the reader's eyes. They are told with remarkable dramatic power. The introduction of some historic "boys," Dodifer Hanscom, Esek Earl, and Nicholas Dolof, adds a personal interest to the narrative, though kept strictly subordinate to the historical. The boy who takes up the book to look at the pictures will be attracted by the first chapter, and the boy who reads the first chapter will be pretty sure to read them all. More than that, the book answers better than any other volume with which we are acquainted the oft-asked question, Where shall I find a brief and interesting account of the Revolution, something from which I may learn its general course, without perplexing myself with doubtful questions or burdening the mind with minute detail? It is illustrated with nearly 300 excellent engravings, and there are also a number of battle-field maps.

A worthy companion to the *India and her Native Princes* of last year is *Italy from the Alps to Mount Etna* (Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong). It is a large folio of over 450 pages, and is illustrated with upward of 100 full-page and 300 smaller engravings on wood. To the casual glance these furnish the first, if not the chief, attraction. Some of them we recognize as borrowed from the *Tour du Monde*. Different artists have contributed in producing them, and there is considerable difference in their degrees of excellence, but in general we should characterize them as strong rather than delicate. There is notable force in some of the character-drawing, without any of that grotesqueness which rendered Doré's drawing in his *Spain* of last year attractive, at the expense somewhat of fidelity to the truth. But to us the chief interest in this sumptuous book is in the letter-press. It is edited by Thomas Adolphus Trollope. A resident of Italy these many years, he has made it and its people a study, and both are the subjects of his enthusiastic admiration. No enthusiasm can do more than justice to the wonderful scenery and equally wonderful historical ruins of this land of beauty and of romance; and though the author has a high opinion of the nation and high hopes for its future, we doubt if he overestimates the one or is too sanguine respecting the other.

T. Nelson and Sons, quite in accordance with the traditions of their house in their holiday publications, combine the useful and ornamental in two books of travel, *American Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil*, by the Rev. Samuel Manning, and *The Arctic World Illustrated*. The first volume, uniform with *Swiss Pictures*, is very elaborately illustrated, perhaps rather overcrowded with pictures. They are all good, and exceedingly well printed, and present picturesque America in a small compass and in a not expensive form. The author's matter is simply descriptive; he has resisted the temptation to discuss the political and social problems which we are endeavoring to solve. In the volume on the arctic world the illustrations are more subordinate to the text. Some of them are exquisite both in design and execution. The author's name is not given; he is, however, rather an editor than an author, for his work is in the nature of a compilation, though done with the pen, not with the scissors. From the various works of original explorers he has aimed to gather and give some account of the plants, animals, and natural phenomena of the arctic world, as well as a brief historical sketch of arctic discovery, so that the general reader may get in a single volume a view of the results of research and discovery in that realm of danger and romance.

E. P. Dutton and Co. publish a series of "Devout Classics," in four volumes, consisting of Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, *The Imitation of Christ*, and *The Christian Year*. These are put together in a neat box; they are dressed in faultless taste; the type is clear, the binding plain and simple, and the whole series, both in inward spirit and in outward apparel, befits its title. The series constitutes a graceful and serviceable gift to the infirm or invalid, who can hardly fail to find sweet companionship in the spiritual meditations of Jeremy Taylor, Thomas à Kempis, and John Keble, or to the young, who can find no more healthful spiritual food and no more admirable literary models in any modern writers than in these classics that will never grow old.—J. H. Coates and Co. import in sheets *French and Spanish Painters*, by James Stothert, a large art book with twenty etchings by such engravers as Flameng, Rajon, and Boiloin, after characteristic examples of Murillo, Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, Rosa Bonheur, Meissonier, and other masters of the French and Span-

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ish schools. The letter-press is a critical and biographical account of the most noted artists of both schools, with descriptions of their pictures. —Porter and Coates's issues are mainly for the benefit of the young folks. They include new editions of the "Camping-out Series," the "Jack Hazard Series," and several of Jules Verne's most popular books.—Hurd and Houghton commence the publication of the *Wild Flowers of America*, which will be issued in parts, and sold by subscription only. Professor GOODALE, of Harvard, furnishes the text; Mr. ISAAC SPRAGUE the illustrations.—They also begin a new edition of Dickens, the "Illustrated Library Edition," to be completed in twenty-nine volumes, with an introduction to each story by E. P. WHIPPLE, giving an account of the circumstances under which it was written. —L. Prang and Co. enlarge their art list by some valuable books. Of these the most important is one by Professor F. V. HAYDEN, entitled *The Yellowstone National Park and the Mountain Regions of Nevada, Idaho, Colorado, and Utah*. This work, a large folio, 18 by 22, is illustrated by fifteen facsimiles of water-color sketches by Mr. THOMAS MORAN, who accompanied Professor Hayden on one of his exploring expeditions. The text and the maps are printed on heavy plate paper, and the whole is contained in a substantial portfolio.—They also publish *The Theory of Color in its Relation to Art and Art Industry*, translated from the German of Dr. WILHELM VON BERJOLD—a work which will be of special interest to students of optics and to artists; but if the casual reader turns over to the back part of the book, and examines the colored plates there and the curious effects produced by combinations of colors, he will need no special interest in art or optics to excite his curiosity for a further investigation. The first three chapters are devoted to the exposition of the physical and physiological basis of the theory of color, the manner in which colors are perceived, the mixture of colors, and the system of colors; the fourth and fifth chapters to the theory of contrasts and of combination, with special reference to their application to ornamental art and the art of painting. Besides the colored plates, there are numerous wood-engravings.—J. R. Osgood and Co. publish four volumes of heliotype art works, each containing twenty-four engravings, accompanied by descriptive letter-press. *Gems of the Dresden Gallery* includes examples from Raphael, Correggio, Holbein, Titian, and other famous artists; *The Gallery of Great Artists* contains portraits of famous artists, mostly taken from paintings by themselves; *Gems of the Gray Collection* includes a selection of pictures, some of which have already been made very familiar to the public by frequent engraving, such as the "Transfiguration" by Raphael and "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci; the *Titian Gallery* comprises some of the most famous of this great master's works, but no colorless process can do more than suggest to the imagination any of Titian's paintings.—We mentioned last month what is one of the finest gift books of the season, Doré's illustrated edition of *The Ancient Mariner* (Harper and Brothers). The same house add a new volume to the illustrated edition of Charles Dickens's works.

Of course the critics condemn the "Condensed Classics" (Henry Holt and Co.), and raise their hands in holy horror at the impiety that dares condense Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. But in the interest of the general reader we heartily commend Mr. ROSSITER JOHNSON'S experiment. If he is as successful in the rest of this series as in his *Ivanhoe*, he will introduce the classics to not a few readers who would never get the courage to essay Scott uncondensed.—The "Wisdom Series" (Roberts Brothers) is an attractive set of vest-pocket books. The two volumes before us contain selections from Marcus Aurelius and Thomas à Kempis.—The *Footsteps of St. Peter* (Robert Carter and Brothers), by the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, is useful for its primary purpose—the Sunday reading of thoughtful youth; but in making out of his very scant materials a book of over six hundred pages, it must be confessed that the author has at least not studied condensation. If it had been half as large, it would have been twice as good.

We group together a number of the more notable of the books for boys and girls. *Elsie's Motherhood* (Dodd and Mead), a sequel to *Elsie's Womanhood*, is half-way between a novel and a juvenile. The moral is healthful, and the pictures of Southern society since the war seem to be given with studied fairness; but we doubt whether the introduction of the Ku-Klux in a romance is any advantage to our girls.—*May Stanhope and her Friends*, by Mrs. SANGSTER (American Tract Society), is the story of the united effort of three or four girls for mutual improvement. Without much plot or striking incident, it will prove helpful to any young reader who is desirous of self-culture.—*Her Little World*, by SARAH E. CHESTER (American Tract Society), is none the less genuine because characteristically Christian. It is at once very jolly and very earnest. The lesson is that a little world is large enough to satisfy a large ambition, if the ambition is only large enough.—*Uncle Joe's Thanksgiving* and *The Broken Mallet*, the former by Miss JULIA and the latter by Miss JOANNA MATTHEWS, are published by the Carters. The Misses Matthews have the rare faculty of infusing a deep religious lesson into their stories without making them didactic, or dimming their brightness by the moral; and these two volumes are worthy of them in this respect. —Three volumes are added to the *Vinegar Hill Stories* (Carters). They may be briefly defined as a parabolic illustration of the parable of the sower. The moral lesson is more pronounced and apparent than in the stories of the Misses Matthews, but the atmosphere is hardly as healthy for a young reader to breathe.—*The Little Woodman* and *The Flowers of the Forest* (Carters) are English reprints from the pen of Mrs. SHERWOOD, and are old-fashioned in structure and style; but the old fashion is, if not an improvement on the latest fashions, at least a pleasant and healthful variety.—*Amongst Machines* (Putnams) is a capital book for boys. It is a sequel to the *Young Mechanic*, and is equally good. It will be sure to interest any boy who has a taste for machines or machinery; will give him a great deal of useful information whether he ever means to turn his attention to mechanics or not; and if there is any likelihood of his making that his profession, it will afford him an admirable introduction to the study of that branch of industry.—One of the best books for boys of the season is *Boys of Other Countries*, by BAYARD TAYLOR (Putnams). It contains the account of some of the adventures of that traveler in which boys were the heroes. It

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carries the reader to Sweden, Iceland, Saxony, Russia, and Egypt; it teaches incidentally not a little of foreign manners and customs; it inculcates a respect for the manhood developed in other nations; and it teaches lessons of heroism and genuine nobility by the example of actual life. We heartily commend it.—*Captain Sam*, by GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON (Putnam), is a story of the boy scouts of the war of 1812. It will be apt to give to the juvenile reader a taste for fighting; but if he is going to fight, Captain Sam will serve far better as a model than the hero of most boy war stories.—The effort of the author of *Once Upon a Time* (Putnam) to introduce the ancient mythology of the Greeks and Romans to the children by a series of stories is commendable; but the real romance is hardly preserved in the telling. The book will be quite as useful in aiding adults who lack a classical education in understanding classical allusions as in interesting the boys for whom it is especially prepared.—*The Boy Emigrants*, by NOAH BROOKS (Scribner), is a story of overland travel founded on fact, and will serve to keep alive in the American memory an era which is liable to pass too soon into oblivion. Of course it is full of adventure.—*The Boys and Girls of the Revolution* (Lippincott) is a series of historical sketches gathered from various sources, and apparently authentic. The author has wisely abstained from the temptation to put them in a dramatic form, and the simplicity of his narrative adds to its real interest.—*The Adventures of Captain Mago* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), translated from the French, is a book something after the pattern of Jules Verne, but the author does not quite compete with that writer in romantic interest. It purports to give an account of a Phœnician military and exploring expedition 1000 B.C. A map and a number of illustrations accompany the volume; and it will probably entice many a boy to read and unconsciously gather information respecting that era who could hardly be induced by either fear of punishment or hope of reward to make a study of Phœnician life and times. As a picture of that age of the world it certainly is graphic, and appears to be accurate.—*The Picture Album* and *Through Picture Land* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) and *The Prattler* (Lippincott) are picture-books for the very little ones. The illustrations are good; the reading matter required but a small outlay of brains in the preparation, and is suitable to very small brains to receive. Any reasonably bright parent will find a use for these volumes as scrap-books, but will tell their own stories according to the capacity of their listeners.—We cordially welcome a new edition, with illustrations, of the favorite of our own childhood, the *Peep of Day* (Carters). As an aid to mothers in giving religious instruction to very young children we know nothing to equal it.—*The Home Garden*, by Mrs. M. W. LAWRENCE (American Tract Society), is a collection of child-prompted poetry, and it will be a welcome gift to any mother-heart, whether blessed with children or not. The first part is bright and even merry with a ring of baby tones and childish glee; the second part is full of the sweetness and sadness of "fading flowers;" but the third part is bright again with angel tones. The compiler, who has, out of a full heart, herself given many tender poems to comfort other smitten hearts, has made a rare collection from a large range of resources with an intelligence which could only have come from the sympathy which for many years has been quick to hear the music, merry and minor, which childhood has inspired in the poets.—For very little ones the American Tract Society publishes a score of pictures, with simple one-page stories fitted to them; for older ones—indeed, probably for the oldest quite as much as for the younger—three of Hesba Stretton's short stories bound in one small volume.—*A Happy Summer*, by S. ANNIE FROST, with its silhouette illustrations, will find a host of eager readers, and its lessons of self-control and truthfulness are so interwoven in the really interesting story that they will not unlikely find many learners.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—The planet of Palisa of September 28 turns out to be *Maia* (66), so that a long-lost planet is again returned. It has already been so well observed that it will not again be lost. A new 168 has, however, been found by Watson, of Ann Arbor, this being his nineteenth planet; 165, 166, and 167 have been named by Peters *Lorelei*, *Rhodope*, and *Urda*. The observation of Weber, which has been supposed to refer to Vulcan (?) (April 4, 1876), has led the Astronomer Royal to examine the Greenwich photographs of the sun on that day, and it is there found much as Weber describes it. Sir George Airy says: "There can be no question that the spot on the Greenwich photographs is an ordinary sun spot without penumbra, and not an intra-Mercurial planet."

Janssen, of Paris, is devising an apparatus which will automatically take a photograph of the sun every hour from sunrise to sunset of each day of the year. Such an apparatus should be able to detect any possible Vulcan, and will work without the constant attention of an observer.

Young, of Dartmouth, has lately experimented on the determination of the sun's rotation by spectroscopic observations. He used his ingenious method of utilizing the higher order of diffraction spectra, lately described here, and his result for the rotation is 0.17 miles greater than that derived from direct observations. This, he thinks, corresponds to a physical fact, and is not due to accidental error.

Langley, of Pittsburg, has lately presented to the National Academy of Sciences a paper on the sun's light compared with that of a Bessemer converter, with a view to determine approximately the sun's heat. This he estimates to be among the higher values—some millions of degrees.

Schmidt, of Athens, has just published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* a suggestive paper on the connection of the nebula G. C. 3770 with variable stars in the vicinity. His facts seem to indicate a relation between them.

Houzeau, of Brussels, has recently published an important memoir on the zodiacal light. The observations were made by him mostly in the

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West Indies. One hundred and twenty-five careful observations of the position of the axis of the light were made, and the author concludes from a discussion of these that there is a *real* difference between the intensity of the zodiacal light in the morning and evening; that its intensity varies with the season; that it has an intrinsic rosy hue; that it is not situated in the plane of the sun's equator, nor in that of the lunar orbit, but in that of the ecliptic. The differences between this theory and observation are small, and no greater than might be expected from observations so delicate in their nature, and that these variations are explicable by taking into consideration the different transparency of the air at different altitudes. Serpieri continues his discussion of Jones's observations of the zodiacal light in the *Italian Spectroscopic Journal*, and Ricco publishes a memoir on the transparency of the air in the same periodical.

Struve proposes to double-star observers to measure within the next two years a number of double stars contained in a list given by him in the *Vierteljahrsschrift der Ast. Gesell.* This list he will also observe, as well as a series of artificial double stars; and in this way double-star observers can find not only their relative personal equations, but the quantities by which they differ from the absolute standard proposed by Struve. Winnecke, of Strasburg, Dembowski, of Gallarate, and Hall, of Washington, have already begun the observation of this list, and it is to be hoped that this opportunity for a general comparison may not be overlooked.

Schoenfeld, of Bonn, has recently published a second catalogue of variable stars, 143 in number. It is preceded by an introduction, and followed by remarks giving a succinct history of each star.

The Leipsic Observatory, under direction of Bruhns, is about to publish a set of charts (each representing a space of one square degree) of all the nebulæ and clusters visible in a comet seeker of five inches aperture and ninety diameters magnifying power. Thirty of these charts are already prepared, and as soon as fifty are complete the publication will commence.

The Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium has recently published an important bibliographical work, which gives a complete list of the members, etc., of the Academy and a list of the works of each, which is *complete* so far as its own publications are concerned, and very full in the publications of other bodies. It is a useful supplement to the indispensable Royal Society catalogue of scientific papers.

Dreyer, in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, has a long paper on Personal Equation, which is of interest.

In the "Astronomical Column" of *Nature*—a column which has become one of the important publications of the year—Hind calls attention to the need of a new computation of the orbit of ξ Boötis, and gives a sketch of the history of Pigott's comet of 1783. The variable star 34 Cygni is treated historically at some length.

Grant, of Glasgow, in the *Horological Journal*, describes the time-signal system of his observatory. Thirteen clocks are controlled by time signals given at short intervals. A time gun is proposed for Greenock.

Professor E. C. Pickering, late of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been appointed director of the Observatory of Harvard College, in the room of the late Professor Winlock.

Mr. A. K. Mansfield publishes in the Journal of the Franklin Institute a description and theory of a new governor, which is very promising, and which might be of use in the driving-clocks of equatorials.

Meteorology.—To American meteorologists the principal event of October is the appearance of *The Winds of the Globe*, by the late Professor J. H. Coffin. This work engaged the attention of the author during his whole lifetime, as he states in his introduction that his first efforts were directed to this subject in 1836; in which year both Kaemtz and Loomis also, independently like himself, advocated the analysis of the winds by Lambert's formula. The previous important work by the same author, entitled *The Winds of the Northern Hemisphere*, was published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1854. In the present volume the methods adopted in the former are applied to the whole world, and to this end it deals with observations made at over 3000 stations on land, and during thousands of voyages at sea, embracing an aggregate of over 18,500 years. Probably few if any important collections of published observations have been omitted from the exhaustive tables presented in the magnificent quarto of 750 pages just published. It is a matter of profound regret that Professor Coffin did not live to witness the completion of his work; at the time of his death, however, in 1873, it was in such a state of forwardness that his son and successor, Professor S. J. Coffin, of Lafayette College, was able to complete it and revise the earlier portions. As a collection of data for the use of the student, the present work is unrivaled, and will ever remain a monument on the dividing line between the meteorology of the past and the future. Among his numerous colaborers in the collection of data, mentioned by Professor Coffin in 1871 in a communication to the National Academy of Sciences, we find the name of Dr. A. J. Woeikoff, of St. Petersburg, and to this gentleman the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution intrusted the preparation of the last chapter of this volume, entitled "A Discussion and Analysis of Professor Coffin's Tables and Charts." In his portion of the work, which covers ninety pages, and has also been published as a separate memoir, this gentleman shows his extensive acquaintance with the literature of meteorology, and intimate knowledge of the climates of the different portions of the globe, to which knowledge, no doubt, his extended travels have contributed. His treatise offers an abundance of general descriptions, although scarcely attaining to that rigorous freedom from hypothetical explanations which always distinguished Professor Coffin's memoirs. He is, we are glad to see, careful to vindicate Professor Coffin's claim to priority as the first discoverer of Buys-Ballot's law, although that author was himself too modest ever to have troubled the world with such a claim. Dr. Woeikoff suggests in this connection that very likely the views of American meteorologists were too much in advance of their time to be generally accepted. More correct, however, would it be if we simply acknowledge on behalf of our European brethren their profound ignorance of

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what Coffin, Espy, and Ferrel were doing. Indeed, it is only within the last five years that the work of the last-named gentleman, published in 1860, has been received, and that, too, with highest encomiums from those meteorologists in Europe who were able to judge of its merits; and it is, we think, a slight defect in Dr. Woeikoff's analysis that he has not turned his attention to the determination of the exact limits within which are confined the general atmospheric currents treated of in Ferrel's *Motions of Fluids and Solids*. As a contribution to climatology, as distinguished from the newer or dynamical meteorology, Dr. Woeikoff's essay is highly meritorious. Twenty-six plates accompany this volume, among which we notice one of historical interest, that, namely, which shows the connection between the winds at Ogdensburg and the cloudiness, temperature, pressure, and rain or snow. This chart, based on observations made by Professor Coffin in 1838, is believed to be the earliest American effort to connect and illustrate the mutual relation between the winds and other elements.

In great contrast to the imposing quarto just mentioned comes a modest little pamphlet, the joint work of Professors Guldberg and Mohn, of Christiania, entitled *Études sur les Mouvements de l'Atmosphère*, in which the authors state that, encouraged by the beautiful results obtained by Ferrel and others, they also have applied mechanical principles to the atmospheric movements, and have arrived at results that will, they think, be not without importance in the development of the science of meteorology. The first part of this work treats of the temperature and moisture in a quiet atmosphere, then the causes of the movement of air are considered, and finally the movements themselves. The great effect of friction on the motion of the atmosphere receives for the first time its proper consideration, and the formulæ appeared to agree very closely with observed temperatures, pressures, and velocities. The whole subject is treated in a manner as elementary as is practicable, and the work will contribute greatly to the development of meteorology as a deductive science. The authors dwell with emphasis on the necessity of taking observations at great elevations either in balloons or on mountain-tops.

The first part of the fourth volume of the *Explorations in the Amoor Country*, containing the meteorological observations and results, has just been received from St. Petersburg.

The volume contains not only the observations made in 1854–56 under the supervision of Von Schrenck, president of the commission of the Imperial Academy of Science, but also those made subsequently, up to 1870, at both temporary and permanent stations.

Following the three hundred pages of detailed observations is a memoir by Köppen and Fritsche on the general results deducible therefrom. The diurnal changes of temperature are presented in a table of hourly observations, and the annual periodicity in a similar table of monthly means for numerous stations.

Barometric means are given for Nikolaievsk and a few other stations of minor importance. The agreement of these results with the isobars on Buchan's charts is very satisfactory. The diurnal periodicity of the winds is deduced for three stations and the annual periodicity for nine stations, a comparison of which with the prevailing winds given on Buchan's chart shows a number of errors in the latter. The diurnal and annual periodicity of the cloudiness and precipitation completes the study of the climatology of the Amoor.

The fifth volume of *Wild's Reportorium* contains an exhaustive memoir by Mielberg of the magnetic declinations in Ekaterinburg, Barnaul, and Nertchinsk, in which the author states that his similar work for St. Petersburg, published a year ago, has led him to undertake the reduction and publication of all the observations of magnetic declinations that have been made in the Russian dominions.

The observations in question began in 1836, 1838, and 1840, respectively, and were continued with some interruptions until 1875. Uniting these with still earlier observations that had already been published, Mielberg investigates the diurnal, annual, and secular variations. In respect to the latter, it would appear that the westerly variation at Nertchinsk has increased, although to a scarcely appreciable extent, while at the other two stations the easterly variations have increased decidedly. The same volume contains a collation by Fritsche of magnetic inclinations observed at Pekin since 1830. At that station the inclination has increased pretty uniformly at the rate of three minutes annually.

In *Physics*, there has been considerable progress during the month. The address of Professor Sir William Thomson as president of the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association at the Glasgow meeting, after speaking in laudatory terms of Americans, American science, and the Centennial, discusses anew the question of the solidity of the earth, and gives the results of new calculations from precession and nutation to prove it, made in consequence of suggestions made to him by Professor Newcomb, of Washington.

Helmholtz has published a note containing the results of a research made at his suggestion by Root to ascertain whether in galvanic polarization the electrolytic gases remained on the exterior or actually penetrated the platinum. The experiments show a very rapid penetration of the platinum, so that if for only five minutes the platinum plate experimented on and one to the right of it were connected with a Daniell's cell, a condition of polarization was developed between it and a plate to the left.

Maskelyne has called attention to the similarity between the pitted surface of meteorites and that of the unburned fragments of coarse-grained gunpowder which fall at some distance from the muzzle of a large piece of ordnance. He expresses the opinion that the "pitting" is due to the sort of splintering effect of enormous heat suddenly applied, which results from the difference in the mechanical facility with which the sudden heat penetrates the mass at different points on its surface, melting out and dissipating in the air the material at those points, partly as a consequence of greater conductivity and partly of greater fusibility.

Aymonnet has made at the Sorbonne, under the direction of Desains, an examination of heat spectra, (1) to determine the distribution of the heat in the calorific spectrum produced by a Bourbouze lamp, with a refracting system of flint-glass, (2) to study the variations of this spectrum

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with the temperature of the source, and (3) to observe also the absorption spectra of various bodies and their variations with the temperature of the source. Among other important facts observed, these experiments appear to prove finally a variation in the distribution of heat in the spectrum with the temperature, and also to show that flint-glass becomes less diathermanous as the temperature falls.

Terquem has given the composition of a varnish which may be spread on glass without injuring its transparency, but which will enable it to take ordinary drawing ink, so that various devices for the lantern may be drawn upon it. The varnish in question is composed of alcohol, 100 cubic centimeters; mastic, 7 grams; sandarac, 3 grams. It has been the practice for some years in this country to prepare plates for receiving India ink by flowing them with a dilute solution of gelatin, one ounce to the pint of water. Very fine drawings can be made on it, and it is easily removed by water.

Young has made careful measurements of certain lines in the solar spectrum, observed alternately upon the eastern and western limbs of the sun, with a view to test the question of the effect of the motion of a luminous body upon the wavelength of the light which it emits. Using spectra of the sixth and eighth orders produced by a Rutherfurd grating of 8640 lines, the overlapping spectra being separated from each other by a glass prism of 45° placed between the grating and the object-glass, with its refracting edge perpendicular to the lines, the author succeeded in observing a difference in the position of the two D lines on the two edges, which, admitting Doppler's theory, would give a velocity of 1.42 miles per second for a point on the sun's surface. As direct observation gives but 1.25, Young inclines to the supposition that this difference proves that the solar atmosphere really sweeps forward over the underlying surface. Caréful measurement of a line in the B group, which is due to atmospheric absorption, gave no displacement, as was to be expected.

Egoroff has described a differential electro-actinometer devised in order to determine the coefficients of absorption of the ultra-violet rays by different bodies. For this purpose he uses two Becquerel actinometers, one opposed to the other. The strength of the current produced appears to be in exact proportionality to the intensity of the light.

Baily has examined microscopically the optical properties of starch grains. He concludes that they are transparent bodies, consisting of an interior nucleus surrounded by coats, and explains their appearance in polarized light by supposing the starch to be doubly refracting, with two axes of elasticity at each point in the plane of the disk, one of which is directed toward the centre of this disk.

André has studied theoretically the phenomena of diffraction in optical instruments and their influence on astronomical observations.

Fuller has communicated to the Physical Society of London a description of a new form of electrical machine, called an electric multiplier, which is essentially a double-acting electrophorus. It consists of a vulcanite quadrant, over which electricity is distributed by a metallic arm, carrying needles which swing over it, the charge being removed from the other side by a similar set of points attached to an arm connected to earth. Two quadrantal metal plates being now automatically brought in contact with the vulcanite, receive a strong charge, which becomes free on removing again the plates from the vulcanite.

Hagenbach has made some experiments in the university of Basle to ascertain the effective performance of one of the smaller Gramme magneto-electric machines used as a source of light for lecture-room purposes. He finds as follows:

Rotations per Minute.	Cubic Centims. of Gas per Minute.	Electromotive Force in Bunsen Cells.	Candles.
1700	119	40.8	628
1800	126	43.2	689
1900	133	45.6	506
2000	140	48.0	567

The work done at 1800 revolutions was 90 kilogrammeters, or about 475 candles to the horse-power. The machine was driven by a water motor, and the light cost nearly seventy cents per hour. As to give the same light from a battery would require from seventy-two to eighty Bunsen cells, the light from the machine is much the cheapest.

Anthony has also given some measurements of the performance of a Gramme machine constructed in the workshop of the Cornell University. According to the results given, the machine, when making but about 500 rotations, gave a light of 1600 candles; but as, unfortunately, the horse-power consumed is not stated, no opinion of the efficiency of the machine can be formed. Further experiments are promised.

W. Siemens has experimented to determine the velocity of electric propagation. The two outer armatures of a condenser were connected together; the two inner ones, one to the line, the other to a short wire. Both terminated in points close to a revolving smoked cylinder. On putting the arc connecting the outer armatures to earth, the condenser is discharged, and two sparks pass to the cylinder, the difference between them indicating the time of traversing the line. Siemens concludes that electricity has an actual velocity of propagation.

Sabine has proposed to use the time taken by a condenser to discharge itself, or to pass from one potential to another, through a circuit of known resistance, as a unit for measuring very small intervals of time.

Thompson has repeated and varied the experiments of Edison on induced sparks, from which the latter concluded upon the existence of an "etheric" force. He has obtained these sparks ten millimeters long, and shows that they are made up of alternating currents of very short duration.

Lommel has figured two interesting electric dust figures analogous to those of Lichtenberg, but in which the rod conveying the discharge lay horizontally on the vulcanite plate instead of being vertical. One of these is positive, the other negative, and they were produced by dusting a mixture of red lead and lycopodium powder on the plate after several sparks had passed into the rod.

Gordon has repeated with care the experiments of Kerr on the effect of electric charge in causing double refraction in glass, and has been entirely unable to produce the results, though the

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means employed were as powerful and as delicate as the latter's.

Helmholtz has communicated to the Academy of Berlin a paper containing the results of experiments by Rowland, which satisfactorily prove that electric convection currents are dynamically equivalent to the flow of electricity in a conductor, and are electro-magnetically operative.

In *Chemistry*, Terreil has published an extended paper on Dulong and Petit's law of atomic heats, in which he compares together the products of specific heat and atomic weight of bodies in the state of vapor, and finds a closer accordance with the law. He asserts that a body not gaseous has a specific heat twice that which the same substance possesses in the gaseous condition.

Berthelot has called attention to the absorption of free nitrogen at the ordinary temperature by various organic bodies, notably benzine, oil of turpentine, marsh gas, acetylene, and even cellulose, under the influence of the silent electric discharge.

Storer has examined elaborately Schönbein's test for nitrates, which consists in applying the iodo-starch test after reducing to nitrites by means of zinc. In his opinion the fatal defect of the test is the production, even by the action of zinc on pure water, of hydrogen peroxide, which colors the iodo-starch. He finds that this may be entirely obviated by acidulating the water before reducing. One-tenth of a milligram nitric acid in 50 c. c. of water containing two drops of dilute sulphuric acid gave the reaction distinctly.

Zöller has recommended the vapor of carbon disulphide as an antiseptic agent. Prepared from potassium xanthate, its odor is but trifling. Experiments show that five grams of this liquid volatilized in a space of about one-seventh of a cubic meter will preserve twenty kilograms of meat placed in this space for from two to three weeks.

Eccles, working in Thorpe's laboratory, has found that the copper-zinc couple of Gladstone and Tribe reduces potassium chlorate readily, but is entirely without action on the perchlorate. By means of this reaction he has studied the character of the decomposition of the chlorate by heat, and proves that no perchlorate is formed when manganese dioxide is used.

Lawrence Smith has described, in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, the gas wells of Pennsylvania, giving analyses of the gases evolved, made for the State Geological Survey by Professor Sadtler, of the University of Pennsylvania. The marsh gas varies in these products from 60 to 89 per cent., the hydrogen from 4.79 to 22.5 per cent., and the ethylene from 4.39 to 18.12 per cent. Carbonic acid is also present.

A committee of the Paris Board of Health has just made a report to the Prefect of Police upon cremation, conceding its feasibility and general advantages, but objecting that it is too ready a means of concealing the evidence of crime.

Anthropology.—The present difficulties in Turkey, and their relation to the Russians, have awakened a fresh interest in the ethnology of that portion of the Eastern continent. To those investigating this subject the article of H. H. Howorth, in the July number of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute, upon the Sauromatæ or Sarmatæ will be especially valuable. Two theories have been put forth concerning the Sarmatæ—one that they were Germans, the other that they are Sclaves and the ancestors of the various Sclavic nations of modern times. In opposition to the latter view, the author contends for the Aryan relationship, and that the Ossetes in the Caucasus are their descendants.

The observations of Mr. Mivart that man is anatomically related not to one species of apes, but to all of them, logically compels us, on the doctrine of evolution, to look for their common ancestor in some geological epoch before these simian species assumed their present varied forms. A like geological necessity seems to be compelling archæologists to push back the age of the paleolithic man. On the authority of Professor Dawkins, while the rude ancestors of the Britons were hunting the elephant, glaciers still lingered in the mountains and valleys of England. Mr. Tiddeman gives to the British man an interglacial age, having discovered implements and a human bone beneath the glacial clay in Settle Cave. Mr. Geikie assures us that all British paleolithic implements are interglacial, and Mr. Skertchley is of the same opinion. Mr. Pengelly and Professor Ramsay go still further, and assert that the old stone folk may have witnessed the *commencement* of glacial conditions, and have been driven south by the increasing severity of the climate.

Robert C. Caldwell, in the *Contemporary Review* for February, treats of demonolatry, devil-dancing, and demoniacal possessions. The author, by a long residence in the East, familiarized himself with the practices of necromancy there, and endeavors by comparison to give a rationale of the possession of devils mentioned in the New Testament.

Zoology.—Mr. A. R. Wallace, in his recent address before the Section of Biology of the British Association, draws attention to the connection observed between color and locality. His first example is from tropical Africa, where we find two unrelated groups of butterflies belonging to two very distinct families (*Nymphalidæ* and *Papilionidæ*), characterized by a prevailing blue-green color not found in any other continent. Again, we have a group of African *Pieridæ* which are white or pale yellow, with a marginal row of bead-like black spots, and in the same country one of the *Lycænidæ* (*Liptena erastus*) is colored so exactly like these that it was at first described as a species of *Pieris*. The resemblance did not seem due to protective mimicry. In South America we have far more striking cases; for in the three subfamilies—*Danainæ*, *Acræniæ*, and *Heliconiinæ*, all of which are specially protected—we find identical tints and patterns reproduced, often in the greatest detail, each peculiar type of coloration being characteristic of distinct geographical subdivisions of the continent.

But it is in islands that some of the most striking examples of the influence of locality on color occur, and this generally in the direction of paler, but sometimes of darker and more brilliant, hues, and often accompanied by an unusual increase of size. Persons who are not acquainted with these and many other facts adduced by Mr. Wallace would, he thinks, hardly realize their importance and significance. He therefore illustrates them by supposing parallel cases to occur among the mammals. "We might have, for example, in Africa the gnus, the elands, and the buffaloes all colored and marked like zebras, stripe for stripe

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over the whole body exactly corresponding. So the hares, marmots, and squirrels of Europe might be all red, with black feet, while the corresponding species of Central Asia were all yellow, with black heads. In North America we might have raccoons, squirrels, and opossums in party-colored livery of white and black, so as exactly to resemble the skunk of the same country, while in South America they might be black, with a yellow throat patch, so as to resemble with equal closeness the tayra of the Brazilian forests."

With birds, however, the case is different, and among them locality exerts a marked influence. One of the most curious cases is that of the parrots of the West Indian Islands and Central America, several of which have white heads or foreheads, occurring in two distinct genera, while none of the more numerous parrots of South America are so colored. The Andaman Islands are equally remarkable, at least six of the peculiar birds differing from their continental allies in being much lighter, and sometimes with a large quantity of pure white in the plumage, exactly corresponding to what occurs among the butterflies. In Celebes we have a swallow-shrike and a peculiar small crow, allied to the jackdaw, whiter than any of their allies in the surrounding islands. In Timor and Flores we have white-headed pigeons, and a long-tailed fly-catcher almost entirely white. In the small Lord Howe's Island formerly lived a white rail (*Notornis alba*), remarkably contrasting with its allies in the larger islands of New Zealand.

The September number of the *American Naturalist* contains an excellent review by Mr. J. A. Allen of the progress of ornithology in the United States during the past century, and in the October number of the same magazine Dr. Packard briefly reviews progress in general zoology in America.

Farther discoveries of fossil land vertebrates have been made in Malta by Professor Leith Adams, who has described the fossil remains of the Maltese caves, with especial reference to the gigantic land tortoises, similar to those of the Galapagos and Mascarene islands, but much larger, but specifically very close. Another notable animal was a dormouse as large as a guinea-pig, so numerous that five or six specimens could be obtained out of one spadeful of mould. Among the fossil birds was a swan one-third larger than any modern one. Altogether 150 terrestrial vertebrates had been found in Malta, and it was impossible that they could have lived in that locality unless Malta was part of a continent.

As a farther contribution to our knowledge of the earliest stages of vertebrates, Mr. F. M. Balfour read a paper before the British Association on certain points in the development of sharks. He compared the facts obtained by his and others' studies of the fishes with many occurring in the invertebrates, especially in Sagitta, Brachiopods, and in Echinoderms, showing how it was possible to unify them by adopting Haeckel's *gastræa* theory, and by no other method.

In a recent essay on the origin of insects, Dr. Mayer, of Jena, suggests that the ancestor of the insects was winged. This view is opposed by Dr. Packard, who publishes a review of Mayer's essay in the *American Naturalist* for November, in which he maintains with other writers on this subject that they must have originated from larval forms, and claims priority for certain conclusions proposed as novel by Dr. Mayer.

A second contribution to our knowledge of the animals of Lake Titicaca, in South America, is a list of the mammals and birds by Mr. J. A. Allen, and of the crustacea by Mr. Walter Faxon. Mr. Garman contributes a number of interesting notes concerning the llama, alpaca, guanaco, and vicuña. Two new birds are described—a *Gallinula* and an *Ibis*.

The crustacean fauna of the lake itself is very meagre. Except a species of *Cypris*, all the specimens collected belong to one amphipodous genus, *Allorchestes*, which had hitherto afforded but one or two authentic fresh-water species, ranging from Maine to Oregon and the Straits of Magellan. Seven new species are described in this paper from Lake Titicaca. Several are remarkable for their abnormally developed epimeral and tergal spines. Some are also noteworthy as comparatively deep-water forms of a family commonly regarded as pre-eminently littoral. Some of the species occurred as far down as 68 fathoms, the greatest depth of the lake being 154 fathoms. The marine species usually inhabit the shore above low-water mark, and the previously described fresh-water species are found in the shallow water of brooks, pools, or edges of lakes. No strictly fresh-water *Orchestidæ*, the family to which these crustacea belong, have been reported from the Eastern continent, although a few terrestrial forms are described, says Mr. Faxon, as inhabiting moist soil away from the sea.

In *Botany* we have to report the completion of the second volume of the *Genera Plantarum*, by Bentham and Hooker, which includes the genera of monopetalæ. Some curious experiments by Sachs on the figures which zoospores assume in water lead him to believe that it is not the result of the action of light, as has been generally supposed, but is produced by currents caused by differences of temperature, and he was able to produce similar figures artificially by forming an emulsion of oil colored with henna in a mixture of alcohol and water. In the *Beiträge zur Biologie*, Auerbach, contrary to the previously expressed view of Strassburger, maintains that bodies which at some period of a cell's existence consist of starch may at others become nuclei. In the same journal Dr. Franstadt has an article on the anatomy of the vegetative organs of *Dionæa muscipula*.

In *Grevillea* Worthington Smith gives an account of the developments of the bodies which he regards as the oospores of *Peronospora infestans*, or potato rot, and in the same journal some new species of New Jersey fungi are described by M. C. Cooke and J. B. Ellis.

In botany we have to report an illustrated monograph on strawberries by Decaisne. In the *Beiträge zur Biologie* Frank gives an account of the development of some crustaceous lichens, and Dr. Nowakowski continues his monograph of the Chytridiaceæ. In the same journal are two articles on bacteria—one by Cohn, who gives the development of the bacterium found in decoctions of hay, *Bacillus subtilis*; the other by Dr. Koch, who has studied the *Bacillus anthracis* found in inflammation of the spleen. Cohn has discovered bodies in *Bacillus subtilis* which he considers spores.

Cornu, in the *Annales des Sciences*, gives in detail the results of his studies on the reproduction of

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Ascomycetes. Contrary to the supposition of many that the spermatia are of the nature of spermatozoids, Cornu finds that they are capable of germination, and are consequently to be regarded as a form of stylospores.

In the *Botanische Zeitung* Professor H. Hoffmann publishes a series of experiments with the cultivation of different species of plants made to investigate the variation of color and other properties in seedlings. Dr. Salomonsen gives in the same journal an account of the method adopted by him to isolate different forms of bacteria. Brefeld reported to the Brandenburg Botanical Society a new species of *Mortierella*, a genus of *Zygomycetes*, in which a sort of carpogonic fruit is formed, which seems to show the insufficiency of the group called by Sachs carposporeæ.

The first fasciculus of *Notes Algologiques*, by Bornet and Thuret, has appeared in Paris. It contains a number of remarkably fine plates by Bornet and Riocreux.

The science of *Agricultural Geology*, or, as some of its followers prefer to term it, *Geognosy*, has received a new impetus in the researches and publications of Professor Orth, of the Agricultural Institute of the university of Berlin. Some time since the "Central Agricultural Society of the District of Potsdam," in Prussia, offered a prize of 500 thalers (some $360 gold) for the best work on this subject, the same to include studies of the sedimentary (drift and alluvial) soils of North Germany, as illustrated in the soil of a large farm at Friedrichsfelde, near Berlin. This prize was awarded to Professor Orth, for a work entitled *Die Geognostisch-Agronomische Kartirung*.

This work, consisting of several very elaborate charts and a text of two hundred pages, gives accounts of very careful studies of the soil in different places down to a depth of two meters or more, and describes the results in their scientific and practical bearings in such manner as to show most conclusively the great value to agriculture of such soil studies.

Dr. H. von Nathusius, president of the Prussian Landes Oeconomie-Collegium, is doing eminent service to agricultural science by the publication, in concert with other scientific men, of a number of series of "Charts for Scientific Instruction with special Reference to Agriculture." One of these is a series by Professor Orth of six charts, each giving six diagrams in profile of the characteristic sedimentary soils of North Germany. They show the different strata of surface and subsoil, their thickness and other characters, down to a depth of three meters—about ten feet. These, with the investigations upon which they are based, illustrate most forcibly how incomplete a measure of the value of a soil can be furnished by chemical analysis alone, and how extended studies and observations are necessary to a full knowledge of the factors that decide its fertility.

The study of the root development of some of our more important agricultural plants is receiving increased attention of late. Very interesting observations have been made by Nobbe, Haberlandt, and Thiel; Fraas has published a little work on the topic; Müller has given a *résumé* of the main points of the present status of our knowledge of the subject in the *Landwirthschaftliche Jahrbücher;* and, finally, Von Nathusius and Thiel have issued, as one of the series of charts above referred to, a collection of six, containing no less than fifty-three very fine photographs of roots of various plants as they actually grow in the soil. These include views of the roots of corn, barley, pease, Jerusalem artichoke, potato, and sugar-beet, from which the soil had been removed so as to allow of their being photographed as they grew. They show that while the fine roots penetrate much deeper into the soil than many suppose, yet by far the larger bulk are within a few inches of the surface, and that there most of the feeding of the plants through the roots is done.

An indication of the rapid headway which agricultural science is making in Europe is found in the increase in the number and activity of the agricultural experiment stations. In 1874 there were in Germany about forty, and in the rest of Europe twenty-four, making sixty-four in all, besides some twenty-five laboratories and other institutions which, though not technically experiment stations, were devoted to agricultural researches. Since that time the number has increased so that there are at present about seventy-nine experiment stations and twenty-nine other agricultural laboratories. Most of the latter, and indeed a large number of the former, are connected with universities or agricultural schools.

The State of Georgia is very fortunate in its Department of Agriculture, whose circulars, with statistics of weather and crops, reports of analyses, directions for applying and results of experiments in the use of fertilizers, contain a great deal of concise, timely, and most useful information. Circular No. 26 of the department contains analyses of 108 brands of commercial fertilizers sold in the State, formulæ for composting these with cotton seed and stable and lot manure, and directions for experiments.

One very gratifying mark of progress in Georgia farming is the fact that the planters of the State are getting into the way of making a very economical use of their cotton seed by composting it with acid phosphates and manure, and, when necessary, potash salts. In this way they get phosphoric acid and potash in available forms at fair rates, and make use of home products for nitrogen instead of importing it from Northern markets at high cost in ammoniated phosphates.

Engineering.—The latest news from the scene of the Hell Gate explosion indicates that the work has been quite satisfactorily accomplished. The task of removing the broken fragments will still occupy considerable time.

Mr. Moreno, on behalf of himself and fellow-corporators, lately filed at Washington, in accordance with an act of Congress granting them a franchise for telegraphic communication between America and Asia, a written acceptance of the terms and conditions imposed by the law.

The tunnel through the San Fernando Mountains has just been completed. Its length is 6966 feet, and it is affirmed to be the largest on the Pacific coast.

The Postmaster-General of England has deputed a commission to proceed to this country to examine and report upon the American telegraphic system.

The last issue of the *Railroad Gazette* records the construction, up to October 27, of 1770 miles of new railroad in the United States during the current year, against 920 miles reported during the corresponding period of 1875, 1242 miles in 1874, and 2955 in 1873.

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The movement for the substitution of steam for horse power upon passenger roads in cities seems to be steadily progressing. Several light locomotives for this purpose have lately been made in Pittsburg for use in New Orleans, and shipped thither.

The *Iron Age* publishes an important tabular statement showing the number of iron furnaces in and out of blast upon the 1st of September, 1876. A summary of these figures shows that of 656 reporting furnaces, 216 were in blast and 440 out of blast. The following table, from the same source, gives a comparison of the condition of furnaces for 1874, 1875, and 1876:

Fuel.	In Blast.			Out of Blast.		
	1874.	1875.	1876.	1874.	1875.	1876.
Charcoal.....	143	109	70	63	161	152
Anthracite.....	122	86	70	65	121	155
Bituminous.....	83	89	76	98	107	133

Mr. Britten strongly advocates the utilization of blast-furnace slag for the manufacture of glass. He proposes that iron-makers shall erect glass-works in connection with blast-furnaces, which in many instances might be built close up to the sides of the furnaces, and extended laterally away from the pig bed. Where there is insufficient room for this arrangement, the glass-works might be erected at some distance away, and the slag could be conveyed to them in a state of fusion in large covered ladles on wheels, similar to those used in some Bessemer steel-works. Although the slag can be of no value for perfectly white glass, because of the amount of iron it contains, which can not be eliminated, yet for all glass in which a tinge of color is either needed or is not detrimental—and this includes a large proportion of all that is made—the slag will answer every purpose.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of November. —As we write, the result of the Presidential election, held November 7, is still in doubt. Democratic Presidential electors were elected in three Northern States—New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut; in one of the Western States—Indiana; and in all of the Southern States except South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Mr. Tilden is thus assured of 184 votes in the Electoral College, 185 being necessary to a choice. Republican electors were elected in six Northern States—Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont; in twelve Western States—California, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, Ohio, Oregon, and Wisconsin; and in one Southern State—South Carolina—giving Mr. Hayes 173 electoral votes. The State Canvassing Boards of Louisiana and Florida have not yet reported.

In New York, outside of New York and Kings counties, the Republican majority was 39,659. The Democratic majority in New York and Kings counties was 71,673, thus giving the State to the Democrats by a majority of 32,014.

President Grant, November 10, issued the following orders:

"PHILADELPHIA, *November* 10.

"*General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.:*

"Instruct General Auger in Louisiana and General Ruger in Florida to be vigilant with the forces at their command to preserve peace and good order, and to see that the proper and legal Boards of Canvassers are unmolested in the performance of their duties. Should there be any grounds of suspicion of fraudulent count on either side, it should be reported and denounced at once. No man worthy of the office of President should be willing to hold it if counted in or placed there by fraud. Either party can afford to be disappointed in the result. The country can not afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns.

"U. S. GRANT."

"PHILADELPHIA, *November* 10.

"*General Sherman, Washington, D. C.:*

"Send all the troops to General Auger he may deem necessary to insure entire quiet and a peaceful count of the ballots actually cast. They may be taken from South Carolina unless there is reason to suspect an outbreak there. The presence of citizens from other States, I understand, is requested in Louisiana to see that the Board of Canvassers make a fair count of the vote actually cast. It is to be hoped that representative and fair men of both parties will go. U. S. GRANT."

The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was formally closed by President Grant, November 10.

The Mexican Congress has declared, 131 against 45, for the re-election of President Lerdo de Tejada, who has also the support of all the Governors, that of Oaxaca excepted.

The recent election for the Prussian Chamber of Deputies resulted in substantial gains for the liberal party.

In the Spanish Senate, November 6, the government submitted a bill restoring the constitutional guarantees throughout Spain, except in the Basque Provinces.—In the Cortes, November 15, the Minister of the Interior introduced a bill restoring the old electoral law. This bill, if passed, would abolish universal suffrage.

At the end of October it seemed that the Eastern question would soon reach a pacific solution. Later advices are not so favorable. The Porte hesitates to enter into a conference until it receives a guarantee for the integrity of Turkey. In the mean time both Russia and Turkey are making warlike preparations, and in this respect England is not inactive.

The grand ship-canal in Holland, connecting Amsterdam with the sea, was opened, October 31, with considerable ceremony. The canal is sixteen miles in length.

DISASTERS.

October 30.—Near Goldsborough, Pennsylvania, a coal train ran into a passenger train, on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad. Five persons killed and thirteen wounded.

October 31.—Panic in a Chinese theatre, San Francisco, California, from an alarm of fire. Twenty persons killed.

October 31.—A terrific cyclone in Eastern Bengal. Three large islands were submerged, and there was a loss of 120,000 lives.

OBITUARY.

November 6.—In Rome, Italy, Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli, in his seventy-first year.

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Editor's Drawer.



JANUARY.

THEN came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nayles to warm them if he may;
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon a huge great earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood. SPENSER.

Coming down to our own time, we have this exquisite winter sketch by Lowell:

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

And thus writes Emerson in the *Snow-Storm*:

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopp'd, the courier's feet
Delay'd, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

COULDN'T help laughing, the other day, at this bit in one of our exchanges:

A young lady of St. Louis was walking up Fifth Avenue with a friend. On reaching Madison Square, she paused a moment before the statue of Mr. Seward, and surveyed it without betraying the slightest emotion, until her eyes happened to fall on the great statesman's feet, when a smile of recognition at once illuminated her countenance, and she softly murmured, "Born in Chicago, I suppose."

PRESIDENT CHADBOURNE, of Williams College, had a blunt interrogatory put to him the other day by a callow collegian that for the moment caused an elevation of the presidential eyebrow. He was telling the Freshman Class, during a lecture, that the notion of allowing girls to enter college for the sake of their good influence on the boys was not as sound as it might be; whereupon a young Freshman raised his hand and inquired, "Don't you think it would have a good influence on the young ladies?"

WHOSO saith that ye driver of ye omnibus hath not within him the spirit of fun, let him ponder this: A man of Connecticut—a well-to-do man—returning from the Centennial, took a Madison Avenue omnibus to go to the New Haven dépôt. Having parted with all his small change, he pass-

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ed up to the driver, for change, a ten-dollar bill. Now ten-dollar bills are not often passed up to drivers, whereupon this driver, looking first at his poor old team, put his mouth down to the little hole through which change is passed, and said, "All right, Sir; *which horse will you have?*" The man from Tolland said he didn't wish to buy a horse, but wanted his $X "broke." The driver simply said, "Oh!"

An old and distinguished army officer, who has sent many good things to the Drawer, and whose "hand-of-write" is always welcome, sends us from Fort Saunders, Wyoming Territory, the following ticket, nominated by the Democrats of that propinquity. It will be observed that *several* of the candidates are of the Milesian persuasion. We reproduce it *verbatim:*

SWEETWATER COUNTY DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Sheriff,
P. A. McPHER.

Probate Judge,
TIM McCARTY.

County Clerk,
A. McINTOSH.

Assessor,
D. McLELLAND.

County Commissioners,
D. McDONALD,
A. McQUADE,
J. McELEVRA.

Coroner,
G. McCONNELL.

Superintendent of Schools,
J. McGUIRE.

Surveyor,
W. McCABE.

Are there any Irish about?

It wasn't a bad hit, the other day, when some one said, "In 1776 we went to war on account of the Stamp Act, and got the nigger; in 1861 we went to war about the nigger, and got the Stamp Act."

From a few Old World anecdotes sent us by a friend, we give this of Wordsworth:

It was sometimes the custom of the poet to ramble about the country in his neighborhood composing poems aloud. The estimate placed on that sort of thing by those of the vicinity may appear by the answer of a poor man who was breaking stones on the Rydal road. A gentleman who knew both him and Wordsworth found him at work one day, and greeted him with, "Good-morning, John. What news have you this morning?"

"Why, nothing very particular, only old Wordsworth's broken loose again."

And when the poet died, a sympathizing neighbor suggested, as an alleviation for the affliction, that "the mistress is a cleverish sort of body: I reckon she can carry on the business."

Some years since the pastor of a New England village church adopted a plan to interest the members of his flock in the study of the Bible. It was this. At the Wednesday evening meeting he would give out some topic to be discussed on the ensuing week, thus giving a week for them to study up. One week the subject was St. Paul. After the preliminary devotional exercises, the pastor called upon his deacons to "speak to the question." One immediately arose and began to describe the personal appearance of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. He said St. Paul was a tall, rather spare man, with black hair and eyes, dark complexion, bilious temperament, etc. His picture of Paul was a faithful portrait of *himself*. He sat down, and another pillar of the church arose and said, "I think the brother preceding me has read the Scriptures to little purpose if his description of St. Paul is a sample of his Biblical knowledge. St. Paul was, as I understand it, a short, thickset man, with sandy hair, gray eyes, florid complexion, and a nervous-sanguine temperament," giving, like his predecessor, an accurate picture of *himself*. He was followed by another, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and who was withal an inveterate stammerer. He spoke about as follows: "My bro-bro-brethren, I have ne-ne-never fo-found much ab-about the pe-pe-personal ap-pe-pe-pearance of St. P-p-paul. But one thing is clearly established, and tha-that is, St. P-p-paul had an imp-pe-pediment in his speech." The effect can be imagined. A "tidal wave" of audible smiles swept over the congregation, the good clergyman taking his full quota. He immediately arose and dismissed the assembly.

The members of the Senior Class of Hanover College were very much exercised over the gubernatorial contest in their State—Indiana—and, as a result, few were prepared to recite on the following day. Among the unprepared was "Judge" Walker, a great Republican, and a wag. The "judge," not relishing the idea of taking a *zero*, determined to run the chances and recite. Armed with this determination, he took his usual place in the astronomical class. It being his turn to recite, Professor Hamilton propounded the following question:

"Mr. Walker, how do you account for the fact that it takes us twenty-four hours to complete the solar day, while it takes us but twenty-three hours fifty-six minutes to complete the sidereal day—what becomes of the other four minutes?"

"Well," replied the "judge," solemnly, "there have been quite a number of explanations given of this phenomenon, but I believe that the one now generally accepted by astronomers is that these four minutes are *set apart* for refreshments."

That, we believe, *is* the theory maintained by Proctor.

Thus from that most aristocratic of all English serials, the London *Court Journal:*

By an order of the Lords of the Admiralty, the Admiral Superintendent of the Devonport Dockyard has formally and severely reprimanded an engineer student for replying to the examiner in a facetious manner. The student, when asked, "How would you proceed to get up steam?" answered, "Tighten your funnel stays and regulate your funnel draught, then look up to our Father and say, 'I am ready to go home if the boiler front comes out.'"

"By my troth," saith Edmund Yates, "they are merry fellows in the Town Council of Galway! A plan was laid before that body at its last meeting for the erection of a new wooden bridge in place of the rickety old one between the Claddagh and the fish-market. The engineer said

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he was prepared to guarantee that the new work would last fifty years.

"'Ay,' said a canny councilor, 'but will you guarantee that we shall be here to test that pledge of yours?'

"'Nay,' quoth the secretary; 'some of us will have crossed another bridge.'

"'Is it a wooden one, you mean?' queried the engineer.

"'A bridge of Styx, anyhow!' was the prompt reply."

HERE are a few pleasant bits of anecdote of the Scottish people, as told by that most admirable of *raconteurs*, the Rev. Dr. Charles Rogers, editor of *Lyra Britannica:*

"Parish school-masters are, on their appointment, examined as to their literary qualifications. One of the fraternity being called by his examiner to translate Horace's ode beginning,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

commenced, "Exegi monumentum—I have eaten a mountain." "Ah," said one of the examiners, "ye needna proceed any further; for after eatin' sic a dinner, this parish wad be a puir mouthfu' t' ye. Ye maun try some wider sphere."

THERE was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in the following: Shortly after the establishment of the Ministers' Widows' Fund, the minister of Cranshaws asked in marriage the daughter of a small farmer in the neighborhood. The damsel asked her father whether she should accept the clergyman's offer. "Oh," said the sire, "tak him, Jenny; he's as gude deid as leevin." The farmer meant that his daughter would, owing to the new fund, be equally well off a widow as a wife.

LORD ESKGROVE is described by Lord Cockburn, in his *Memorials of his Time*, as a most eccentric personage. Cockburn heard him sentence a tailor for murdering a soldier, in these words: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or pierce, or push, or project, or propel the li-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's."

WHILE summing up evidence in a case for the opinion of the jury, Eskgrove spoke thus: "And so, gentlemen, having shown you that the panel's argument is utterly *impossibill*, I shall now proceed for to show you that it is extremely *improbabill*."

THE good old deacon who officiated at the closing exercises mentioned below, how perfectly did he express what so many of us have felt at the manner in which church music is *executed* by many of our quartette choirs!

Not long since, in a fashionable church in one of the towns of New York, the singing was performed by a quartette choir. It happened one rainy Sabbath that only the soprano and tenor singers were present. An anthem had been rehearsed for the occasion by the whole choir, and as it was one especially appropriate for the day, it was decided that the tenor and soprano should undertake it alone, which they did. After the service a venerable deacon was called upon to open the Sunday-school with prayer. After going over the usual ground, he closed by saying: "And now, O Lord, we pray that Thou wilt raise up a generation of singers for *this* church, so that *one man* and *one woman* will not have to do all our singing."

It reminds us of an irate old Baptist preacher, who hated all orchestral aid in the services of the sanctuary, and therefore "went for" the violoncello man—the only accompanist—by saying, "The choir can now fiddle and sing the sixty-eighth hymn."

A WELL-TO-DO real estate dealer of Teutonic descent, who abides in one of the mountainous places of Pennsylvania, noticing a friend who was looking at one of the pattern plates of *Harper's Bazar*, remarked, "Well, it does beat all how dis gountry is gittin' cut up mit de railroads!"

THERE are people, mostly young and gushing, who look upon newspaper life as about the pleasantest thing going—something that makes one feel good all the time, excepting when the compositors and paper man have to be confronted, and cash comes in with cunctation rather than with celerity. Let such read the following tabular statement, setting forth with bald accuracy the experience of an able journalist of Texas, and determine whether that man had many leisure hours that he could give to the "cultivation" of poesy or the higher branches of art:

Been asked to drink	11,892
Drank	11,892
Requested to retract	416
Didn't retract	416
Invited to parties and receptions by persons fishing for puffs	8,333
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint	8,300
Threatened to be whipped	174
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	170
Been promised whiskey, gin, etc., if we would go after them	5,610
Been after them	5,000
Been asked what's the news	800,000
Told	23
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,977
Been to church	2
Changed politics	32
Expect to change still	50
Gave to charity	$5 00
Gave for a terrier dog	$25 00
Cash on hand	$1 00

SOME years ago, when "going West" was more of an undertaking than at present, a young man was leaving his home in Vermont for Illinois. The family were gathered to say farewell, and not without tears. The grandfather took the young man by the hand, and said, "Now, John, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and look out for rattlesnakes, and be careful that nobody steals your watch."

AMONG the many good things said by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon in his lecture on "Eccentric Preachers," the following account of Billy Dawson will be appreciated by our readers:

On one occasion Billy was preaching about David's encounter with Goliath; and after picturing vividly the challenge of the Philistines and the defiance of David, he took out a pocket-handkerchief, and having made a sling of it, he put in an

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imaginary stone, and flung it with such apparent reality and force that, just as the stone left the sling, Sammy Hick, the village blacksmith, fairly carried away by his feelings, shouted, "That's right, Billy; now hoff with 'is 'ed!"

A LONDON gentleman writes to the Drawer that while staying at Ramsgate, Kent, last August, he visited the old church and village of St. Peter's. In the grave-yard he found an old stone, on which was the following inscription:

In Memory of Mr. RICHARD YOY
(Called the Kentish Samson).
Died May 18, 1742, aged 67.

Herculean Hero! famed for Strength!
At last lies here, his breadth and length.
See how the mighty man is Fallen.
To death the strong and weak are all one;
And the same Judgment doth befall
Goliath great as David small.

It is related of this extraordinary man that he was taken notice of by William the Third, before whom he performed the feats of pulling against an extraordinarily strong horse, breaking a rope which would bear thirty-five hundred-weight, and lifting a weight of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds. Our friend Professor Austin Flint, Jun., should investigate about Yoy.

SPEAKING of epitaphs, Portsmouth furnishes this, of special interest to all women who wish to please "men of science:"

In memory of
MRS. HANNAH BRACKETT,
Widow of Josiah Brackett,
who died
April 24th, 1816, in the 71st year of her age.
A Pious, Cheerful, Rational Christian.
Possessing an Active and Intelligent Mind,
much of her time was employed in
Literary Pursuits,
and her acquirements were manifold,
with that Female Diffidence which made
her conversation pleasing to
Men of Science.

It is seldom that so much mutual satisfaction is chronicled in four lines as in the following:

Here lies Margaret, Steven's wife.
We lived six months in broil and strife;
Death came at last and set her free,
And I was glad, and so was she.

In this wise are detailed the perils of going a-fishing:

Ringle, wrangle,
Two young men
A-fishing went.
Ringle, wrangle,
Honus Hole,
Cedar Pole,
Stringle, strangle.

A TENNESSEE correspondent sends this of Davy Crockett, which is good enough to be new, though it were a centennial:

"I was once," said Davy, "treed by a herd of prairie wolves. I shot away all my ammunition, and threw away my gun and knife among them, but it was no use. Finally I thought I would try the effect of music, and began to sing 'Old Hundred.' Before I finished the first verse, every wolf put his fore-paws to his ears and galloped off."

THE two following are from a legal gentleman in Wall Street:

Some years back I dined with a friend and his wife who had not long been married, and whose household was conducted upon a somewhat limited scale. The sole servant was an Irishwoman, and in the course of the meal my hostess gave her directions as to bringing up the pudding. At the given time Bridget appeared, carrying the pudding on a dish without removing the cloth in which it had been boiled.

"Well, Bridget," said the lady, "why didn't you take the pudding out of the cloth?"

Bridget stared, astonished at the question, and then exclaimed, "Shure, ma'am, an' *I wouldn't take the liberty.*"

ONE of the most impudent of retorts was made in a London police court by a prosecuting officer of a board of guardians, and came about in this wise:

A prisoner was accused with running away, leaving his wife and family chargeable to the parochial funds, and the officer had to represent the guardians, and prosecute on their behalf. During the hearing, a dispute arose between the court and the officer, and the magistrate, with a view to end it, turned rather angrily to the officer, and said, "Do you think, Sir, that you know the law as well as I do?"

The reply, given with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders, was, "I regret to hear you say that, Sir, for I should be only too happy to possess your worship's learning, experience, and situation."

WHEN Professor Aytoun was making proposals of marriage to his first wife, a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson, the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.

"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but as I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject, you must just go and tell him my proposals yourself."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."

"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back." He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. There the anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words: "With the author's compliments."

MANY years ago in Scotland illicit distillation was a practice consequent on the national love of potent beverages. It was lamentably prevalent. The idle Highlander planted his still in the remote glen of the mountain corrie, and prepared his whiskey by the light of the moon. He was an incorrigible offender. An Argyleshire Highlander was reproved by his minister for engaging in this illegal traffic. "Ye mauna ask me," said the smuggler, "to gie't up, for it supports the family. My faither, an' his faither afore him, made a drappie. The drink is gude—far better for a bodie than the coorse big-still whusky. Besides, I *permit nae swearin' at the still*, an' a' is dune daecently an' in order. I dinna see muckle harm in't."

ANOTHER characteristic case is that of a parish minister in Fifeshire, who had succeeded in ob-

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taining the modification of a heavy penalty imposed on a parishioner who had a second time been found guilty of smuggling. The offender had solemnly promised to abandon the practice. When his difficulty was overcome, he waited on the clergyman to thank him for his intercession.

"I hope, John," said the pastor, "that, as you have promised, you will carefully avoid every thing of this sort in future."

"Surely, Sir, surely," said John; but as he was leaving the apartment, he shook his benefactor heartily by the hand, and exclaimed, as he made his retreat, "Ye'll get a bottle o' the best o't yet."

In the interests of electricity the Drawer commends this, just received from Cincinnati, to the investigating department of the W. U. T. Co.:

"In the building in which the writer was employed some time since was a negro porter named Burnet. Among his duties was that of carrying telegraphic messages to the offices of the companies for transmission. He had cudgeled his brains as to the method thereof, and the result was indicated one day when there happened to be passing a wagon loaded with the large poles used by the telegraph companies in supporting their wires. Upon my alluding to their extraordinary size, Burnet, who was standing near, said, 'I specs dem telegraph poles has to be pooty large, don't dey, Mr. H——?'

"'What makes you think that?' I asked.

"'Well, I s'pose jist for de standing dey don't need to be so big, but *when dey puts on de pressu'* dey has to be pooty strong.'

"'What do you mean by putting on the pressure?'

"'Why,' said he, 'when dey sends de messages over, don't dey have to put on de pressu'?'"

That is a fair theory; but President Orton once gave us another explanation, made by a "man and a brother," thus:

"Now you see, Sam, s'pose da was a dog, and dat dog's head was in Hoboken and his tail in Brooklyn."

"Go 'way, da ain't no such dog."

"Well, s'pose da was."

"Well, s'pose da was."

"Well, den, de telegram is jes like dat dog. If I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, what he do?"

"Dunno."

"Why, if I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, he go bark in Hoboken. Dat's de science of it."

"Golly! golly!"

AN IDEAL.

Seraphina, young and lovely, with a fortune at command,
Had a host of ardent suitors, each aspiring to her hand;
But she smiled not on their wooing, and she cared not for their woes,
For she loved a bright ideal, with a haughty Roman nose.
In her waking dreams she saw him—tall, with raven locks above,
While beneath his brow majestic curved the *nose* that she could love—
And all other men grew hateful, and with longing look she cried,
"Come! a life's devotion waits thee! come and claim thy willing bride!"
Love, with soft entreating accents, sought in vain the maiden's heart;
Eyes sent out their killing glances, manly figures did their part,
All in vain: her virgin fancy by the *nose* was captive led,
And to each who came a-wooing, "No," was all the maiden said.
Sternest Fate brought retribution. At a brilliant ball, one night,
Seraphina met her hero—that loved nose beamed on her sight.
Colonel Montagu Augustus (name as high-bred as his looks;
What a pity truth must spoil it by that vile cognomen, *Snooks!*),
Tall, with raven locks and whiskers, and—most potent charm of all—
Roman nose, whose grand proportions held her very soul in thrall.
Well, the story needs no telling: each seemed to the other drawn,
Talking, walking, glancing, dancing, soon the blissful hours had gone.
Colonel Montagu Augustus in the graceful *rôle* of lover,
Seraphina gazing fondly at the nose that towered above her.
Meeting upon meeting followed: luckless lovers, one by one,
Saw the fortress of her fancy yield ere siege was well begun.
Ere the winter snows had vanished, ere the blossoming of spring,
At her side his nose was carried, on her finger shone his ring.

'Mid the disappointed suitors who for Seraphina pined,
One rash youth to schemes of vengeance had devoted heart and mind.
"Words are useless," so he answered to the friends who would advise—
"Words are useless while my rival flaunts that nose before my eyes!"
And he hastened from their presence with such anguish in his air
That he filled them with forebodings dark and deep as his despair.
That same evening Seraphina and her charming Montagu,
Tired of crowds and gay confusion, stole an hour to bill and coo.
Side by side, their hands close-clasping, he then: "Dearest, name the day."
She, enraptured, softly sighing, "Who that knows thee *could* say nay?"
In that moment, hark! a footstep, then a hand flung wide the door—
Seraphina's cast-off suitor gazes on her face once more.
"Mr. Simpkins!" cries the maiden: "unexpected pleasure this—
Colonel Snooks—*so* glad to see you" (though she didn't *look* her bliss).
Simpkins answered not her greeting. Onward, with a single stride,
Past the chair she would have offered, he had reached the Colonel's side.
Something strange in his demeanor thrilled poor Seraphina's heart
With a sense of coming evil, but in vain her scream and start.
"Seraphina, I have lost you," Simpkins mutters as he stands;
"Well I know what came between us"—wildly clinching both his hands.
"But if I might wreak my vengeance on the cause of all my woe,
Pull that nose once, then, contented, I could from your presence go."
Quick as thought his hand is lifted—he has grasped that lovely nose—
See! he starts! he pales! he trembles! see his nerveless grasp unclose!
While poor Montagu Augustus, groaning, sinks into a chair,
With too little nose to speak of, and a face of white despair.
But the crumbling waxen fragments, as from Simpkins' hand they fell,
And were scattered o'er the carpet, had their own sad tale to tell.
Seraphina's scream of terror died in anguish sore away;
"*Where's your nose?*" she questioned faintly, then in deadly swoon she lay;
For the fearful truth had smote her, as she caught the Colonel's eye—
He had lost his nose in battle; she had loved a waxen lie!

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HARPER'S
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No. CCCXXI.—FEBRUARY, 1877.—Vol. LIV.

ON THE TAFF.



THE RUINED KEEP, CARDIFF CASTLE.

THE line which separates England from Wales is but a shadowy one. The traveler passing from one part of the queendom to another would observe nothing in the aspect of people or country to indicate where England ceases and Wales begins. The same fair fields of greenest green, the same dark, luxuriant hedge-rows, the same smooth, narrow roads, the same bowery lanes and vine-grown cottages, with here and there a handsome villa or a lordly mansion, and here and there a ruined castle or crumbling abbey—these are the characteristics of the landscape. The geographical fact is that the line between England and Wales runs from a point on the Bristol Channel a mile or two north of Cardiff, to a point on St. George's Channel just below Liverpool; but the custom of the country is to include Monmouthshire and Herefordshire in the term South Wales. The United States consulate at Cardiff, which is for all Wales, includes also that

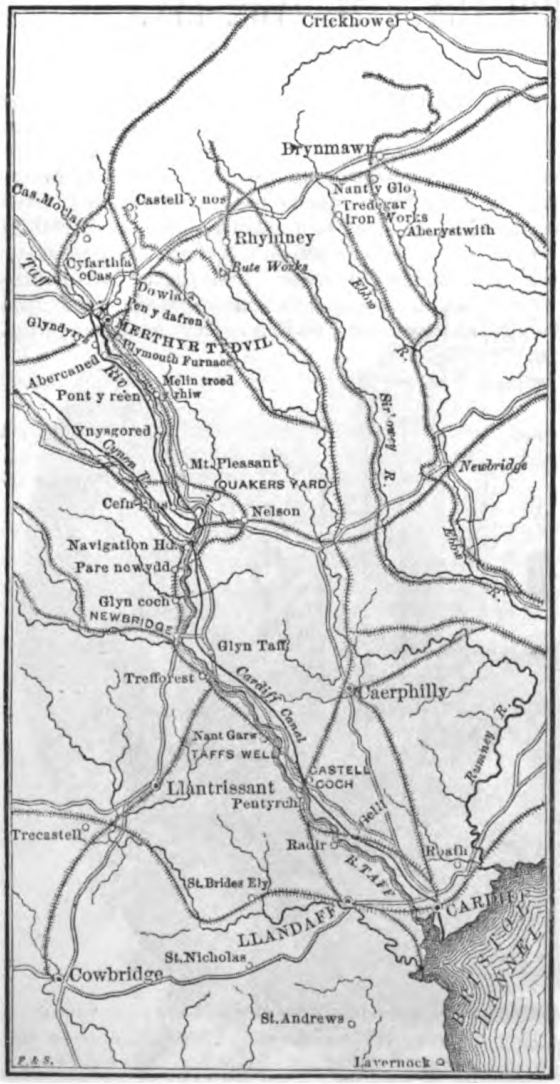
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part of England which is traversed by the river Usk. This part of England was originally in Wales, and was peopled by the fierce race of Britons, who fought long and hard, but in vain finally, against their first conquerors, the Romans, and subsequently against the Saxons. The Welsh people now are quite as loyal to the British crown as are the English, and the English language is commonly spoken in all parts of Wales. It is true that the Welsh tongue is also spoken by a majority of the people, and is lovingly retained in the religious practices of every community; bards still sing their lays in Welsh, and preachers preach and newspapers are printed in the same ancient tongue; but it is only in the wildest regions that natives are occasionally to be found who do not understand any English. It is far more common to find Germans in New York and Chicago who speak only their native language than it is to find Welshmen in the cities of Wales who speak only Welsh.



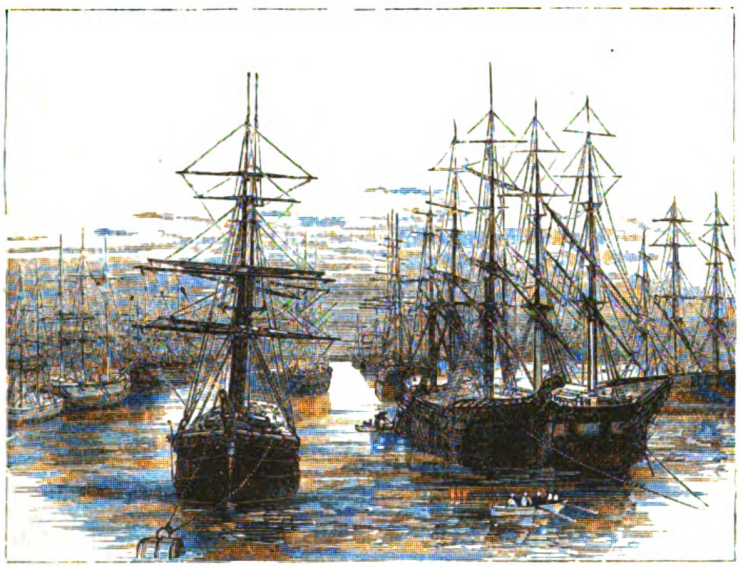
THE COURSE OF THE TAFF.

The river Taff has its rise in the Brecon Mountains, and winds thence through the richest county of Wales, namely, Glamorganshire, to Cardiff, where it empties its small flood into the wide bosom of the Bristol Channel. The region which it thus traverses is one which affords a full variety of Welsh scenery. The northern portion of Glamorganshire is somewhat wild of aspect, with its rugged mountains, but it is not a wildness like that with which travelers in America are familiar. After the stupendous heights and awful cañons of California and Colorado, the wildness of Wales seems like a sort of show kept for tourists, for at the base of its most rugged hills lie the peaceful gardens and quaint little rural villages of an old and well-tamed civilization. There is a strong charm in this proximity, however; and I confess I am not one whose appreciation of gorge and precipice is diminished by the fact that there is a snug hotel in the vale hard by, and in that hotel the best mutton in the world. Americans who have traveled know that England beats the world in the matter of mutton; and Wales beats England.

In the southern portion of Glamorganshire the Taff crawls dreamily along a fertile plain where Nature is in her most generous mood, so that the country hereabout is known by the peculiarly fit, if not very original, title of the garden of Wales. To Cardiff is this garden tributary, and, indeed, of it is Cardiff a part. The climate of the county is mild and pleasant; it has a southerly outlook upon the Atlantic Ocean; and it is altogether a beautiful and agreeable region. The Romans in their day called it Siluria. In the early part of the sixth century it was governed by that doughty warrior hight Arthur the Brave, to whom succeeded his son Morgan, and after them other great fighters of men, who through more than a thousand years swung their battle-axes with great industry; and there stand to-day in this one small county *thirty* ivy-grown and crumbling military and baronial edifices in a condition of more or less picturesque decay. Each has its thrilling history of olden time, its memories of illustrious heroes, its legends, its superstitions, and its old wives' tales. In addition to these, there are in the county, and all of great antiquity, two abbeys, a priory, a cathedral, and other relics of monastic days.

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Cardiff, the handsome sea-port town which sits at the mouth of the Taff, does not owe its importance to the ancient ruins which besprinkle Glamorganshire, but to the fact that the county is the greatest coal centre of the British Empire. To iron and coal Great Britain chiefly ascribes its grandeur among nations, and from Glamorganshire it draws vast quantities of these; the deposits are deemed well-nigh inexhaustible. Cardiff is but an outlet for this wealth, and is not, as some suppose, a smoky and sooty sort of Pittsburg. It is clean, handsome, with broad streets and fine edifices, and a clear blue sky overhead. From the collieries and iron-works of the mountain cities on the Taff by railway and canal the mineral treasures of Glamorganshire are brought down to Cardiff and shipped upon salt-water. As regards its relations with American shipping,



SHIPS IN DOCK AT CARDIFF.

Cardiff is the second sea-port town in Great Britain, the first being Liverpool. But it is only within the last forty years that Cardiff has assumed this importance, and it is barely a hundred years—a bagatelle in the history of Cardiff, though a somewhat important period of time from an American point of view—since it was a small town, with no better means of communication with the mining regions than by donkey-power. It was customary for women and boys to drive into port mules laden with coal in bags, and iron came down the hills in scanty wagon-loads. It is related that "Mr. Bacon's contract guns in the American war" were thus transported to Cardiff. In 1798 a canal was opened from Cardiff to Merthyr Tydvil, over the mountains, which was considered one of the seven wonders of the world, rising to a height, within twenty-four miles, of five hundred feet, by means of thirty locks. This canal is still used, though there are three lines of railway to rival it. The grand impetus to the business of Cardiff was given by the construction of the enormous stone docks, begun in 1834 by the late Marquis of Bute at his own private cost—a matter of some five million dollars. Precisely what is signified by a work of this character no untraveled American can easily comprehend. There is nothing of the sort on our side the Atlantic. Imagine a stone-shored lake cut in the land, as it might be a vast deep cellar dug out of the ground and walled about with huge blocks of dressed stone. Give imagination scope until you realize cellars so large as to afford a mile or more of stone wharves, at which, and in the waters inclosed by which, innumerable ships may ride at ease as in a walled room. About one hundred acres of water surface are thus inclosed, remote from the open Channel, and in the midst of the town. No storm that ever raged could ruffle to anger the placid bosom of this stone-shored lake or combination of lakes. Wide fields of sandy plain stretch between and around these lakes, leveled and graveled, having long lines of iron gas lamps and graceful iron fences, and huge stone warehouses, and railway tracks on which the laden trucks from the mountain mines roll down alongside the sleeping ships. Huge iron steamers lie and doze as in a placid pond. Looking about in this novel marine world, you observe that there are various levels of water; here the ships ride on the smooth liquid floor not twelve inches below the sole of your foot as you stand; you walk across a bit of the sandy stretch, and there the ships are lying in a gulf below you, so

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that you could rest your foot on their yard-arms. Huge locks connect these different levels—locks so capacious that sometimes two vessels at once may pass in and be lifted together from the lower to the higher plane.

Somewhat unique among European sea-ports is Cardiff town in the fact that it stands upon level ground. There are no hills among its streets, and no cliffs looking upon the sea. In some of the more ancient parts of the town its ways are narrow and devious, but many of the streets are wide, and all are well paved and well lighted with gas. The High Street is lined with some handsome public buildings, and ornamented by an unpretentious statue of the late Marquis of Bute, his face turned to the castle within whose walls he died, and where his son, the present marquis, resides. The High Street changes its name after a few rods, and becomes St. Mary Street, in the fashion of European towns—a fashion which often bothers Americans a good deal. It is as if Broadway should be Broadway from the Battery up to Trinity Church, and there suddenly change its name to State Street, and begin renumbering the houses, changing again at Stewart's and becoming Washington Street. This thoroughfare, and another long one which rejoices in the singular name of Crockherbtown (minus any common noun whatever, as in the case of Piccadilly), are the chief shopping quarters of the residents. The city takes on its character of a sea-port when you enter the long street called the Bute Road, which stretches through the modern quarter that has grown up with the great docks. But though modern in comparison with the Cardiff which stood in the Dark Ages, the Bute Road quarter seems more like London than does the older part; at least more like the London Dickens pictured, and which Americans relish best. It is almost always alive with a motley population, conspicuous among whom are ever sailors ashore, with their sweethearts strolling by their side in holiday mood. These sturdy charmers are characterized by the peculiarity of wearing their arms bared to the elbow as they stroll, and their heads are usually also bare; their manners are somewhat free, and it is to be feared their morals are not always of the best. Nor is their beauty great; but Jack ashore is not hard to please. On all hands are the evidences that Jack is the favorite customer in the Bute Road. Sol-Gills-like shops for nautical instruments abound; Captain-Cuttleish charts of far-off seas are seen in frequent windows; dealers in slop clothing and pawnbrokers with motley wares are on every hand. Taxidermists display in their dull glass fronts rows of perky birds, among which, or so it seems to me, white sea-gulls predominate. The stock in trade of music dealers runs heavily to such instruments as Jack is fond of solacing his idle hours withal—brass Jew's-harps of enormous size, the tuneful accordion, the easy whistle, the banjo, and the fiddle.

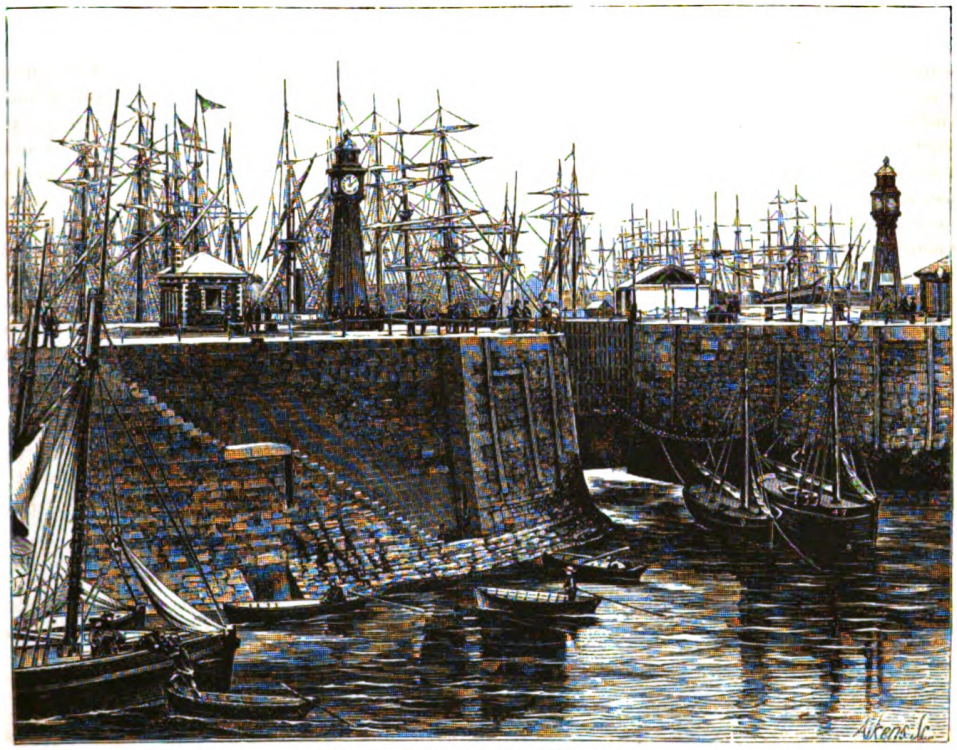
A surprising feature of the provision shops, which abound, is the presence of great quantities of canned eatables from America. Canned succotash from Boston, salmon from Oregon, oysters from Baltimore, beef from Texas, peaches from Delaware, are here in such profusion that I commented on the fact to a brawny John Bull behind his piled-up wares. "Oh yes, 'r," he answered, heartily, "we couldn't get on 'ithout the 'Mericans;" adding, after a moment, "no, ner they 'ithout hus"—a sentiment which I cordially indorsed. The canned fruits and vegetables are sold here at a price in many cases lower than the like can be bought fresh in the market, and in many cases, too, are better than the fresh fruits and vegetables. Our



HIGH STREET, CARDIFF.

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peaches, for example, have no peer among English fruits, except those which are reared with a sedulous care that makes them very costly. The canned peaches, and, indeed, all the canned edibles from America, large stone buildings with tall spires and architectural splendors; and these are all attended by full congregations. On the other hand, there is one theatre in Cardiff—a poor little box, to which almost nobody goes,



ENTRANCE TO THE BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.

are sold here at a price actually lower than in New York.

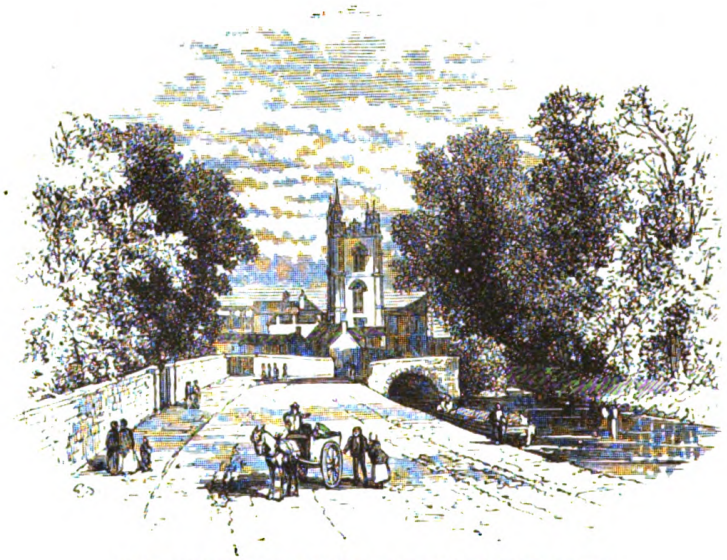
The up-town and down-town quarters of Cardiff favor each other amiably in matters of trade. Each quarter has its half-holiday per week; but while the up-town haberdashers, mercers, et cetera, close their shops for a half-holiday on the Wednesday, the down-towners select for the same purpose the Saturday, so that all parties are satisfied. Cardiff is in advance of most European towns to the extent of having its line of horse-cars running from end to end of the town; and a very popular institution it is, reducing the profits of the cabbies greatly. The line is called a tram-way, the car a tram, the conductor a tram-man, and, in lieu of a bell-punch, this worthy carries a book of paper tickets, from which he tears one for each passenger as a fare is paid — twopence. There are seats on top, after the fashion of Cincinnati, and standing up in the car is not permitted.

The moral tone of Cardiff is indicated by the fact that there are thirty-seven churches and chapels—so called, though these chapels are really churches as Americans understand the word in its relation to an edifice for public worship, being usually though there always seems to be some company down from London performing of an evening. Most of the churches are of the "Dissenting" sects, *i. e.*, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, etc., though there are nine or ten churches of the established religion. There are, besides, a Quaker meeting-house, a church of the Latter-day Saints, a seamen's Bethel, and one or two Roman Catholic churches. And in none of these places of worship could a thin congregation ever be found on a Sunday, I think, unless there were a plague in the town. In twelve of the so-called chapels the Welsh tongue is employed. The old parish church is St. John's—an ancient edifice, with a grand stone tower of great height, which is worth a long journey to see. In a country less rich in antiquities than this, St. John's Church would be an enormous lion. Its tower is black with age, massive, rugged, but terminating with a pile of pierced battlements and airy carved and ornamented pinnacles of extreme beauty. The mullioned windows of the tower, too, are exquisite in their grace, being solid stone, without sashes or glass, but carved inside and out with delicate tracery, perforated, with an effect like lace-work, over the whole window,

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so that the light sifts through dimly. The entrance door is a strange low arch, barely six feet high, and the old church-yard adjoining is thick with the graves of six centuries of the dead.

The residence quarters of Cardiff are solidly built, and in many instances present abodes of great beauty and elegance, surrounded by grounds of exceeding loveliness. In accordance with an ancient custom, which doubtless had its origin in the old-time absence of street numbers, almost every house bears a name of its own, which is generally carved in the stone by the door-side. Villas abound—villas in name, that is, for in the majority of cases they are not provided with so much as a single tree to warrant the appellation—and such pretty cognomens as Rose Villa, Devon Villa, Oakworth Villa, Exmouth Villa, and the like line the streets.



TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CARDIFF, FROM THE NORTH.

Other homes are modestly termed cottages, as Moss-side Cottage, Ivy-side Cottage, etc. An American gentleman, for many years a resident here (and the only American dwelling in Cardiff, except the United States consul), has a row of cottages named after the Presidents from Washington to Fillmore. His ambition is to build four more, so that he may be able to name the last one Grant Cottage. The cottages of Cardiff are built of stone; a wooden residence of any sort is unknown in this part of the world either in town or country.

The most interesting edifice in Cardiff is the Castle. Right in the heart of the town, its tall towers looking down on the huddling roofs of inns and shops, stands this noble old fortress, the scene of many a stirring passage in history. Passing out into the Cowbridge Road, a continuation of Angel Street, we may look up at the New Tower, as it is called—a modern addition to the castle, glittering with gilding on spire and roof, and coats of arms and statues, where they stand high up in sheltered niches. Here also we see the stone gallery stretching to the Curthose Tower, sometimes called the Black Tower, and again Robert's Tower. The legend of this tower is historical. Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, having been captured in battle by his brother Henry, whose crown he coveted (and with good cause, since it was Robert's by right), was brought to Cardiff and confined in this tower early in the twelfth century. For twenty-six years he continued imprisoned here, and here he died. So much is undisputed fact. Embroidered on this fact are many tales more or less fanciful, but all having some threads of probability: as that he was kept constantly confined in the dark dungeon underneath the tower throughout all those years; that he was blinded by his cruel brother, his eyes being plucked out as soon as he arrived at Cardiff; and that he died at last of chagrin at being given one of his brother's cast-off garments to wear.* On the other hand, it

* Thus runs the ancient legend: "During his imprisonment it happened that Henry, his brother, and then kinge, had brought him, upon a feast daye, in the morninge, a scarlet garment to putt on, with a cape for the head, as the manor then was, which, as he essayed, he found it too straighte in the cape, insomuche that he brake a stitche or twoe in the seame, and, castinge it aside, he bad his gentleman give it to his brother Robert, for his head (quoth he) is less than myne. The garment was brought him, and when he sawe it a little torne, he demanded how it happened that it was not sewed; the gentleman told the trouthe, which, as he understode, he fell into a great melancholy, sayinge, 'And dothe my brother make me his bedeman, in that he sendethe me his cast clothes? Then have I lyved too longe!' and refusing all sustenance, he died."

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is asserted that Robert had the range of the whole castle, with ample space for exercise and air within its far-stretching walls; that he had buffoons to amuse him, and was fed on the fat of the land; that his eyes were not ever put out; and that he died comfortably in his bed.

We take the path to the right, while a great peacock spreads his gaudy tail in our honor, and sings to us after the fashion of his kind. The smooth graveled walk leads through a green and rustling land of leaves, up the now grassy ramparts to the battlements of the outward wall, on which feudal knights hung out their banners for many a fight. The parapet, though much overgrown with moss and ivy, and gnawed deep in many places by the tooth of time, is still sturdy and unbroken. Leaning on the ample space of an embrasure, we can look down from the parapet on the tiled roofs of a cluster of little old stone houses, crowding and pushing each other under the wall, now the homes of some of the humbler folk of Cardiff. Our path runs along on a line with the top of a parapet, and some six feet below the battlements, and is shadowed deep with the green leaves of spreading oaks. Here meeting Hodge, the laborer, walking toward the gate, I ask him if we are in the right path to the castle keep, to which he answers, "Yezzir," after the time-honored fashion of Hodge in old plays, grinning broadly and taking off his broken hat, which, evoking from his questioner a responsive grin, so pleases Hodge that he immediately bestows on me a peacock feather as long as my two arms.



CARDIFF CASTLE, HOME OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

Here from an opening between the trees we get a square front view of the residence portion of the castle—a handsome building with early English turrets, partly overgrown with ivy in picturesque fashion. This is the home of the present Marquis of Bute, a young man of twenty-six, who here passes the larger portion of his time each year, although he has other seats in various parts of the queendom. His wife, the marchioness, is a very comely young lady, who presents a pleasing picture standing in the ter-

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raced walk upon the rampart, and leaning her elbow on the vine-embroidered battlements—indeed, so comely that were she not known to be the marchioness, she might easily be mistaken for one of our graceful New York or Baltimore girls, and I know not how more warmly to compliment her ladyship's beauty. Lady Bute is popular in Cardiff, and the people will not tire of telling you how fair and gentle she looked on the day when she presided at the opening of the latest completed basin in the Bute Docks, and smilingly saluted the American flag as it came sailing up the road, a Yankee skipper having been the first to enter the new basin.

The cellars of this part of the castle are Norman, but the castle itself is less ancient. It occupies the ground on which stood the residence of the old lord of Glamorgan and his successor, Robert Fitzhamon, in the elev-



NEW TOWER OF CARDIFF CASTLE.

enth and twelfth centuries. Within are several portraits of the lords and ladies who have dwelt here in later times—*i. e.*, within the past two or three centuries—including one of Lady Windsor by Pope's Twickenham friend, Sir Godfrey Kneller. A Bute became owner of the castle by marrying an heiress of the Windsors, who inherited in the same manner from William Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, who received the castle from the hands of Henry the Seventh after the battle of Bosworth Field. These are the more recent details. Were we to follow the history of Cardiff Castle back into the stormy times of Welsh supremacy, we should have to deal with such men as Owain Glyndwr, whose name, in its English shape, is immortalized in the phrase, "The irregular and wild Glendower;" and with Ivor, son of Cadevor, and other Welsh chieftains of great renown. Owen Glendower took the castle and destroyed the town of Cardiff in his day. As for Ivor, called Bach (the little), from the smallness of his stature, there hangs in Cardiff town-hall a painting commemorating one of his many daring deeds. He was a wild Welshman, dwelling in the hills back of here with a band of devoted followers, and used to boast that he had twelve hundred men who would beat the best twelve thousand in the world. In the present case he broke into Cardiff Castle by force of arms when it was tenanted by one Robert, a natural son of Henry I., and compelled that newly married lord to eat humble pie. It seems this Robert, having become lord of Glamorgan by marrying the daughter of Fitzhamon, sought to force the English laws upon the Welsh people. The Cymry struggled vainly with this oppression until Ivor Bach came suddenly down from the mountains and made the wedded pair prisoners, only releasing them on the due restoration of the ancient laws and liberties of the people. The painting in the town-hall is a dramatic piece of workmanship, where fierce, bare-armed men glare upon the meek-looking earl surrounded by his affrighted women, and supported on his left by an old Welsh harper with flowing gray locks.

Resuming our walk we pass a pretty lakelet, where white swans are floating and peacocks sunning themselves on the parapet, and come upon curious holes in the ground, which I suspect are remains of a subterranean passage. At least it is claimed by men who have written, and whose writings have found print, that such a passage did exist in olden

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times, leading from Cardiff Castle to some place unknown on the other side of the river Taff—some say even to Castell Coch, which is five miles from Cardiff. In support of this opinion is related the well-known incident of the civil wars, when Cardiff Castle was betrayed to Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell had encamped in a field (still shown) near Cardiff in person to besiege the royalists then in possession of this stronghold; but it was defended with such spirit that Cromwell might have failed in his purpose, but for the fact that a wretch deserted from the royalist camp and conducted the Puritan soldiers within the castle—after which Cromwell promptly hanged him as a reward for his services. Thus far the story is a matter of history, and perfectly authentic. Less readily accepted is the opinion of many that the republican forces were conducted "through one of the secret passages which lay immediately under the river Taff."

Near this point begins a winding walk, which leads, with graveled grace and flowery ease, from the level ground of the park, around and around a large mound, up to its top; and on its top is the most interesting feature of Cardiff Castle—a ruin hoary with age and picturesque with ivy and decay. This is the ancient keep, which stands upon an artificial mound seventy-five feet high—a hill originally built with men's hands, but now thickly overgrown with old trees. Walking around this house set upon a hill, and looking up at its still sturdy walls, it is easy to imagine that when the besieged residents of the castle betook themselves to this place of last resort, they were in a stronghold which might long defy their enemies. The picture at the head of this paper shows the ruin as one sees it from the park below, and does not clearly exhibit its shape, the tower in the foreground appearing to be the most important part of the structure, whereas it is but an adjunct. Behind the tower lies the great polygonal keep—a polygon without, but circular within—to which the tower compares in size as one's nose to one's head. Climbing the stone staircase which winds up inside this tower, and whose granite steps are worn away by the tread of twenty generations of men, the toilsome ascent recalls the familiar story of Sir Foulk Fitzwarren, of which this castle was the reputed scene. Sir Foulk boasted to his knights that he had jumped from the ground to the top of yonder tower, "which ye know to be the tallest tower in these parts." This being doubted, wagers were laid, and Sir Foulk agreed to do the feat again. So when the knights were gathered at the appointed time, Sir Foulk jumped to the top of the first step of the staircase, then to the next, and so on, one at a time, till he jumped on the topmost step. "Oho," said the knights, "we could do that ourselves." "Yes," said Sir Foulk, "now that I have taught you how."



CURTHOSE TOWER.

There is a magnificent view of the country about Cardiff from the top of this tower, and it is a country the peaceful beauty of which can hardly be surpassed in all Europe. Moss and wild flowers grow here atop, for sun and rain have free entrance, although the careful hand of the marquis has placed solid oaken supports wherever they are needed to preserve the ruin from further decay, and huge beams cross from side to side overhead, supporting a flag-staff crowned with a gilded coronet. The flag is raised to denote the presence of the marquis; when he goes away, it is furled.

Old as this castle is, it is not so old as the town. When Aulus Didus came here, at the time the Romans invaded Britain, that doughty general found on this spot a town known by the name of Rhatoslabius. He stationed a garrison here to curb the fierce Silures, and called the town Caerdidi, from which comes Cardiff, signifying the fortress on the Taff. In Cardiff was born Meurich, a king of Glamorgan, and the reputed father of the renowned King Arthur, whose Round Table is still pointed out to the credulous in an adjoining county; and it was the residence of many distinguished men of the times before the Norman conquest. It was many times destroyed in the fierce wars of old, and as often rebuilt. At the time the castle was erected by Fitzhamon, that chief

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surrounded Cardiff with high walls having five gates, and these were still standing in the reign of Henry the Eighth. No traces of them are now visible.

No Welsh is heard in the streets of Cardiff. It is preached in some pulpits and spoken in some homes, and the most cultivated burgesses take pride in their knowledge, be the same more or less, of the Welsh language and literature; but for the common uses of life the English language is as much the language of Cardiff as it is of New York. If the people of Cardiff differ in any marked respect from those of London and Liverpool, it may be, perhaps, in a certain bright alacrity of manner not altogether characteristic of the typical Englishman. As for the Welsh language, even the slight knowledge of a beginner in the study of this noble tongue is sufficient to show that the descendants of the Cymry are amply warranted in their affectionate pride concerning it. It is a terrible tongue to look at, but it is musical to hear, having seven vowels, and being full of soft liquid sounds. It is a most copious language too, containing no fewer than eighty thousand words; and from this fact, with others which the student early recognizes, it is easy to believe that it has greater scope for the utterance of poetical sentiments than the English language has. The pronunciation is easy and flowing, so that, with its many and incessantly recurring vowels, it is an easy language to sing, much more so than the English, and only second in this respect to the Italian. A stranger encountering the name of Ebbw Vale (one of the fair valleys near the flowing Usk) might easily suppose it to be a jaw-breaker of a word to pronounce, but the pronunciation is ebboo. So with cwrw (beer), pronounced kooroo. Wherever w occurs in Welsh, it has the sound of double o as in pool.



THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

In a suburb of Cardiff, a few minutes' drive from the centre of the town, through streets whose line of residences is almost unbroken, is the city of Llandaff. The name signifies merely the church upon the Taff; and though the place has been a city since remote antiquity, it is now a pitiful little cluster of houses, holding perhaps six hundred inhabitants. Some say the first Christian fane in Great Britain was here, and it was certainly the seat of the earliest Christian bishopric. Its founders were Saints Dubricius and Teilo, but there are no remains of their edifice now standing. Bishop Urban rebuilt the cathedral during his reign over the see, and part of his work still stands in all its original beauty. In the century after Urban — *i. e.*, the thirteenth—still more of the existing edifice was built, and Jasper Tudor erected the northwest tower. After the Reformation the cathedral fell upon evil days. The see was utterly impoverished (after having long been one of the wealthiest churches in Christendom), and the bishop caused himself to be announced at court as "the Bishop of Aff," quaintly remarking that the "land" had been taken away. The building soon fell into ruin, and sad was its state for many a long year afterward. During the early part of last century it was at its worst—a roofless ruin, with grass growing in its long-drawn aisles, and bats and owls flitting through the hollow sockets of its sightless windows, all overgrown with ivy. All are now dead who saw this sorry sight, but their descendants relate the tale.

"Strange things, the neighbors say, have happened here;
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tomb;
Dead men have come again and walked about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd."

The first object to attract your attention when you drive into Llandaff city is an ancient cross which has been standing from time immemorial. Near it is the ruin of the castellated gateway to an episcopal palace which was destroyed—all but these few stones—by Owen Glendower. Judging from what remains, this palace must have been a tremendous structure, more fitted to have been the stronghold of some fierce Norman robber, any thing but church-going in his habits, than the home of a peaceful prelate. The ruined gate-house looks from the outside an exceedingly shaky and dangerous pile, but is, in fact, so solid, with its huge walls six feet thick—upon whose ragged tops the earth of accumulated ages lies deep,

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the rank grass and wild overgrowth of centuries springing from it—that it might be an eternal hill instead of a man-made pile. Within the wall seen on the right of the gate there is a spacious room, the floor now grass-grown, from which a stone staircase winds up the tower, climbing which, we see



LADY BUTE.

below the garden of the present bishop, and, embowered in trees, his comfortable home.

The cathedral stands in a sheltered valley on the west bank of the Taff, in a position which the founders undoubtedly chose for its beauty. While the cathedrals of the rest of the world are chiefly planted in the heart of large towns, the founders of the Welsh cathedrals appear to have fled from the presence of man, and to have fixed their dwellings in sites suited rather for Cistercian abbeys than for cathedral churches. When Llandaff was founded, probably the nearest dwelling-place of man was two miles away through deep unbroken forests. Cardiff Castle was not yet built, and the men who were to build it were unborn. Yet the natural beauty of the spot must have been great then as now. The Taff is here broad

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and pebbly-bottomed, and ripples gently under overhanging alders. With the smooth river on one side and the sheltering hill on the other, one feels again how well these old churchmen knew how to select the choicest spots of earth for their mortal abiding-places. No words of mine can convey the dream-like, by-gone, old-world impression which is made by the slouching hill, with its different levels of terraces, winding walks lined with old stone walls half hid in ivy, which overlooks the west front of the cathedral. Our view of the façade is from the dean's garden on this hill. Only from here can both the towers be seen to advantage; and even here the thick green of the trees growing below shuts off all the lower part of the edifice. This façade much resembles that of St. Remy, in France, and is, no doubt, one of the most beautiful existing specimens of the transition between the later Norman and early pointed styles. There are three stories (only two of which are visible in the engraving), the lowest having a grand doorway, Norman as to its arch, but pointed in its other characteristics, among which is the carving of birds, apes, and human figures in the stone. Over this door is a sadly dilapidated statue of the good St. Teilo. The second story presents three lofty lancet windows, and the third a central window flanked by three descending arches on each side, while the pedimental angle overhead has a niche in which stonily stands St. Dubricius, the first bishop. The Jasper Tudor Tower on the left greatly resembles that of St. John's Church, with its airy stone pinnacles and beautiful open-work parapet. The other tower is of modern construction, having been "created" within the last quarter of a century by an architect whose work is the



LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTHEAST.

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best evidence of the erudition and good taste he brought to the task. The tower which formerly stood here was blown down in a storm previous to 1730, about which time the old cathedral was rescued from the lamentable state of decay into which it had fallen.

St. Teilo was the hero, as the old chronicles tell us, of a feat known as the miraculous triplication of his mortal parts. This feat did Teilo perform after he was dead, and in this wise: In South Wales were three churches, many miles removed from each other, which laid claim to the saint's bones—one at Tenby, one at Llandeilo, and the other here—and they agreed to settle their dispute by praying to Teilo himself. With a most accommodating spirit, the saint, instead of making trouble by showing partiality, decided to supply each with an undoubted original. So when the kneeling clericals around St. Teilo's corpse arose to their feet again, lo! there were three corpses there, and each so exactly a counterpart of t'other that there was nothing to choose between them; so each church bore off its precious burden in triumph. Llandaff, however, with an obstinacy as unfair as absurd, claimed for its own corpse especial holiness, greatly to the disgust of its rivals.



ANCIENT CROSS AT LLANDAFF.

From Cardiff to Merthyr Tydvil, through a country rich in interest, runs the Taff Vale Railway along the river-side. On the brow of a steep rocky eminence, five miles from Cardiff, stands the crumbling ruin of that Castell Coch (the Red Castle) which is said to have been connected with Cardiff Castle by a subterranean passage. It was built by the ancient Britons as a stronghold for guarding the pass of Taff Vale, and the wild band of Ivor Bach long made it their home. After his day the Normans occupied it with their mailed warriors. On the side from which it overlooks the vale no enemy could approach without being visible at a great distance from its towers; and it was so guarded on every side that it is believed to have been the strongest of all the castles in South Wales. Though extremely picturesque, it is not extensive, and as we shall presently see Caerphilly, the noblest old pile in all Wales, we are willing to pass the Red Castle with but a glance.

A mile and a half from Castell Coch, on the opposite bank of the river, is Taff's Well, which has for centuries borne a great renown as a healer of rheumatism. It stands so close to the river that it is sometimes submerged. Afflicted pilgrims have come here to bathe and be made well since the days of Owen Glendower himself. But if it had no other virtue, Taff's Well might almost woo pilgrims to its side merely to look on the beautiful scenery which surrounds it, for it is in the heart of Taff Vale, one of the loveliest valleys in the world. An atmosphere of peace and restfulness pervades the scene; cows stand cooling their feet in the placid river; luxuriant woods embower the land with green; and the smooth lawns of mountains cultivated and hedge-rowed to the summit inclose the picture dreamily.

But ho! for Caerphilly, the grandest ruin of them all, the wonder of the southern land! Tennyson, who resided some time in this neighborhood, has drawn a picture of it in his *Idyls of the King:*

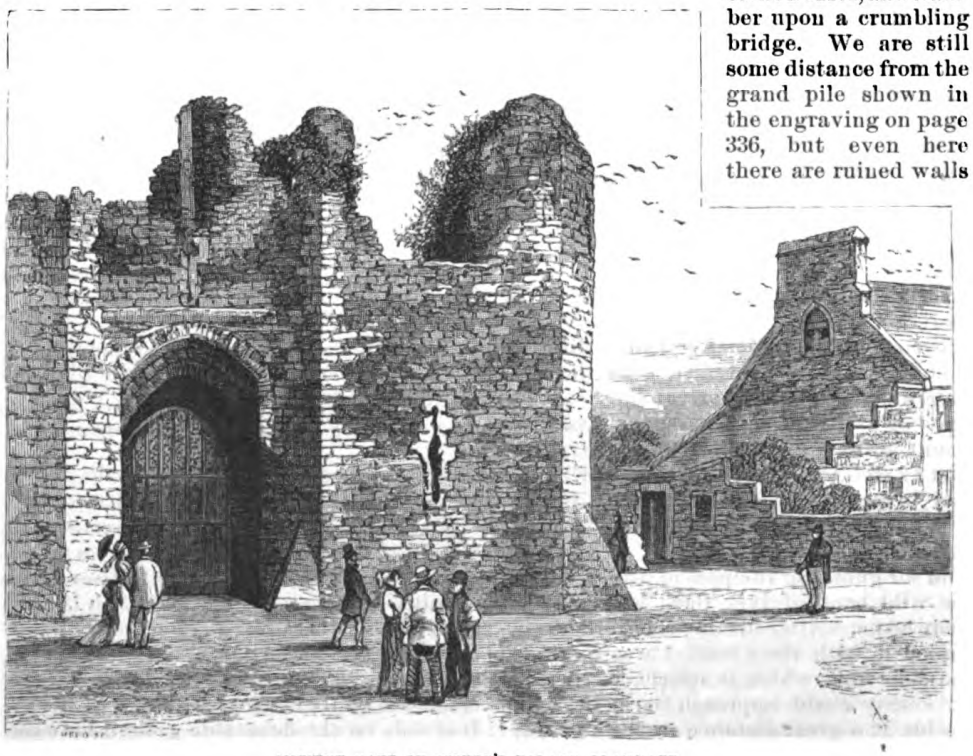
> "All was ruinous.
> Here stood a shattered archway, plumed with fern;
> And here had fallen a great part of a tower,
> Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
> And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers."

And it has been immortalized by the Welsh bards, from Ab Gwilym, in Chaucer's time, down to the rhymers of the present hour who send their songs to Dewi Wyn o Essyllt. "Gigantic Caerphilly, a fortress great in ruins"—there is not in the British Islands one to equal this in its rugged sublimity of aspect, in its vastness of extent, in the majesty of its solemn towers, and the various confusion of its assembled shapes of decay. It stands on the debatable ground between Wales and England known in the troublous

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old times as the Marches. Earlier than the day of the Lords Marches the ground whereon Caerphilly stands was occupied by a monastery, which the Saxons burned in 831. The present castle was founded by John de Braose, one of the most powerful of the Norman rulers, early in the thirteenth century, and here he dwelt with his retainers and his lovely wife, the daughter of that fiercest of all Welsh princes, Llewellyn Ap Iorwerth, King John's son-in-law. After him came Ralph Mortimer, and after him the Spencers, who with their prodigious wealth strengthened and enlarged it, and held it long against all comers. They were a rapacious crew, those warlike Spencers, and they did not make themselves greatly beloved among their vassals and the other inhabitants of the regions round about, whom they were constantly plundering, like the lordly robbers they were. To this day there is a proverb among the Welsh by which a thing hopelessly lost is spoken of as "gone to Caerphilly," and this saying was born during the time of the Spencers. They stood a terrific siege from the party whom they called "Isabel, the she-wolf of France, and her minion Mortimer," while King Edward II. was hiding within its walls. He escaped, however, it is said, in a peasant's disguise, and some twenty miles from the castle the residents on a certain farm still boast that it was there the unfortunate monarch hired himself out as a cowherd—from which position he was dismissed in disgrace by the farmer for being an ignorant, awkward fellow. The last of the Spencers was at the coronation of Edward III., and gave up Caerphilly to that king in return for the poor privilege of life and limb and a remnant of his estate. The Marquis of Bute is the present owner, and there is every probability that Caerphilly will remain untenanted for evermore.

We arrive at the castle through a miserable little village, where poverty suns itself in dirt and squalor on the door-steps. Why any human being should elect to live here passes comprehension; but probably the most of those who inhabit the place do so because they had the bad luck to be born in it. Untidy children, with miserable pinched faces, that look as if they never had been washed, roll in the paths or sprawl in the open doors of shops and beer-houses. At one of the corners we come upon a middle-aged man stretched on the ground asleep on his back, with his mouth open, in front of his little shop, exhausted apparently with the labor of waiting for customers who never come. With the ruined towers looming duskily over all the roofs for a guide to our footsteps, we wander down the winding street, and presently, passing through a gateless gap in the stone wall of a vacant yard, go down the hill behind some houses till we come to a little brook. Following its pebbly bed, the water being barely inch-deep, and affording an abundance of dusty stepping-stones, we pass dry-shod to where it slinks out of sight between two old stone houses, and clamber upon a crumbling bridge. We are still some distance from the grand pile shown in the engraving on page 336, but even here there are ruined walls



ANCIENT GATE OF BISHOP'S PALACE, LLANDAFF.

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which once were a part of the castle. A cottager has utilized one such wall, grown over with ivy, but many feet in thickness, by building his thatched hut against it, above which the old wall towers protectingly. Under the bridge rolls a lazy little stream a few feet wide, which we are told is the river Nant y Gledyr, and in olden times a considerable stream. Children are in its middle now, playing with bare legs in the shallow water. A walk skirts a high wall for a few rods, and presently comes to a wooden gate, on which we read the modern legend: "Admission 3*d*. Closed on Sundays." A fat fellow lolling on a mossy rock within the inclosure gets slowly up at sight of us, and lazily advances to receive our largess. This Cerberus is in his shirt sleeves and half asleep; he represents the full extent of the taxes levied on strangers at Caerphilly Castle. There is, indeed, an old white-haired man, bent double and leaning on a gnarled staff, who moves snail-like toward us and touches his hat with a trembling hand, and he, no doubt, is willing to serve us in the capacity of guide; but the idea of taking this decrepit object with us in our climbing is not an entertainable one, so we bestow on him a few coppers, and ascend the low hill on our right to take a comprehensive view of the main ruin before entering. The engraving on page 336 shows us the massive keep, the great hall, the chief gate-house with its inner court or bailey, and surrounding walls, which make up the principal ruin. Now climbing the steep grassy sides of the earth-work through a broken wall, we enter and pass around to the opposite side of the bastion tower, which stands like a drunken giant, leaning far out of the perpendicular, yet solid as a mountain crag,

"And like a crag is gay with wilding flowers."

Seen from this side, the tower looks as if it surely must topple to its fall, but in truth we may climb it with safety, and without dislodging so much as a pebble. It is eighty feet high, and the summit projects nine feet over the base, but its walls are ten feet thick, and the very parapet remains perfect. The stones of which it is chiefly composed are not heavy; the part which lies fallen, within the tower, turns up its reft side to view, showing that the stones are mere slate-like slabs; but it is so solidly cemented that it looks like a huge bowlder from a precipice's brow.



TAFF VALE.

In the upright wall hard by the leaning tower we find a winding stone staircase, and ascend in the semi-darkness. How cool these old ruins are on a hot day! At the head of the stairs we come upon a long dark gallery with an arched roof, dimly lighted at intervals by broken windows. It is inside the wall (beneath the huge windows shown in the engraving, through which shines the blue of the summer sky), and is three feet wide, seven feet high, and two hundred feet long. The windows on the left

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look down upon the grassy plain through which the little river creeps; those on the right look into various rooms—one a grand hall, where a wooden floor is laid, evidently as a dancing floor for picnic parties. This hall is as large as the ball-room of the largest hotel at Long Branch. Behind are other rooms, large and small, their floors thickly overgrown with grass and flowers. The gallery ends at a flight of stairs, ascending which we find they lead to nowhere, but come to a crumbling and untimely end halfway up the tower, so that we can get no higher. Down again, and wandering blindly about, now within the wall, now on it, now in darkness where we feel the way with groping fingers, now out in the bright sunshine clear against the sky, we come to a third stairway, which leads us up to a large window with a wide view toward the west, from which our delighted vision ranges over broad plateaus of gently sloping hills, whose green fields are divided by innumerable lines of darker green, the thick hedges thus blocking out the smooth hill-side till it seems like a map spread out there carpet-wise. Another little village nestles yonder, a little way up the slope, one knows not why; it helps to make the picture perfect. And now, too, we see the castle on whose wall we stand, in all its straggling wonder, the ruined walls appearing and re-appearing far and near, till it seems like the ruin of a town we are looking upon, rather than the ruin merely of a castle. Broad fields of grass lie inclosed within the walls, and cows pasture all day long where once were paved floors. "Huge Caerphilly" indeed! stretching over thirty acres of ground even now in its day of abasement and decay, what must it have been when in its strength and glory, with flags flying from its ramparts, and thousands of busy feet hurrying to and fro in its long-drawn corridors, courts, and halls!

Along the top of that lower pile in the foreground of the ruin (as shown in the engraving), which looks like little else but a mass of soft green leafage, we walk by a wide and well-worn path, for within that green leafage is hidden what remains of the westward wall, and it is six feet wide, and as firm underfoot as a mountain. Reaching the great gate, we descend again by winding stairways set in the midst of the wall, and emerge through a low arched door into the grass-grown bailey. The turrets still stand on either side the gateway, with their narrow loop-holes for guarding the approach, which was still further protected by portcullis and stockades, moat and draw-bridge. Under-ground are the remains of a furnace which those knights of old made useful in coining money when need was, and which was also of service, one old chronicler tells us, with delightful simplicity, in heating pitch and lead "for the annoyance of be-



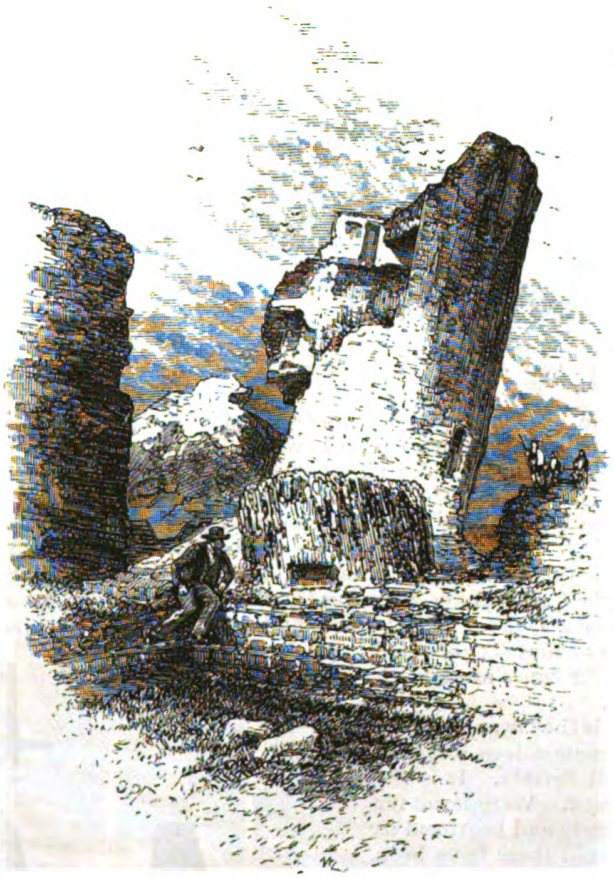
CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

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siegers." Annoying, indeed, it must have been to have the flesh roasted off one's back by a stream of molten metal poured from a turret-top!

Caerphilly is haunted, of course. Ghosts wander through its gloomy halls by night, and wail over their troubles. Miscellaneous creatures of unearthly sort are accredited to the rugged ruin; witches as well as goblins make it a place of rendezvous. The favorite of these creatures is clearly "the green lady of Caerphilly," who appears to be a cross between a banshee and an elf, being represented as a sizable woman, but light and airy in her style of getting over the ground, and good-natured in her disposition. She haunts the ruin o' nights, wearing a robe of green, and it is said that, on approaching her, she has the power of turning herself into ivy, and mingling with the growing ivy on the wall. A more ingenious way of getting rid of a spectre I never heard of.

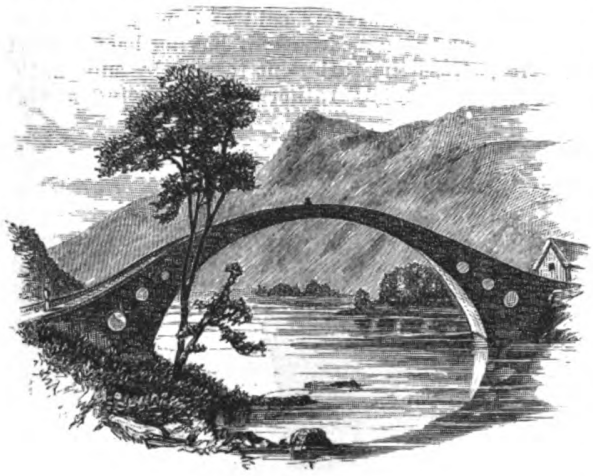
A few miles further up the Taff is a little old town called Newbridge, at and near which are two objects exceptional among the lions of South Wales, inasmuch as they have achieved a world-wide celebrity. These are the Logan Stone and the wonderful bridge called Pont y Pridd. Hackneyed themes though they be, it would be disrespectful to pass them without a glance. John George Wood, called the historian of the Welsh rivers, said of Pont y Pridd, "It has the appearance of having been wafted across the turbulent torrent by supernatural agency," rather than of being mortal man's work. It was built in 1756 by the self-taught Welsh architect William Edwards, and is apparently as sound after the lapse of a hundred and twenty years as when first completed. It consists of a single span of 140 feet, with three round holes in the haunches on either side—a contrivance common enough to-day, but a novelty when it first entered Edwards's brain, which it did not until after he had built one such bridge without the holes, thus making the arch so heavy that it sprung in the centre, and the bridge tumbled into the stream. The present bridge was an object of remarkable elegance in the landscape when first completed, as it stood surrounded by wood and field in the olden time; but now it is in the thick of the town, and just above it has been built another bridge, which is flat and



THE LEANING TOWER OF CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

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wide. The old bridge is seldom used now, because it is a pretty steep climb to go over it, and because it is so narrow that there is barely room for a single carriage to cross.



PONT Y PEIDD.

The Logan Stone, on a hill near by, derives its fame from having been so poised by nature that the touch of a child might set the heavy mass rocking. The summit of this hill was the burial-place of the ancient Welsh princes.

The village called Quakers' Yard, a few miles further up the Taff, has not a Quaker in it; but there is a Quaker burial-place there, and persons of that sect are said to crave rest for their bones after death in this quiet yard.

Merthyr Tydvil is the largest town in Wales, and the greatest iron and coal mining town in all Britain. It is the *raison d'être* of Cardiff. Were it not for Merthyr Tydvil, dusty and begrimed as it is, small use would there have been for building Cardiff docks. The chronicles relate that "until lately"—which I suppose to mean until within forty or fifty years past—this town was a "shapeless, unsightly cluster of wretched, dingy dwellings." To an American mind this suggests shanties. But the wretchedness of Merthyr (to which word Merthyr Tydvil is abbreviated in common usage) was of a very solid sort, after all. Its dwellings, however small and however poor, were all built of stone, with walls which still endure, and will when we are dust. Tydvil, or Tydfil, was a Christian princess of the fifth century, one of the numerous daughters of Brychan, Prince of Brecon, a contemporary of Hengist, and a famous preacher of the Gospel in his time. One day when he was at prayer, surrounded by his sons and daughters, all comely men and women and ardent Christians, a band of heathen Saxons and Irish Picts broke in upon them and slew the fair Tydvil, with three of her brothers. Since then the place has ever been known as Merthyr Tydvil, Merthyr in the Welsh tongue meaning martyr.

The railway sets us down in Merthyr Tydvil at precisely the quaintest centre of the old town. The houses stand in the roadway in a fashion of the most reckless and rollicking eccentricity, some with their gables to the street, some with their sides, some with their corners, and some as if nothing would suit them but to plump themselves down in the middle of the highway. In fact, it is clear that in the day when these houses were built there were no streets at all in Merthyr, but the houses were planted on a common plain, with no reference to fronts or backs, or any guide but the builder's independent notion. There is an ancient atmosphere pervading the town, which leads us to expect a nearer approach to primitive manners and customs in the inhabitants than we have hitherto seen in Wales; nor are we wrong in this expectation. The Welsh population of Merthyr is gathered in large part from the mountains and wildish valleys hereabout, and includes some specimens of the race who (as the phrase goes) have no English, with a very large number of specimens who have but little and utter it brokenly. Those of the lower class who can read—



WELSH PEASANTS.

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and almost all Welshmen, however poor and primitive, can read—generally read Welsh only; and in that respect, as indeed in most respects, are far in advance of Englishmen of the same state in life, who often can read nothing. To hear a poor and grimy Welshman, who looks as if he might not have a thought above bread and beer, talk about the poets and poetry of his native land, ancient and modern, is an experience which, when first encountered, gives the stranger quite a shock of agreeable surprise.

It is high noon when we arrive in Merthyr, and we wander up the High Street looking for something in the shape of an eating-house, for we do not care to go to a hotel. Presently we come to the market; eatables enough here, and though it is not customary for gentle-folk to eat in a market, as it is in New York (witness Dorlon's oyster-house in Fulton Market), we may do so as a matter of curiosity. We recall with satisfaction the fact that this is market-day, being Saturday; on any other day of the week (except Wednesday) we should find the market deserted. The market-house is a large hall covering some two acres of ground, with a lofty roof supported by iron beams, and several enormous doors which, being thrown open wide, flood the place with light. Light also enters through windows in the roof. The market is divided into passages like streets, but without partition walls, so that there is a free circulation of air, though the effect of partitions is produced by tall iron frames or racks which are thickly hung with shirts, or toys, or bonnets, or such wares, to the height of ten or twelve feet. The stalls are presided over in most cases by women, and contain almost every thing used in households, from toilet articles to tin-ware, as well as things eatable and drinkable. Spirituous drinks are purveyed in a beer-house built in one corner of the hall, and so inclosed as not to seem a part of the market.

Strolling through the market, we observe that each stall is confined to a specific line of goods. One stall is devoted to butter and cheese; the next to toys and fancy articles; its neighbor to vegetables and berries; others to boots and shoes, to crockery-ware, to meat and fowls, etc.—a circumstance mentioned here only to indicate the changes of time in the customs of Welsh markets. A sketch made by an artist who visited the scene some twenty years ago shows that formerly these distinctions were not made. Women came into town from the country round about, and gathered themselves promiscuously at the tables, so that at the same stand (there were no stalls) you would see one woman with a huge cheese, which comprised her entire stock in trade, while next her would stand a wom-



MERTHYR MARKET TWENTY YEARS AGO.

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THE PRIDE OF THE MARKET.

an with half a dozen dressed fowls before her, and at her elbow an old woman would display a basket containing eggs and butter. Now, only the butter-man sells butter, and he also sells cheese. Only the butcher sells fowls, along with his legs of mutton and rounds of beef. The crockery stall is a large space, with its wares piled up on rows of shelves and on a long counter, while behind it prances up and down a mercurial Welshman, who utters himself in the two languages of the realm alternately, now shrieking in Welsh wild words, among which I catch the "Diolch i Dduw!" (thank God!) now crying in English that he can undersell any tradesman in the principality; then seizing three plates from his store, and holding one in each hand, he clatters the third between them with a dexterity that would provoke a juggler to jealousy. But women reign at most of the stalls. Here is a brisk Welshwoman selling lace caps to a crowd of elderly Welsh dames, who gravely remove their bonnets, untie their old caps, and try on the new with religious care; and a lively trade drives the cap-seller, for here every woman wears a cap of lace or muslin under her bonnet or her hat. There is a noticeable change, too, in the costumes of the market-women. The peasantry of Wales, like that of most lands, cling less strenuously to their distinctive costume in these latter days than they were wont to do. Formerly a farmer's wife or daughter who should make her appearance at market or church (or on any like occasion which calls for the donning of one's best) without wearing a tall hat, would have been deemed careless of her personal appearance or peculiar in her tastes; so that twenty years ago these were seen in every direction in Merthyr market, as well as the distinctive long cloaks of bright colors, and the occasional scuttle-shaped bonnets. Nowadays the fashion is so greatly relaxed that we see but few of these in Merthyr market. The head-coverings of the women are chiefly mushroom hats of dark straw, or close-fitting bonnets of black crape, always with a lace or muslin cap underneath.

There are, however, some specimens still to be seen of the Welsh peasant costume as it has been for generations past; notably a comely young woman behind a vegetable stall, who wears the full costume in all its glory. She is a pink of neatness, and her beaver is superb. I at once christen her the Pride of the Market, and if ever I go to live in Merthyr Tydvil, I shall buy my vegetable marrows of none but her.

In another part of the market we pause before a book-stall. The books are all old and thumbed, and nearly all of a religious character. Some are volumes of poetry, none are novels. Nearly all are in the Welsh tongue. The only fresh wares are a few weekly newspapers, printed in Welsh; and there is a pile of poems or ballads in the same language, two of which we purchase for a penny. The stall-keeper is an elderly man of respectable appearance, who stands carefully at some distance from us while we look at his wares, and comes forward with



MINER'S WIFE.

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a bow and a touch of his hat to take my proffered penny, having received which, he touches his hat again, and again retires to a respectful distance. One of the ballads we have bought is titled thus: "Deio Bach, neu hiraeth mam ar ol ei mab yn myned i America." This certainly looks as if it might give a man the lock-jaw; but the stall-keeper being called on to pronounce it, we find that it comes as trippingly from his tongue as if it were a lullaby; and indeed it is something of that nature, being the song of a mother to her son, an emigrant to the land of the Stripes and Stars.

The doors of almost all the cottages are wide open, and we can see that they are generally kept with extreme tidiness. Nine-tenths of the husbands of these poor wives will come home from their work as black as negroes from the coal in which they delve, but the struggle of the women for cleanliness never seems to weary. Most of the cots are decorated with cheap pictures and images in plaster or crockery. On one wall we see a portrait of Abraham Lincoln side by side with one of Richard Cobden. A favorite *objet* in these interiors is Britannia, seated, helmet on and shield at side, in blue or green glass. Others are crockery knights on horseback, with curling black locks and gold-tinted waving plumes; groups of peasants going to wedding in white gowns and red kerchiefs; and a stalwart hero, who we hope is Owen Glendower, but who on inquiry proves to be Wallace.

Returning to the High Street and following its windings, we see a number of rather handsome stone churches, or chapels, as they are mostly called, among the best of which are the Wesley Chapel and the Shiloh Chapel, in an adjoining street. There are four or five Episcopalian churches in Merthyr, and about forty Dissenting chapels—a fact which sufficiently indicates the pronounced Cambrianism of the people.

In spite of the fact that the people of this region lean so strongly to those religious sects which are supposed to least cultivate superstition, there are abundant old wives' tales in vogue of ghosts and banshees, white ladies, green ladies, mountain witches, warning cries, goblin funerals, dogs of the sky, corpse candles, and even the apparition of the Diawl himself. These tales are told and listened to with a solemnity of countenance which at least indicates that they are considered a matter not to be trifled with. There are persons who profess to be able to cast nativities, and who somehow make a living by it. A learned Cardiff gentleman, speaking on the subject of witchcraft before one of the scientific societies there in this enlightened year 1876, seemed rather to uphold the superstitions concerning it. Another gentleman of Cardiff confessed he could not pass by the little ruin of a certain hut on the North Road, Cardiff, without making with his fingers the sign of the Trinity, in order to guard himself against witchcraft. But the belief in fairies, still so strong just north of here, on the other side of the Irish Channel, seems to have quite died out in Wales. The erudite in these deep matters say steam and railroads have banished the little good people. Others aver that the Methodist preachers have driven them away. Anyhow they are gone.

"In old time of King Artour
All was this land fulfilled of faerie.
* * * * * *
I speak of many hundred years ago;
But now can no man see no elves mo."

ASPIRATIONS.

O spirit of wisdom! O spirit of light!
Spirit of mystery, round me, above,
That I long for by day, that I dream of by night—
Bright spirit of beauty! sweet spirit of love!

You hide in the dewy green grass at my feet,
In daisy and buttercup, lily and rose;
You wave your fair hands from yon billowy wheat;
You smile from the height where the tall cedar grows.

You whisper, you touch me; I turn at your call,
To behold and to worship, but, lo! you are gone;
I hear in the distance a far echo fall,
And catch but the hem of your garment alone.

You signal and beckon me, wooing me on
From the cloud palace gates of a sunsetting sky;
You steal through my chamber, where, weary, alone,
On my thought-haunted pillow I sleeplessly lie.

You look down from the stars, you look up from the sea,
You ride on the storm, in the zephyr you sigh;
The song of the bird and the hum of the bee
Your voice's sweet echo, your step passing by.

On the wave of some melody carried afar,
To your holy of holies I seem to have come,
Yet no nearer to you than is yon northern star
To the night-wearied traveler it guides to his home.

You speak to my soul in great thoughts that breathe;
I bow down before you at quick words that burn;
But, lo! in my heart a sharp sword you ensheathe,
On my brow at your feet leave a crown that is thorn.

I stretch out my hands to you, cry and entreat,
Rising up from the dust, follow on at your call,
Ever striving and struggling, till low at your feet,
Starving, thirsting, and yet never hopeless, I fall.

From nature without and from spirit within
Your messengers speak to my tempest-tossed soul;
But they mock at my woe while they're bidding me win
This far, unattained, unattainable goal.

Ah, tell me that only 'tis here unattained,
Here in vain that I call to you, seek and not find;
That 'tis only while in this earth-prison enchained
I am halt, sick, and maimed, I am deaf, dumb, and blind.

Ah, tell me that, freed from this bondage of clay,
Far brighter than stars all these sweet hopes shall shine,
I shall find you and hold you forever and aye,
O spirit immortal! O spirit divine!

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THE LOG-BOOK OF THE "SAVANNAH."



THE honor of first navigating the sea with a steamer belongs to Colonel John Stevens, of New York, and the credit is not diminished by the fact that he was forced to it by circumstances beyond his control. Having built the steamboat *Phœnix*, he was prevented from navigating the Hudson, because at that time (1808) Fulton and Livingston had a monopoly of this river, and accordingly the *Phœnix* was sent around by sea to the Delaware River. England in those days was very active and ambitious in the new enterprise, yet it was nine years later before she ventured on sea-voyages. In 1817 the steamer *Caledonia* first crossed the Channel on her way to Holland.

Transatlantic steam navigation was long discussed before any one combining sufficient skill with courage and a spirit of adventure made the bold attempt.

The *Times* (of London, England), in the issue of May 11, 1819, thus announces the expected event:

"GREAT EXPERIMENT.—A new steam-vessel of 300 tons has been built at New York for the express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic. She is to come to Liverpool direct."

On the very day that this brief notice appeared, the vessel referred to was visited by the President of the United States and suit, and made a short trial trip previous to her departure on a hazardous voyage.

This steamer, named the *Savannah*, the first that crossed any of the oceans, was built at the city of New York by Francis Ficket for Daniel Dodd. Her engines were made by Stephen Vail, of Morristown. She was launched on the 22d of August, 1818. She could carry only seventy-five tons of coal and twenty-five cords of wood. Commanded by Captain Moses Rogers, and navigated by Stephen Rogers, both of New London, Connecticut, the *Savannah* sailed from the city of Savannah, Georgia, on the 25th of May, 1819, bound for St. Petersburg *via* Liverpool. She reached the latter port on the 20th of June, having used steam eighteen days out of the twenty-six, and thus demonstrated the feasibility of transatlantic steam navigation.

The question naturally arises, Who was Moses Rogers, and what were his qualifications for the venturesome undertaking?

Moses Rogers was born in New London, Connecticut, in the year 1779, and from early youth was engaged in sea-faring enterprises. He was actively interested in the earliest experiments which were made on the North River in the application of steam to the purposes of navigation. "He commanded the first steamboat on the Hudson River, the *Fulton*, the first steamboat on the Delaware, the *Phœnix*, the first steamboat on the Chesapeake, the *Eagle*, the first steamboat between Charleston and Savannah, name not recollected, and the first steam-ship that crossed the Atlantic, the *Savannah*." Details of the transatlantic voyage will be given later. On his return from Europe he was employed in navigating the Great Pedee, in South Carolina, and, contracting malarial fever, died at the early age of forty-two years.

The original log-book of the *Savannah*, containing the daily record of her memorable voyage, is still in possession of Captain Rogers's descendants, one of whom has kindly



MOSES ROGERS, ÆT. 21–23.

placed it in my hands for examination, with permission also to make extracts from its yet unpublished pages.

This valuable relic is made up of ninety-six pages of coarse paper of unusual size, twelve inches wide, and nineteen and a half long, browned with age, and with edges ragged from much handling. Only fifty-two pages are written on, the rest remaining

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blank. It is not bound, but the large sheets are sewn into an enveloping piece of sail-cloth, which is rudely hemmed at the upper and lower edges. This cloth cover bears the simple inscription, "Steam-ship *Savannah's* Log-book," printed in bold characters. The handwriting is that of Stephen Rogers, the sailing-master. Every word in the closely written pages is legible, the ink being still black; but a small portion of the entries, however, have any present interest, the larger part being remarks on the weather, on the disposition of the ship's sails, and the results of the observations of latitude and longitude. We propose, however, to give some extracts from this interesting relic, and to combine with them a history of the voyage, obtained from outside sources. The engraving at the head of this paper is a perfect fac-simile of the log-book.

The caption of the first page is as follows:

"A Journal of a Voyage from New York towards Savannah on board steam-ship *Savannah;* Moses Rogers, Master."

This is continued on three pages; the caption of the fifth being,

"A Harbour Journal on board steam-ship *Savannah;* Moses Rogers, Master."

And after a few pages this in turn gives place to:

"A Journal of a Voyage from Savannah towards Liverpool on board steam-ship *Savannah;* Moses Rogers, Master."

The caption changes afterward several times, but preserves the same formula.

The first entry in the log-book is the following:

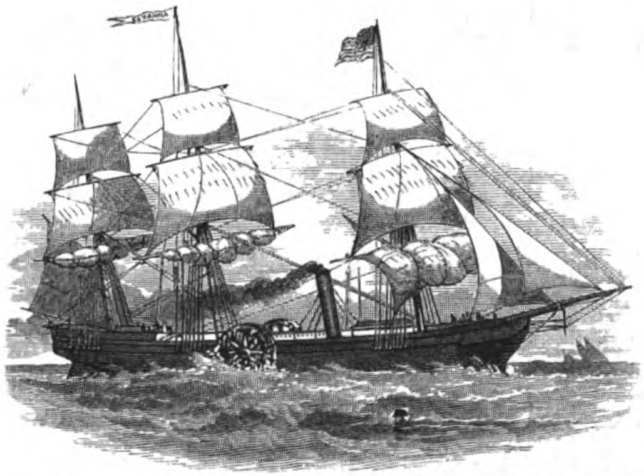
"Sunday March 28th 1819. These 24 hours begins with fresh breezes at N. W. At 10 A.M. got under way for Sea with the crew on board. At 1 P.M. the Pilot left the Ship off Sandy hook light."

After this entry the page is ruled on the left side into six narrow columns, which are headed respectively, "H, K, HK,* Course, Winds, LW;" and then comes a longer space, headed, "Remarks on board," with the proper date.

The second entry is as follows:

"Remarks on board Monday March 29th 1819. These 24 hours begins with fresh breezes and clear. At 4 P.M. the Hilands of Neversink bore N. b. W. 6 Leagues distant from which I take my departure. At 10 P.M. took in Topgallant Sails. At 6 A.M. Set Topgallant Sails. At 8 A.M. Tacked Ship to the Westward. Saw a brig and Schooner Steering to the Westward. At 11 A.M. took in the Mizon and Fore Top gallant Sails. At 11 A.M. got the Steam up and it come on to blow fresh we took the Wheels in on deck in 30 minute. At meridion fresh breezes and Cloudy. Lat. by Obs. 39° 19'."

This is a fair sample of the daily records,



STEAMER "SAVANNAH," THE FIRST STEAM-SHIP THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

extending, without much to relieve the monotony, over a period of nine months.

The statement, "we took the Wheels in on deck in 30 minute," refers to the fact that this steamer was so constructed that in case of boisterous weather her paddle-wheels could be brought on deck.

During the next two days the vessel encountered heavy gales and strong breezes. On the Saturday following the departure we find this entry: "These 24 hours begins balm and pleasant. Used Wheels middle of the Day."

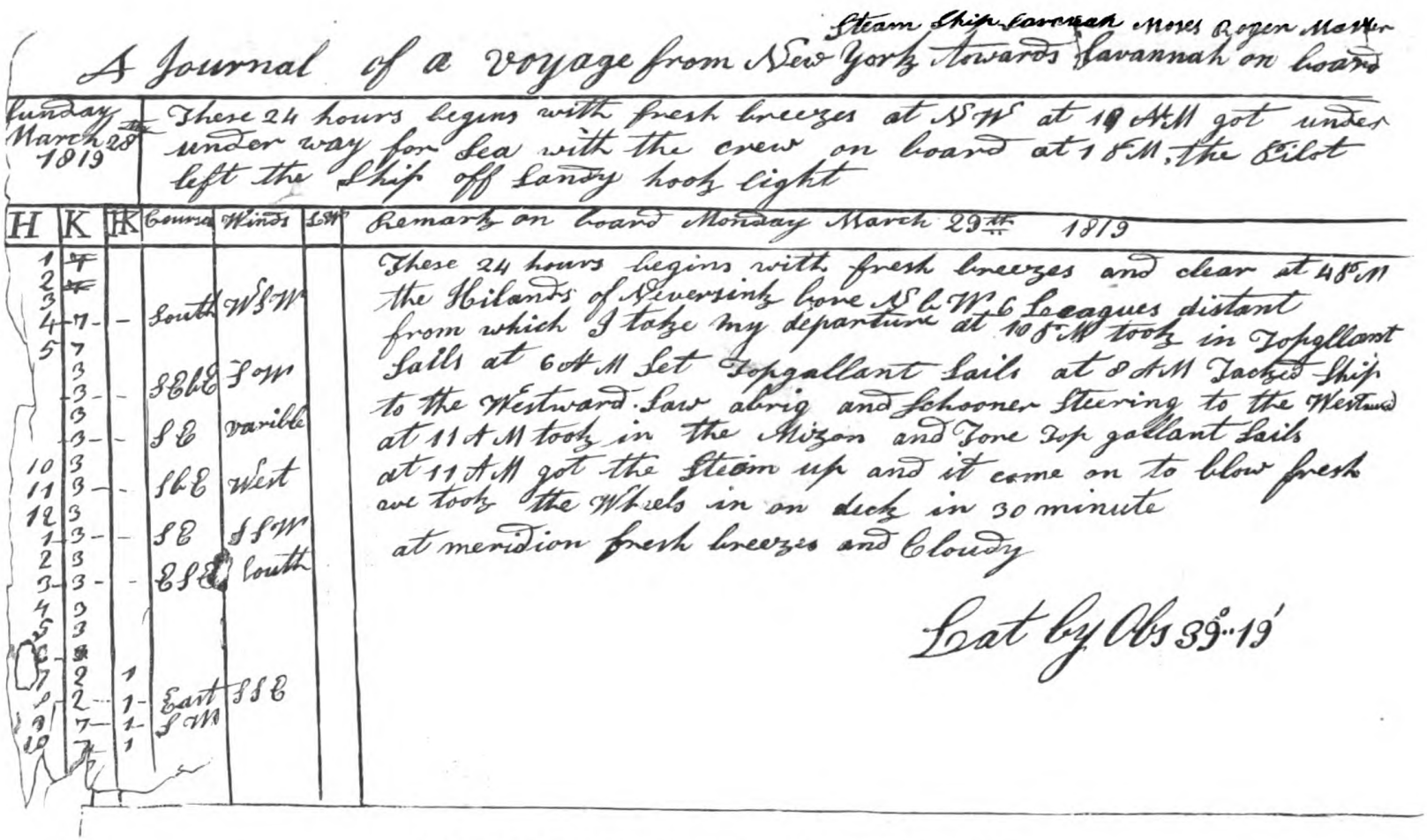
The steamer reached Savannah on Tuesday, April 6, having used steam four days. It remained there eight days, and then "got steam up and started for Charleston," which they reached next day. The vessel lay at Charleston, "all hands employed in Ships duty," until April 30, when they returned with steam to Savannah.

A few days later, while the vessel was lying at the wharf in Savannah, we find this interesting entry: "May 3d Joseph the Cook left the Ship"—a circumstance of no small

* H stands for hour, and K for knots, the HK for half knots, and is very rarely filled.

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Steam Ship Savannah Moses Rogers Master

A Journal of a Voyage from New York towards Savannah on board

Sunday March 28th 1819 — These 24 hours begins with fresh breezes at S W at 1 P M got under under way for Sea with the crew on board at 1 P M, the Pilot left the Ship off Sandy hook light

H	K	K	Course	Winds	Remark on board Monday March 29th 1819
1	7				These 24 hours begins with fresh breezes and clear at 4 P M
2	7				the Hilands of Neversink bore N b W 6 Leagues distant
3	7	-	South	W S W	from which I take my departure at 10 P M took in Topgallant
4	7	-			Sails at 6 A M Set Topgallant Sails at 8 A M Jacked Ship
5	7				to the Westward. Saw a brig and Schooner Steering to the Westward
	3		S E b E	S W	at 11 A M took in the Mizon and Fore Top gallant Sails
	3	-			at 11 A M got the Steam up and it come on to blow fresh
	3	-	S E b E	Varible	we took the Wheels in on deck in 30 minute
10	3				at meridion fresh breezes and Cloudy
11	3	-	S E b E	West	
12	3				Lat by Obs 39° 19'
1	3	-	S E	S S W	
2	3				
3	3	-	E S E	South	
4	3				
5	3				
6	3				
7	2	1			
8	2	1	East	S S E	
9	7	1	S W		
10	7	1			

FAC-SIMILE OF THE SECOND ENTRY IN THE LOG-BOOK OF THE "SAVANNAH."

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importance to those dependent upon his culinary labors.

The *Savannah* remained twenty-three days at the city of the same name, during which time "all hands were engaged in Ships duty" and in "taking in cole."

On the 11th of May we find this entry: "These 24 hours begins with light breezes at N. W. and pleasant. President of the U. States James Monroe and suit come on board of the Ship at 7 A.M. to go to Tybe light. At 8 A.M. got the Steam up," and after a pleasure excursion the distinguished party returned in the evening.

The next entry (May 12) is quite curious: "Daniel Claypit cut his left thum off, the Doctor done it up and then bled James Monroe."

The recurrence of this distinguished name in this connection is very singular; probably one of the crew was thus called.

Life on board the steamer at anchor off Savannah was not wholly devoid of incident. The sad accident related in the following entry was, we believe, the only one which resulted fatally during the entire voyage. "May 19th John Western comeing on board from the shore fell of the Plank and was Drounded. he was a native of Massachusetts, Town of Gray. At 10 A.M. caught John Western with a boat-hook and jury was held over him braught in accerdental Deth took him on board the Ship and put him in a Coffin."



MOSES ROGERS, ÆT. 40.

On the 22d of May Captain Rogers "got steam up and at 9 A.M. started" on the transatlantic voyage. Nothing of much interest is detailed in the daily records of the log-book, which are, on the whole, rather monotonous with their repetitions: "These 24 hours begins with" such and such weather. On the 2d of June they "stopped the Wheels to clean the clinkers out of the furnice, a hevy head sea, at 6 P.M. started Wheels again; at 2 A.M. took in the Wheels."

Land was sighted on June 16, being the coast of Ireland, and on the 17th the *Savannah* "was boarded by the King's Cutter *Kite*, Lieutenant John Bowie."

The log-book here as elsewhere is sternly brief, but fortunately we have in Stephen Rogers's own words a fuller account of the amusing circumstances connected with this boarding by the king's cutter. He said, in a communication to the New London (Connecticut) *Gazette:* "She [the steamer] was seen from the telegraph station at Cape Clear, on the southern coast of Ireland, and reported as a ship on fire. The admiral, who lay in the Cove of Cork, dispatched one of the king's cutters to her relief. But great was their wonder at their inability, with all sail in a fast vessel, to come up with a ship under bare poles. After several shots were fired from the cutter, the engine was stopped, and the surprise of her crew at the mistake they had made, as well as their curiosity to see the singular Yankee craft, can be easily imagined. They asked permission to go on board, and were much gratified by the inspection of this naval novelty."

Two days later (June 20) they "shipped the wheels and furled the sails and run into the River Murcer, and at 6 P.M. come to anchor off Liverpool with the small bower anchor."

These simple words are all that were thought necessary to record the successful termination of the daring venture; not a word of boasting, of congratulation, nor even of thankfulness, does this man of deeds place on record. Fortunately we have details of the manner in which the steamer was received in the account given by Stephen Rogers already alluded to. He says: "On approaching Liverpool, hundreds of people came off in boats to see her. She was compelled to lay outside the bar till the tide should serve for her to go in. During this time she had her colors all flying, when a boat from a British sloop of war came alongside and hailed. The sailing-master was on deck at the time, and answered. The officer of the boat asked him, 'Where is your master?' to which he gave the laconic reply, 'I have no master, Sir.' 'Where's your *captain*, then?' 'He's below. Do you wish to see him?' 'I do, Sir.' The captain, who was then below, on being called, asked what he wanted, to which the officer answered, 'Why do you wear that pennant, Sir?' 'Because my country allows me to, Sir.' 'My commander thinks it was done to insult him, and if you don't take it down he

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will send a force that will do it.' Captain Rogers then exclaimed, to the engineer, 'Get the hot-water engine ready!' Although there was no such machine on board the vessel, the order had the desired effect, and John Bull was glad to paddle off as fast as possible.

"On approaching the city, the shipping, piers, and roofs of houses were thronged with persons cheering the adventurous craft. Several naval officers, noblemen, and merchants from London came down to visit her, and were very curious to ascertain her speed, destination, and other particulars."



TEA-KETTLE PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN ROGERS BY LORD LYNEDOCK.

During the sojourn of the *Savannah* at Liverpool the British public regarded her with suspicion, and the newspapers of the day suggested the idea that "this steam operation may in some manner be connected with the ambitious views of the United States." One journal, recalling the fact that Jerome Bonaparte had offered a large reward to any one who would succeed in rescuing his brother Napoleon from St. Helena, surmised that the *Savannah* had this undertaking in view.

The steamer remained twenty-five days at Liverpool. Meanwhile the following tragic event is recorded:

"July 19th 1819 These 24 hours begins with fresh breezes and rain. Captain Rogers told Mr Blackman to go on shore after James Bruce and John Smith to get them on board. They would not Come; the watchman put them in the boat, John Smith tried to nock Mr Blackman over board Struck him several times he Swore he would take Mr Blackman's life but Mr Blackman got him on board and he denied his duty and then he was put in Irons. Middle and latter part fresh gales at S.W. and rain."

The peculiar way in which this tragedy is ushered in by "breezes and rain," and concluded with "gales at S.W. and rain," is very amusing. Next day we read: "John Smith Still in Irons." But the next day after this we read: "At 5 A.M. took the Irons off John Smith he went to duty." Our chronicler is very considerate not to leave us in doubt as to the termination of this effort to force an obstreperous man to perform his prescribed duties.

The *Savannah* sailed for St. Petersburg on July 23, "getting under way with Steam," and "a large fleet of Vessels in company." Captain Rogers touched *en route* at Copenhagen, where his vessel excited great curiosity, and also at Stockholm, where she was visited by the royal family, or, in the homely language of the log-book, "His royal highness Oscar Prince of Sweden and Norway come on board." (August 28.) While at Stockholm we find this entry: "Mr. Huse [Christopher Hughes] the American Minister and Lady and all the Furran Minersters and their Laydes at Stockholm come on board"—and at Mr. Hughes's invitation made an excursion among the neighboring islands.

On the 5th of September the steamer left Stockholm, with Lord Lynedock, of England, who was then on a tour through the north of Europe, as a distinguished passenger. On the 9th she reached Cronstadt, having used steam the whole passage, and a few days later she arrived at St. Petersburg. Here she was visited, by the invitation of our embassador at that court, by the Russian Lord High Admiral, Marcus de Travys, and other distinguished military and naval officers, who also tested her superior qualities by a trip to Cronstadt.

The *Savannah* lingered at St. Petersburg until October 10, and then set sail on her homeward voyage, "in company with about 80 sail of Shiping." She arrived at Savannah, Tuesday, November 30, the weather on that day being "calm and fogy." Shortly after, the steamer was taken to the navy-yard at Washington. The object of this visit to the national capital was, in the words of another, "to fix her name and exploits in the minds of prominent men from all parts of the United States, in order to lay a foundation for the defense and maintenance of our claim to that distinction which this craft and her daring commander had unitedly wrought out for our nation upon the mighty deep."

The journal of the voyage continues while at Washington. We transcribe but two more entries:

"Dec 16th 1819 Frank Smith damd and swore at the Captain and struck at the Captain and struck him two or three times and then Smith was put in irons."

The last entry in the log-book is as follows:

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"Remarks on board Friday Dec 17th 1819. These 24 hours begins with light breezes and cloudy. Sundry jobs on hand."

This abrupt termination of the log-book we can not account for. The subsequent history of the *Savannah* can be told in a few words. On account of the great fire in Savannah her owners were compelled to sell her, and she was purchased to run as a packet between that place and New York, whither she was bound, under charge of Captain Nathaniel Holdredge, when she was lost on the south side of Long Island.

During his sojourn at European ports Captain Rogers received marked attentions from persons of distinction. While at Stockholm the King of Sweden presented him with a "stone and muller," and Lord Lynedock gave him a massive gold-lined tea-kettle. This relic of the voyage stands before me as I write; it bears the following inscription:

Presented to Captain Moses Rogers,
of the Steam-ship *Savannah*
(being the first Steam Vessel that had
crossed the Atlantic),
by Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedock,
a Passenger from Stockholm to St. Petersburg.
September 15, 1819.

The sailing-master, Stephen Rogers (who, by-the-way, was no relation to the captain, notwithstanding the similarity of names), was also the recipient of valuable favors. The Emperor of Russia presented him with a superb gold snuff-box, which is still in the possession of his descendants.

This sketch of the voyage of the *Savannah*, with the extracts from the log-book, establishes beyond a doubt that America deserves the credit of having been the first to apply steam machinery to the navigation of the Atlantic—an honor which is too often accorded to England. Many articles on the early history of steam navigation have been written which ignore the claims of the *Savannah* and her enterprising captain.—See the article in the *American* (Whig) *Review*, Vol. I., 1845.

In fact, when the steamers *Sirius* and *Great Western* arrived in New York Harbor, April 23, 1838, twenty years after the exploit of the *Savannah*, they were received with extravagant manifestations of delight; and in an editorial of the 24th April (New York *Express*) reference is made to the "unusual joy and excitement in the city, it being almost universally considered as the beginning of a new era in the history of Atlantic navigation." The achievement of the *Savannah* was forgotten; her skillful captain no longer lived to claim his rights; but patriotic citizens protested in the public press against losing sight of the just claims of America.

"AND WHO WAS BLENNERHASSET?"*

Harman Blennerhasset was born in Hampshire, England. The residence of his parents was Castle Conway, Ireland, but at the time of his birth they were visiting in England. He received his academic education at the Westminster School, in England, where he manifested great fondness for classical studies. He then entered Trinity College, Dublin, graduating at length with distinguished honors.

A brilliant career seemed before him. He had wealth, rank, and intellectual powers of high order, richly cultivated. In person he was very attractive, and in his manners prepossessing and winning. Having read law at the King's Inn Courts, in Dublin, he was admitted to the bar in 1790. He then left England for the tour of Europe, and on his return nominally assumed practice at the bar in Ireland. But he devoted his time principally to the study of the sciences, music, and general literature.

After the death of his father, in 1796, Mr. Blennerhasset received a large accession to his fortune, and soon after removed to England. His friends were among the highest of the nobility. He married Miss Margaret Agnew, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man. His family connections were all royalists, who looked with contempt upon the idea of popular rights. Mr. Blennerhasset had imbibed republican principles. This made his situation in England very uncomfortable. He therefore resolved to remove to the United States, where he could give free utterance to his views.

On leaving London he purchased a large and valuable library, and an extensive chemical and philosophical apparatus. In the year 1797 he landed in New York, with his wife and one child, and soon, through letters which he brought, became acquainted with some of the leading families. His wealth, rank, and culture caused his society to be much courted.

Hearing in New York of the Eden-like islands in La Belle Rivière, he determined to visit that part of the country. In the autumn of 1797 he crossed the mountains to Pittsburg, and after passing a few weeks there, floated down the Ohio as far as Marietta in one of the flat-bottomed boats then in use.

Fourteen miles farther down the river there was a very beautiful island, nearly opposite Belpré. It was singularly wild, lovely, and romantic in its character, and within the jurisdiction of Virginia.

A few acres were free from trees, present-

* William Wirt.

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ing a natural lawn. Flocks and herds could graze there with safety. The drooping branches of willows laved by the waters of the Ohio and gigantic elms and sycamores gave beauty and grandeur to the scenery

expended was forty thousand dollars in gold. This large sum was distributed among the laborers and farmers of the vicinity, and gave a great impulse to improvements in roads, buildings, and agriculture.



BLENNERHASSET'S HOME.

and afforded shelter from the storm. The whole island contained two hundred and ninety-seven acres. Mr. Blennerhasset purchased the upper half of it, about one hundred and seventy acres, for four thousand five hundred dollars.

Upon the island there was a large block-house, which had been built as a place of refuge during the Indian wars. With his wife and one child, Mr. Blennerhasset removed to this house while he was erecting his superb mansion. The grounds he laid out and ornamented with exquisite taste. Spacious out-buildings were erected, and boat landings constructed on both sides of the island for communication with the Virginia and Ohio shores. Boats of various sizes were procured, and ten negro servants were purchased to fill the various departments of waiters, watermen, grooms, and gardeners. The whole amount of money

Mr. Blennerhasset's house consisted of a main building fifty-two feet in length, thirty-two in width, and was two stories high, with porticoes forty feet in length, forming wings projecting in front. A lawn of several acres occupied the front ground, while an opening through the forest trees afforded a view of the river for several miles above. Graveled walks and a carriageway led to the river. The flower garden consisted of two acres of ground, planted with flowering shrubs, both exotic and native. Arbors and grottoes covered with vines were scattered over the grounds, and on the opposite side of the house was the kitchen-garden, stocked with choicest fruits.

This spacious mansion was of wood, painted white, architecturally beautiful, and with much elaborate interior finishing. It was admirably adapted for the residence of a rich, scholarly gentleman, who enjoyed a

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large library, who could employ delightful hours in his laboratory making philosophical experiments, and who was fond of giving balls and dinner parties to the most distinguished families for thirty miles round. The wide central hall was ornamented with a beautiful cornice. A gilded moulding ran around its lofty ceiling. The furniture of the whole house was massive and rich most of it having been brought from England.

The drawing-room elicited the admiration of every one who entered it. Splendid mirrors, tasteful carpets, elegant curtains, and beautiful ornaments harmoniously arranged, the whole selected with fine taste, gave an air of refinement not always found even among the wealthy. Every thing in the internal appliances and external surroundings of the mansion was luxurious.

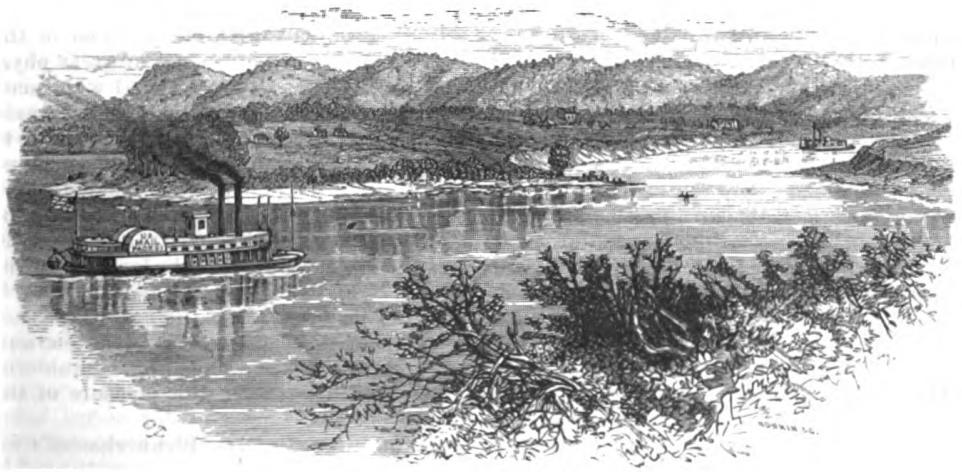
The library contained a large and choice selection of books. With unusual native powers, trained by a university education, by foreign travel, and by intercourse with men of culture, he could use the library for his profit and pleasure. Skilled in the sciences, with a fondness for chemical studies and all the correlative branches of natural philosophy, he had supplied his laboratory extensively with the best apparatus which the arts could then furnish.

With one of the best telescopes he scanned the heavens, and sought for those wonderful revelations which the grandest of sciences has revealed. He had also a solar microscope of great magnifying power, with which he explored that infinity of minuteness which is the counterpart of the infinity of grandeur. Mr. Blennerhasset seems to have been almost a universal genius. His musical taste was exquisite; he composed many beautiful airs, and played well on several instruments. His favorites were the violoncello and violin.

The sciences of electricity and galvanism engaged a large share of Mr. Blennerhasset's attention. He was constantly making experiments and eliciting new facts in these wonderful branches of modern investigation. In addition to these scientific accomplishments, he had made such attainments in the classics that it was said he could repeat the whole of Homer's Iliad in the original Greek. In manners Mr. Blennerhasset was very courteous, mild, and yielding. His virtues were of the amiable character rather than of the more stubborn. He was easily duped by the intriguing who had sufficient sagacity to discern his weak points. His benevolence was unbounded, and his sympathy with the sick and suffering very intense.

Being conscious that in his remote home in the New World he would have little access to skilled medical practitioners, he had paid very considerable attention to the study of medicine, and had provided himself with a supply of the most approved remedies for all maladies. He was ready freely to prescribe for his sick neighbors, and to administer to them of his medicines.

It is said that one of his neighbors, to whom Mr. Blennerhasset had loaned quite a sum of money, had his house and all his furniture consumed by fire. The enterprising, industrious man was thus reduced to absolute poverty, with a heavy debt hanging over him. Soon after, Mr. Blennerhasset invited the unfortunate man and his wife to dine at his table. After dinner he took his guest into his study and told him that he would either cancel the debt, or he might let it stand and he would make him a free gift of an order to the same amount on a store in Marietta. The honorable but unfortunate man preferred to commence his new struggle with adversity free from all hinderances of pecuniary obligation. He therefore gratefully accepted the canceling of the debt.



BLENNERHASSET'S ISLAND.

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Mr. Blennerhasset was very fond of hunting. Quails and other small game abounded on the island. As he was quite near-sighted, his wife frequently accompanied him on these short excursions. Her quick eye would search out the game, to which she would direct the attention of her husband. Mr. Blennerhasset was domestic in his tastes and generally sedentary in his habits. He had no fondness for carousals or any riotous pleasures. But he greatly enjoyed the society of the cultivated guests who in large numbers were allured to his hospitable mansion. Many gentlemen of distinction from the East, and especially officers of the Revolutionary army, had taken up their residence in that region. He usually dressed in the old English style. His coat was of blue broadcloth with gilt buttons. He wore invariably buff-colored or scarlet small-clothes and silk stockings. Large silver buckles, highly polished, fastened his shoes.

"In this quiet retreat," writes Mr. Hildreth, "insulated and separated from the noise and tumult of the surrounding world, amidst his books, with the company of his accomplished wife and children, he possessed all that seemed necessary for the happiness of man; and yet he lacked one thing, without which no man can be happy—a firm belief in the overruling providence of God. Voltaire and Rousseau, whose works he studied and admired, had poisoned his mind to the simple truths of the Gospel, and the Bible was a book which he seldom or never consulted. At least this was the fact while he lived on the island, whatever it might have been after misfortune and want had humbled and sorely tried him."

Mrs. Blennerhasset was in disposition far more ambitious and aspiring than her husband. It was a great trial to her to have him waste his brilliant powers in obscurity. She had heard him in several of his public addresses, and had often declared that in forensic eloquence he was not surpassed by the ablest orators of the day. Vainly she urged him to enter, as an advocate, the higher courts of Virginia and Ohio.

Mrs. Blennerhasset was in all respects a very accomplished lady. Her figure, tall and commanding, was moulded in the most perfect proportions. Her features, over which was spread a most brilliant complexion, were beautiful. A strong mind, highly cultivated, gave to those features that inimitable grace which intelligence alone can confer. Brown hair, profuse and glossy, dark blue eyes, and manners both winning and graceful, ever attracted attention to her, even in the most brilliant circles. She was very charitable to the sick and the poor in her neighborhood, often carrying to them those little delicacies which could nowhere else be obtained. She had been brought up by two wealthy maiden aunts, who had taken great care to instruct her in all the useful arts of housewifery, which education she found to be of inestimable value in her new home.

She invariably dressed like a lady, in the most elegant manner. Her ordinary headdress consisted of a turban folded very full, in the Oriental style. It was of rich silk, sometimes white, which was her favorite color in summer, but in winter pink or yellow. A very intelligent lady who was familiar with society in Washington, and had visited in the courts of Europe, writes, "I have never beheld any one who was equal to Mrs. Blennerhasset in beauty of person, dignity of manners, elegance of dress—in short, in all that is lovely and finished in the female person—as she was when queen of the fairy isle."

"When she rode on horseback," writes Mr. Hildreth, "her dress was of fine scarlet broadcloth ornamented with gold buttons; a white beaver hat, on which floated the graceful plumes of the ostrich, of the same color. This was sometimes changed to blue or yellow, with feathers to harmonize. She was a perfect equestrienne, always riding a very spirited horse, with rich trappings, who seemed proud of his burden. She accomplished the ride to Marietta of fourteen miles in about two hours, dashing through and under the dark foliage of the forest trees which then covered the greater part of the distance, reminding one of the gay plumage and rapid flight of some tropical bird winging its way through the woods."

She had a favorite negro servant by the name of Ransom, who always followed on these excursions. He was a handsome fellow, well mounted, and ever dressed in rich livery. Often he found it difficult, by the application of both whip and spur, to keep up with his impetuous mistress.

Sometimes Mrs. Blennerhasset visited Marietta, for the purchase of clothing and groceries, by water. For this purpose she had a light, beautiful birch canoe. One of the negroes, Moses, a young man of great physical strength, was the principal waterman. Taking advantage of the eddies, he would often, with brawny arms, propel the canoe to the city against the stream in the course of about three hours. Having laden it with their purchases, they would push out into the middle of the rapid current, and often in less than two hours reach the landing on the island. English ladies are famed for their walking customs. Mrs. Blennerhasset not unfrequently, accompanied by a servant, walked through the blooming, magnificent forest to Marietta for the pleasure of the excursion.

In addition to Mrs. Blennerhasset's familiarity with all those accomplishments which adorn the life of a lady, and fond as

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she was of society, she was skilled to a very unusual degree in all the arts of housewifery. She was an excellent seamstress, and not only cut the clothing of all her servants, and superintended their making by a colored female servant, but most of the clothing of her husband was very artistically prepared by her own hands. There were but few tailors and mantua-makers then to be found in the wilderness, and this acquaintance with useful arts was of priceless value to her.

It was an admirable trait in her character that, trained as she had been to all the elegances and refinements of the highest social circles in England, she so readily and cheerfully engaged in these humble duties of domestic life.

Enjoying vigorous health and buoyant spirits, Mrs. Blennerhasset was ever an early riser. The dawn of the morning usually found her in the kitchen, where her high intelligence directed the muscular energies of her negro servants. Often with her own hands she made the pastry and the cakes which gratified the appetites of her guests. A few hours in the morning devoted to these labors accomplished all that was needed. She then laid aside her working dress, and, for her own sake and that of her husband and children, assumed the garb of a lady.

The dinner was always elaborate, whether there were guests or not. But almost invariably there were some guests. Scarcely any boat passed up or down the river which did not stop at the hospitable mansion of Blennerhasset. By her graceful demeanor and her cheerful conversation she charmed alike the highest nobility who occasionally visited them from England and France, and also the humblest rustics from the log-cabins in the forest.



MRS. BLENNERHASSET'S RIDE TO MARIETTA.

She was familiar with the French and Italian languages. Her skill in reading was so wonderful that it is said that even Mrs. Siddons could scarcely rehearse the plays of Shakspeare with more power, and rarely could any one be found who equaled her in familiarity with the English classics.

Such was the home and such were the

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surroundings of Harman Blennerhasset during eight years, in which he reigned almost supreme in his little island domain. Two additional children were born to cheer his mansion of opulence and taste. Parties of young people were often invited from Belpré and Marietta to enjoy the hospitalities of this Western Eden. Sometimes they rode in long and joyous cavalcade through the woods, but more generally they came down the river in light birch canoes and row-boats, propelled by the lusty arms of the young men. The rich autumnal season of the year, when a brilliant moon illumined the glorious scene, was generally selected for these excursions. Rapidly the little fleet would descend the stream, arriving at the island in the early twilight. A rich entertainment there awaited them.

Then came games, music, songs, and the mazes of the dance. At midnight they would commence their return home, striking the eddies of the majestic stream, now upon one shore and now upon the other, at one time beneath the shadows of the gigantic forest, and again in the full radiance of that luminary whose rays are so dear to the young and the happy. The shores of the stream, which had so often resounded with the yells of the savage, with his war-whoop and his demoniacal carousings, as he danced around the fires where his captives were put to torture, now echoed with the merriment which so spontaneously gushes from the hearts of the young and innocent. The Indians are still hovering there, and from their night's encampment gaze upon the passing pageant. It makes even an old man's blood move more swiftly in his veins to contemplate the happiness which those young hearts have enjoyed in those hours of midnight and moonlight on La Belle Rivière.

Such were the joys of peace. There was no fear of the bullet or the tomahawk of the lurking savage. Frequently parties of the elder and more sedate portion of the community were invited to this baronial abode. It was invariably expected that they would spend the night, and often the invitation extended to two or three days. It will be remembered that these scenes occurred more than seventy-five years ago. The primeval forest, in its grandeur and gloom, spread all around. It was but here and there that a spot could be found which had been trodden by the foot of man. Thus the aspect of Blennerhasset's princely abode in those wild regions beyond the mountains seemed like the apparition of one of the fabled palaces of Aladdin.

There were then and there no carriage roads, no ferries, no taverns. Every man rode his own horse or navigated his own boat. If a family wished to descend the river, a large flat-bottomed barge was built, with a comfortable cabin at one end and the stores at the other, with suitable accommodations for the horse, cow, pigs, and poultry. Game was abundant, the scenery delightful, and with no effort on the part of the voyagers, and no perceptible motion, the majestic stream swept the boat along. Nothing can well be imagined more delightful than such a voyage in the bloom of a June morning, or when surrounded by the gorgeous hues of an October afternoon. When the boat reached its destination it was broken up, and its planks were found of great value in constructing the cabin of the frontiersman.

The only spot between Blennerhasset's Island and Marietta which showed any signs of civilization was Belpré, or Beautiful Prairie. There was here a little settlement of very intelligent and well-educated men, which had been commenced in the year 1789. It had been of slow growth, as the Indian wars for a time almost put a stop to emigration. It had now, however, in the blessed days of peace, become quite a thriving and attractive village, having drawn to its fertile acres a population from the Eastern States of unusual probity and moral worth.

Here there were several well-built houses of hewn timber, with well-cultivated farms and blooming orchards. There were some families who, though living in the most simple and frugal style, would have been ornaments to society in any community. A gentleman who had often visited Mr. Blennerhasset's mansion during his early youth, when his parents resided in Marietta, writes:

"I was but a boy when Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhasset left the island, but I had been a favorite in the family for years, and had passed many of my happiest days in their society. My intimacy in their household is like an oasis in the desert of life. It is one of those green spots in memory's waste which death alone can obliterate."

But Satan entered this Eden, and the ruin on this island was like that which Paradise experienced when Adam and Eve joined in the revolt of lost spirits against their Maker.

Aaron Burr was one of the most fascinating, and certainly one of the most unprincipled, men who ever moved in the high circles of intelligence and influence. Graceful in person, remarkably handsome in features, with very high mental endowments, in possession of conversational eloquence rarely if ever equaled, he renounced Christianity, and devoted himself to his own personal gratification and aggrandizement, reckless of the ruin and misery which his selfishness might create.

Early in the present century Aaron Burr, disappointed in some of his ambitious plans, and having drawn upon himself the execration of his countrymen for imbruing his hands

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in the blood of Alexander Hamilton, formed the truly grand conception, and apparently the feasible one, of wresting from Spain the majestic empire of Mexico, and of then wresting from the United States the vast and almost unpeopled solitudes of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Here he would organize the most magnificent empire, in point of territory, salubrity, fertility, and variety of clime, which has ever existed on this globe. I give the story of Burr as generally received, without annoying the reader with discussions of disputed points.

The Alleghanies would be his eastern boundary. The majestic cliffs of the Rocky Mountains would guard his western frontier. On the north would be the Great Lakes and the frigid zone, while the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea would open to his southern ports the commerce of the world. This vast realm, in magnitude almost surpassing the wildest dreams of earthly ambition, would abound in the productions of all the zones. Rivers of hitherto unknown grandeur, flowing from the north to the south, opened these almost boundless regions to the riches of internal commerce. Of this empire Aaron Burr was to be *Imperator*.

Such was the dream of this extraordinary man. Extravagant as it was, and totally as he failed in its accomplishment, that dream has been more than realized in the wondrous republican empire of the United States. The unfolding of his scheme was gradual and confidential, as he gained control over influential minds.

Aaron Burr had heard of Blennerhasset, of his wealth, of his vast influence over the rapidly increasing population of Ohio, and of the surpassing charms of his wife. Could he enlist them in his enterprise, it would be indeed a great acquisition. But it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution. Mr. Blennerhasset was not a man to be easily drawn into a treasonable conspiracy against a government whose institutions he admired, and under whose protection he had found so free and happy a home.

In the year 1800 Thomas Jefferson was chosen President of the United States, and



MOONLIGHT ON THE OHIO.

Aaron Burr Vice-President. This gave him national celebrity. At the next election, in 1804, though Jefferson was continued in office, Burr was superseded.

In the spring of the year 1805, Burr, disappointed and exasperated, visited the Ohio Valley in prosecution of his grand enterprise. The arch intriguer sought no letters of introduction to Blennerhasset, wishing it to appear that it was merely by accident that he called at his mansion. Reaching the river, he took a boat, and descending the stream, landed at Blennerhasset's Island, as if, as a passing traveler, he had been lured merely by curiosity to stop and admire the beautiful grounds.

Mr. Blennerhasset, sitting in his study,

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was informed by his servant that there was a very gentlemanly, well-dressed man who had just landed from his boat and was viewing the lawn. He directed the servant to go out and in his master's name invite the gentleman into the house. Burr declined with some very courteous apology, but sent in his card. Mr. Blennerhasset, upon reading the name, and seeing that it was a former Vice-President of the United States who was on his lawn, immediately stepped out and insisted that Mr. Burr should partake of the hospitalities of his home.

It is said that Satan can transform himself into an angel of light. Burr masked himself in his most resistless fascinations. Both host and hostess were charmed with their guest. His eloquence was extraordinary, his information wonderful, and he manifested all the artlessness and simplicity of a child. Familiar with the secrets of state, he spoke of the prospect of war with Spain, and of the ease with which the Mexicans, with a little aid, might throw off the intolerant and tyrannical foreign yoke, and establish an independent government like that of the United States. With singular frankness he unfolded to them a very splendid land speculation within the Spanish territory, on the Red River, in which he was engaged, and showed them how it was certain to bring the most extraordinary pecuniary results. This was the first step of the arch deceiver. Having taken it, he went on his way.

Mr. Blennerhasset, an unsuspecting man, and one who was easily duped, was greatly excited by these grand schemes and revelations. There was nothing in them to disturb in the slightest degree his patriotic devotion to the United States. The next winter Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhasset spent in New York and Philadelphia. It is not improbable that they were lured there by the hope of having further interviews with Aaron Burr. Some correspondence had in the mean time passed between them. In conversations during this winter it is supposed that they entered into a sort of partnership for *land speculation*.

Blennerhasset agreed, as it afterward appeared, to co-operate with Burr in the purchase of a large tract of land within the Spanish territory, on the Washita River, an important tributary of the Red River. These very rich lands, as they were supposed to be, were situated in the northeast portion of the present State of Louisiana. They could be purchased for a very small sum. Then, by encouraging emigration from Europe and from the Atlantic States, they could be sold at enormous profit.

All this was plain. But the secret in Burr's mind, probably not yet divulged to Blennerhasset, was that he could then provoke revolt from Spain, seize Mexico, annex the region of the United States west of the Alleghanies, and establish a splendid empire. This hidden part of the plan was treason. It was adroitly veiled from Blennerhasset by the projected land speculation.

Burr's plans were thus far advancing very prosperously. In the autumn of that year (1805) he took his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Theodosia Alston, and made a visit of several days at Blennerhasset's Island. Of course little can be known of the conversations which took place during these long hours of private intercourse.

Colonel Burr then returned to Marietta, where he took up his residence, and engaged vigorously in operations for sending a large colony down the Ohio and the Mississippi to his lands on the Washita. He made a contract for building fifteen very large bateaux in which to transport his settlers and their goods to their remote destination in the Spanish domain. Ten of these flat-bottomed boats were forty feet long, ten feet wide, and two and a half feet deep. Five of them were fifty feet long. They were so constructed at each end as to be rowed or pushed either up or down the stream. Mr. Blennerhasset's purse was called into requisition in these expensive movements. The boats were to convey the emigrants, with food and all necessary household and farming utensils, with an ample supply of guns and ammunition. As it was manifest that these warlike weapons might be needed to repel hostile savages, no one thought of regarding the expedition as treasonable in its nature.

One of the boats was much larger than the rest, and was fitted up with considerable elegance. It had a capacious cabin, tastefully decorated, with a fire-place and glass windows. This was designed for Mr. Blennerhasset and family, who were to accompany the fleet. This fact has been generally relied upon as evidence that Mr. Blennerhasset had no idea of the treasonable designs which Colonel Burr had formed against the United States.

A keel boat was built, sixty feet long, which was loaded with bacon, pork, flour, whiskey, and other supplies. Among the provisions were several hundred barrels of kiln-dried corn ground into flour. Men on long marches were usually supplied with such rations. The Indians had taught the Americans that a soldier might take a sack of this meal on his back, and that one pint mixed with a little water would afford a day's supply of food. Much of this corn was raised on Blennerhasset's Island, and was dried in kilns which he had constructed for that purpose.

The bateaux were intended to carry five hundred men. Colonel Burr's energy had already engaged nearly that number. The little colony was organized with military precision, for its leader was an accomplished

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soldier. Each private was to receive the gift of one hundred acres of land. The officers were still more liberally provided for. Each emigrant was required to provide himself only with a good rifle and blanket. The boats were to be ready by the 9th of December, and the expedition was immediately to set out upon its adventurous voyage.

While the boats were being built, Colonel Burr visited many of the settlements in those remote regions to engage enterprising and hardy young men as recruits. There was something peculiarly fascinating to a romantic mind in this expedition. Colonel Burr addressed the young men not only of Marietta, Belpré, and other points on the Ohio River, but went to Chilicothe, and to Lexington, Kentucky. He told these men that President Jefferson, who was very popular in the West, was fully informed of the objects of the expedition, and that they met his cordial approval. Confidentially, as it were, he informed them that though the enterprise was entirely a peaceful one to take possession of the immense grant purchased of Baron Bastrop, still there was a great probability that a war might ere long break out between the United States and Spain; that the Mexicans were very desirous of throwing off the Spanish yoke; that the moment war was declared, Congress would send a large army to Mexico, around whose banners the inhabitants would enthusiastically rally. Mexico would thus be wrested from Spain without a struggle. Thus his little band of sturdy pioneers would have the moulding of a majestic empire on the foundations of democratic equality, and might enrich themselves almost beyond the dreams of romance.

These were undoubtedly the views which pervaded the minds of the emigrants generally, and which duped and bewildered the imagination of Blennerhasset. But rumors began to be circulated that Aaron Burr was plotting some mischief against the United States. During the months of September and October Colonel Burr had caused to be inserted in the Marietta *Gazette* a series of able articles advocating the secession of the Western States from those east of the Alleghanies. These articles appeared over the signature of "Querist." They were replied to in convincing logic, sternly condemning these views, by a writer over the signature of "Regulus."

The sympathies of the community were manifestly with Regulus. His articles were extensively read and copied. They directed attention to the armed expedition which Colonel Burr was preparing for the invasion of Mexico. President Jefferson became alarmed. He knew Aaron Burr thoroughly, and was well aware of his ambition and his powers of intrigue.

In November Mr. Jefferson sent out a secret agent, Mr. John Graham, who was connected with one of the offices in Washington, to report respecting the proceedings at Marietta and at Blennerhasset's Island. At the same time he solicited the aid of the Governor of Ohio to suppress the military expedition by seizing the boats. There was peace between the United States and Spain, and Jefferson considered the invasion of Mexico with such an armed force as totally unjustifiable. Mr. Graham had several interviews with Mr. Blennerhasset, and was assured by him that since there was no probability of war with Spain, Mr. Burr had entirely relinquished the plan of invading Mexico, and thought only of the establishment of a peaceful colony on the banks of the Washita.

Rumor was still busy, inextricably blending truth with falsehood. It was said that Burr and his associates were plotting treason on the Western waters, that they were organizing an army to capture New Orleans, rob the banks, seize the artillery, and set up a new government west of the Alleghanies. It was known that Colonel Burr hated President Jefferson, that he had endeavored in every way to heap abuse upon him and to thrust him from the Presidential chair. The guileless Blennerhasset was considered an accomplice of Burr, and necessarily shared in the odium which Burr was gradually bringing against himself.

The Ohio Legislature, influenced by this state of affairs, passed an act to suppress all armed expeditions, and to seize all boats and provisions engaged in such unlawful enterprises. The Governor was authorized to call out the militia, to arrest any boats on the Ohio River engaged in Burr's expedition, to confiscate the boats and cargo, and to hold the crew for trial by imprisonment or under bail of fifty thousand dollars. The militia were called out; the boats on the Muskingum River were seized; a six-pounder was placed on the banks of the river at Marietta, and orders were given to arrest and examine every boat descending the stream; sentries were placed to watch by day and night.

On the 6th of December, just before these energetic orders were issued, a Mr. Tyler, from New York, one of Mr. Burr's agents, landed at Blennerhasset's Island, with about thirty men in four boats, which had been fitted out from the settlements above. Mr. Blennerhasset had that day gone to Marietta to superintend the departure of the boats from the Muskingum. He there heard of the act of the Assembly. Much troubled, with no disposition to enter into a conflict with the constituted authorities, he returned to the island quite disposed to relinquish the whole enterprise, and patiently to bear his heavy losses.

But Mrs. Blennerhasset was very ambitious, and had entered into these grand

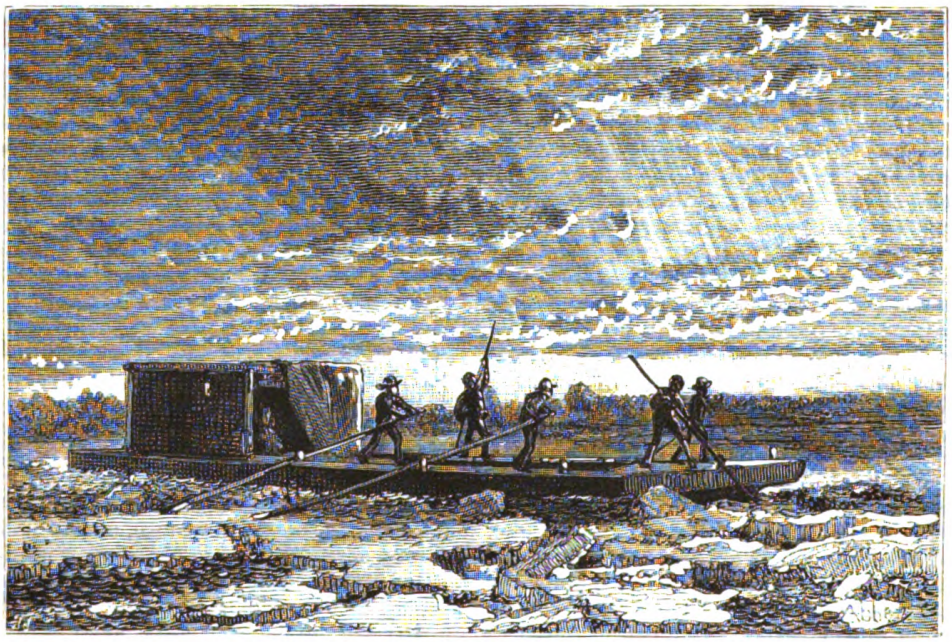
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schemes with all the enthusiasm of her nature. She was fully aware of the high intellectual endowments of her husband, and her wifely pride was roused to see him occupy posts of influence worthy of his abilities. Mr. Tyler also united with Mrs. Blennerhasset in remonstrances against any abandonment of the undertaking at this late hour. Had Mr. Blennerhasset followed the dictates of his own judgment, he would have been saved from one of the most dreadful tragedies which ever befell a family.

Three days after, he received the alarming intelligence that the Wood County militia would that very night, under its commander, Colonel Phelps, land upon the island, seize the boats, arrest him and all the men there, and probably, in their exasperation, burn his house. Not a moment was to be lost. There was no knowing what outrages these lawless men might inflict upon a family whom they denounced as traitors. It was stated that the men who had volunteered for the attack were some of the lowest and most desperate men in the community. Mr. Blennerhasset and the few men with him immediately embarked on board the boats to escape arrest.

In the mean time Mrs. Blennerhasset, with her children, remained at the island. It was hoped that their presence would act as a restraint upon the brutal soldiery, and might preserve her home and its precious contents from destruction. But the soldiers, taking advantage of the absence of their commander, Colonel Phelps—who had pursued Mr. Blennerhasset and his party by the land route—behaved like savages. They took possession of the house, rioted through its elegant apartments, seized upon all the family stores, became drunk with the wine and whiskey they found in the cellar, burned the fences for bonfires, and committed outrages which would have disgraced a band of savages. Thus passed seven days of horror.

At length, on the 17th, a gentleman from Belpré, Mr. A. W. Putnam, a warm friend of the family, ventured upon the island to render such assistance as might be in his power to the heroic woman. He provided her with a flat-bottomed boat, in which she stored a few articles of furniture and some of her husband's choicest books. Mr. Putnam furnished her with provisions from Belpré, as her own had been consumed or destroyed by the soldiers. One or two heroic young men from Belpré accompanied this noble woman in her flight to join her husband.



FLIGHT OF MRS. BLENNERHASSET.

Taking her two little sons, Harman and Dominick, with her, one six and the other eight years old, she pursued her way down the river to join her husband. It was a cold winter's day. The river was filled with floating ice. The boat, hastily prepared, was cheerless and cold. A rude cabin in the stern, entirely open in front, afforded partial protection from wind and rain. Two or three faithful negro servants accompanied their woe-stricken mistress to guide the boat.

All restraint upon the island being thus taken away, the brutal, drunken soldiers ransacked the mansion of all it contained. Whatever they could not carry away they destroyed. Books, rich furniture, pictures,

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were consigned to the flames. Windows were dashed in, doors were torn down, and the highly polished French mirrors were smashed by the hammer. Ruthless destruction swept the whole island. Thus the mansion remained a spectacle of ruin for many months, when some one applied the torch, and it was burned to the ground.

Mr. Blennerhasset, though vigorously pursued, safely, with his companions, reached the mouth of the Cumberland River. Here his wife joined him, and together they continued their flight, in the month of January, down the river as far as Natchez.

The indignation of the country was now thoroughly aroused against Burr. He was compelled to abandon his enterprise. Many of his deluded adherents were left in utter destitution, and retraced their steps as well as they could, some of them more than a thousand miles, to their homes. Burr and Blennerhasset were both arrested for treason. As no evidence could be found against Blennerhasset, he was acquitted; and though subsequently arrested again, he was never brought to trial.

At Natchez he purchased a cotton plantation. His energetic wife took the direction of affairs. For ten years they resided there, honored and beloved by all the neighboring planters. The second war with England blighted their hopes, and the plantation became comparatively valueless. He returned to his native land by the way of Montreal, and there died a broken-hearted man, in poverty, in the year 1831, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Mrs. Blennerhasset was supported by the charity of her friends. After the lapse of several years she returned to this country, hoping to obtain remuneration for the destruction of her property by United States soldiers. Mr. Emmet, a distinguished lawyer of New York, earnestly espoused her cause. Though Mr. Clay justly stated that she was in a state of absolute want, the efforts of these able men were unavailing. The loving hand of kindness fed and clothed her until, while the subject was under consideration, she fell asleep. Mr. Clay said, "To deny the petition of the memorialist would be unworthy of any wise or just nation that is disposed to respect most of all its own honor." It is probable that Congress would have listened to her plea but for her sudden death.

Mrs. Blennerhasset was buried at the expense of a society of Irish ladies in the city of New York. They nursed her tenderly during her last sad hours of sickness and death. After Mrs. Blennerhasset's expulsion from her home she wrote a poem, entitled "The Deserted Isle." It is the outflow of a crushed spirit. I give but one stanza:

"To thee, fair isle, reverts the pleasing dream;
Again thou risest in thy green attire;
Fresh as at first thy blooming graces seem;
Thy groves, thy fields, their wonted sweets respire;
Again thou'rt all my heart could e'en desire.
O, why, dear isle, art thou not still mine own?
Thy charms could then for all my griefs atone."

THE LAND OF THE INCAS.*

IN this work we have the attained results of a labor of love which occupied some years of a life mainly devoted to other pursuits. Thirty years ago Mr. Squier, a young scholar of five-and-twenty, made explorations of the ancient monuments in the valley of the Mississippi and elsewhere, which indicated him as the most promising inquirer in the wide field of American antiquities. Mr. Prescott, in his *History of the Conquest of Peru*, had expressed the belief that the land of the Incas, in spite of the ravages of time, the elements, and the Spanish conquerors, still contained monuments well worthy of examination, and hoped that they would "one day call forth a kindred spirit of enterprise to that which has so successfully explored the mysterious recesses of Central America and Yucatan." To realize this hope grew to be a leading purpose of the life of Mr. Squier. But, as he says, pathetically, "inexorable circumstances, distracting occupations, and the thousand vicissitudes which make us what we are, and often prevent us from becoming what we might have been, interfered to defeat my hopes and aspirations."

In 1848 he was appointed to represent the United States in Central America, where every leisure interval was devoted to researches into the ancient history of that region; and subsequently ten years or more were given to the promotion of the project for a railway through Honduras from ocean to ocean. Meanwhile he wrote several books upon Central America, attesting his powers of observation and description, which yet remain the best authority for that region.*

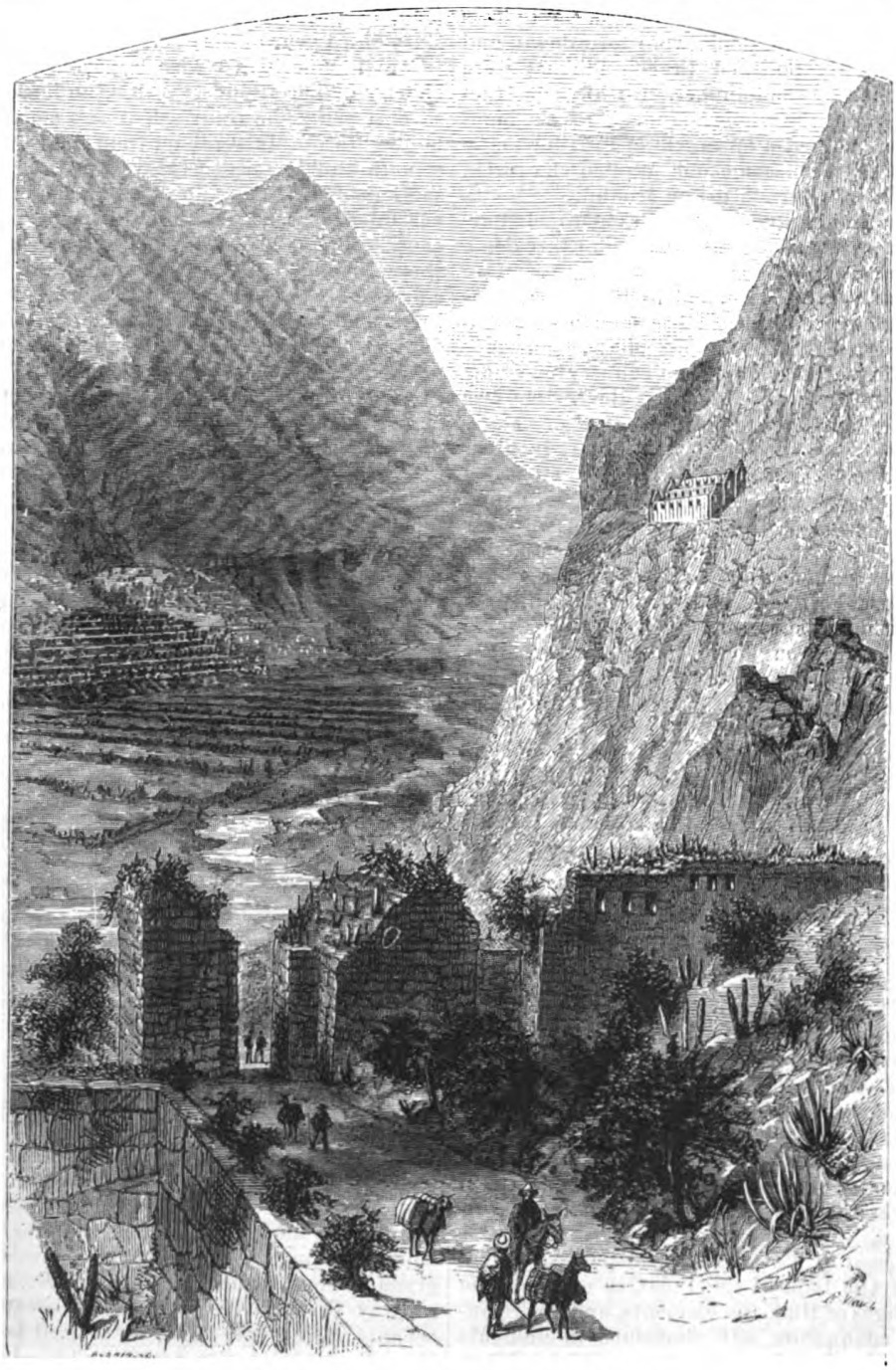
* *Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas.* By E. George Squier, M.A., F.S.A., late United States Commissioner to Peru, author of *Nicaragua, Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*, etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* *The States of Central America: their Geography, Topography, Climate, Population, Resources, Productions, Commerce, Political Organization, Aborigines, etc.* With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Nicaragua: its People, Scenery, Monuments, Resources, Condition, and Proposed Canal. With Maps and Illustrations. New York; Harper and Brothers.

Waikna; or, Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. With Map and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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GATEWAY AND VALLEY OF OLLANTAYTAMBO, PERU.

But the civil war in the United States withdrew attention from the railway scheme, and he was threatened with the worst misfortune which can befall the student or the man of action. He was told by eminent oculists that his sole alternative lay between absolute mental rest and total blindness. At best, there was a bare hope that entire change of scene and occupation might partially restore his fast-failing vision.

Opportunity for the needed change came unexpectedly. He was appointed a member of a commission to meet at Lima "for the settlement of all outstanding claims and points of difference between the United States and Peru." The sudden change from despondency to hope did much; new scenes and new occupations did more; and when at the end of six months the work of the commission was accomplished, his vis-

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ion had been restored, and he was able to undertake the exploration of the ancient monuments of Peru under conditions far more favorable than he could have dared to hope.

His explorations occupied about eighteen months, during which he traveled some five thousand miles, visiting all the great centres of the ancient Peruvian civilization. Himself an accomplished surveyor, he carried compass and measuring line. He was accompanied by an artist and a photographer. The photographer died in the bleak puna of the Cordilleras; but he himself had mastered the art, and was able to supply his place. When at length he returned to New York, he brought with him hundreds, perhaps thousands, of sketches, drawings, photographs, and works of ancient art and industry. The work of arranging his mass of material grew upon him as he went on, and he resolved to present portions of it in this Magazine. These will be found in the five successive numbers from April to August, 1868. In the midst of his labors sore and long-continued illness fell upon him, delaying the continuance of the work, and doubtless to some extent impairing its completeness.

"To select from the vast mass of materials gathered by me," he writes, "has been no easy task. I have performed it as best I could." He has performed it so well as to warrant his confidence that, "so far as illustrating Inca civilization from existing monuments is concerned, the results of further exploration would have been merely cumulative;" and that the selections from his materials "embodied in this volume leave little to be desired by the student of Peruvian archæology, so far as its elucidation depends on the monuments of the country." In this paper we shall touch upon a few of the leading points of the book, passing with brief allusion those which the author himself has presented in this Magazine eight years ago.

That territory which the Spaniards found under the sway of the Incas, and which they called Peru, comprised, in a general way, all those portions of the present states of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and a part of Chili lying between the Pacific and the eastern range of the Cordilleras. It extended from about latitude 4° north to 34° south, some 2500 miles. The average breadth from west to east was not far from 400 miles. The entire area was thus about one million square miles, about equal to that of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, and Spain, or to that portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi. A very large proportion of this territory is utterly unfit for human habitation. The present population is about 5,000,000.



ORNAMENTED STONE PILLARS OF HATUNCOLLA, PERU.

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What it was in the times of the Incas is purely a matter for conjecture, for no reliance is to be placed on the statements of the Spanish chroniclers, as that of Las Casas,

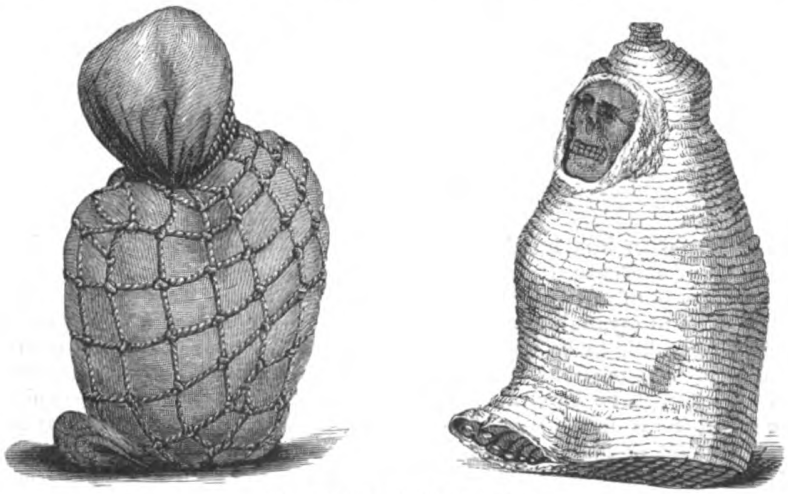


ROCK TOMBS, PISAC, PERU.

who asserts that the Spaniards in a few years slaughtered 40,000,000 in Peru alone. Mr. Squier supposes that the population was somewhat more than 10,000,000. From the indications of a dense population in considerable districts now almost uninhabited, we should estimate it much higher; perhaps not less than twice as great. Geographically, the Inca empire lay almost wholly within the tropics; but climatically, owing to elevation, a large part belongs to the temperate zones, while no inconsiderable portion is sub-polar, or even polar, in climate.

Seven-eighths of the entire surface is occupied by the two great ranges of the Cordilleras. The western range runs parallel with the coast, at an average distance of about forty miles, but sometimes receding much farther, and sometimes coming down so close that the long waves of the Pacific seem to break against its rocky feet. This range forms the true watershed of the continent, and is nowhere broken through to give passage to rivers. The eastern Cordillera, or Andes proper, runs nearly parallel to the other, sometimes at a distance of 200 miles, sometimes so close that there is only a narrow valley between, and at some points the two ranges come together, forming a single knob. This range is broken through in various places to afford a passage to the rivers which rise on the eastern slope of the western range and on the western slope of the eastern. Some of these run nearly a thousand miles due northward, parallel with the western range and the Pacific, before they can find a passage through the eastern range, and unite to form the mighty Amazon, whose mouth is in the Atlantic, 4000 miles from its source, which is scarcely 300 miles from the Pacific.

The summit of the western Cordillera spreads out into a broad undulating plateau from 14,000 to 18,000 feet above the sea, with numerous peaks some thousands of feet higher. This plateau, from fifty to



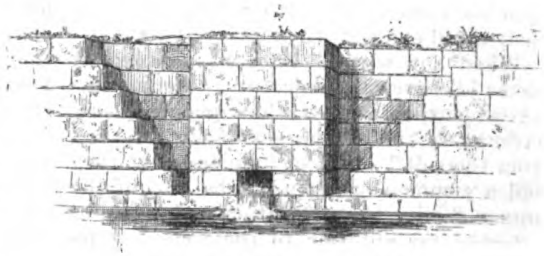
DRIED BODIES, FROM THE COAST.

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one hundred miles broad, is the *Despoblado*, or unpeopled region, where animal life is confined to the hardy vicuña and the condor soaring high in the blue heavens, and where there is no trace of human habitation, except the huts of refuge built by the Incas along the road which led from the northern to the southern parts of their empire.

From the Despoblado the land sinks to a lower but still elevated plateau, upon an average 11,000 feet above the sea, lying between the two ranges of the Cordilleras. We call it a plateau for want of a better term, but the surface is very diversified. There are peaks and long ranges which rise far above the limits of perpetual snow even under the equator. There are broad tracts almost as bare and desolate as the Despoblado, in which are deep-sunken semi-tropical valleys. These valleys are aptly designated by the Spanish word *bolson*, "pocket." Legend says, with how much truth no man can now tell, that the original seat of Inca civilization was on the shores and islands of the sacred lake Titicaca. Historically, the centre and seat of the Inca power was the lofty bolson of Cuzco, lying between the valleys of the Vilcomaya and the Apurimac, affluents of the Amazon.

The long narrow plain between the Cordillera and the Pacific is, as a whole, the most desert tract on the globe, unless the interior of Australia may dispute the preeminence. For the most part, it is a waste of dry sand. Practically, it is a rainless region, although at intervals of many years heavy showers occur. The few rivers which are fed by the melting snows are mostly swallowed up by the thirsty sand before they reach the ocean. But wherever water is found, the fertility is exuberant. The ancient inhabitants made the most of these rivers. Their system of irrigation has few equals in any part of the globe. Mr. Squier says:



TERRACE WALL AND AZEQUIA.

"The system of irrigation of the ancient Peruvians is well worthy of attention. Even in those parts where rain falls during six months of the year, they constructed immense irrigating canals. They not only economized every rood of ground by building their towns and habitations in places unfit for cultivation, and buried their dead where they would not encumber the arable soil, but they terraced the hill-sides and mountains to heights of hundreds and thousands of feet, and led the waters of mountain springs and torrents downward until they were lost in the valleys below. These *azequias*, as they are now called, were often of considerable size and great length, extending in some instances for hundreds of miles. I have followed them for days together, and have seen them winding amidst the projections of the hills, curving in and out as topography required—here sustained by high wall of masonry, there cut into the living rock, and in some cases conducted in tunnels through sharp spurs of the obstructing mountain. Occasionally they were carried over narrow valleys or depressions in the ground on embankments fifty or sixty feet high. It is on the desert Pacific slope, however, where no vegetation could otherwise exist, except on the immediate banks of streams descending from the Cordilleras, that we find the most extensive irrigating works of the ancient inhabitants. They not only constructed dams at different elevations in the stream, with side weirs to deflect the water over the higher slope of the valleys, but built enormous reservoirs high up among the mountains, as well as down nearer the sea, to receive the surplus water of the season when the snows melted. One of these reservoirs, in the valley of the Nepeña, is three-fourths of a mile long by more than half a mile broad, and consists of a massy wall of stone, eighty feet thick at the base, carried across a gorge between two lofty, rocky hills. It was supplied by two canals, at different elevations, one starting fourteen miles up the river, and the other from living springs five miles distant."



FORTIFIED PASS, PISAC.

All this, as well as the immense ruins scattered at intervals, indicates a dense population in certain circumscribed localities, while their absence elsewhere shows equally conclusively that then, as now, a very large proportion of the empire was uninhabited and practically uninhabitable. Great cities, in our sense of the word, were impossible; for, as there were no beasts

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of burden except the feeble llama, and these only in the mountains, food must be consumed hard by where it was raised, and the largest arable areas were only a few square miles in extent. Cuzco was beyond doubt the largest city, but Mr. Squier is confident that its population could never have been more than 50,000, although the Spanish chroniclers, with much less than their usual exaggeration, put it at 200,000.

When and whence Peru was peopled it seems idle even to conjecture. For all historical purposes, the various peoples were, as far as we know, true *autochthones*, "sprung from the soil." If it be assumed that they had a common origin with the rest of the human family, the separation took place at a period far anterior to their earliest legends; and there is no evidence that they ever had any knowledge of other peoples beyond the ocean which shut them in on one side, and the impassable mountains which hemmed them in on the other. It is clear that within semi-historic times they were divided into different tribes or races, differing from each other somewhat as the Latians differed from the Gauls or the Normans from the Saxons, and that there were long wars and feuds between these tribes, especially those on the coast, which were terminated by the gradual Inca conquest, beginning approximately in the fourteenth century, and concluding with the subjugation of Quito in almost the year when Columbus first sighted the shores of the New World.

We may, in a general way, divide these tribes into two classes, the dwellers on the coast and the dwellers in the mountains. On the coast the climate was warm, but greatly tempered by the near snowy mountains. Storms were unfrequent, and the inhabitants had little need to protect themselves against the weather, so that their dwellings were so frailly constructed as to have long since perished, except in the towns, which took the character of fortresses. The most striking object in nature was the great ocean dashing upon the rocky shores. In it they saw the representation of the Supreme Power, and Viracocha, the god of the sea, became their chief divinity, presiding over a pantheon represented by sea-monsters and birds of prey.

In the mountains the climate was cold, with heavy rains in the winter. The dwellings even of the common people were massively built, with thick walls of solid stone or rubble-work, and steep thatched roofs to shed off the rain. The sun was the beneficial being who alone made life endurable on the lofty plains, and rendered it delightful in the low-lying valleys. He was their chief, perhaps we may say their sole, deity. He was the sole owner of the soil, which he alone rendered useful; and his children, the Incas, were his landlords, reserving a third for his worship, a third for the maintenance of their own imperial state, and granting a third to the people by life tenure. No one could be absolutely poor, for every son of the soil had an indefeasible right to a portion sufficient for his frugal maintenance. None save the Inca and those of his blood could be rich, for there was nothing to represent accumulated wealth. The flocks of llamas were the property of the Inca; his was the gold and silver slowly gathered



AN ANCIENT DWELLING.

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generation by generation. As far as we can now judge, the Incas were benignant conquerors. They carried their own arts into the regions which fell under them, and brought back with them those of the conquered peoples. It is often hard to say how much belongs to the one and how much to the other, though there are, especially in their architecture, certain unmistakable distinctions, such as the great pyramidal structures and intricate labyrinthine buildings on the coast, and the massy stone fortifications, temples, and palaces in the interior.

Apart from architecture, in its widest sense, including works for irrigation, the Peruvian remains possess comparatively little interest. Not having a written language, inscriptions are of course wanting to puzzle or reward the archæologist. In and near the sacred edifices about Lake Titicaca there are a few examples of ornamental carving presenting symbolical features; but there are no means of deciding whether these belong to an age far antedating the other remains, or whether they are the rude dawnings of a new form of art. The ruins have ever since the conquest been dug over and through in search of hidden treasure, and many objects of interest have been discovered in gold, silver, and pottery. The gold and silver objects were almost invariably melted down, and only rare specimens are extant. The remains of pottery are numerous, often curious from their grotesqueness, but in only a few cases possessing much other interest. Among them, however, are a few which undoubtedly present fair representations of the features of the people who fabricated them, and show that they were identical in looks with their descendants of the present day.

Mr. Squier entered early upon the exploration of the remains in the immediate neighborhood of Lima. The most notable of these are at Pachacamac, upon the seashore, about twenty miles from the capital. This was the sacred city of the natives of the coast before the conquest by the Incas, who built here a vast temple of the sun and a convent for the sacred virgins. Of the ancient temple dedicated to Pachacamac, little remains except the walls which supported the four vast terraces. These walls are nearly perpendicular, and are faced with large adobes or unburned brick of uniform size. The ruins of the convent of the virgins are specially noticeable for containing a perfect arch, the only one which Mr. Squier ever saw in all Central or South America. It is singular that having discovered the practice, if not the principle of the arch, the Peruvians should not have used it, especially in the construction of bridges and aqueducts. Numerous mummies, or rather dried-up human bodies preserved without embalming, have been found here. They are all in a sitting posture, curiously wrapped up and corded. Upon some of them have been found articles which shed considerable light upon the habits of the ancient peoples. One, the body of a child, exhumed by Mr. Squier, had the little toys, ornaments, and knitting utensils of a young girl neatly wrapped up in a kind of wallet.



MODERN HEAD AND ANCIENT VASES.

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At Cajamarquilla, in the valley of the Rimac, a dozen miles from Lima, are the ruins of a large town, covering nearly a square league. These consist mainly of a labyrinthine maze of streets, passages, vaults, and

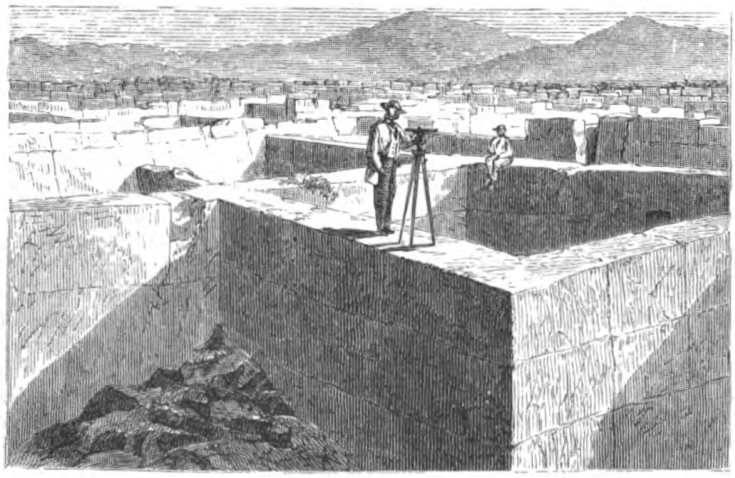


ARCH AT PACHACAMAC.

apartments, and pyramidal structures rising stage by stage, with terraces, and broad flights of steps leading to their summits.

Perhaps the most important group of ruins on the coast are those of Moche and Grand Chimu, near the modern city of Truxillo. To explore these was the object of Mr. Squier's first great expedition. Chimu, according to the most accredited legends, was the seat of a chief who had conquered all the neighboring chiefs, and was subjugated by Yupanqui, the warlike son of Pachacutec, the ninth Inca in the catalogue of the fourteen of Garcilasso de la Vega, which, commencing in the eleventh century, reaches to the Spanish conquest. Montesinos, who carries Peruvian chronology through one hundred and one successive Incas, down to within five hundred years of the deluge, tells of wars between the Chimos and his eleventh Inca, and again under the twenty-fifth, and says that the long contest of more than three thousand years was only ended by Topa-Yupanqui, who is his ninety-seventh Inca. We may conclude, with reasonable probability, that Chimu finally fell under the Incas about the fourteenth century, and that its remains are essentially the work of the Chimos, not of the Incas.

The arid plain of Chimu, twelve or fifteen miles long and five or six wide, is thickly covered by the ruins of the ancient city, consisting of an exterior wall and a wilderness of others, forming great inclosures, each inclosing a labyrinth of dwellings, with four or five gigantic pyramidal *huacas* or sacred places, which one can hardly believe to have been built up by human hands. The entire city was not unlike the ancient Babylon, surrounded by a heavy wall, several miles of which are yet standing. From this wall, at right angles, are other lines of walls, inclosing great areas which had never been built upon, but are laid out in low terraces, each having its *azequia*, now dry. Other similar inclosures were solidly built over, each surrounded by a high wall with an entrance in one corner. Inside of this wall, at a distance of ten feet, was another, thus forming a narrow alley, from which a single opening on each of three sides led into the interior of the square, or tenement, or barrack. Mr. Squier gives a plan of one of these squares, which measured about 400 feet by 300, which is well worth studying.



RUINS OF CAJAMARQUILLA.

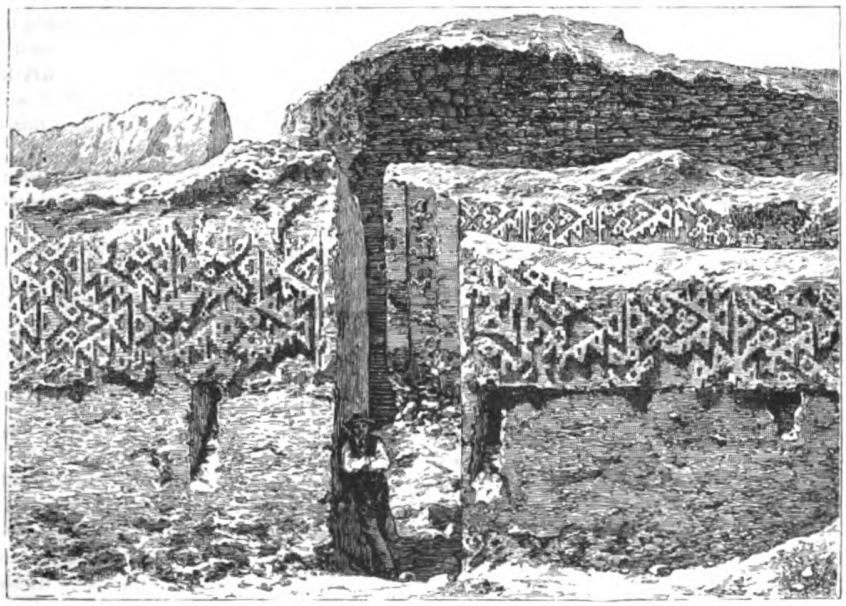
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There was an open court, with a reservoir sixty feet by thirty, and twelve feet deep, and all about was a confused maze of narrow alleys disposed in straight lines, upon which the doors opened, all arranged in such a manner that no one was opposite another, most of them looking upon a blank wall. In all there are thirty-nine houses, divided into 132 apartments, no one of which communicates with another. There are no windows, the low doorway being the only opening for light and air. Some of the apartments are mere cells; a few are as large as twenty-five feet by fifteen. The walls are three feet thick and twelve high, with a steep gabled roof over each house, indicating that rains here were sufficiently frequent to require provision for carrying off the water. Given any apartment, it is not easy to find the way to reach it on the plan from the single entrance to the square. Mr. Squier is fairly puzzled as to the purpose of these squares or wards. He suggests that they may have been huge phalansteries, each grand division being occupied by artisans plying their trades, some separately, others in groups. How they could see to do this is hard to conceive. Barring the lack of light and ventilation, each square would be an admirable plan for a huge penitentiary, in which a dozen or two of guards could observe every street and alley, while no prisoner could by any possibility see one in another cell.

Of the structures at and near Chimu, the great pyramid at Moche, popularly known as the "Temple of the Sun," is notable. It is a double rectangle, the greatest length being 800 feet, the greatest breadth 470, covering in all something more than seven acres, the total elevation being more than 200 feet. It is constituted of huge adobes, built up around and incasing a central core of earth. The casing appears to have had a thickness of thirty or forty adobes, presenting originally a smooth surface. Treasure hunters have made some excavations into it in search of the *peje grande*, "Great Fish," the largest of the two treasures said

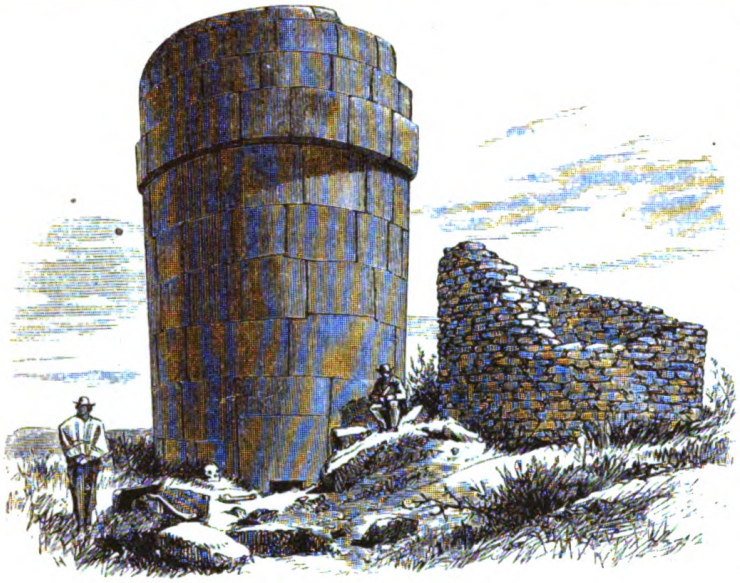


THE GREAT PYRAMID OF MOCHE.



HALL OF THE ARABESQUES, CHIMU.

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ROUND CHULPAS, SILLUSTANI.

to have been hidden by the followers of the last Inca. The secret of the *peje chico*, "Little Fish," was, it is said, communicated three centuries ago by an Indian cazique to one Gutierrez de Toledo, who secured some $5,000,000. But this was a mere trifle compared with the "Great Fish," the secret of which is said to be still preserved; and nothing would convince the natives that Mr. Squier had not somehow learned of the hiding-place, and that his surveyings and measurements were for any other purpose than to ascertain the exact spot.

Colonel La Rosas, an enthusiastic and not altogether unsuccessful treasure hunter, had long been conducting excavations in Chimu, in the course of which he had partially cleared out an edifice which is supposed to have been the palace of the prince. The whole structure covers several acres. Mr. Squier says:

"I would not undertake to reconstruct the palace from hints afforded by the comparatively small portions yet uncovered; but I have no doubt that it was a broad and rather low artificial mound, built of adobes throughout, containing many small subterranean chambers or vaults, and rising from the plain by a succession of three or more terraces, each covered with buildings of various designs and purposes; some of them connected by passages, others detached; some ornamented by reliefs or colors, but all arranged in a harmonious whole, at least in exterior aspect. If it was the residence of the Prince of Chimu, it perhaps contained, as did some feudal castles of the Old World, store-houses and armories, rooms and shops for attendants and servants, and perhaps, like the Vatican, a place for cunning workmen, spinners, weavers, and dyers."

From the numerous illustrations we select one which gives an idea of the effective mode in which the interior walls were ornamented. The "Hall of the Arabesques" is an apartment forty-two and a half feet broad and of unknown length, for a portion of the side walls has been destroyed. They can be traced for ninety feet, and Mr. Squier conjectures that the length was double the width. The arabesques are of stucco, in relief of about an inch, and of an intricate pattern.

Some leagues from Chimu, and overlooking the sea, is an extensive *huaco*, known as El Castillo. Near it is a space of several acres where the sandy soil is full of skeletons, buried irregularly, as if after a great battle. All that have been laid bare by the winds were those of adult males, and a large part of the skulls bore marks of violence. "Some," says Mr. Squier, "were cloven as if by the stroke of a battle-axe, others battered in as if from a club or hammer, and still others were pierced as if by a lance or arrow. I could not resist thinking that perhaps on this very spot had been fought the last decisive battle between the Inca Yupanqui and the Prince of Chimu, and that here were buried the slain of both armies—a notion supported by finding mixed together the square, posteriorly compressed skulls of the peoples of the coast, the artificially elongated skulls of the Aymaras, and the regular normal skulls of the Quichuas of the Sierra."

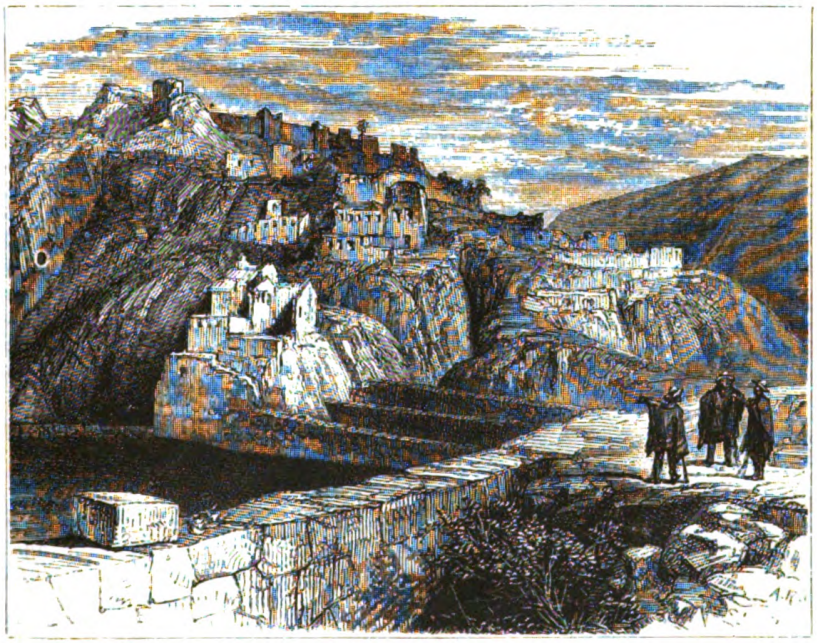
After spending three weeks at Chimu and devoting two more to the examination of other ruins along the coast, Mr. Squier returned to Lima, whence he set out on his main exploration among the Cordilleras. He has already in this Magazine described his researches in the sacred islands of Titicaca and Coati; at Tiahuanico, "the Baalbec of the New World," where, "at an elevation of 12,900 feet above the sea, in a broad, open, unprotected, arid plain, we find the evidences of a civilization regarded by many as the oldest and the most advanced of both American continents;" and at the royal Cuzco, with its stupendous dominating fortress of Sacsahuachan, the plan and construction of which would do honor to the ablest engineer of our own time, with all the appliances of modern art at his command. How the work was performed by those who had only bare human strength to put in operation may well excite our wonder.

We pass all these by, only pausing to note one distinguishing feature of the desolate

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region around the sacred lake. In some places, especially at Sillustani, on the little lake Umayo, four leagues from Titicaca, are innumerable *chulpas*, or burial towers. Sometimes they stand singly, sometimes in groups of a hundred or more, their profusion apparently indicating that bodies were here interred, as in a sacred spot, from all parts of the empire. They are round or square, built of all sorts of material. Some are in ruins, some as perfect as when first finished, some half completed. The distinguishing feature of all is that, with the exception of an oven-like cavity at the base, entered through a narrow hole in the side, all are solid structures. One of the finest of the round chulpas, in perfect preservation, strikingly evinces the skill of the old stone-cutters. It is thirty-nine feet high, sixteen feet in diameter at the base, enlarging as it rises, until at the spring of the dome its diameter is nineteen feet. Each hard basaltic stone is so cut that all its lines conform to the general plan. The face is an exact segment of a circle a little larger at the top than at the bottom. Each side is a part of the radius of the circle, and the stones of the dome are cut wedgewise on the top and bottom, so that the thrust is inward. The stones are of different sizes, but all fit so accurately that the exact form of each was determined before it was laid, as is shown by numerous other stones lying around, cut for other chulpas never to be erected. These are finished for their place, so that the structure went up without the sound of hammer or chisel.

Among the most interesting places visited by Mr. Squier is the lovely valley of Yucay, about twenty miles from Cuzco, where were the great fortresses of Ollantaytambo and the Gardens of the Incas. To reach the valley from Cuzco one ascends a high bleak table-land, from whose verge he looks down into the valley 4000 feet below, while all around rise lofty peaks as magnificent in form and far higher than the loftiest summits of the Alps, with glaciers between them "which have a sweep, as compared with those of the Alps, like that of a Western prairie as compared with a meadow valley of New England." The illustration at the commencement of this paper presents a single view in this magnificent valley. "From the glittering crests of these vast mountains," says Mr. Squier, "the eye ranges down through every gradation of color and depth of shadow, past cleft and cliff, ravine and precipice, until it rests on the graceful *andenes* or terraces of the far-famed Gardens of Yucay. These sweep in curves around the feet of the mountains, or project into the narrow valley, through which steals the river in every combination of geometrical outline. Although only about 2500 feet lower than the bolson of Cuzco, or 9000 feet above the sea, the valley enjoys a climate much milder, corresponding very closely with that of Nîmes and other parts of the south of France. Here the Incas constructed those marvelous terraced gardens, which, while they astonished by their beauty, bear constant witness to the skill and taste of their builders. Here they built their palaces, and on every pass leading to their retreat they raised impregnable fortresses."



PART OF FORTRESS OF PISAC.

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Prominent among these fortresses is that of Pisac, in the valley of Pancartambo, eight leagues from Yucay, which guards a pass through the Andes. It stands upon a bold headland projecting from the great snowy mass of the Andes—an irregular oval in shape, three miles long, and at its most elevated point 4000 feet high. Except at three points it is absolutely inaccessible; and wherever there was a place where a bold mountaineer could have scrambled up, lofty walls of stone were raised, so as to leave not the slightest foot-hold. Besides the main fortress, every possible point of access was walled up with stones or crowned with towers. The sides of the valley were terraced up for gardens, which could be reached only by flights of steps, each provided with its azequia, which also supplied water for the fortifications lower down. It is vain to conjecture what foe dwelt beyond the dominions of the Incas, against whom such enormous defenses were erected.

A remarkable feature of the land of the Incas was the suspension-bridges. Ignorant of the principle of the arch, and being wholly without large timber, this was the only means for crossing even small streams. To this day they are common, and although, of course, none of them are the work of the Incas, they occupy the sites, and are undoubtedly exact copies, of the ancient ones.

WILLIAM LOVETT,

WORKING-MAN, CHARTIST, PRISONER, AND AUTHOR.



WILLIAM LOVETT.

FOR some years it has been my much-valued privilege to call occasionally at a modest and comfortable residence in the Euston Road, London, to converse with a venerable gentleman whose life and recollections represent the most interesting chapters of popular movement in England within this century. We sometimes read of the appearance here and there of some survivor from the wars of Napoleon, or even from the last great struggle of Nelson; but there will come a day when heroes who suffered for the right shall be remembered with greater homage than soldiers who fought under the most famous commanders; and in that nobler era such men as William Lovett will find sitting at their feet and listening to their narratives larger and more important circles than the few who from time to time visit the humble home where his declining days are passing so sweetly. The first time I ever met with this veteran reformer's name was in a number of the old Boston *Dial*, where a work of his, written in Warwick jail, was spoken of as a "voice from the prison." That a man could be imprisoned in England for proposing resolutions in a public meeting protesting against the dispersion by force of another public meeting had appeared to me such an antiquarian incident that it was with surprise that I first met the man who had been so imprisoned. Nor was he so aged in appearance; and even now there is about him a certain ruddiness of countenance and vivacity of eye and voice which show how little poverty and persecution can wear upon any man who meets them with courage, and endures them for a great and human hope.

I have learned William Lovett's story mainly from his own lips, and it is so variously significant, so representative of a cer-

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tain terse and fibrous characteristic of English character, so pregnant with illustrations of modern political history, that it has appeared to me a chapter well worth the attention of a generation more pleased to enjoy their liberties than to remember at what cost they have been won.

William Lovett was born in the first year of this century, in the little fishing village of Newlyn, near Penzance, in Cornwall. His mother belonged to a family which had long been known in that region as fine athletes and excellent blacksmiths. She herself was a domestic servant at Falmouth at the time she married his father, who was master of a small vessel trading in that port. The father was drowned before William was born. The mother managed to secure for her son some education of a rudimentary kind. She was a devout Methodist, and in that faith her son William was brought up. At the age of eleven he was apprenticed to a rope-maker, when too hard work on an uncovered rope-walk weakened his constitution. He had a turn for mechanics, and taught himself to draw well. He managed to get some rude colors, and drew and painted birds, flowers, and the like with a skill which at least pleased his humble neighbors, many of whom have those pictures on their walls to this day. He acquired a reputation for making and ornamenting bird-cages, boxes, and similar objects. While yet a boy he made himself the hero of the straw-bonnet makers by inventing a new kind of bone straw-splitter, and improving several implements used in that then important manufacture. He also invented a new twine-spinning machine, which so pleased his master that it was adopted in his rope yard.

At the time when William Lovett's apprenticeship closed, the rope trade was so bad that he resolved to join with the fishermen; but he suffered so much from seasickness as to doubt whether this were his true vocation, and at the end of the first season turned his attention to carpentry. But the workmen in the shop in which he had found employment were indignant that a rope-maker should enter among them without previous apprenticeship to their work, and made his life so uncomfortable that he was glad to follow the advice of an old captain, who advised him to go to London. But it required a good deal of money to get from Falmouth to London, and still more might perhaps be required to support himself there until he could find employment. So he set about making bird-cages, boxes, and various articles of furniture; these he sold until he had accumulated a capital of fifty shillings. Then he made another box more beautiful than all the others, put upon it all the enthusiasm of a youth aspiring to a larger existence, and this box a sea-captain accepted as the youth's fare to London.

At twenty-one years of age William Lovett found himself on London streets with thirty shillings in his pocket. He joined in with some journeymen carpenters, and got a few odd jobs, but still he was very poor, and for many weeks lived on one penny loaf per day and pump-water. At one time he was, indeed, almost reduced to starvation, and had resolved to go to sea on an Indiaman. But a kind-hearted cabinet-maker, who accidentally overheard him mention to one of his workmen the straits to which he was reduced, offered him regular employment. This was the turning-point in his life. From this time he got along very well.

So soon as the young workman was thus relieved from the heavy pressure of anxiety about physical needs, he began to take an interest in the political agitations going on around him. It was in the memorable years between 1825 and 1830, when William Cobbett was writing for each working-man able to think his Lesson for the Day. The working-men were just then beginning to form those clubs which have done for the liberties of Old England what town-meetings have done for New England; and in those clubs Cobbett's *Register* was the chief educating force. To one of these clubs, called the "Liberals," young Lovett joined himself. It possessed a small but good library, and it held discussions—for the right of discussion had been then gained. There *is* a club in London called the "Cogers," whose name is said to be derived from the fact that originally, being prohibited free speech, they met to sit and "cogitate." The members of the "Liberals" appear not only to have discussed all matters interesting to them, but to have had a high standard among them, insomuch that William Lovett studied grammar and composition and the art of speaking extemporaneously for the express purpose of acquiring influence among them. Then he began to crave a wider audience, and began to write for the press. To his great delight, he found his articles attracting attention. Next he married the brave, energetic woman who has shared the sorrows and labors of his life, and is now sharing with him the pleasures of a happy old age. But once in his life, so far as I am informed, has William Lovett tried the poetic form of expression; that was in a work called "Woman's Mission." The little rose-colored pamphlet, written in the first year of this generation, contains all those high ideas of the elevation and enfranchisement of women which are now represented in important political movements.

"For ruling man no perfect freedom lives
Whilst by his law woman remains in bonds:
In sober truth he's but in heart a slave
Whose power controls, whose home a slave contains.
Would man in lovely woman ever find
His best adviser, lover, truest friend;
Would see her mind and excellence matured;

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On form and face her sex' perfection stamped
To mirror beauty to an unborn race—
He must at once his Gothic laws annul,
Fling back her dower, strive only for her love,
And proudly raise her up all rights to share."

One who knew William Lovett in those days whispers to me that his "Woman's Mission," full of good sense and sentiment as it is, was not so much of a poem as the life from which it came; for from the time when he was married he determined that whatever he had learned or could learn, his wife should learn also, and that she should, so far as he could secure it, keep step with him in thought and experience; and to this end he passed every evening that he could call his own reading to her and conversing with her. Wherein to-day William Lovett has his reward.

It is gentlemen who make revolutions. I use the word "gentlemen" in the conventional sense, meaning the man who keeps a gig and has what is thereby implied. Of course there may be exceptions, though I can not think of any case where a revolution, religious or political, did not work from the higher social plane downward. From Confucius, Zoroaster, and Buddha to Luther, Knox, and Wesley (*i. e.*, Wellesley); from the scholars of the Athenian Academy to the transcendentalists of America; from Mohammed to Cromwell, Robespierre, the Revolutionary leaders of America in '76, and even the secessionists of recent times—it has been repeatedly shown in history that for revolutionary movements there is first of all required some historic culture, leisure for brooding over the condition of things, leisure, too, for conspiracy, and means for the initiative, which the proletariat never has. The man who really brought forward the revolutionary wave of forty years ago, which England escaped being broken by only because she knew how to bend, was "Felix Holt, the Radical." Henry Hunt, the opulent farmer, able to offer his king twenty thousand pounds to avert a threatened invasion (1801), Cavalier and Lord-Lieutenant of Wiltshire, happens one day to have some hot words with his military superior, Lord Bruce; he challenges his lordship, and is for the same fined a hundred pounds and imprisoned for six weeks, and he comes out of prison a full-blown radical. William Cobbett emerged from the masses as a Tory, but even when he had espoused the popular cause, he was never able to bring matters to any practical conclusion. His *Register* did, indeed, prepare the way by educating the masses; but the crisis came when it was announced that Henry Hunt, "Lord of the Manor of Glastonbury," was to preside at an open-air meeting near Manchester. That meeting is now known as the "Peterloo Massacre;" the mounted police of the Prince Regent rode through the shrieking crowd of men, women, and children, of whom numbers lost their lives. Hunt, who presided over the meeting, was sent to prison for three years; at the end of it, passed from prison into Parliament. That collision of Peterloo was the costliest victory that Toryism ever had: since then it has never been able to rule, except by occasionally stealing the clothes of the Liberals while they were bathing. It was Henry Hunt who really raised the standard of Chartism, and who inspired the workingmen by his eloquence and enthusiasm. In 1827 he established the political society in which William Lovett soon became the most prominent figure. He had studied hard, had mastered physiological science, had made himself acquainted with the political history of his country, and was conversant with social and economical science; he now also had become a fluent and forcible speaker and a vigorous writer. He mainly got up the monster meeting which welcomed O'Connell on his first appearance in London in 1830. He was on the council of the "Metropolitan Political Union" and of the "Co-operative Trading Association," the latter being the first co-operative movement in England, and which failed through the lack of legal power to protect small capital. In 1831 he helped to found the "National Union of the Working Classes," which did so much to secure the great Reform Bill which speedily followed its organization.

But by this time the government of the Prince Regent had marked him as the most formidable agitator among working-men, and it was impossible that such a man so recognized should pass through those stormy years without personal trials. In 1831 he was with his devoted wife settled in a pleasant home; they had taken some pride in making their environment as beautiful as taste and skill with moderate means could secure for them. Mr. Lovett had with his own hand made the furniture of his home, according to the taste of himself and his young wife. One day he learned that a young man of his acquaintance had been drawn for service in the militia, and that though he had found an able-bodied substitute, it was refused, a money payment instead being demanded. His attention was thus drawn to the injustice by which young men were periodically fleeced or frightened in this way, and he wrote a letter to a publication known as *Carpenter's Political Letters*, advising the men so drawn to refuse either to serve or to pay, on the ground "that they had neither voice nor vote in making the laws; that as their labor, their only property, was not protected, they should not be called upon to arm for the protection of other property; and as they had no enemies but those who enslaved them, they were not disposed to take up

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arms against their friends and brothers." After giving this advice to his fellow-artisans, William Lovett was speedily supplied with an opportunity of showing whether he had the courage of his opinions. With suspicious promptness his own name was drawn for the militia, and with equal promptness he refused to serve, to pay, or to furnish a substitute. The constables at once entered his house—their plans had evidently been pre-arranged—and stripped it of its furniture, of every thing. However, there was considerable excitement about the matter, and it was not deemed by the authorities prudent that the articles seized should be at once submitted for public sale in the usual way; so the little all of the Lovetts, including that prized furniture which he had made with his own hand, was stored away for some time in an auction mart, and then sold as "property seized for taxes." But he was more than repaid for this loss. He petitioned the House of Commons; a debate ensued, in which the militia system was strongly condemned by many eminent men; public opinion was fairly aroused, and did the rest; and so Lovett's was the only property that had to be seized to bring on an important reform, and no drawing for the militia has ever occurred from that day to this.

The next wrong that Lovett confronted was the heavy stamp duty on newspapers—fourpence. The working classes found in this restriction upon the spread of knowledge a real and constant grievance. A Mr. Hetherington, then publishing the *Poor Man's Guardian*, sold his paper without the stamp, and therefor was thrown into prison. Upon this, William Lovett organized a "Victims' Fund," to assist in defending all who were prosecuted for selling the unstamped *Guardian*, and he formed one of a committee who undertook to supply the paper to subscribers at their own houses. In the course of the sharp war waged on this subject through four years, about five hundred persons were imprisoned for selling unstamped papers; and then Lord Brougham in the House of Lords and Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons took the matter up, and the government was compelled to substitute the one-penny in place of the fourpenny stamp. The name of Roebuck—who has now in his old age returned to Parliament as the advocate of every base measure aimed at the rights of the people—appeared in those days in honorable connection not only with the great victory which inaugurated the cheap press, but with every brave cause which was leading the English people to their fairer future.

But a more gigantic struggle awaited the Cornish mechanic. In 1836 he invited some working-men to meet him for consultation concerning the oppressions under which they were suffering. This meeting resulted in the organization called the "Workingman's Association," and in this association Chartism was born. With the aid of one or two others, William Lovett drew up the "People's Charter." This document proposed, 1, to confer the franchise on every citizen twenty-one years of age of sane mind, unconvicted of crime, who should have resided three months in the district in which he should vote; 2, to divide the United Kingdom into three hundred electoral districts, containing, as nearly as might be, an equal number of inhabitants, each district to send one member to Parliament, no more; 3, to take the votes of electors by ballot, in order to protect them from unjust influence; 4, that the Parliament should assemble annually; 5, that property qualifications for members of Parliament should be abolished, and members paid for their services. In advocacy of these principles William Lovett wrote from time to time powerful pamphlets, which had a very wide circulation, and Chartism became the all-inclusive popular movement of Great Britain. At the same time he wrote letters addressed to the working classes of Poland, Belgium, Canada, the United States, and other countries. These appeals were always submitted to large meetings of working-men in London, and adopted as their voice, and in each case they elicited hearty responses from that class in the various nations to which they were addressed. Above all, the Chartists looked to America as the great demonstration of the practical character of their aims. Scattered through their appeals are such passages as the following: "They say that we are 'adopting and imitating the mischievous conduct of our oppressors, in seeking to make men free and happy by means of legislation!' What, we would ask, but legislation has made the difference between democratic America, despotic Russia, and pauperized and oppressed England? If the will of the American people, expressed through their legislature, has raised them from such poor and heterogeneous origin to become a nation better educated than any under the sun—where two-thirds of the adults are proprietors, while most of the others have the prospect of becoming so—what, we would ask the gentlemen who make these admissions, is there in the character of Englishmen to prevent them from realizing similar advantages, were the same political rights conferred upon them as on their American brethren?" Perhaps the saddest shock which the Chartists ever received was when at a later period of their movement the Oregon boundary question raised between the two countries a shadow of war. William Lovett then wrote an address to the working-men of America, which was adopted with enthusiasm by the "National Associa-

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tion" in England, in which he said: "We beseech you, working-men of America, do not permit yourselves to be drawn or seduced into war, and thus afford the enemies of our liberties and the haters of yours a pretext and opportunity to produce those lamentable results" (of which the pamphlet had been speaking), "nay, it may be, to jeopardize the rights and liberties which you now enjoy. Your country has long been an asylum for persecuted freedom throughout the world, and your democratic institutions inspire the hopeful and struggling among all nations; but while your republic offers a beacon to cheer and animate the friends of human rights and equal laws, it at the same time sends forth a light that despotism would fain extinguish. For, be assured, the despots of Europe would gladly cast aside their petty contentions to form another unholy alliance against the growing republic of America; and though their combined power might fail to crush your liberties, they would not fail in desolating your shores and in destroying great numbers of your people." In 1844 Mr. Lovett, as representative of the same association, prepared and sent to the French working classes, for their adoption, the following propositions: 1. That we, the working classes of France and England, respectfully present our different legislative bodies with a solemn protest against ALL WAR, as being in principle opposed to morality, religion, and human happiness. 2. That we request them to use their influence with the nations of the world to establish a CONFERENCE OF NATIONS, to be composed of three or more representatives, chosen by the people of their respective countries, to meet annually, for the purpose of settling all national disputes that may arise, by arbitration, without having recourse to war. 3. That we urge on them to devote the enormous sums now expended in war and warlike preparations to the education and improvement of the people of their respective countries. 4. That we impress on them the necessity of setting an example to other nations of that justice, forbearance, morality, and religion which they preach the necessity of to their own people. 5. That we earnestly beseech them to set the bounds of justice to their acquisitions of territory, and seek to amend their institutions and improve the condition of their people." In conveying these propositions Mr. Lovett wrote: "We class our late wars in China and Afghanistan, with the war you are now waging in Algeria, as unjust wars, the power of might being immorally exercised in all, as it always is when force and destruction take the place of reason and justice." It was out of such appeals as these sent to the various nations of Europe that there grew those International societies whose history has yet to be made, and which have raised the flag that still floats where many have trailed, inscribed with the title of a vision certain to be realized—The United States of Europe.

The Chartists did not for a moment lose sight of their hand-to-hand conflict at home while cultivating fraternal relations with other countries. One of the practical results of their agitation was the organization of a few trades-unions. The capitalists foresaw the immense limitations upon their power which were to come from these combinations, and waged a furious war against them. Their plan of attack was to bring all manner of charges against these unions—sedition, conspiracy, fraud, cruelty to non-conforming laborers, and so on; and the skill with which William Lovett, as secretary of the trades of London, refuted these charges brought him some dubious compliments from high quarters in the shape of suggestions that he should desert his humble clients and comrades, and seek eminence at the bar. When the government appointed a commission to investigate these charges, Lovett assisted them in every possible way, and the result was that they had to report that they had found nothing against the unions, which from that time (1838) began to multiply and increase to their present dimensions.

The following year witnessed a curious phenomenon. The great National Petition was being prepared, and a convention of working-men was called at London to watch over it. This convention, in which William Lovett was a prominent figure, sat as a sort of Working-men's Parliament. It held its session here so long as "the Westminster institution" continued *its* session, and when the House of Commons adjourned, this other Commons adjourned its session to Birmingham. Then occurred the "Battle of Birmingham." The authorities of that city disputed the right of the Working-men's Parliament to assemble in a certain public place known as "the Bull Ring," and, their arguments not being very strong, they sent to London for a body of police to supplement their logic. The posse, on its arrival, immediately proceeded to make an indiscriminate assault upon the crowd of men, women, and children attending the convention, many of them suffering severely. The convention passed three resolutions expressing a somewhat emphatic opinion against the legality of this proceeding. Lovett, who wrote the resolutions, was arrested on a charge of "libeling the police," and a friend of his, John Collins, a tool-maker, was arrested for having taken the resolutions to the printer who printed them. These two men were taken to Warwick jail, stripped and dressed in prison clothes, had their hair cropped, and then were put with

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felons—all without having undergone even the form of a trial! So far did the audacity of Toryism go only thirty-five years ago. The two men petitioned Parliament against this treatment, and so managed to get out of prison on bail in a thousand pounds each. At their trial at the Warwick Sessions Lovett defended himself—declining all counsel—and his eloquent speech was received throughout the country with enthusiasm. But it was this very response on the part of the masses which rendered the conviction of the two prisoners inevitable. Several of the jury were heard to say on the eve of the trial that they wished "all the Chartists were hanged," so we must regard it as a piece of moderation that they only sentenced the men to twelve months' imprisonment. On the evening after William Lovett's trial, when his little bucket of gruel was served out to him, he took up a black beetle in the first spoonful, and this filled him with such loathing that he lived for some time on bread soaked in water. This brought on illness, under which he came near sinking; but the visiting magistrates, seeing his condition, ordered him to be taken to the hospital, and made his friends acquainted with the state of his health. This led to an improvement in his circumstances; but still the fact that he had brought to light, in a petition to Parliament, a number of the indignities which he had suffered in his previous imprisonment (before trial) had enraged the prison authorities, and they made his stay as disagreeable as possible, among other things compelling him to go for the first six months without animal food. Having, by petitioning the minister of the day, been allowed pen, ink, and paper and a few books, Mr. Lovett wrote in Warwick jail his most important work, which was published when he emerged into freedom again. It was entitled *Chartism; or, a New Organization of the People.* Its object was to induce the Chartists of the United Kingdom to form themselves into a national association for the erection of halls and schools of various kinds, the establishment of libraries, and the printing of documents and sending out lecturers with the view of creating an enlightened public opinion. This work contains one of the first claims ever made in England for the political enfranchisement of women, and it is one which, if only because of its date (1841) and the place where it was written, deserves to be quoted. It is as follows: "In the plan of the National Association we have provided for the admission of female members on the same conditions as males; and as some prejudices exist on the subject of female education, and especially against their obtaining any knowledge of politics, it may be necessary to give a few reasons in favor of our proposition. As regards politics, the law does not exempt women from punishment any more than men, should they trespass on the rights or injure the person or property of their neighbor; and therefore, by all just constitutional arrangements, all should share in the enactment of laws to which they are amenable. If a woman be a householder, she must contribute her share of direct taxes; and if not, on all her eating, drinking, and wearing she contributes her portion of indirect taxes equally with men; and according to the unperverted spirit of our constitution, there should be no taxation without representation. Again, if a woman be married, her influence for good or evil is still exercised in all the political affairs of her husband; and if single, her political knowledge or ignorant prejudices are equally powerful in society. Therefore, their rights and influence being manifest, the necessity for their political instruction must be equally obvious. But what is still far more important, women are the chief instructors of our children, whose virtues or vices will depend more on the education given them by their mothers than on that of any other teacher we can employ to instruct them. If a mother is deficient in knowledge and depraved in morals, the effects will be seen in all her domestic arrangements, and her prejudices, habits, and conduct will make the most lasting impression on her children, and often render nugatory all the efforts of the schoolmaster. There has seldom been a great or noble character who had not a wise or virtuous mother. Seeing, then, that so much of our early education depends on the mental and moral qualities of women, should we not labor, by every means in our power, to qualify them for these important duties? And when, in addition to these considerations, we take into account how much of men's happiness depends upon the minds and dispositions of women, how much of comfort, cheerfulness, and affection their intelligence can spread in the most humble home, how many cares their prudence can prevent, and their sympathy and kindness alleviate, it ought to redouble our anxiety to promote the education and contend for the social and political rights of women."

The writer of this has lived to see a bill to secure suffrage for women introduced into the House of Commons by an eminent Tory!

A considerable portion of the book is taken up with a detailed description of the school system which the prisoner proposed for the nation. First, there was to be an infant school, where the teaching was to be by object lessons, and where physical culture was to be of paramount importance; next, a preparatory school, where reading, writing, and the rudiments of science should be taught, and children made to describe in writing scenes they had witnessed, or visits, etc., with accuracy, and drawing taught; and

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finally a high school, in which the previous studies should be carried forward, and the student led to reflect upon all he has learned, and learn the means of communicating knowledge. Each student is to give a lecture upon some subject to the rest, suitable time for preparation being allowed. Each one is also to be encouraged to make collections of books, maps, plants, minerals, shells, pictures, or other things, according to his or her tastes. There is then to be an agricultural school, an industrial school, etc., and the pupils are to pass gradually from the preparation to the work of life.

When William Lovett had come out of prison and published his book, a number of working-men induced him to set about the task of organizing such a National Association as he had described, and he endeavored to do so; whereupon he was bitterly assailed by Fergus O'Connor and his disciples, who declared that it was a plan for destroying the power of O'Connor and subverting his "Land Scheme." However, many of the London working-men joined themselves together and formed the Association, and in connection with it a hall was fitted up in Holborn. In that hall lectures were given for many years by W. J. Fox, J. H. Parry, Thomas Cooper, and others, and secular schools also carried on. A publican, however, purchased this National Hall—beer always being able to command more capital than education—and it became a music-hall and gin palace. During the years in which Mr. Lovett conducted the schools in the National Hall he published his excellent manual, *Elementary Anatomy and Physiology*, finely illustrated with colored plates, and also a little volume entitled *Social and Political Morality*. Both of these are excellent school-books. When his own schools were closed, Mr. Lovett was employed to teach physiology in St. Thomas's Charter-house School and at St. Bartholomew's Grammar School. He continued so at work, and with great success, until compelled by increasing infirmities to cease from such labors.

And now, in closing this my brief account of the life of one of the most faithful and wise men whom it has been my fortune to know, I will only add that William Lovett appears to me a strictly representative man. It is unhappily true that the masses of English working people are coarse, ignorant, and intemperate; but it is equally true that wherever efforts have been made to educate and elevate them, the results have revealed possibilities in them and aspirations of pathetic significance. It is to be feared that it is Giant Despair who crushes so many English men and women down into misery and animalism. There never were so many families passing through the world whose lives are so unvisited by rays of beauty, and whose horizon is so starless. Yet here in the Working-men's College, founded by Dr. Maurice, the neighboring college for working men and women, the New Hall of Science (where Mr. Bradlaugh and the secularists are at work), we have seen nearly every person who has entered them developing talent, rapidly gaining knowledge, abandoning every bad habit, and becoming a marked influence among his or her fellow-laborers. Seeing the mass, one would say that they had been bred for their place of inferiority and subjection as short-horns are bred, or according to some force of natural selection; but the stock easily reveals its sturdy nature, and breaks out with varieties and faculties under comparatively little culture. There are several score of working-men in London who have gained influence as thinkers, leaders, orators, and they all have faith in the future of their class. A few of these have, indeed, by the exquisite flavor of mind and character, reminded me sometimes of Victor Hugo's idea that the great "dynasty" of the future was to be attained when the lower classes are united to the poets and philosophers. "The people in combination with men of genius—this will be the voltaic pile of civilization." With what thirst do these working-men pore over Ruskin and Huxley, Carlyle and Emerson! But among the men of the working class who have acquired culture and position I have known none who has appeared to me a finer prophecy of the future of the English laboring-man than William Lovett.

CAWS AND EFFECT.

NINE metaphysicians, perched aloft
On the top of a dry pine-tree,
Have talked all day in a marvelous way
Of divine philosophy.

No wild, Coleridgean ramblers they
All over the realm of laws—
They stick to their text, however perplexed,
The doctrine (and practice) of caws.

The biggest crow, on the nearest limb,
Gave first, with never a pause,
A clear, profound, deliberate, sound
Discourse of proximate caws.

A theologue in a cassock clad,
With a choker under his jaws
And a cold in his head, either sung or said
A treatise of second caws.

A fish-hawk lit on the topmost limb
With a pickerel in his claws,
When small and great began to debate
Concerning efficient caws.

And when, at the close, the congress rose,
I saw two old crows pause,
And what they said, as they flew o'erhead,
Had the sound of final caws.

No longer in me, O Philosophy,
Thy devotee expect;
In spite of thy laws, here's a chain of caws,
And not one single effect.

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"NOTWITHSTANDING."

MY friend Stanley St. Crux entered my room with his usual lack of ceremony, and flung himself on to his favorite sofa.

"Galloway," he said, seriously, "it is very hot."

"What an outburst of originality!" I answered. "And yet I must admit that it is."

He smiled languidly, and yet with an air of superiority, and disposed himself more comfortably upon my lounge.

"It is too hot to do any thing," he proceeded—"far too hot to keep engagements."

"Which means," I returned, "that you have an engagement on your conscience that you are neglecting."

"Exactly."

"With whom?"

"With Flournoy, who was going to call at Colonel Percy's. Reason—Percy has a typical Southern belle for a daughter."

"Ah," said I, "Cordelia."

"I suppose so," drowsily. "At least they call her Delia. One is constantly hearing her spoken of by masculine Denverton—the young men of 'our first families,' you know. They dance with her, they call on her, they ride with her, and escort her upon all occasions. The best waltzer, the best rider, the wearer of the smallest shoe, is Delia Percy."

I leaned back in my chair and looked at him in a theorizing mood. He actually was half asleep. He plainly was not at all prepossessed. It was evident his subject even repelled him somewhat. And yet he was young, complacent, and appreciative enough at times; and his very vanity, of which he had an abundance, might have roused him to some interest in a type of youth and beauty so new to him as was Delia Percy's.

It was not a common every-day sentiment, the friendship which existed between this young man and myself; on the contrary, it was a little whimsical. He was rich, and I was poor; he was physically strong, and I was a species of valetudinarian; he was thirty, and I was sixty-five. And yet, despite these facts, I have conceit enough to be convinced that it was not wholly on the account of my fair relative Lesley Garland that he professed to like me and visited me so frequently.

There were other foundations for our intimacy apart from Lesley Garland, who in some cases might have been considered foundation enough. We had lived in the same Northern city; we had known the same people; we had revolved in the same circle; and last, but by no means least, we had neither of us visited the South until the past winter, when I had migrated for the sake of my health, and he had followed me, partially for my own sake, partially for the sake of the novelty, and partially, I admit, for the sake of Lesley Garland, who was my niece and companion and nurse.

Being stronger than I was, he had not been driven from Florida by the first approach of heat, but had remained behind to explore swamps and shores and fastnesses at leisure. Consequently I had reached Denverton at least a month or six weeks before him, and had had time to learn something of its inhabitants before his arrival; and the most important members of its society being the Percys, I knew something of them. So I naturally theorized as I observed his utter lassitude of mind as far as the belle of Denverton was concerned. But I kept my theorizing to myself, and only broke the silence with a commonplace question:

"Have you seen Cordelia Percy?"

"No."

"Nor her father?"

"No."

"Well," I remarked, "let me tell you that you will find them interesting—or ought to. They are truly typical Southerners, not the lavish, slave-owning, magnolia-shaded order one reads of, but a type of a much larger class; not quite so romantic and picturesque, but far more true to life."

"Exactly," he answered; "and that is just why I am not interested. They are not so picturesque. For my part, I feel myself defrauded. Fiction gave me my planter served up hot and strong, with his plantation and his Panama hat and his diabolical overseer; but fact dilutes him to such an extent that I fail to recognize him, and scorn to accept him as my ideal when I do. My early education taught me to believe that every Southerner was an exaggeratedly rich planter, and maltreated his slaves; but experience roughly robs me of the sweet delusion, and forces upon me a predominant element of Colonel Percys and Miss Cordelias. Is it not natural that I should be inclined to repudiate a substitute for my planter who is only a splenetic politician, and a lawyer given to lofty hyperbole and references to the by-gone days of Southern chivalry? And as to Miss Cordelia, when I have seen her waltz and ride, and admired her willowy figure, and wondered at the smallness of her shoe, have I not exhausted her resources and my own ingenuity? Don't you remember Miss Belle Hildebrand, who had eyes like a houri, and sang songs with choruses out of tune?"

I certainly did remember her, and notwithstanding my appreciation of certain fine, warm, subtle qualities in her, I could not help but confess in secret that my poor beautiful Cordelia belonged, in spite of herself, to the same school. And I winced unpleasantly at the mere thought.

Having condescended to rouse himself so far as to discuss the point, in my opinion

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St. Crux became, as is unfortunately sometimes the habit of clever young men, almost unpalatably didactic in his eloquence.

"They are painfully alike, that class of Southern women," he went on, stretching himself out and clasping his hands behind his head to raise it; "they are prettier than they deserve to be; they dress wonderfully well, from a kind of instinct not easy to account for; they suggest a species of grace, and yet frequently they do things which are in bad taste, and they usually disappoint a man. If it were not for the prettiness and grace, there are some of them who would be absolutely unbearable. But it is illustrative of the pitiful weakness and grossness of mankind, that a woman with small hands, an arched instep, and Oriental eyes may be guilty of indiscretions by which a thick-waisted, flat-footed young person would be condemned forever."

He had got this far, and was evidently complacently well pleased with his own fluency, when his harangue was broken in upon by the clatter of horses' feet sounding in the street.

"Who is that?" he asked; and, to my surprise, suddenly developed energy enough to rise and approach the window near which I sat.

There were two horses, one ridden by a well-looking young fellow, who was plainly in the highest spirits; the other by a girl, lissome, erect, and full of glowing life, her broad-brimmed Cavalier hat looped back daringly from her picturesque face, a jaunty knot of scarlet pinned against her hair.

They passed us almost at a flying gallop, but she turned her supple waist, as she sat firm in her saddle, and looked up at the window, laughing through mere exhilaration, as she waved her hand at me, crying, in a voice just a trifle loud, and yet clear as a bell,

"Good-morning, Mr. Galloway."

"Who is that?" demanded St. Crux, his eyes kindling with the momentary excitement imparted by the rush and gay clatter.

"Only," said I, settling myself in my invalid's chair again—"only Cordelia Percy. You see, you would have missed her, after all, even if you had gone with Flournoy."

It took him three or four minutes to cool down again, though he made no comment, and I doubt, indeed, if it would not have taken him longer, if Lesley Garland had not entered the room.

It is one of Lesley Garland's peculiarities that she has a tranquilizing effect upon people. There is nothing exciting or disturbing about her. She is a tall, lovely young woman, with large, clear gray eyes, and an exquisite complexion, touched with a hint of soft bloom; she avoids trimmings and vivid colors, and her voice is a marvel of low-toned melody. This morning she wore white, with a long, swaying cluster of pale purple clematis and a leaf at the hollow of her fair throat, and she came in as softly as a breath of summer wind, and produced about the same effect.

She did not blush when she saw St. Crux, but stood at the door, with her hand upon the handle, with as little confusion manifest in her manner as if we had all three been of equal age. And yet she must have been conscious of the fact that St. Crux had not dropped in that morning without some little hope of seeing her.

"Do you want any thing, Uncle Harold?" she asked.

"No," I answered, benignly. "But come in, my dear, and talk to us a little."

So she came in, and seated herself in a cool place, and talked as I had requested—talked to St. Crux and talked to me. Don't imagine that because she was calm, she was also insipid. Few young ladies are more intellectual and charming than Miss Lesley Garland—and, better still, she listened beautifully when we talked, and was always ready with replies to our brilliant speeches and subtle appreciation of our epigrams.

The very memory of Cordelia Percy was swept away from St. Crux's mind in fifteen minutes. He engaged himself intensely, and both looked and talked his best, as he always did when he was with Lesley. Seeing them together, I always had the comfortable feeling that I beheld a man who had found his ideal and was delighting in her to the utmost. And certainly she would have been a creditable ideal for any man to claim as his special property. He plainly did not give another thought to the Percys while she was present; but when she had left the room to attend to my luncheon, and he himself stood ready to go, hat in hand, he said to me,

"You find no women in the South like Miss Garland. Imagine the contrast between her and the other!"

"Ah, yes," I answered, carelessly; "there is certainly a contrast."

I knew, however, that he would see Cordelia again, and that before many days. Chance would have thrown them together if he had not made any move himself, and I knew nothing was more natural than that he should help chance, even while he did not fancy himself exactly interested.

I proved to be in the right. Four days later he came to see me, and by the time he had been in my room twenty minutes I heard that he had been to the Percys'.

"I went with Flournoy," he said. "He is on intimate terms with them. They are fourth or fifth cousins, I believe; and somehow it ended in our spending an entire evening there."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes"—with a pretense of being very cool about it.

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But very shortly he broke into the pause that followed by turning upon me.

"Why don't you ask me what I think about Cordelia Percy now?" he said.

I could not help feeling pleased at my own penetration, and flattering myself that, after all, sixty-five was not an age without its sharpness and knowledge of human nature.

"Because," I said, "in the first place, I know you will tell me if I wait, and in the second, I know without being told."

"If you do," he returned, composedly, "I wish you would tell *me*."

"I have no objection," was my reply. "Just at present you fancy it lies in a nutshell. Her beauty charms and dazzles you in spite of yourself; her ignorance annoys you; her manner strikes you as being a novel one; and, upon the whole, you are amused."

He laughed a little, and, I fancied, colored slightly.

"Well," he said, "it is not a bad summing up altogether. There can't be two opinions about her beauty, and there can't be two opinions about her ignorance; and yet she is fresh and whimsical enough to amuse one."

"Did she play?" I asked.

He laughed again.

"Yes," he said. "Flournoy, who is an idiot, insisted that she should, and was so persistent that she could not refuse often enough to make him give the matter up."

"Well?" suggested I. He had stopped, and was smiling.

"Oh, she plays badly. She has had teachers with infamous taste, and they have given her young-lady pieces with showy variations. And she has enough music in her soul to have prevented her feeling any interest in them. She plays them badly, and I am glad she does. It would be worse if she had had the patience to learn them correctly. When she had finished, she got up and pushed the music back in a heap, and gave her shoulders an angry little shake, putting out her delicate under lip like a child, her eyes full of pettish humiliation. 'I can not play,' she said. '*You* know I can not.'"

It was so like the poor, impetuous, indiscreet child that I could not help feeling slightly vindictive.

"Flournoy *is* an idiot," I said. "He always was, his friends tell me."

St. Crux raised his eyebrows. "She has voice enough," he condescended; "it is sweet and flexible; but her adorers have piled her music-stand with sentimental ditties, all two-thirds chorus, and I suppose she must do something with them."

I heard a great deal about his visit before he went away. In a careless, unremarkable fashion he said first one thing and then another, until he had told me almost every thing they had said to each other, and all that had happened: how Colonel Percy had drifted into politics, and had been very severe upon the then administration; how Cordelia's eyes had flashed when the conversation turned upon their experiences in "Confederate times;" how Flournoy had wandered off enthusiastically, and hopelessly lost himself, in a dissertation upon the beauty and grace of Southern women, and how Mrs. Percy had evidently approved of his views. Altogether he gave me ground enough upon which to form a series of interesting fancies. In a dearth of other amusement, I frequently entertain myself with my fancies. I am too much of an invalid to visit the outside world, so I must make the outside world visit me. I must make use of my imagination, and I made use of it in this case.

I may as well admit before I go further that I had one of my fancies for Cordelia Percy. I liked her. She touched me; she interested me. She was a novelty, and, viewed from some points, became a little pathetic. I suppose it is natural that one should always put a woman's beauty in the first place; so I will say that, in the first place, she was so thorough a beauty; in the second, she was so innocently conscious, and often so innocently unconscious, of her many imperfections; in the third, her ill-regulated young heart was so warm and dangerously open to assault; and in the fourth, she was as fond of me as I was of her. I had seen women like Lesley Garland before, women who were fair, equable, and well trained in all feminine graces, and I had always admired and felt my inferiority to them; but, to my discredit be it spoken, none of them had ever tugged at my heart-strings as did this lovely, imperfect, tempestuous Cordelia.

I did not know exactly why it was that, from my first acquaintance with her, I had begun to wish that St. Crux had not been interested in Lesley Garland. People who were not inclined to be whimsical might certainly have fancied that Lesley was the better suited to him of the two; but then I am well known to be one of the persons who *are* whimsical, and I had certain secret ideas of my own upon the subject. St. Crux, who is in every respect a delightfully fascinating fellow when he chooses so to be, was capable of making the woman who loved and was loved by him desperately happy, and I wanted to see Cordelia Percy desperately happy, and developing accordingly, as I knew she would. Being in an imaginative mood, I depicted to myself to a nicety how she had been affected by his first visit. I knew how he had pleased and displeased her, irritated and soothed her, by turns, without having the slightest intention of doing either the one thing or the other.

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That afternoon I had the pleasure of seeing her and hearing all about it from her own sweet, rash lips, notwithstanding the fact that she was perfectly guileless of any intention of betraying her emotions to me.

She often came to see me. I had invited her at first, and she had availed herself of my invitation with delightful candor. At the outset I think she enjoyed her consciousness of my interest and admiration, and afterward she began to like me. So she fell into the habit of coming, sometimes with a lavish bouquet of flowers, sometimes with a trifling dainty she had manufactured herself, and was very proud of, and sometimes with nothing but her own charm of youth and high spirit, which was quite enough. We became so confidential, and she was so frank and ingenuously indiscreet, that she even occasionally discussed her adorers with me, and related a few little stories of her triumphs; and odd as it may seem to the uninitiated, I must say that I enjoyed such occasions in no small degree.

She brought a bouquet this time, and having laid aside her gloves, proceeded to divide and arrange it in various vases for me, and as she arranged it, talked.

"Mr. Galloway," she began, "I have seen that friend of yours. Cousin Will Flournoy brought him to our house a few nights ago."

"So he told me," I replied.

She turned round suddenly: her back had been toward me before.

"Did he? What did he say?"

Under the same circumstances, Lesley Garland would have expired silently before asking such a childish and transparent question, and yet I could not help seeing something to admire in the utter ignorance of diplomacy which could be guilty of such a misstep.

"He said that you played and sang."

The creamy pallor of her skin changed to a deep pink up to the very roots of her hair.

"That was Cousin Will's fault," she said. "I hate him. He is always doing stupid things. As if I would have played if he had left me alone! Did he—did he say it was very bad, Mr. Galloway?" in guileless distress.

"Oh," I replied, with indifferent mendacity, "he is a reserved sort of fellow, St. Crux, and not in the habit of saying very much; but I dare say he was like me—glad that you had not wasted your time in learning such things better. You must really have some new music, Cordelia."

She stood pouting and pulling a flower to pieces.

"There is no use. Who would care for it here?"

"You would care for it yourself," I said.

"I don't know," scattering a shower of scarlet geranium petals all round her. "I am not like Miss Garland."

"What!" said I. "Are you jealous of Lesley Garland?"

A little nervous laugh broke through her pout.

"Yes, I am," she said.

"Why?"

"Because," conclusively. And then she tried to laugh again, and failed. "She is so exactly right," she added. "She has every thing on her side. She is beautiful and clever, and she never makes mistakes. Pooh!" shrugging her shoulders. "In a love story girls like her carry every thing before them. The hero always falls in love with her, and is always contrasting her with the shallow, handsome, rich one every body wants him to marry. It is the rich beauties who are unfortunate."

"And you are a rich beauty," I commented.

She turned her head over her shoulder and looked at herself in the glass with large languorous dark eyes, which were quite candid in their expression of their opinion of themselves.

"I am pretty," she said. "Of course I should know that if people didn't tell me, and they are always telling me. And as for being rich, you know I wasn't a year old before somebody left me ever so much money and a big rice plantation. I am always having to sign papers about it. To have people fall in love with me, I ought to be poor enough to be dependent on some one, and have only one very becoming best dress, and yet know every thing and do every thing better than every body else, and be able to make unluckier people feel contemptible."

"Don't people fall in love with you?" I suggested.

"Yes, a great deal too much," with touching dissatisfaction. "But what do *I* care for Will Flournoy and the five M'Dermotts and all the Harringtons?"

I let her go back to her flowers and finish arranging them before I said any thing about St. Crux, and then, as she was placing her last tuberose, I asked her a question.

"How do you like him?" I said, craftily.

"He is not like any of the rest," she answered, innocently, falling into my trap at once; "and he never would say the wrong kind of things. I like *men* to be like Lesley Garland. A man can't make me jealous."

Which was quite enough for me. She had not required to be brought back to the subject by the mention of his name—*ergo*, it had been in her mind even when we had talked of other things.

As she was going out of the door, after bidding me good-morning, St. Crux came in. I was amused to note the expression of his face when he saw her. It was not actually a lighting up, but a hint of a possible development of momentary interest and ex-

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citement. He hesitated a second, as if with some half-formed intention of stopping her; but she only gave him a bright careless nod, a good-morning, stepped past him, and ran lightly down stairs.

"You are just in time to be too late," I remarked.

"So it seems," was his reply.

He wore his usually calm aspect when he sat down, and he regarded the bouquet nearest him with a critical eye.

"There is high art in such arrangement as that," he said. "Women like Miss Garland—"

"It was not Lesley Garland who arranged them," I interposed. "It was Delia Percy."

He appeared somewhat less complacent, but held his own well enough, nevertheless. He stretched out his hand and picked up a pair of gloves, carelessly rolled together in an untidy little ball.

"Is it Delia Percy who wears pink gloves when she makes calls?" he asked. "It is not Miss Garland, I am sure."

They were Delia's gloves, and I regretted to see that they were pink of the palest shade. In her love for pretty and delicate things the poor child was sometimes rather lavish and fanciful. Certainly pale pink gloves are scarcely the thing for a friendly morning visit in a country village.

"Leave them alone," I said, snappishly.

He laughed, holding them lightly.

"Oh, I am not going to take them," he answered. "It is only in three-volumed novels that men do that kind of thing, and it always struck me as expressing an exaggerated order of sentiment. If I took them, I suppose the correct thing would be to wear them next to my heart." And he laughed again and laid them down, and, I must confess, I did not see him even look at them again.

I did not see him look at them again, I repeat, and my reason for so doing is a curious one. He looked at Lesley Garland, who came in, and he talked to her and entertained himself, to all appearances, to his great satisfaction. He was so fully occupied with Lesley, indeed, that I found myself just a shade neglected. But when he had made his bow and left us, and I glanced at the table, the gloves were gone.

I was mystified in one respect certainly. What emotion had prompted him to take them was beyond my comprehension; but that he had taken them I was fully convinced, and I seized the earliest opportunity of conveying to him my knowledge of the fact. When next I found myself alone with himself and Lesley, I asked my niece a question:

"What number of gloves do you wear, my dear Lesley?"

She held out a fair, finely developed, womanly hand, smiling at the question.

"Six and a half; Jouvin."

"Ah!" I remarked; "then, of course, you could not wear sixes. And then, again, from what I know of you, I should hardly feel myself justified in accusing you of appropriating a stray pair."

"Not if they were sixes," with another smile. "Who has lost them?"

"Cordelia Percy."

St. Crux, who had been turning over a book of engravings, stopped doing so to look up at me composedly.

"Her hands are as small as her feet, then," he said. "Flournoy confidentially informs me that her shoe is a number one. It is supposed to be a great cause for congratulation in the family. But, for my part, I am ashamed to confess that I am becoming a little tired of hearing her adorers talk about her shoes. It seems to me that in the South a woman's shoe is a matter of vital importance."

I said nothing more, simply because I felt it would be of no use. He was plainly determined to keep his own counsel, and I was checkmated.

He met Cordelia again and again, I used to hear, and occasionally I heard it from his own lips; but he never discussed her or made her a subject of conversation, and, in fact, always appeared rather indifferent than otherwise, and was as faithful as ever in his cultivation of Lesley Garland. Cordelia herself, also, was more inclined to be reserved where he was concerned than I should have imagined possible. She would talk about the M'Dermotts and Harringtons and the score or so of fifty-second cousins who worshiped at her shrine and flaunted the frail fabric of their relationship in less lucky people's faces, but she had very little to say about St. Crux.

"He comes to the house with Cousin Will," she would say, "and we know each other a little better than we used to, but not very much."

Her very reserve made me uneasy at times. I had wished that St. Crux would fall in love with her; but since he did not seem inclined to do so, I certainly did not wish to see her warm young heart fix itself upon him. She was worthy of happier things than a one-sided passion. I began to wish that she was as calmly candid as Lesley Garland, who was as ready to admire St. Crux as I myself, and whose clear tranquil eyes met mine with as little shrinking as a child's when we discussed him together. Certainly Lesley's sentiment for him was by no means a vehement one, to whatever order it might belong.

It disturbed me vaguely to discover that Cordelia was making desperately charming efforts to "improve herself," even though she flattered my elderly vanity by appealing to *me*, and, having asked me for advice,

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read the books I directed, and endeavored to develop the tastes I admired.

She brought the new music to me one day, a vast roll, which she laid upon the table, and seated herself near, leaning her beautiful cheek on her hand, and flushing over in a depth of naïve discouragement.

"If I had some one to help me, I think I might learn it," she sighed; "but I am so used to trash that I shall be sure to play it badly if I try myself."

I began to talk the matter over to Lesley that evening, and before I had talked very long, I saw her grave delicious smile appear, and I knew some gentle and altogether admirable thought was rising in her mind. I discovered what it was when next I saw Cordelia.

"Mr. Galloway," she said, "now, according to all proper stories, I am to be utterly despised. I am going to be taught by the perfect heroine. Miss Garland is going to give me music lessons."

Even though I thought I knew the silly child so well, it seemed a little incomprehensible that the tears should rush into her eyes as she spoke.

"The hero will hate me now, you know," she went on, "and she will be more fascinating than ever. I shall be horribly impertinent to her, and expose my bad qualities and ignorance on every occasion."

"Impertinent to Lesley Garland!" I said.

She put on her willful and defiant air.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I must be every thing that is dreadful and shows her to advantage. She will have all the more opportunities for putting me down in a beautiful calm way."

"My dear child," I commented, "you are more jealous of Lesley Garland than I imagined."

She sat down on a low seat near the window, and turned her pretty profile away from me.

"I am more jealous of her than I knew myself," she whispered.

Then she told me how it had happened; how Lesley had called upon her and offered to take her as a pupil, and had played for her and talked to her.

"I began to understand a little what music meant," she added. "*She* knows."

"Yes," I returned, "Lesley Garland knows, if any woman does."

Afterward I heard Lesley's version of the story, and my appreciation of her tact and cleverness increased tenfold.

"I am not a proud person," she said, calmly, "and though we are by no means enemies, she does not like me well enough to receive any thing like a favor at my hands; so I thought it as well to take the practical form of a music teacher. Colonel Percy will like it; I think he will enjoy paying me."

"Do you know why she doesn't like you well enough to receive favors?" I asked.

She raised her eyes to mine without a smile, or a blush, or a hint of any particular feeling but a kind of graceful gravity. "Yes, I think I know," she answered, and not a word more.

For some time matters appeared to be almost at a stand-still. St. Crux came to see me as often as ever, and talked to Lesley as much. Sometimes he met Cordelia when he came, and then, it is true, he also talked to her; but this did not occur often. It was my impression that Cordelia rather endeavored to avoid him, and used to postpone her visits when she fancied he was with us. There was no change in the outward fashion of her life. She lived as gayly as ever, after the manner of Denverton. The fifty-second cousins called upon her in platoons, and rode out with her and escorted her to social gatherings, and were sentimental over her, after the fashion of well-to-do Southern youth.

"My daughter is much admired," said the old colonel, grandiloquently. "She is a true Southern beauty, and our men are chivalrous and patriotic."

She was much admired, it is true, and I was one of her most fervent admirers. My fondness for her even increased. When I was at my worst, physically, her bright and healthful presence helped me to bear my fleshly ills, and when I was at my best, it added a pleasure and zest to my content. There were times, however, when she also was not at her best—when she was more excitable than was natural, and when her gayety was nervous and spasmodic. I observed, too, that these fits usually occurred when she had been out the evening before, and her excuses for her condition were always founded upon this fact.

"I was up late," she would say; or, "Clay M'Dermott would insist on dancing at the Harringtons' last night, and it is too early in the season for dancing."

"Who was there?" I ventured once.

"Every body."

"St. Crux?"

"Yes. He generally is at places now. He goes out more than he did at first."

"Oh!" said I, mentally, watching her color rise and die out.

My uneasiness naturally increased. I began to watch St. Crux sharply, and feel somewhat inclined to complain of him. It was plain to me that he saw more of my charming favorite than I had imagined, which, to say the least, looked badly. I had not thought him a man likely to engage in a frivolous pastime, and I grew restive under my first suspicion of his stability. If I had not been so strongly attached to him at the outset, I should possibly not have been apt to present myself to him in the light of a

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meddlesome old fool, which amiable light I certainly did present myself in upon one occasion, in the following manner:

"Why, in Heaven's name," I broke forth, "don't you do one thing or the other?"

"One thing or the other?" he repeated after me, slowly.

"Yes," I answered.

He got up from his chair and walked to the window, with the most singular and inscrutable of expressions upon his face. "Well, you see," he said, even more slowly than before, "the fact is, my dear Galloway, I am going to do one thing—or the other."

Late that evening he sauntered in to pay me a second visit and bestow upon me a piece of information. "I am going to the Yosemite Valley," he said. "I shall leave Denverton to-morrow, but I shall pay them a visit at home before I make my journey."

"You are fortunate in your ability to strike tents with such ease," I said, feeling rather vindictive.

"Yes," was his brief reply.

He certainly was in a queer mood. He sat and smoked, and regarded the end of his cigar with a thoughtful aspect, and hardly spoke at all. I had never seen him so taciturn during the whole duration of our acquaintance. He was simply unaccountable, and it was not like him to be unaccountable. He made an odd departure, too. Having bidden me good-by, he went and shook hands with Lesley.

"If any thing should happen," he said, in a hesitating, absent kind of way, "you know where I shall be for the next few weeks."

"I wonder why he said that?" said Lesley, when the door closed upon him. "Happen to whom?" And a reflective shadow fell upon her face.

"He is conducting himself like an imbecile," I growled. "I am disappointed in him."

I was impatient to see Cordelia, but here I was disappointed again. I saw nothing of her for nearly a week. She sent messages to me through Lesley, and once favored me with a bouquet, but she did not come herself. When at last she appeared, she surprised me, dashing up to the door early one morning with the most objectionably weak-minded and adoring of her male relatives. She wore the Cavalier hat looped up more audaciously than ever, and came into my room glowing with color and excitement. She talked fast, and played nervously with her whip, striking at her habit and at the pieces of furniture she stood near. She was playing upon me, poor child, the shallowest of emotional tricks, and I was half inclined to be angry with her.

"Of course you know that St. Crux has gone?" I said, suddenly.

"Yes," she replied, courageously.

"Humph! Did Lesley tell you he was not coming back again?"

Color and excitement fell both at once. She turned white in a second, and her whip fell on to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and I could hardly hear her speak when she answered,

"No."

"It is not likely that he will," I proceeded, hard-heartedly. "He is going to the Yosemite, and he will be likely to go to a score of other places afterward. I think he has treated us rather badly, upon the whole, leaving us so suddenly."

She said nothing for a few moments, but stood looking down at her whip as she toyed with it, her breath coming quickly and unevenly. Then she spoke:

"I will go now, and—and come in again. Temple Harrington is waiting for me."

"I hope you will enjoy your ride," I said.

"Good-morning," she answered, and went out.

I was fretted and out of humor. St. Crux had mystified and angered me by his sudden freak, and I was foolish enough to be irritated by this poor simple child's pathetic effort to sustain herself under the blow she had received. I knew his departure was a blow to her. For a week or so I had had no doubt about her feeling for him. It was a strong and unhappy one. I had no right to expect that she would be more candid, particularly at first. It was natural that she should try to deceive me as well as other people. I was not angry because she tried to deceive others—I the rather respected her for it—but it touched my elderly vanity to see that she would have liked to have deceived me. I rather demanded her confidence as a compensation for my sixty-five years. "Women can not love a man at sixty-five," I said; "so they should trust him."

I repented my testiness, however, before the day was over. Lesley had gone out, and I was sitting by myself in the twilight, my invalid's chair drawn up to the window, as usual, when the door opened and some one came in. It was Cordelia, and she came in like a tall young ghost, slowly and silently. She was a different creature altogether from the one I had seen in the morning. There was no effort in her present mood. She had plainly given effort up. Strongly as I felt, I could scarcely help smiling at one thing I noticed. She was dressed a little as if she had abjured the world—poor naïve little heroine! She wore a long white dress, and her black hair was folded closely round her small head. She had always the Southern peculiarity of a creamy colorlessness, which is not pallor; but now she was pale, and her exquisitely irregular face—there are faces whose irregularity is exquisite—wore a helpless, subdued look which I understood at once. She would tell me any

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thing I chose to ask her, and had come with the intention of doing so, because her youth forced her to find some one to confide in, and I was a safe person.

"Is that you, Cordelia?" I asked, turning toward her as she advanced through the shadows.

She came and sat down on a seat in the window.

"Yes," she answered, meekly. "I thought I would come and sit with you. I saw Miss Garland go out, and I was lonely at home."

"I never heard you complain of being lonely before," I said.

She answered nothing, but sat silently looking out at the dusk, her hands folded on her knee, her eyes wonderfully large and dark and mournful.

"You have no rose in your hair this evening," was my next artful remark; "and I do not like the way it is dressed. You do not look as well as usual, Delia."

She made a slight impatient movement with her shoulders.

"Why should I? It doesn't matter. I don't want to look well."

"My dear Cordelia!" I began.

She stopped me, confronted me with a quick, proud turn of her neck, and looked me full in the face, bravely, and with a sort of sad defiance.

"*You* know why, Mr. Galloway," she said.

I was at her feet that instant. There was a girlish dignity in her simple words which touched me, and forbade any thing like irony or trifling. Naturally, however, she melted the next moment. A tear rolled down her cheek and fell.

"He did not bid me good-by," she said, innocently. "I can not help being sorry for that."

"My dear," I said, "I am horribly angry with him."

She brushed her tears away with a touch of her old spirit.

"Don't say any thing like that," she said. "It makes me feel ashamed. Why should he—like me? It was not me he wanted. It was—it was Lesley Garland."

"I don't believe it," I protested, stoutly and mendaciously.

"I do," she returned; "and I always did."

We had a long confidential talk, and I made a great many discoveries she had no intention of assisting me in. If I had been angry with St. Crux before, I finally became bitter against him. She did not say that he had gradually fallen into the habit of meeting her here and there, and showing himself to advantage, as he knew so well how to do; she did not say that he had singled her out, and talked to her, and made the best of her, and shown quiet pleasure in her development; she did not say that without approaching the sentimental, he had made himself delightful, and had shown a silent interest in her; but I found, nevertheless, that he had done all these things, and I was indignant accordingly, and fearfully disappointed in him.

But I concealed the feeling as much as was possible, because I saw that my expression of it would have humiliated her. She was hurt to the quick, but her proud young spirit was by no means broken.

"I shall get over it," she said, after she had bidden me good-night. "I am too proud to be unhappy very long." And she stood up before me, straight and tall, holding her head erect. "But just for a little while I —I shall come to talk to you about it now and then," she added.

I looked up at her, stirred by a rather strong emotion.

"My dear," I said, "I am an old man. Kiss me." And when she had bent down and done so, gently but impulsively, I thanked her, and she went away. We were firmer friends than ever after that. Our friendship became a warm affection. She came to see me and sit with me almost every evening; and now and then, though not very often, we talked a little of St. Crux. Though I could not help seeing that she was a shade quieter, I was pleased to find that she was not in the least disposed to be sentimental. The platoons of cousins, and Denverton generally, found her as charming as ever, and Colonel Percy's pride in the admiration she commanded increased day by day.

But, as I say, she was a trifle quieter. We had our twilight hours together. We had them for nearly three months, and then, without the slightest warning, St. Crux came back in the following absurdly romantic and altogether unaccountable manner.

We were sitting—Cordelia and I—in the dusk of the evening in our usual seats at the window, when he simply opened the door and walked in. I could not rise, of course, but Cordelia did, and uttered a faint exclamation, and then stood still, waiting for him to come forward—a slender white figure, looking quite spirit-like in the dark. On my part, I did not utter an exclamation at all, but met him with an air somewhat sardonic, or at least meant to be sardonic.

"How did you find the Yosemite Valley?" I demanded.

"I found it what tourists always find it," he answered.

"I hope you enjoyed it?" I said.

"I did not go to enjoy it," he replied.

I did not see why he should look pale and somewhat excited, but he certainly did; and after a moment's almost breathless silence, he capped the climax of his singular conduct by turning to Cordelia, holding out his hands with an indescribable gesture, and speaking to her in a tone so low and yet so tenderly meaning that, old fellow as I was, it moved me.

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"Will you let me speak to you?" he said. He might have said a thousand things, and not expressed as much. I could have fancied I heard Cordelia's heart beat aloud. She only said one soft, distinct word:

"Yes."

There was another window in the room, and he led her to it. I leaned back in my chair, and tried to resist the impulses of human nature sufficiently to keep my eyes shut. Very naturally I failed, and was obliged to give the effort up. There was light enough to show me all I cared to see—the two figures, St. Crux bending toward Cordelia, Cordelia listening and looking down. For the rest, there was the murmur of their voices and an occasional word. At last I was rewarded for my patience with the climax. Cordelia lifted her face and looked upward at him, unconsciously clasping her hands in the prettiest possible way.

"I was unhappy," she said, with tears in her voice. "I did not think—it was me."

"You are the one passion of my life," he answered.

And after a second's pause he leaned forward and kissed her gently on the cheek.

I felt rather like the stern but relenting parent of comedy, when they came to me, after the fashion of young people desiring a blessing.

"Well," I said to St. Crux, "you have said what you have to say?"

"Yes."

"It was time," I answered, priding myself, as usual, upon my graceful irony.

"Yes," he answered, in his provokingly calm and well-bred manner. "It was time."

But he was candid enough afterward, and had the good taste to make a clean breast of it.

"Once," he said, "about three years ago, I had a fancy for Miss Garland. Perhaps I had better say the beginning of a fancy, for Miss Garland herself had the graciousness and courage to check it in its birth. Do you remember Professor Schubert?"

Certainly I remembered him. A stupendously learned yet wholly delightful German, with a big square forehead and beautiful short-sighted brown eyes, with which he used to regard Lesley absently from behind his spectacles. Of course I remembered him and the summer we had met him at Heidelberg.

"Miss Garland is engaged to him, but does not speak of the engagement, or has not spoken heretofore, because their prospects were uncertain, and she had promised to wait until fortune favored him."

"She deserves to wait!" I broke forth. "A charming state of affairs, that she did not choose to tell me!"

"She won't wait much longer," amiably. "Fortune *has* favored him, and I believe he is on his way to America. I went away from here," he said, "for the very reason that this second feeling was so very different from the first. It was so strong and tempestuous a feeling that I would not trust it at first. It was entirely a new emotion. I am usually a cool fellow, but in this case I am unlike myself. As I said the other night, it is the passion of my life. I am capable of an exaggerated degree of sentiment." And he put his hand into his breast pocket and drew forth a pair of pale pink gloves rolled together into an untidy little ball.

"I did take them," he said, "though I did not believe I should do it when I first saw them. I believe that even then I was what novelists call 'madly in love.'"

"Even though she was not a Lesley Garland," I said.

"Yes," he returned, composedly. "Notwithstanding."

EMPEDOCLES.

Ha! torches! a loud voice, "Empedocles!"
These are my servants, whom I bade bring hither,
At early moonrise, my sure-footed mule,
That unattended I might mount by night
Great Etna, to my star-observatory.

The guests have long withdrawn: at my desire
They left me here alone with the bruised flowers,
Spilled wines, and all stale odors of the food,
To dream—my nostrils filled with this vile steam—
Ambrosial dreams: they take me for a god.
Will they not know me for a god when they,
To-morrow morn, shall seek and find me not,
Nor here, nor there, nor any where on earth?
For so have I ordained—even I—a god!
It may be some one, starting in his sleep,
May hear this voice, "Empedocles," and see,
Or fancy that he sees, a light from heaven,
And say hereafter, "The gods called him hence,
His comrades, from this banquet to their feasts
Immortal, far removed from reach of fate,
Or any touch of wan and wasting age."

O friends, who in the white-faned city dwell,
Where yellow Acragas and Hypsus flow,
By harbors that the strangers love, intent
On honorable, hospitable cares,
Have ye not seen my purple garments trailed?
Have ye not heard my golden sandals ring
Upon the marble in your colonnades,
When I have walked benignant over all,
In roses garlanded, with laurel crowned,
To serve at altars innocent of blood,
With pious censers, myrrh and frankincense,
And with the brown Hyblæan honey poured?
I, warder off of winds and pestilence,
Physician, prophet, priest, and poet, versed—
Through clear-eyed fasts and prayer and solemn rites,
Through study of Nature's dark or luminous page,
And by high favor of the lustral god—
In pure religion, magic, medicine, song,
And music? Mine, the melting strains that stay
The murderer with the hell-glare on his blade;
Mine, chants of mystical ascendency,
Orphean chants, whereby the dead are raised,
Or adamantine lips of Fate unlocked?
Have ye not known me scorn the monarch's crown
When tendered me, being greater than a king,
And battle with my peers, the aristocrats,
For liberal laws and rights of common men,
Being, like a god, large in beneficence?
O men and women of Trinacria,
In your proud, prosperous cities, have ye not
Accorded me the reverence that was due
To more than man, to an immortal god?

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I go. Do I delude them? cheat myself?
I would they should believe for their own good.
Who hath not felt, at moments, as when swords
Of quick-drawn lightning stab the darkness through,
A keen, hot glimpse into his inmost self,
And a dismaying bewilderment withal,
That he is something other than he seems,
And vaster than his hedge of circumstance?
A sense as of a lordly eagle caged,
Though but a vulgar bird to vulgar eyes?
A sense of wrong in any thing withheld?
A consciousness of claims on the Infinite,
That he by right should scale the very highest,
An heir of the empyrean?
What is Death?
To dreamers, when the soul from sense is free,
The dead are as the living.
These are truths
Intuitive. The ethereal part of man,
By ancient ordinance of the high gods
Oath-clinched, inherits length of years divine;
But should he stain his limbs of light with blood
(O Heaven! why tasted I the accursed food?
From what immeasurable glory I fell!),
He must go wandering thrice ten thousand years
From bliss supernal, pass from birth to birth
Of unrepose, exhausting form and phase;
As I, the toy of mutability,
Though now a god on earth before my time.
Loathed of the elements are mortal lives:
Air in its anger drives them to the sea;
The fierce surf foams them forth upon the beach;
The land abhorrent flings them to the flames
Of Helios; thence hurled back in huge disdain
Into the homeless wilds of rolling air.

For I, ere this Empedocles, have been
A girl, a boy, a bush, a bird, a fish;
Have thrilled with love, flowers, wings, and silent fins.

Lo! what a brilliant shooting-star! It bursts
In flakes of emerald and vermilion fire;
Another and another! flashing forth
All colors, orange, white, red, green, and blue;
And now mere needle points, with threads of light.
These are the Dæmons—souls—that fall from grace,
As they have fallen since time began; and one
Differs in glory from another. Some,
The nobler natures—laurels among trees
And lions among beasts—maintain their rank,
Till recognized at last as bards and kings;
Then husks of earth consume, and spirit soars.

The road winds upward through the forest zone
Of Etna. Giant chestnuts! hoary oaks!
What mighty minds are prisoned in your bark,
In girth of near a score of centuries!
But, Titans of the sylvan wilderness,
Wearing furred moonlight on your shoulders vast,
That which is now Empedocles is ringed
In more sublimity of years than ye!

The forests are behind me. Terrible
And awful the ridged lava stretches on.
What a black solitude! how white the moon!
O discords of this overvaulted cave,
How ye remind me of a doleful time!
Then when I cried aloud, and wept forlorn,
An exile landed on a foreign shore—
A hideous shore, where evil destinies
Trooped, and Corruption was the lord of all.
Through Ate's meadow they went, lost in gloom.
There was the queen of darkness; over her,
With far-inquiring eyes, the starry heaven.
And there were murderous strife and mild-eyed peace,
Beauty and all unsightliness, and—frank
As yon moon, nude and noble—lovely truth,
And insincerity with darkling brows;
And birth and death—miscalled so—wake and sleep,
Motion and immobility, were there;
Crowned majesty and squalid misery,
Unmeaning clamor and the voice of gods.

Now must I climb on foot. Return to earth,
My mule; thou hast no voice to speak of me.
O patient beast, my brother, fare thee well!

And now upon my tall watch-tower I stand,
At the top crater's lip. Calmly I look
Into the red-hot, groaning, boiling bowl,
And calmly I inhale the sulphurous fumes
That soon shall suffocate this mortal breath.
I turn to Nature for a farewell glance.
From yon horizon, which this lofty peak
Hath lifted heavenward like a bank of cloud,
The morning star arises.—Beautiful
Art thou, O Phosphor, moon among the stars,
And star compared with yonder westering moon!
Gray ocean rings itself blue-black against
The pale green dawn; now eastern clouds reveal
The rosy-fingered Eos; now they melt
All golden in the golden-throned sun;
The presence of the great sea grows divine,
Wine-dark and wrinkled as with laughter.—Lo!
The Day is born! but only born for me!
Trinacria sleeps beneath me, still in night,
Italia far off, and the Æolian isles.
They wake; the vapors kindle; to the west
I see another Etna, crowned with smoke,
Cities and forests on its sides—the shadow
Of the proud mountain on the purple mists,
And breadths of populous island flushing through!
'Tis gone: the vision hath no more a place,
And soon no place have I in common day.

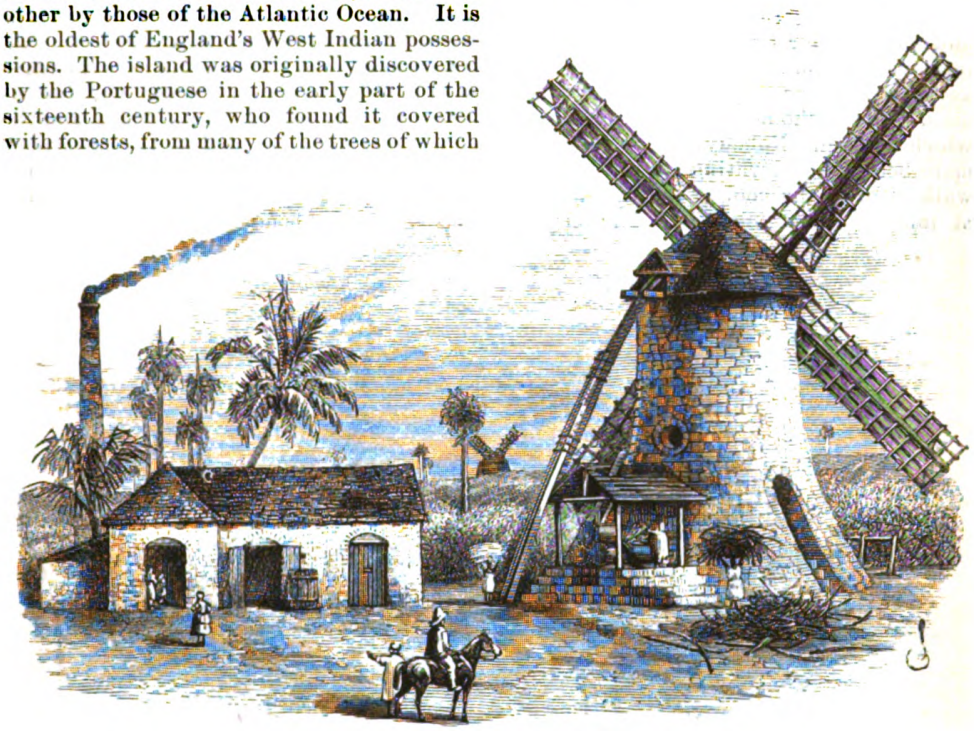
Ye Elements, created when the Sphere
Was poised, rejoicing in a perfect rest,
When Strife retired, and Love was lord of all!
O four prime roots of every thing that is—
A secret I alone have learned and taught!
O radiant Zeus, and Herè, mother of breath,
And Aidoneus, and Nais with her tears!
Light, air, and land and sea, farewell! farewell!
To thee, Hephæstus, essence of the light,
And yet most fearful, unto thee, O Fire,
I give these limbs. Do with them what thou wilt.
One leap— Why do I shrink? Not from the pain,
Fierce, cruel, momentary; but I dread
To be dissolved into the amorphous mass
Of chaos—at annihilation quail.
Cheer up, Empedocles! And though thus fallen,
Thou'st learned, perchance, but what man's wisdom may,
Believe that plastic Love informs thee, yea,
Deride the false idea of death and birth.
The germ of Being may take many shapes,
But Cronos, nor Poseidon, nor yet Zeus—
Time, nor the Sea, nor Thunder—nay, nor Hell,
Can kill what Aphrodite hath made man.
O teach me, maiden of the milk-white arms,
Mnemosyne, the things that I should know!
Come from the House of Holiness, even now,
And bring her harnessed car! Ah! wherefore play
With names and symbols?
Thou Eternal One!
Supreme God! with no human head, nor feet,
Nor branching arms, nor other parts of man,
Who, holy Harmony, unshadowed Mind,
Passionless, unapproachable, unseen,
Dartest with swift thought through the limitless,
I trust in thee alone—in thee I live,
And in thine everlasting ordinance,
Which the vast spaces of the worlds obey.
Truth here is but belief—we can not know.
To fire this frame, and to the All-Wise this mind,
I freely give—to be a god on high,
Or whatsoe'er Omnipotence may please—
And having left behind no trace on earth,
This much make sure: through all the future years,
My name and reputation as a god!

He spake and plunged. The great volcano groaned,
Engulfed him, and, with one terrific throe,
Cast up his sandals on the crater's edge.

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BARBADOES.

THE island of Barbadoes, or, as it has often been called, "Little England," is the most windward of the "Lesser Antilles," being situated in latitude 13° 10′ N., and longitude 59° 32′ W., washed on one side by the waters of the Caribbean Sea, and on the other by those of the Atlantic Ocean. It is the oldest of England's West Indian possessions. The island was originally discovered by the Portuguese in the early part of the sixteenth century, who found it covered with forests, from many of the trees of which hung in graceful festoons a beard-like moss, whence the island's name, Barbadoes, or the bearded place.



WINDMILL AND BOILING-HOUSE.

The Portuguese were succeeded by an English colony in 1625, which latter in its turn sent many emigrants to the North American colonies. The island, which is some twenty-two miles long by fourteen in width, is very densely populated, nearly as much so as Malta. In an area of about one hundred and sixty-six square miles there are 160,000 inhabitants, of which eight-tenths are of the negro race.

The principal product is sugar and molasses. Considerable quantities of aloes and arrowroot are also exported, but sugar is the great staple, and every available foot of ground in the island is covered with cane.

The island, which is formed principally of coralline limestone, is very healthy, and the cool trade-winds blow constantly over it, furnishing power to the windmills which grind the cane.

As you steam along the west side of the island toward Carlisle Bay, the harbor of Bridgetown, the capital of the island, the view is a beautiful one. Long ranges of limestone terraces rising above each other, with here and there a rounded hill, all covered with fields of the bright green cane; picturesque windmills at the sugar-works; near by these the planters' houses, embosomed in groves of mahogany and other shade trees; here and there the tower of a parish church; rows of stately cabbage-palms, towering on the tops of the ridges, leading in magnificent avenues up to the estate houses, and dotting in solitary grandeur the landscape; groves of cocoa-nut palms bending gracefully over the water's edge; white limestone roads winding like ribbons through the green fields of cane—all this, together with the deep blue of sea and sky, the former rolling in turbulent waves and dashing in white spray over the treacherous coral reefs on to the cavernous, honey-combed shore and stretches of gleaming sand, forms a rare and never-to-be-forgotten panorama.

The sea is dotted far and wide with the white sails of the flying-fish boats. As you glide into Carlisle, and come to anchor among the numerous shipping, the negro boatmen swarm on every side, only waiting the visit of the harbor-master before bearing you, bag and baggage, on shore. They know you, of course; rowed you ashore and back to the

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steamer the last time you were there, and are sure you have not forgotten Ben.

Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes, contains the government buildings, which are very fine, a cathedral, a square with a statue of Nelson, a quantity of warehouses, shops, etc., and an excellent hostelry known as "Hoad's."

The majority of the white inhabitants live in villas in the suburbs, and drive in and out to their occupations. A stranger receives the impression that every body keeps a carriage, and nearly every body does. Those who do not, use the cheap cabs which abound. Nobody walks, the hot climate being so enervating that few care to walk even in the cool of the evening, and at mid-day it is madness. The negroes, however, are great walkers, but when meeting a white pedestrian, gaze upon him in amaze, and give vent to audible opinions highly derogatory to the pedestrian, and implying doubts as to his sanity.

Houses are built generally of the white limestone of the island, and as the roads and streets are of the same material, the effect produced by the glare of the tropical sun is almost blinding at first, and much like that experienced by Alpine travelers on their first advent into the regions of glaciers and snow-fields.

Bridgetown, and Speightstown, about eight miles away on the western shore, are the only towns on the island.

The Government House, where the Governor resides, is about a mile out of town, and is surrounded by fine gardens, though in this it is eclipsed by Queen's House, the residence of the general commanding the British forces in the West Indian Islands. The garrison, called St. Ann's, lies between the town and the suburban village of Hastings, with its sea-side cottages and excellent bathing facilities. At the garrison is a fine savanna or park, on the sides of which are ranged an imposing array of soldiers' barracks, officers' quarters, arsenal, etc. On the outer edge of the savanna runs the track used in the semi-annual races. On Monday afternoons the military band plays, and the *élite* of the island, headed by the Governor's and general's families, assemble under the trees in their carriages and listen to the music. Several companies of white English infantry, one or two of artillery, and a couple of companies of the West Indian black troops who did such good service in the Ashantee war, are stationed at Barbadoes. Just outside of the garrison, and facing the sea, is the fine military hospital. In front of this is a somewhat weather-worn monument, dedicated to the memory of the soldiers who perished during the hurricane of 1831.



COTTAGE IN THE SUBURBS OF BRIDGETOWN.

The roads which lead out of Bridgetown in all directions over the country are lined for some distance with negro cabins, except where nobler residences stand. Even the town itself is filled with the negro huts, which are to be found clustering in every available spot right under the noses of the whites. These cabins usually consist of

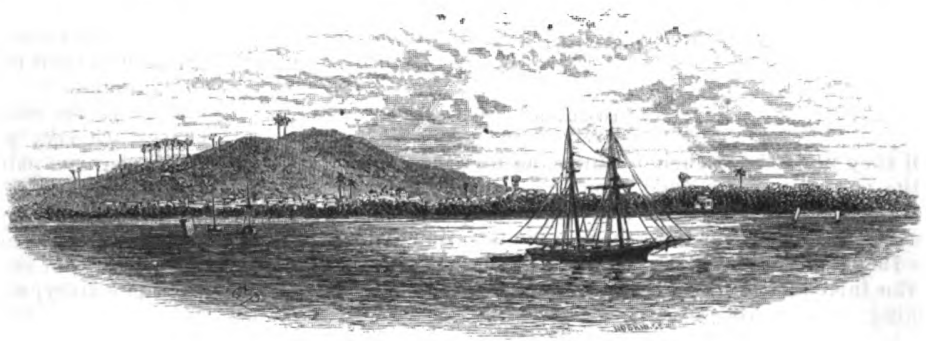
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one, or possibly two, rooms, the cooking being done outside. At the cross-roads in the country, and near the various sugar estates, little villages are formed by an accumulation of these huts, with possibly a store or two. Speightstown, a small quiet place, has a small whaling business. When a whale is seen spouting by the observer at a signal station, he gives the signal with a flag. Then the whole negro population of the town is in a state of excitement, and soon sturdy little whale-boats sail out after him, often returning successful. When this is the case, the above-mentioned inhabitants have a great feast, and gorge themselves with whale-meat.

Near and in Bridgetown the streets perfectly swarm with the negro population, who create a perfect Babel with their high-pitched voices and continual squabbling. The women, who carry all loads on their heads, from a pot of jelly to a basket of manure, have a very erect carriage and a swinging walk. The women as well as the men work as a general thing, of very good English stock, descending in some instances from families settled over two hundred years on the island, and cling very closely to all English ways and traditions. Of the foreigners on the island the greater portion are English, there being but few of any other nationality.

Churches are numerous, and there is an intelligent body of clergy, headed by a bishop, the Established Church being Episcopalian. Codrington College and Harrison's School are excellent institutions, amply endowed.

The scenery of the middle and southern portion of the island is tame compared to that of the northern end, known as Scotland. Of this part of the island magnificent views can be had from Hackleton's Cliff and St. John's Church yard. At both places a perfect map of the country is spread out before the observer, standing near the edge of a precipice—a map of hill and dale, covered with the cane, winding roads bordered with



NEAR BRIDGETOWN, FROM THE SEA.

in the cane fields on the estates and in the boiling-houses. The blacks live principally on salt fish, flying-fish, sweet-potatoes, sugar-cane, yams, and corn meal. The Barbadian negro is *sui generis;* there is nothing like him on the earth, above it, or under it. He will lie, cheat, and steal beyond all comprehension. He is impudent to a degree hardly to be understood by an American. They are outwardly very devout, but it never enters their heads to practice what they preach. As an English clergyman living among them once said, "They will go to communion, and steal yams on the way home."

The colored people, as they are called in Barbadoes, form an entirely distinct class, intermediate between the whites and blacks, and are in many instances very intelligent, and occupy responsible positions. Some of the men are very gentlemanly, and in some instances very wealthy. They associate with the whites during business hours, belonging in some cases to the same clubs.

The white inhabitants of the island are, towering palms, windmills in operation, near them the boiling and managers' houses, here and there a church or chapel, and far off the restless Atlantic. The scenery of Scotland is bold and mountainous, though, of course, on a rather diminutive scale, Mount Hillaby, the highest elevation, being 1147 feet in height. In Turner's Hall Wood, almost the only wood of any size now standing on the island, there is a boiling spring much renowned, and there are several highly productive wells of green tar in Scotland. This last is a sort of crude petroleum, and is shipped to England.

St. John's Church is probably the oldest in the island, and is very interesting. In the church-yard, which, with the church, stands painfully near the edge of the cliff, is the tomb of a Paleologus, supposed to be the last descendant of the Christian emperors of Greece. Not far from St. John's Church, which is some twelve miles from Bridgetown, is Codrington College, situated on a much lower level.

Sugar-planting is the occupation of all the country gentlemen in Barbadoes, and right

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IN "SCOTLAND."

well they understand their business, as far as the production of a good even grade of sugar goes. They are, however, rather disposed to make sugar as their fathers did before them, and apt to look with little favor on the introduction of new ideas in sugar-making. The crop of the island last year was some seventy thousand hogsheads. There are but few steam-mills, wind being the power used to grind the cane on nearly every estate, and the country is perfectly dotted with these picturesque additions to the landscape. As the trade-winds blow steadily from the eastward to the westward, every thing is windward or leeward, this method of distinguishing positions being carried so far that it is common to hear a couple of carters, passing each other with their teams and hogsheads of sugar, shout to one another to go to windward or to leeward.

In some of the broad valleys on the island certain of the plantations are so situated that the planter, sitting on his gallery, opera-glass in hand, can command in some instances a view of the mills of from twenty to thirty estates. Being practiced, they can tell what their neighbors near and far away are doing. This one has pulled the arms out of the wind, the other has taken a reef in his sails, and a third is trusting too much to the strength of his mill with such a high wind, etc., etc. The information obtained in this way can then be applied to the management of their own ship on land.

Some of the estate houses are very picturesquely situated, with long rows of palms leading up the avenues, fine gardens filled with bright-colored tropical plants, near by the windmill with its enormous sails, and all around the waving green seas of cane. The houses are generally of one story, with



THE ICE-HOUSE CORNER, BROAD STREET, BRIDGETOWN.

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wide verandas, and spread over a good deal of ground. The planters are very hospitable to strangers. An invitation to spend the day involves a late breakfast, lunch, and dinner. It is quite an undertaking, especially if you have many miles to drive, but a very pleasant one. For the dinner, which is the culmination of the day's entertainment, it is expected that guests should prepare themselves by bringing a dress suit, the ladies also bringing a full change of toilet. This is, of course, supposing that you are to meet others besides your host, and that it is to be something of a dinner.

The Ice-house, in Bridgetown, which is one of the principal resorts of every body in Barbadoes, is an institution peculiar to the West Indies. The lower part of the building is occupied by a grocery and provision store, while above are a bar-room and restaurant, where iced drinks are to be had in abundance. The ice comes from the United States. At the Ice-house, and at the excellent Bridgetown Club opposite, on Tuesdays and Fridays, you see all the planters on the island, and the streets are blocked with their carriages. These are known as the planters' days, and on these days they come in from the estates to transact their business with the Colonial Bank and the merchants. On these two days most public auctions or "sales" take place. These are very frequent. When any body leaves the island, gives up housekeeping, or dies, every thing at his residence is sold out.

Many of the proprietors of the estates on the island are non-residents, living in England, and have their estates managed by agents, or "attorneys," as they are called in Barbadoes. Under these are the "managers" proper of the estates, who live on the place, and direct the operations. Often, however, the owner's representative is both attorney and manager. Very few of the estates are free from debt, and very many are heavily mortgaged.

Bridgetown drives quite a thriving trade, and has excellent stores. Most of the houses do a large business. Steamers arrive from England twice a month, and Carlisle Bay is generally well filled with vessels of all nationalities, though the English and American flags largely predominate. One of the peculiarities of the manner in which business is conducted is the closing up of all business houses, wholesale and retail, at four o'clock. After this hour the streets are deserted. The stores are, however, opened at a very early hour in the morning. One strange thing is to be noted: there is not a candy shop in the place; people with a sweet tooth have to content themselves with the sugar-cakes which are vended by negro



A DONKEY CART.

women. In the morning crowds of women walk into town from the country, bearing on their heads trays of fruit, vegetables, and sugar-cane cut into short lengths. This latter is sold to the negroes principally, with whom it is a regular article of diet. Oranges, limes, bananas, plantains, shaddocks, guavas, sapodillas, and star-apples are the principal fruits, and fruit of some kind is obtainable the year round.

Barbadoes is governed by a Governor sent out from England, an Executive Council appointed from among the inhabitants by the crown, and an elective Assembly of twenty-four members representing the twelve parishes of the island.

The inhabitants are naturally proud of their solvent, tight little island, and the whites are strongly opposed to the scheme of confederating it with Tobago, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Grenada. These latter are now governed by the Governor of Barbadoes as Governor-General of the Windward Islands, each island having its own Lieutenant-Governor, Council, Assembly, etc., and entirely distinct financial organizations. The Barbadians claim that the scheme has not answered well in the Leeward Islands, and strongly object to having the Windward Islands joined in the same way.

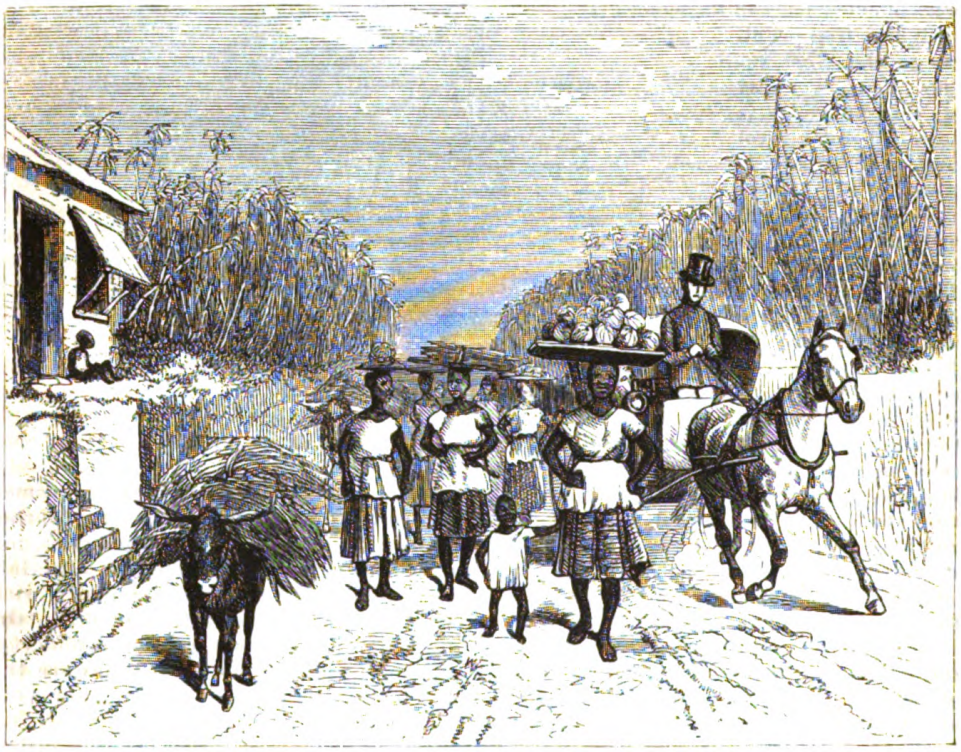
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The negroes, who were emancipated in 1834, own no land of any consequence, and have but little to say in public affairs, the white minority having decidedly the upper hand. Plots among the negroes to obtain possession of the island were discovered and thwarted in 1676, 1692, 1816, and 1825, though once or twice they assumed serious importance. The last disturbance, which took place but a short time ago, is familiar to most newspaper readers. When they have the ability, they, however, rise sometimes to high positions, there being now one negro member of Assembly and a negro Solicitor-General, in both cases highly endowed men. The police force is mainly composed of negroes. Barbadoes depends entirely upon the United States for breadstuffs, and nearly all the horses and mules are brought from there and Canada. A very hardy diminutive species of donkey is raised on the island, and is used in small carts, carrying heavy loads in proportion to his ridiculously small size. The beef used on the island comes from Porto Rico. The Barbadoes mutton is considered very fine, but the poor sheep present a very mournful appearance, as they lose their wool after a short residence. The meat of goats is much eaten among the poorer classes.

American buggies, as they are called, are the favorite carriages for ordinary use. These are brought from the States, but differ from the buggies generally in use here, being a low-hung buggy with a rumble behind for a servant.

The feeling that there is no place in the world like Barbadoes, or Bimshire, as it is facetiously called, is very strong among the "Bims," both whites and blacks, and it certainly is a favored spot. It is very healthy, invalids from the other islands and from Demerara resorting thither.

The thermometer rarely goes over 90° or below 75° the year round. The island is liable to hurricanes, quite a severe one having occurred last year, destroying some of the shipping in the harbor of Bridgetown. The hurricane of 1780 threw down nearly all the buildings on the island, causing a loss of some 3000 to 4000 lives. That of 1831 destroyed quite as many of the inhabitants, and over a million and a half pounds' worth of property. The great hurricanes are said to occur every fifty years. July and August are the hurricane months.



COMING IN TO MARKET.

On account of the large negro population, labor is very cheap, field hands earning a shilling or less per day. Notwithstanding this, the love of the island is so strong among the negroes that few of them can be induced to emigrate in order to better their condition.

Two light-houses are placed at the north and south points of the island, and a smaller one at Needham's Point, in Carlisle Bay.

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NOEL BREWSTER'S SECRET.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"DEAD, FOR A DUCAT, DEAD."

A SENSE of something horrible which had recently occurred brooded over the antique dining-room, with its sombre old-fashioned oak table and its low raftered chestnut roof. That same horror brooded over the persons assembled in the room: over the celebrated Dr. Galen, a renowned operator at the County Hospital and a general practitioner of universal repute, respected by the rich, loved by the poor—a large, solemn gentleman, with a high-collared old-fashioned coat, a prodigious stiff white cravat fastened behind with an occult buckle, a grand formal professional face, with massive features, candescent locks, and one gray eye behind a pair of octagonal gold-rimmed spectacles.

The doctor sat at his own fireside, at about or near the middle of the warm side of his own oak dining table, with a large silver tray well furnished with cut-glass bottles and glasses of various shapes at his left hand. He sat facing all the other members of the group except one. The horror brooded over these also: over his eldest son, a florid, red-whiskered young man, studying surgery and human anatomy at Guy's Hospital in London, but now at home for his vacation; over his pupil, Noel Brewster, a thorough-bred, swarthy, bright-eyed, and mustached young gentleman; and over the doctor's trembling daughters.

The fair reader will excuse an artist placing the men, for the sake of natural grouping, before the ladies. Of the latter, Maria, the eldest, was good-looking, but not handsome; a fair, spectacled, gentle creature, her lost mother's representative in the household, her precise father's chief dispenser in the surgery; worth a dozen beauties any day and every day, were it not for that absurd propensity in man which causes him to value the bloom on a rosy cheek more than service, a dimple in the chin more than trustworthiness, and languishing eyes more than active moral worth. The second daughter was a brunette, tall, superb, and almost beautiful; quite so in form, in grace and elegance of figure and mien, in the diminutive symmetry of her hands and feet. But the celestial nose and the mobile though far from perfect mouth and chin belied the promise of glorious hazel eyes surmounted with chestnut eyebrows of rare beauty, a low, broad, smooth forehead, and a deep, shapely head, Madonna-braided. This gazelle-eyed nymph illustrated splendidly (though darkly) in her own aspect and manner that sense of awe which brooded over the room. A certain intensity of reflection and exquisite sensibility of nerve manifested themselves both in the luminous depth of her dark eyes and in the tremulous mobility of her mouth and chin, which, though faulty in shape, were perfect in color and bloom.

But there was yet a sixth person, a third and youngest daughter, present, a buxom blonde of eighteen summers and seventeen winters (to be precise and prosaic). She sat on a footstool between her father's right knee and the fire, which leaped and blazed and flung its showers of sparks upward, regardless of whether man were born to joy or sorrow, to ease or apprehension.

The doctor was, as it has been written, incubated by the prevailing gloom. For some as yet obscure reason, that shadow seemed to affect the relation of the family to their loved and honored pupil. It was impossible to look at the man without loving or hating him. If his lips were open, and his large, deep gray eyes glimmering at you, he was certain to win your affection without an effort. If his mouth were set, and a not unwonted sneer upon it, and his eyes only twinkling under those disproportionately long dark eyelashes, you might feel inspired with a sudden dislike, which his wiry athletic form, and a certain nervous irritability (or it might be only excitability) of manner about him, would provoke. The young man was twenty-eight years of age, and had seen military service in the East Indies, but suffering from a severe and dangerous wound, had retired from the army, and was reviving a knowledge of medicine and surgery acquired in his boyhood.

"My dear young friend," ejaculated the doctor, pompously but sententiously, "you would oblige me by diluting your brandy more generously. I fear sometimes that you incautiously overstimulate a naturally excitable temperament."

And thereupon Dr. Galen looked—or his spectacles (which were a very expressive pair) looked for him, as if they could say more, only they wouldn't.

But as the pupil made no further reply than that closing of the lips and twinkling of the eyes alluded to, the doctor proceeded, but in a more domestic and less histrionic manner. "This spirit, my friend," he continued, "is twenty-one degrees above proof; and this delicious spring water, as you know, comes direct from Beechwood."

"Oh, dear papa, we know that," replied Martha, with her tremulous observant eyes and mouth.

"Direct from Beechwood," repeated the doctor, as though resolved not to be suppressed by a frail and absurd antagonist like pretty Martha.

The swarthy young man flashed a glance, two-thirds kindly, one-third contemptuous,

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at his good mentor, whom, by-the-way, he sincerely respected, and in compliance with his suggestion tilted a few drops of cold water out of one of the cut-glass bottles into his tumbler, which was half full of brandy, with a mere dribblet of water added.

The younger son of a country gentleman of good family and estate, Noel Brewster, suffering from the law of primogeniture, and being almost portionless, was obliged in boyhood to choose a vocation in which he might be able to support himself in manhood. He had selected the medical profession, and had been articled to Dr. Galen, chiefly to get the young pilgarlic away from his grand relations in Devon. After three years' residence in Cadbury, he had repaired to London as a medical student, walked the hospitals there, become a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a Licentiate in Midwifery in his twenty-first year, completing at the same time his apprenticeship to the country doctor. Then a benevolent aunt in the West having died, and left her rich elder nephew, Tom Brewster, £28,000, and her poor younger nephew £2000, Noel abandoned England, home, and beauty, and carried a lance in Bengal. Retiring from the army after five years' experience, he had returned to balmy Sussex, and to his old friend in Cadbury, to recruit his physical energies and revive his acquaintance with medicine and surgery. The doctor, with simple old-fashioned pleasure, received his former pupil with open arms. Though not sufficiently affluent to dispense with a second premium of £200, in a case where it could be well afforded, he insisted upon Brewster living under his roof, keeping his horse in their excellent stable, and in all respects acting as though the house were his home. Indeed, our good physician was disposed in all cases to give more than he received.

In this after-dinner session the gentlemen were not only tippling, but consuming the fragrant weed. Nor were the ladies perceptibly winking, but pursuing their knitting and their filial vigilance. Dr. Galen slowly and solemnly puffed at a noble meerschaum pipe, a present from the Duke of Belmont, Earl of Beechwood and Friar Hampton, upon whom he had twice successfully performed the trying operation called lithotomy. His florid son strained and blinked conscientiously over a huge Trichinopoly cheroot, of which one or more were readily supplied to him, whenever a native impetuosity tempted him to accept the favor, by the swarthy young man, who blew the fumes of his own in long graceful wreaths from his Arab nostrils, and who, though really a native of Devon, looked and bore himself like a true Oriental, and doubtless had in his veins blood of Spanish, Moorish, Arabian, Phœnician, or Assyrian origin. Such a phenomenon is not infrequently to be seen, the ethnologists tell us, on the seaboard of England and Ireland.

The reader may as well become acquainted at once with Brewster's secret, bearing in mind that the Galens were not only ignorant of it, but had no suspicion that their guest had aught to conceal. The young man's trouble was a twin brother, supposed by all the world to be dead, from the secrecy in which his life had been shrouded. This unfortunate youth was like his brother in manly beauty and physical vigor, but hopelessly insane. Their mother, the late Mr. Brewster's second wife, had devoted her widowed years and energies to this pitiful son, and on her death-bed had dictated a message to Noel imploring him to return to Europe and watch over his brother. Obeying at once her wish and his own inclination, he had returned and placed this grievous legacy at a select private lunatic asylum in the little country town called Wyndham, up among the breezy South Downs. Gradually this poor youth had died out of the memory even of those who remembered his birth, and who, if they thought of him at all, supposed him to have died in infancy. Nothing is more injurious to a family of social distinction than a general impression that the blood is tainted with insanity. Noel's half-brother, who was now the head of the family, generously set apart £500 a year for the support of this afflicted relative. But Noel was pretty sure that he would have withdrawn every shilling of it, once for all, if the lunatic's existence had been proclaimed, and would also have thought such a revelation a most cruel breach of confidence on his own part. Now, too, his own dearest interest was involved in maintaining this mystery; for Dr. Galen, much as he loved Noel, would certainly hesitate to let his favorite daughter marry into a family whose blood was tainted. Yet this underhand dealing was painful in the extreme to Brewster, who again and again resolved that he would leave England for a second and last time, and would escape from this practice of a duplicity at once foreign to his habit and odious to his nature.

But why did fair buxom Annie inflict upon Æsculapius an excruciating twinge with her pretty digits, when he so justifiably objected to his pupil's potent cup? And why did stately Martha watch her papa with those lustrous unweary eyes and that quivering sensitive mouth, keeping at the same time a close watch upon her whiskered brother, and sitting so near to that devoted young gentleman that she could (and evidently would) pinch, slap, puncture, or otherwise remind him of her vigilance at the slightest oversight on his part? No answer to this question made itself apparent. All over the little group the horror deepened

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"HE RETREATED TO THE SURGERY, LEAVING ANNIE IN THE HALL WITH COVERED EYES."—[SEE PAGE 394.]

and darkened down, in spite of every effort to dispel it. All the three sisters, each in her own way, kept a close watch on father and brother, apparently in behalf of the handsome pupil, who, it must be owned, invariably treated them with a chivalrous affection very becoming on the part of a man who had known and valued them from their childhood. But the gentleman remained as completely in the dark as you are concerning the mysterious purpose of these tactics.

Like Titian's Petrus Arretinus, Noel Brewster was "Acerrimus virtutum ac vitiorum demonstrator:" translate it who will! Any one who has seen the picture will understand the force of the inscription. He loved Annie with that intensity of passion which hovers between the sublime and the terrible. It might debase him to the rank of felons (under short-sighted human laws), or raise him to the rank of demi-gods (in purblind human judgment). Unhappily the girl, with her strong, commonplace, robust common-sense, felt this to be so. Loved as she was for the first time by a man of great energy, of brilliant and versatile genius (for

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Brewster knew much, could do many things, and did nothing ill), she could not avoid loving him and almost adoring him in return, but lived in fear and trembling of some indefinable but always anticipated calamity.

And during these two years of his sojourn under her father's roof, since fair Annie had arrived at years of loveliness (I mean something for which we have no word, but my fair reader will supply one), Brewster had become well aware of this. Often had he gnashed his small white teeth and set his powerful jaws in rage at his own want of self-control, which had so often led—nay, driven—him to frighten her with incautious words, and once by furiously assaulting and beating an honest man, and a good patient of her father's, for daring to admire her: as if half the young professional men in the city and well-to-do farmers on the hills had not consulted Dr. Galen for the express purpose of seeing his daughters on terms of acquaintance.

There was something peculiarly unfortunate in the circumstance just mentioned, for this Mr. Alford was a very large South Down sheep-breeder, who lived on the borders of Hampshire, and brought a large connection to the doctor, especially among his brother farmers who visited Cadbury, where a great sheep market was held on the first Monday of every month. Besides which, Mr. Alford had an invalid sister at home, and Dr. Galen took heavier fees for driving so many miles to visit this afflicted lady than he received for his attendance upon the august personage at Beechwood. Indeed, our Æsculapius had at first been very angry with his pupil for this *faux pas;* and though Annie's name had never been mentioned either in the encounter or in the subsequent recriminations which it involved, yet an impression remained that Brewster had done a grievous wrong involving more persons than one; and over that a second impression had fixed itself, implying that he was both impenitent for that offense and angry at the obloquy attached to him on account of it. Neither Dr. Galen nor his family had suffered their affection for Noel to be diminished by this dispute; but poor Alford had unwittingly given his antagonist the *coup de grace* by declaring that he bore "the young skip-jack" (so he was pleased to designate Lieutenant Noel Brewster, M.R.C.S., etc.) no malice; "for he fought fair, and fought like a lion, and took as fair as he gave."

Such was Alford's summary of a stand-up fight which had been wantonly provoked by Brewster at a farmers' ordinary, or public dinner, in a small Hampshire market-town, and had taken place between the two men in the stable-yard of the "Wyndham Arms," the chief hotel of the place.

And now this honest, simple man was dead; found in his own bed, murdered apparently in cold blood, by the hand of some malignant implacable enemy.

Brewster had returned, only on the very afternoon when we have seen him in social intercourse with the Galens, from a visit to his brother in Devonshire and to a nobleman (his great-uncle) on the coast of Dorsetshire. Or rather he had allowed the Galens to suppose that he had come straight from Dorset, having really spent the last day and night at Wyndham, where his unfortunate brother was placed, and which happened to adjoin the parish in which Alford's farm was situated. The first person he saw on arriving at the doctor's house was Annie, who glided out of the dining-room as he opened the front-door.

"Have you heard?" she asked, with extraordinary preoccupation, as it seemed to the lover who had not seen her for a month.

"No. *Heard?* I don't want to *hear* any thing. I see," he answered, devouring her with his fierce eyes. Then seeing how agitated she was, he tried to calm himself, and inquired, stiffly, "Heard what?"

Snatching her soft white hand away from his, and covering her eyes with both of her own, she answered, "Mr. Alford!"

Now we have no wish to beguile the reader into the same misapprehension under which this sweet innocent girl labored. Brewster knew nothing of Alford's death, and was utterly incapable of a cruel murder. He was pained and grieved at this reception.

"Poor Alford!" he said, contemptuously, and with an unmistakable sneer, recalling to mind in a moment his resolute attack upon the farmer, and the ponderous unskillful way in which the yeoman had fought and fallen. And before the words had passed his lips the sneer was followed by a dark scowl which spoiled his whole aspect, as he retreated to the surgery, leaving Annie in the hall with covered eyes. The gentle reader must endeavor to appreciate the annoyance under which he was laboring, and the habitual violence of his temper. Annie, loving him, yet understanding neither, retreated shuddering, and suspecting him of a crime almost too horrible for me to dwell upon.

Then Dr. Galen and Henry arrived. Dinner was served, and afterward the family party drew round the fire as usual. But a ghost was behind the arras (to speak figuratively); and if we are to believe all that is certified in the present day, a literal ghost, with an obliging tendency to rap, or to utter doubtful grammar if called upon to speak, may have been lurking under the table, in hobnailed boots and a shabby white hat.

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CHAPTER II.

PREMATURE BOB.

So little did Brewster appreciate the gentle loving services which Martha and Annie had been rendering to him during the family gathering for dinner and dessert, that, as soon as the little coterie was dissolved, he brought his huge cigar-case, filled with those enormous Trichinopoly cheroots, down into the surgery, and finding Henry there alone laboriously "putting up" medicine for the patients, and fearing an intrusion on the part of Maria, said, hastily, "Now, Bob, look sharp! What is it? Oh, I see; no end of physic. 'Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.' But I'll lend you a hand, for all that. Here goes."

Meanwhile, looking at the order-book in which Dr. Galen had made his entries before making his entry to the dining-room, Brewster began hastily reading aloud the dog-Latin prescriptions one after another, cracking a malicious joke upon every one as he read, and "putting them up" almost as quickly as he read them off. One bottle of medicine after another was swiftly filled, labeled, and corked by those deft fingers, aided by the active mind which was always ready for action when wanted, and sometimes when it had better have reposed, though drowsy enough when the contemplative fit was upon him.

The whole evening order was soon executed.

"Now, Bob, come along," he said. "I'm for a game of billiards, a glass of brandy and water, and an anchovy toast at 'The Mitre.' No glum tea party, or any *more* of your domestic black looks for me to-night, thank you, Bob."

A wholly unaccountable gulp and flutter and rustle took place at that moment, and caused Henry Galen to look guilty and miserable.

His fellow-student usually called him "Bob" for short—in more loquacious moods, "Premature Bob," on account of the precocity of his whiskers, as well as of a certain tendency on the part of the young gentleman to rush into action unprepared, and occasionally "Robert the Unready," for a similar reason. Really the man's name was Henry Galen, and no godfathers or godmothers at his baptism had even contemplated bestowing upon him the name of Robert.

Henry Galen, like every other member of his family, was under the spell of Brewster's fascination, whatever the source of it may have been, and loved him, not as the sons of Jacob or Jesse loved one another, but as Jonathan loved David. Knowing his haughty imperious temper, Henry made no effort to restrain him just now, but begging him to wait for two minutes, rushed up stairs to the drawing-room, where he knew that his sisters would speedily cluster round him.

They did so.

"Henry! Has he suspected any thing?" inquired Martha, coming eagerly to the rescue of modesty.

"But how could he suspect any thing?" asked Henry.

"Oh, Henry!" Annie blurted out, "*I heard* him tell you he would have no more of our 'domestic black looks' to-night."

"Confession is good for the soul, my dear," said Henry, sententiously. "But never you mind his petulant and ridiculous temper. Remember," he added, with staring blue eyes, "he has not even heard of this horrible affair yet; that is, if—I mean, of course he hasn't. He wonders why we were all so glum over that tepid dinner, and was annoyed at the governor's portentous manner, and his animad-what-d'you-call-'em upon his brandy pawnee, as if that was the first time he had ever taken it stiff. I can tell you what, girls—if he gets it into his head that you suspect him, I fear he will never cross our threshold again."

Annie came up to Henry and clutched him with terrible eagerness. "Henry! Do you love your little sister?" she asked him.

Although the youngest of the family, she was really a fine, well-grown girl, and weighed twenty-eight pounds more than her whiskered brother.

But Henry thought little of this discrepancy, and being in a hurry to get back to his friend, was already outside the drawing-room door.

"Of course I love you, my child," he said, affectionately. "But what can I do for you? Honor bright, I am terribly perplexed."

"You *can* not suspect any thing?" urged Annie, interrogatively.

Now, between you, my confiding reader, and me, poor Henry did actually suspect the man whom he loved of having murdered their honest friend John Alford.

"Sus-*pect* any thing!" he cried, affecting rather cleverly an air of indignation. "*I* suspect any thing? Of course not."

"Well, then," replied Annie, forgetting her scholastic English—"well, then, you stick close to him all the evening." Then she clutched her brother with feline digits and sororal confidence. "Don't let him out of your sight for a moment to-night," she added. "Be prudent and wise, dear brother mine. Don't be Premature Bob or Robert the Unready this evening. And mind you come to our room directly you come home."

In accordance with this objurgation Henry Galen *did* adhere pretty closely to the man whom he loved but suspected, until certain executive rules of the city intervened, and left him no alternative but to carry out his sister's second request, and to grant her an interview at midnight. This consulta-

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tion, as it happened, ultimately took place in what we may call the professional apartments, and was attended with surprising results, which will be narrated in their order of occurrence.

CHAPTER III.

HUSH! HUSH!

NOEL BREWSTER had never spoken a word of love or even of manifest admiration to Annie Galen until this very afternoon. For eighteen months after his return from India she had still been, as she was during his previous farewell visit to Cadbury, a day scholar at the principal school in the city. Latin being a hobby of the mistress, upon which she was stoutly supported by Dr. Galen, Brewster had gladly, and at first in pure domestic gentleness, devoted many of his evenings to instructing the young lady in the rudiments of that language, and to aiding her progress in the study of French, of which tongue he was a consummate master. These innocent pursuits had drawn the dark eyes of the instructor very close to the pupil's blue orbs. The onyx had, as usual, proved too soft for the sapphire, and the ex-dragoon's heart was stolen by this inexperienced skirmisher.

But though Brewster had withdrawn from the army with a couple of thousand pounds in his bankers' hands, his present circumstances did not warrant a man of his breeding and habits in contemplating hasty matrimony, or "sudden death," as the witty young men of his acquaintance were wont to call it. Nor was he the man to allow a fresh, innocent girl, the daughter of his generous host, to commit herself even in her secret heart to him, unless he had previously resolved to redeem her self-respect from that embargo by making her his wife. And the reader already knows that he had practiced a deceit (the concealment of a family affliction) upon the good doctor, which he knew it behooved him as a man of honor to confess before attempting to compromise Annie or secure her affections.

With this much explanation it will be evident that when Brewster had replied to Annie's grave question, whether he had heard of Mr. Alford, with a gay, "No; I do not want to hear; I see," looking upon her at the same time with undisguised admiration, he had been giving way to a momentary assault of passion. Yet he had soon repented of this, and of his after-petulance toward her, and thought that they who knew his faults so well were being unjust and unkind to him by their constraint and reserve during the family dinner, and by making him the object of their "domestic black looks" during that social gathering afterward.

His reserved and defiant behavior at the dinner table had been caused at first by anger with himself for his unguarded manner to Annie on his arrival, afterward by a peculiar and partially unaccountable constraint which he noticed on the part of every body toward himself, and which, to say the least of it, he thought a churlish and inhospitable reception of a guest who, whatever his faults might be, always treated the doctor's family with affection and respect. He also continued to be annoyed and irritated at the remarkable interest which Annie had manifested in Mr. Alford, whom he supposed to be merely somewhat ailing again. "As those hulking clod-hoppers always are," he irrationally muttered to himself, as though a physician were not partly to blame for his patient's protracted indisposition.

Then Henry joined him again. They lowered the gas, and sallied forth into the bright moon-lit street; and as they turned from the door, a third figure emerged from an archway at hand, and followed them closely with noiseless footsteps.

Before they had walked many paces, Henry said, in a tremulous voice, "I suppose you have not heard about poor Alford?"

"Confound Alford!" shrieked Brewster, loud enough to be heard at the town cross. Every one but Noel Brewster had heard of the tragedy. "What the unmentionable to ears polite is all this maundering about Alford?" continued Brewster, before Henry had had time to interpose. "You are all harping upon him. I was a fool not to give him a few grains of *nux* when I made up his physic last month."

All this was said in a loud, hasty, angry tone of voice.

Henry at length collected himself. "Hush! hush! my dear fellow," he said, earnestly; "pray mind what you are saying. Alford was found murdered in his bed yesterday morning at daybreak. It was done with scientific skill, too, and great precision. The assassin had— What do you think he had done beforehand?" asked Henry, suddenly changing his style, and turning briskly upon his friend.

Brewster, quite calmly, and without a moment's hesitation, replied, "Given him chloroform, of course, if he caught him napping, and wasn't a fool."

This reply shook Henry from head to foot. He was astounded at this cool, matter-of-fact reception of startling and awful intelligence. So was another unsuspected witness.

The assassin *had* caught poor Alford napping, and *had* given him chloroform, *and was no fool*, according to Brewster's judgment.

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CHAPTER IV.

DEATH ON THE WHITE HORSE.

THEY turned to the right at the City Cross, and presently entered the Mitre Hotel, opposite the cathedral church-yard. As the two young men vanished under its carriage archway, their mysterious attendant also glided away among the long dark shadows of the street. But shortly, as if conjured up by some malignant wizard, two other spectral figures were standing bolt-upright in the first position, with their backs to the front wall of the hotel, one on either side of the entrance. Henry and Brewster went up stairs into a private room which the latter was in the habit of using, not caring for the company of "the bagmen," as he flippantly called the gentlemen in the public room.

He was not so careless as he had affected to be, and at once ordered tea, wishing to keep his wits clear and his head cool. Until they were served he sat quite silent, plunged in deep thought; then spoke. "Tell me that again, Bob," he said, in a voice no longer elevated and angry, but pleading, as it were, and wholly unlike his usual off-hand, authoritative tone.

Henry again related simply the terrible event, stating that the skill exhibited in the murder was the worst feature in the case.

"No, Bob, that is *not* the worst of it," Brewster replied. "I feel there is something more behind. You and I have been fast friends and true; have we not, Bob?"



"BOB! DO YOU SEE? DO YOU SEE IT?"—[SEE PAGE 402.]

"Yes, my boy," said Henry, who was only seven years younger than his friend.

"Then do not fail me now. Tell me all the truth—all which you have kept back hitherto from mistaken kindness, all that has leaked out, and all that lurks in your own mind and in your sisters' minds and in the poor old governor's. Now, Bob, out with it."

There was something infinitely touching in this eager appeal on the part of one generally so haughty and disdainful. Unbid-

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den tears rushed into Henry Galen's blue eyes. He rose, and approached his friend with tottering footsteps, holding out his right hand.

Brewster, still sitting at the tea-tray, but turning toward him, grasped this outstretched hand. "In the name of whatever you hold dearest, my honest friend," he said, "be a man this night, and tell me the whole truth. You know I am no coward to flinch at what is inevitable."

"I will tell you, Noel," answered Henry, with a sound in his throat very like a suppressed sob; "and, so help me God in my hour of need, I will stand by you, even if this should be a matter of life and death."

Brewster wrung his hand with a grip like a vise. "Now sit down again," he said, "and speak out. You will unman me if you don't go at it in a business-like way."

So poor Henry recovered his chair, and briefly recapitulating the suspicious circumstances that the chloroform had apparently been administered by an adept, and the victim, who was a large, powerful man, killed in his sleep without a struggle, he went on to say that poor Alford's invalid sister had nearly died of fright (which, of course, he called by a composite Grecian word meaning something else) when the body was found, but had soon recovered herself, and had sworn before the coroner's jury, on the morning of that very day, that she had seen Noel Brewster riding furiously away from the premises on a white horse at daybreak on the morning of the murder.

Then Henry waited for Brewster to deny this evidence. But he remained silent, and his face was actually convulsed with silent horror. So poor Henry reluctantly proceeded.

A strong doubt had prevailed for some time whether the coroner's jury would not return a verdict of willful murder against Noel Brewster on the circumstantial evidence, supported by Miss Alford's assertion, which was both positive and precise. Had they done so, the coroner would have had no option but to issue his warrant for Brewster's apprehension. But Dr. Galen had solemnly averred that Brewster, to his knowledge, was at Lullworth, in Dorsetshire, on the morning in question; that his horse, which was certainly a white one, was as certainly in his (the doctor's) own stable, calmly eating his oats, at the hour of the murder; and that Miss Alford, who had long been his patient, was in such a nervous condition that she might have had a vivid hallucination producing upon her mind exactly the same impression as the actual sight of a man on horseback would have done. This shook the jury and the coroner too, and the former returned a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown." It thus became the duty of the police to discover the murderer, and Henry added that while they were talking one of these was doubtless tracking every movement of Brewster's for the last three days, and another mounting guard at the door of the hotel.

Brewster seemed to have lost his wonted courage and vivacity. There were some features of this story too awful even for his courageous heart and active mind. He began to realize all the horror of his situation, and to see that he would have to die dishonored and execrated, or to— But there he fell back upon the former necessity; the alternative was even more horrible than death.

"Did Dr. Galen perform the *post-mortem*?" at length he asked.

"Yes, and I assisted," said Henry.

"What did you find?"

"Only what you know—a semi-comatose condition of the brain from chloroform, and the heart pierced right through the centre."

"What with?"

"I fear it must have been an amputating knife. The wound was long, clean, and emphatic, and certainly not inflicted with a pointed stiletto or any two-edged implement."

"Why do you say 'I fear,' Bob?"

"Of course they will find out that you have lost No. 1 from your case. In fact, it was evidence extracted from us by the coroner and his legal clerk. We let out that you had lost just such a weapon as would have inflicted the wound—or rather I did. And unless some intermediate person can be found, that blunder of mine will go to fix the stigma on you."

"By all means," Brewster quietly rejoined.

"Curiously enough," added Henry, "the person who killed him cut off that tuft of hair which used to grow low down on his forehead."

Brewster made no reply.

Shortly afterward Henry left him alone, and repaired to the public billiard-room on the ground-floor of the hotel. This was contrary to the letter of the promise so recently extracted from him by Annie. But Brewster had requested him to join the game of pool usually going on at this hour, and to gather the opinion prevalent among the young officers from the barracks and the young professional men of Cadbury who shared in that relaxation.

And now, deepening down and down into the very recesses of human emotion, and flooding the bases of his being with anguish, one cruel grief penetrated beyond all the other horrors of his situation, and for a while deprived Noel Brewster of all mental energy, reducing him to a mere passive condition intellectually, but all the more capable of acutest pain. My sympathetic reader

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will jump at the cause. He found and felt that he was suspected by the woman whom he loved. My own mistake of writing her down a "woman" suggests a clew to his mistake. Had he remembered that she was a mere child in experience and in knowledge of good and evil, his anguish would have been less. She knew him violent, vindictive, and defiant of public opinion, or rather of convention, for he had never despised the opinion of good people; and being unable to comprehend the utter loathing with which a brave and chivalrous man regards taking an enemy at a disadvantage, she had summed up the circumstantial evidence at a glance, and adding to it Miss Alford's positive assertion, had concluded that this splendid lover of hers had borrowed some other white horse, having come surreptitiously into the neighborhood with a terrible purpose, had perpetrated this ghastly murder, and now was prepared to lie his way out of a conviction.

That every other person in the family, including even the faithful and constant Bob, who had loved Noel since his childhood (when the lad of seventeen, fondly thinking himself a man, had given the boy of ten taffy and sixpences), did also suspect him, Brewster saw now beyond a doubt, and saw, too, that circumstances yet to be disclosed would confirm these suspicions. But cruel and almost intolerable as all this would have been alone, it was little to the one keen pang. Every thing dwindled into insignificance beside this thought: "This is woman's faith and trust, given in return for two years of devotion and constancy."

CHAPTER V.

IBI.

HENRY came back from the billiard-room with a face like an ancient carrot, long, red, and flaccid. Not many minutes before, it had been fiery and fierce, and his blue eyes had been flashing like summer lightning; for Bob was a courageous fellow, though as tender as dough. A young Cadbury lawyer had intimated somewhat plainly his opinion that Brewster was guilty of Alford's murder, and had declared that several persons were ready to swear he had *not* returned to Cadbury by rail that afternoon, as Henry averred; but that Morgan, the horse-dealer, who was a close ally and partisan of Brewster's, had driven him home from Chitterton, going round by Laverton, and calling at the Cadbury railway station as the afternoon express stopped, to throw dust in people's eyes.

Now, as the said Morgan had actually driven Brewster to Dr. Galen's door that afternoon (so Annie had told him); and as this story might really be true, Henry flew into a violent passion, assaulted the quill-driver, and broke a cue over the back of a bench instead of the hairy scalp of the calumniator. Having to pay thirty shillings for said cue, and not having quite thirty pence in the world, he was considerably worsted in the affray, and incited much merriment among the young gentlemen, in which the poor fellow had no heart to join, though on other occasions he would have been the first to smile at his own discomfiture.

At length Henry returned to his brooding solitary friend.

"How goes it, Bob, my boy?" asked Brewster, affecting a gayety which of course he could not feel. Then seeing that Henry drooped, and knowing that the man's true heart was suffering on his account, he added, "Poor old Bob! I may have seemed to laugh at you sometimes, because you know you are so premature and blundering. But I love you all the same, dear old boy. I know you are as true as a Toledo blade. I never heard you say an unkind word or saw you neglect a kind deed where it was possible. And I am certain you never betrayed a friend. Forgive my nasty sneering way of talking to my betters. Come now, there's a peroration for you! Out with it! What do the snobs say?"

So Henry, slurring over his own valiant assault upon the back of a settee, told Brewster that public opinion was divided, but most were against him. Then pausing, and mustering all his moral courage to encounter the critical point, he added, "The fact of the matter, Noel, is, you *must* prove an *alibi*."

Brewster was, of course, quite prepared for this, and had been all along expecting to be asked whether he really was in Dorsetshire when the murder was committed, or not; yet he knew that delicacy of feeling had hitherto tied Henry's tongue, and even now experienced a sly amusement at the evident agitation and reluctance with which Henry came to the point. A half-wicked, half-kindly smile glimmered about his mustache and his half-shut eyes, as he looked calmly at Bob, who stared at him and blushed with a strange confusion of feelings.

"You *must* prove an *alibi*," the latter repeated.

"I can't," Brewster quietly remarked.

Henry Galen's heart fell to the very abyss of shame and despondency at this answer. Still he *would* make another effort, and if possible get cured of his terrible and now deeply seated suspicion.

"Brewster," he said, with manly energy, "I am not a child to be played or trifled with as the humor seizes you. I will stand your friend throughout, whatever happens, *or has happened;* but you must treat me with

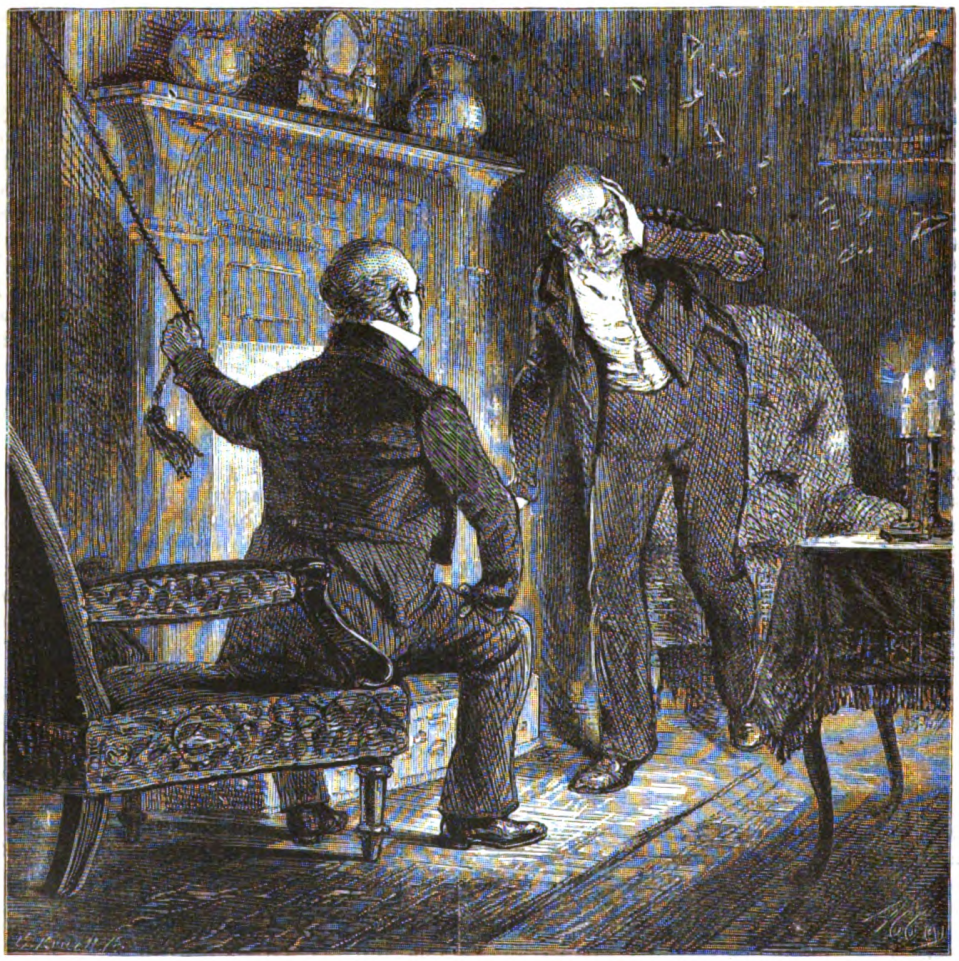
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confidence. You say you can not prove an *alibi*. Do you mean to say you *were* at Chitterton day before yesterday at sunrise, when we all believed you to be in Dorsetshire?"

"Yes," Brewster replied, with the sneer now developed in the expression of his face, as he continued looking poor Bob down, that is to say, subduing him by the superior ferocity of his nature, exerted through the eyes—"yes, Mr. Henry Galen, I *was* at that particular place at that particular time. All your family—to whom, of course, I have behaved as a murderous scoundrel—have already, it seems, turned against me. And you will now, I suppose, do the same. I tried my utmost, but could not thrash your great burly Sussex Amaryllis to my heart's content; so I lay in wait for him (as you say, or at least as you mean to say) by night and day. I caught the poor devil napping, and suffocated him with chloroform, and then delicately gave him 'his quietus with a bare bodkin.' Just so. Now, Mr. Henry Galen, you know my character; and you must admit that it is better to hang such a devil as I am, and to get him out of the way of innocent folk."

Henry was too astounded and dismayed to wish to dispute.

"This is too bad of you, Brewster," he replied. "You know I will stick to you through thick and thin, and that all I ask is your confidence. There is not a soul in my father's house which is not pierced with grief on your account to-night. My sisters are sitting up to hear any words of comfort or assurance which I may have to bring them; and I know my father is gone to talk the matter over with Mr. Power, the town-clerk, and do his utmost to avert suspicion from you. How can we help suspicion having fallen upon you? I have told you the evidence that *would* crop out. And you must see that your old quarrel with Alford, and the resolute way in which you followed him up till you brought him to bay, are remembered now. And though I never had any wish to pry into your private affairs or to interfere in any little intrigue or object of interest you may have had over there,



"AT THE SAME MOMENT THE JUDGE PEALED THE BELL."—[SEE PAGE 406.]

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yet I have not been deaf, and I have often heard of your being seen at Chitterton when we thought you were at some other place. And now you cut the very ground from under my feet by declaring that you actually were there, in that outlandish place, riding about the downs without any apparent object, at daybreak, when we supposed you were in bed at Lullworth Castle, two hundred miles away. Why don't you help me to get out of this horrible coil if you can, instead—"

"I can't," Brewster interposed.

"Instead of sitting there in that fierce, dogged way, and sneering at me in one breath, while in the next you say that you trust me?"

Henry Galen's steam was pretty nearly all blown off, and he began to relax. "Come, Noel," he continued, "let me into your secret. I will never betray you."

Now Brewster's long lithe arm wound itself round Henry's waist and drew him down till he was sitting on his friend's knee.

"Bob," said the latter, pointing to the lamp, round which a beetle buzzed and fretted, "do you see that fool of an insect?"

"Yes."

"He has not strangled a cricket or stabbed a bluebottle, that I know of. But he rushes upon a fiery fate. He is a fool. I am another. Two days ago I could have sailed to the Pacific in Courtenay's yacht, and perhaps obtained a good appointment and led a useful life in the Chilian or Peruvian navy, or on land out there. But Annie was to me what the light is to that beetle, and I have come back to be—hanged, I suppose."

"Don't jest about such a horrible subject, Noel. I must be serious, and so must you. Annie will break her heart, and the poor old governor will die of shame."

"Does Annie really care?" asked Brewster.

"You know she does."

"Well, Bob, look up above that fascinating lamp, and that idiotic fatalist buzzing round it—yes, right above the very cross on the top of the spire. There is a God somewhere up there, I believe?"

"Surely there is," said Henry.

"And think you He can see and hear us?"

"I believe so, firmly."

"Then, Bob, in His awful presence and holy hearing I swear to you that I did not murder John Alford. And I honestly believe that I would have laid down my own life in any manly fashion rather than have let that foul deed be done."

"Thank God!" gasped Henry. "But why were you there?"

"That I can not tell you, my boy."

"Not for Annie's sake?"

"Not for her sake."

Then Henry stood and leaned his face upon his hands, resting these against the raised sash of the window. And as he so leaned, Brewster saw two or three tears trickle off the sash and glisten for an instant in the moonlight. The honest fellow was greatly relieved by Brewster's assurance, and almost forgot in this sacred delight his chagrin at having no *alibi* to prove, and no other testimony to set against the damnatory evidence admitted by Noel, and now being accumulated by the police. Very soon, however, this mental apathy passed away, and Henry manifested an originality and clearness of conception for which his friend was unprepared.

"I'll tell you what it is, Noel," he said, "these things which make the case so strong against you must be explained, or your life is in imminent danger. And if you won't explain them to me, I suppose you will not to a jury. Now your life and honor must not be sacrificed. You must be out of the way and kept dark until the real murderer is discovered. You sit still here for a while, and have that glass of brandy and water you were talking about, and keep up your courage. I feel sure that both the hotel and our house are being watched for you. But I will go round to Naylor, the hair-dresser, who won't be in bed yet, and if he is, he must bundle out of it. He has got a great ugly pair of carroty whiskers like mine for sale. Then I will go home by a circuit and get my long gray Inverness cape, and come back here boldly with it on. I shall be back in the crack of a jiffy. Then you must put on the whiskers, the Inverness, and my wide-awake hat, and risk it. I will stay here and represent you; and you must walk away alone, and get to the railway station by a roundabout way, and catch the night mail for London. If you only get clear away from the hotel, and they are not watching the station too, you are all right. Any one meeting you will take you for me, going out to a midwifery case in the suburbs. You must keep very dark in London, and only write to me at Guy's Hospital. I will come to you cautiously when I return to town, and let you know how the land lies. Meanwhile no efforts shall be spared to find out the real criminal."

"No, my dear old boy," said Brewster, sorrowfully, and putting a restraining hand on the arm of his friend, who was already starting off on this errand of mercy—"no. I never ran from danger yet, and can not find it in my heart to do so now. The coil must unwind itself, or tie me up for the sacrifice. Thank you, all the same. It is a capital scheme, and you are a good fellow to think of it."

Henry was aghast, and stood staring helplessly at this impracticable man, the resolute expression of whose face he knew too well. There was nothing more to be said, and little to be done. Brewster rang the bell, paid for the tea and for the broken

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cue, feed the waiter, tipped a casual chamber-maid who lingered on the stairs and a casual "Boots" who lingered in the hall, exchanged a friendly greeting with the damsel in the bar, and walked out of the hotel and into the arms of two sturdy policemen who were on guard at the entrance.

CHAPTER VI.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

HENRY GALEN let himself into the paternal residence with a latch-key, and having removed his boots and cloak in the dimly lighted hall, was about to creep up stairs with all the scrupulous and considerate delicacy of an accomplished burglar, when a ghostly figure emerged from the dining-room and two spectral hands clasped his manly arm.

"Dear old Premature Bob!" murmured a soft voice, like a zephyr among aspen leaves.

"Ah, Annie! Annie! Premature Bob indeed! You poor pallid saucy little rogue, sitting up so late, with that pale anxious face. Come into the surgery, and let me give you a draught directly—an anodyne. Bob indeed! Oh yes; of course; any thing *he* says. I suppose if he were to call you Zenobia or Xantippe, you would assume the name."

So speaking, and vainly hoping to gain time, Henry conducted his fair sister to the surgery, which was on the ground-floor at the back of the house. Having gallantly seated her in this Æsculapian resort, and having turned on the gas with much formality, as if the poor girl were really a patient in want of physic or surgery, Henry proceeded with extreme nicety to mix her a potion, but said no more, not wishing to reveal the truth, and not knowing how to lie in the very face of innocence and purity.

"Quick! quick!" she murmured. "Where is he? Why are you putting me off so long?"

"Annie darling, drink this." (She swallowed it with a gulp.) "Now I told you that he was innocent." (She clasped her hands together as if giving thanks for this new assurance.) "And he *is* innocent, which is the chief thing, and is dreadfully cut up at our suspecting him, which we must show him that we don't. Poor dear fellow!"

How Henry craved and coveted that power of mendacity which every mean man has by nature, but which only comes by study and culture to the true man! His sincere belief in his friend's innocence was balm of Gilead to his suffering sister; but he could not stop there. Her question must be answered.

"Where is he now, dear?" she asked again, but with less agony than before.

"They have taken him," groaned poor simple Bob.

"Oh, Henry! Henry! He would have died for you or me; and we have let them take him as if he were a wicked wretch."

"I tried to save him; contrived a plan for smuggling him off to London, where he could have hidden till the murderer is discovered; but you know his fierce spirit. He would not turn his back on the danger, even for our sakes. I suppose he felt that all the world would condemn him if he fled. And it struck me that he seemed to dread the discovery of the real criminal. I can not account for that. He will not confide in me; and there is some terrible mystery which I can not solve."

While he spoke, Annie, who at first was hanging on his words (as the saying is), gradually lost all consciousness of what he was saying, and, to his utter surprise, sat as though transfixed, staring with her large blue eyes at vacancy, or, as he gradually perceived, at the window, and at two terrible eyes which at length grew upon him out of the darkness, glaring fixedly at her, and apparently unaware of him, through the darkened window-panes.

"Bob!" she said, in a horrified whisper—"*Bob!* Do you see? Do you see *it?* Don't run out. Don't go away. Don't leave me now; I should die of fright."

Now Henry Galen was a brave man, and loved his pretty sister, and sympathized keenly with her in this affliction; and seeing a new inexplicable horror intruding upon the scene, instantaneously conceived an idea that in this new and dreadful apparition a clew to the tragedy might be found. He rapidly conjectured that by a swift rush out of the back-door, which opened from the surgery to the stable-yard, and by a bold assault, he might seize the owner of those ghastly eyes, and trust to his own skill and courage for securing and detaining that night prowler. But Annie's appeal was too pathetic; so Henry had for the moment to change his tactics. Premature or not, he changed and acted upon his plan very rapidly.

"Courage, Annie, my darling," he said to her, with an assuring smile. "Now don't you be frightened at a little noise and a bit of a scrimmage." And while he spoke, Henry lifted Dr. Galen's heavy glass ink-bottle and hurled it at the basilisk eyes with magnificent force and precision.

Annie gave a shriek which might have roused the dead, and did indeed bring down Maria, Martha, the cook, the parlor-maid, and, finally, Æsculapius himself, spectacled and arrayed in a long cashmere dressing robe, and armed with a rusty double-barreled gun. This weapon had been loaded and never discharged for about six-and-twenty years, and would inevitably have

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burst and destroyed the whole family if the charges could have been persuaded to explode. Fortunately that occurrence was past the remotest limits of possibility; but the good doctor believed the instrument to be the palladium of his household, and thought a loaded gun was a loaded gun, sophistry apart.

Henry had suddenly vanished. Annie continued to squeak and shriek, and beat a certain person's tattoo on the floor with her Balmoral boots. The great practitioner, with a ludicrous mixture of tenderness, ferocity, and confusion, gave directions for ripping up her stay-laces, pulling off her boots, administering *sal volatile, tinct. card. co.*, etc., etc., all of which Maria, as became a mere daughter and sister (not being a beauty) did, with trifling emendations of her own, while the tall, gazelle-eyed Martha vainly endeavored to extricate that fearful gun from the paternal hands.

"How dare you, my dear Martha? Go to bed immediately. How dare you attempt to interrupt your parent in the—ahem!—the discharge of his double-barreled duty—that is, gun? Don't forget the *tinct. card. co.*, Maria."

At this moment the surgery door burst open with a crash, and two heavy bodies tumbled in, helter-skelter, pell-mell, rolling one over another upon the floor, now one uppermost, now the other, writhing, pummeling, digging at each other, like human rivals of Kilkenny cats. And all the while our doctor dodged round them with his infernal machine, trying hopelessly to discover which he was to shoot.

But now Annie, exhibiting an almost miraculous recovery, dashed at a large glass jar of Cayenne pepper (used in all surgeries for gargles, etc.), jerked it off the shelf from among all the other bottles with singular precision, flung herself upon the combatants, smashed the bottle on the nose of the intruder, and dragged Henry off the bleeding, spluttering wretch in an instant. Then staring at her victim, the Amazon commenced a series of *crescendo* yells and squalls surpassing the most brilliant achievements of the most renowned *prime donne* in this or any other age.

To her and to all of them for the first few moments it appeared that this savage and murderous lunatic who had just been defeated like Sisera, the captain of the Assyrian host, was Noel Brewster. And now at last Æsculapius rendered active service. Brewster, or Apollyon, or whoever this was, he was undoubtedly demoniac or insane. A large pail of water, somewhat impregnated with various drugs, stood in a certain sink where bottles were rinsed before being filled with various liquids. Recognizing the terrific potency of the weapon which Annie had used to save her brother's life, the doctor, resigning his field-piece into Martha's gentle hands, seized the pail of slops, and deliberately emptied the contents over the face and head of the defeated combatant, who thereupon leaped from the floor with a single bound and an appalling shriek, and retreating into a corner before the doctor, put his poor wizened hands before his eyes, and cowered in an agony of fear.

But even while he raised them to his face, from one of those lean hands dropped a knife—one of those long, keen, highly tempered instruments used in amputation of a limb. And now at last poor Bob—that is to say, brave Henry—sighed and drooped, and now it was evident that the bare boards of the surgery were dabbled with his blood. By some splendid though inscrutable swiftness of reasoning, the true friend had divined that those two spectral eyes at the window might lead him to a discovery which should save Brewster from a horrible death. First, by a dextrous cast, he had felled their owner with a glass ink-bottle flying through a pane of window-glass; then, as Annie's screams brought others to her support, he had rushed out, grappled, and dragged the intruder into the house, and had himself received some twelve or thirteen stabs, all more or less severe, in the encounter, using no weapon but his own honest hands, which certainly would not have saved him from a mortal wound if Annie had not sprung to his rescue with such promptitude and judgment.

Maria, patient and indefatigable, now turned her attention to Henry, quickly removing his coat and waistcoat, and examining his wounds, but presently resigning him to Martha, and persuading Annie to desist from her vocal exercises and to assist Henry on to the sofa in the consulting-room, which was connected with the surgery by a door. Dr. Galen at once saw that he had to deal with a maniac—not Noel Brewster himself, but a creature strangely resembling him, yet not entirely like any sane being, and horribly scarred, disfigured, and drenched in the late encounter. Approaching him now with that fine courage of the old school which always matures itself too late for speedy action, but may be useful enough when lieutenants have acted with promptitude and without orders, he addressed him solemnly:

"Young gentleman. Ahem! Young man! Be good enough to give me your attention. Uncover your eyes, Sir."

The poor wretch did so. And forthwith the doctor fixed them with his octagonal lenses, in the efficacy of which he had unbounded confidence. Maria slipped into his hand the long, keen knife which she had picked off the floor.

Thus re-enforced, Dr. Galen proceeded. "Young man," he resumed, sternly, "why

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did you steal this knife from Noel Brewster?"

"Forgive me, doctor," the poor creature gasped; "I won't take it again. I will go home now. I won't escape again."

"*Very* well, Sir," the doctor continued, with tolerable presence of mind. "Maria, my dear, call Timothy, and tell him to put the bay mare to, in the gig, as I must drive this young gentleman home to—to where did you say, my young friend?"

"Ha! *ha!*" shrieked the maniac, first reducing the doctor's height by a fierce blow over the pit of the stomach, then tearing the spectacles off his venerable nose, hurling them to the farthest corner of the room, and grasping the hand which held the knife, and twisting it with such desperate ferocity that it was probable he would soon have gained possession of it. But the fair Maria had not lost *her* spectacles, and was every moment expecting some such renewal of hostilities. Taking the heavy marble pestle (or crusher) out of the mortar, she administered to the assailant a powerful and instantaneous narcotic by an external application quite new in the annals of surgery. After which feat she fainted away.

Such a battle scene had never before been enacted on the boards of Dr. Galen's surgery.

CHAPTER VII.

I DID IT.

NOT many weeks after Brewster's arrest and committal to the county jail on a charge of willful murder, the session of jail delivery, popularly called the assize, took place. The high sheriff of Sussex, in his brand-new emblazoned coach, drawn by four gorgeously caparisoned horses, met the judges at the Cadbury railway station, and paraded them through the city, attended by a magnificent retinue. As his own spick and span palace was at a great distance from Cadbury, and he was resolved to entertain them at his own cost, he had engaged and partly furnished for their use a commodious house in the best suburb of the town. This residence was said to be haunted, but a large *posse* of Mr. Sheriff's domestics had superseded its spiritual occupants for the time being, British justice requiring more substantial service than our incorporeal visitants are wont to render us. Moreover, the new sheriff was also a *novus homo*, and consequently a strong conservative, with the utmost contempt for spiritualism and all other new-fangled impostures.

Meanwhile Æsculapius had been at a sad loss to know how to turn the events described in the last chapter to account in behalf of his pupil. The irrepressible lunatic had escaped on the night of his capture, leaving no traces except on, or rather in, the person of Henry Galen. That champion soon recovered from his wounds, having received none in a vital part, and being endowed with youth and health. He attributed his escape from pale death to Annie's prompt intervention, and was on that account, if possible, doubly anxious to save Noel Brewster.

But the prisoner himself seemed to be resolved on self-immolation, and to the horror of his friends boldly declared that he should plead guilty to the charge brought against him. His elder brother came up from Devonshire, "put up" in great state at The Mitre, gave audiences to Dr. Galen, to the superintendent of police, to the editor of the local newspaper, to Henry Galen, to Morgan the horse-dealer, and a number of inferior people. He spent money like water, telegraphed for a private detective from London, visited the scene of the murder with him, authorized him to lay out £500 in hunting down the assassin, and further offered a reward of £1000 to him or whomsoever should find that miscreant and cause him to be convicted. Of course he visited his unfortunate brother, urged him with vigor and indignation to abandon the monstrous idea of pleading guilty, and listened with courteous attention to Dr. Galen's narrative of the murderous nocturnal visitor who so resembled Noel in stature and lineaments. On this subject he professed to be completely mystified, called the confidential detective in to take down the evidence, and wished to communicate it to the police; but Dr. Galen preferred to keep it secret until the last moment, as he hoped to obtain some useful clew by seeming to have overlooked the occurrence. He stoutly maintained his opinion both that the stranger was a maniac, and that he was the actual murderer of John Alford, though both Noel and his brother discountenanced this opinion. All that the doctor could say for certain was that the man had conducted himself like an insane person, that he strongly resembled Noel, and that he had in his possession, and wounded Henry with, the very knife which Noel had lost, and that Alford's mortal wound had been inflicted by an exactly similar weapon.

Noel, instead of grasping at this straw of hope, professed to make light both of the resemblance to himself and of the identification of the knife. The former, as he said, could not be very accurately tested under the peculiar circumstances of the case. And as to the knife, Mr. Weiss, of London, sold a hundred cases of surgical instruments every year, and in every case there was one knife an exact *fac-simile* of the one which he had lost.

There was one place in the neighborhood which perhaps the reader may be surprised to hear was not visited by Thomas Brew-

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ster, Esquire, viz., the small town of Wyndham, which lay up in the hill country on the borders of Hampshire. Poor demented William Brewster had returned to his asylum in that hamlet before daybreak on the night of his Cadbury exploit, and was received with the effusion bestowed upon other returning prodigals. His pecuniary value to the proprietor of the retreat was great; and that gentleman now received a short but severe intimation from the guardians of his *protégé* that a more strict watch must be maintained over his movements. Whatever his suspicions may have been, he kept the finger of prudence on the lip of silence, and established a more rigid vigilance than he had formerly thought necessary in this case.

To Henry, in private, Noel declared that he believed the insanity attributed to the young man to be a figment of their imaginations, which were all naturally under excitement at the time of the encounter. The idea, he said, impressed upon his mind by the narrative (and he thought a jury would take the same view if they persisted in bringing the matter into court) was that the intruder was either a burglar, or a secret admirer of one of the young ladies, who took that eccentric mode of gaining a stolen glimpse of his divinity. In either case there was nothing wonderful in his being armed with a sharp knife. And taking into consideration that he was first smitten on the forehead with a heavy glass ink-bottle accompanied by irritating splinters of window-glass, and then furiously assaulted in person by fiery Bob, his use of the weapon was not of necessity the act of a lunatic. Then, as all their honest affectionate hearts were full of care for him on account of his recent arrest and danger, they noticed and magnified some trivial resemblance which the stranger bore to him. Why, half the tall, dark young men with a mustache in the world might be taken for him after the facial disfigurements this poor devil must have undergone.

Annie's affection and sympathy, now expressed to him unrestrainedly, were very sweet; while he feared too well that his liberation would have to be followed (if not preceded) by a confidence with the doctor which would oblige him to give her up. Next, all the bitter disgust with kith and kin and contempt of human life which before only lurked in his disposition, now broke loose and poisoned all his gentleness; for he had seen, or thought he had seen, that his brother, with all his pomp and display, would rather let him perish than have the family secret disclosed. Burning with scornful wrath at this selfish cruelty, was it strange that he should unjustly suspect the good doctor of the same, or something like it? "He knows," Brewster would growl to himself—"he knows that if he would promise me Annie, I would plead not guilty, and defend myself, and baffle all the blood-hounds, and get my freedom. He suspects poor William is my brother in spite of all Tom's pompous lies and cajoleries, and he would rather let me die by the common hangman than let me have her. All right, Thomas Brewster, Esquire, and Dr. Galen! So I will die, and you shall enjoy the reflection of having between you hanged a man who kept your secrets and treated you with scrupulous fidelity. And for poor William, I expect they will find him out and convict him, after all, and lock him up in the state mad-house for life; that is, till the fiendish jailers pound and pummel the poor creature to death."

We have intimated that the good doctor was at a loss to know what had become of the poor lunatic, upon whom he believed he could, once having found him, fix the true guilt in the matter of Alford's murder. One evening (it was the close of the very day upon which this chapter opens with the arrival of the judges) father and son had been discussing the mystery for the fiftieth time, and the doctor had impressed upon Henry his conviction that the assassin was Brewster's brother, and that his existence had been kept secret by his relatives on account of his insanity.

"But would Noel have concealed it from us?" Henry asked.

"Family pressure, my boy—family pressure," the doctor replied. "He has had his secret, but it has grieved him. I have seen the struggle."

"I think I have too, now you mention it," Henry said, modestly; then started and stared at his father, with a great discovery in his face. "I know where the lunatic is now. Jeffrey's at Wyndham. And that accounts for poor Noel being seen so often at Chitterton, directly on his road from here to Wyndham, and for his being over there when the murder was committed. No doubt he was going to spend the last two days of his holiday with the poor wretch."

"I see, I see," mused the doctor. Then, after a few minutes' reflection and consideration, he jumped up like a boy. "Now for action," he says. "Come with me, Henry, first to Mr. Power, then to Mr. Superintendent of Police, and we'll wake Dr. Jeffrey out of his *dis*-interested slumbers to-night. Girls, girls," he called out; and as they flocked about him in the hall, kissed them right and left, told them to go to bed early and sleep soundly, and lay Noel Brewster's cover for him for dinner to-morrow, and have as good a dinner as the sheriff and judges.

Meanwhile their lordships, who, like humbler mortals, were given to the indulgence to be derived from the combustion of tobac-

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co, had composed themselves easily in the dining-room of their haunted house for that purpose. It was the very witching hour of night, and they were as happy as retributive justice can expect to be in a world populated with sinners, when, *malgré* the sheriff (who was a new man), the new furniture, the old wine, and the aromatic weed, a ghostly apparition manifested itself to both their lordships almost simultaneously.

Not quite; for they sat on opposite sides of the fire-place, and the ghost at first appeared at the window.

"Will my learned brother," said the judge opposite the window, "turn, without exhibiting the least surprise or apprehension, and fix that irresistible glance of his upon two somewhat wild and terrible orbs which gaze from out a spectral form at the window?"

The other judge did as he was asked to do, but in such a natural manner as not to disturb the shadow of a ghost.

"And what does my noble and learned friend think of those *ignes fatui?*" continued the first judge.

"It is no joke, Hastings," was the reply. "Those eyes might make a brave man shudder. And but for the nose flattened against the window beneath, I could almost believe the ghostly tenants were defying our good sheriff, and coming to scare British justice from their habitation. What can it be?"

"Ah!" resumed the first judge, with a melodious sigh—"ah! see how cruelly two or three additional years have served me. I can not discern that debased Gothic mullion under the upper lights. But seriously, I almost think I detect a dangerous gleam in those wild eyes. In short, stir your stumps, Pomeroy, and come over here quickly."

Crash! came the fragments of a large sheet of glass, flying all round the baron as he plunged across the hearth-rug with precipitate speed. And at the same moment the first judge pealed the bell at his right hand.

An awful face appeared at the broken window.

"*I did it!*" whispered a voice charged with anguish.

"So it seems, my eccentric young friend. Pray be calm, or you will agitate the nerves of my learned brother. So you did it! Did what?"

"What!" hissed that agonized voice. "What! A judge tell the prisoner to convict himself of murder!" Then the voice rose to a horrid, grating laugh, "Ha! Ha! *Fiat justitia!* I did it!"

Then the apparition vanished with peals of mocking maniac laughter. The pipe of justice was quite spoiled already.

Shortly after breakfast on the next morning the sheriff waited upon the judges in his emblazoned coach drawn by the four caparisoned steeds. The spear-men and the javelin-men caracoled around it, and the trumpeters blew some very remarkable blasts. A numerous crowd of little boys and girls drew near, and set up vociferous cheers as the judges ascended the carriage steps.

As the procession wended its slow, dignified way toward the cathedral, where the assize was properly inaugurated by an act of worship, the sheriff told the judges an interesting story, of which you have already read the greater part.

For the rest: At a late hour on the previous evening a lunatic had escaped from a private establishment at Wyndham, made his way to the city on foot, and delivered himself to the police, charging himself with a murder for which the magistrates had already committed an innocent man. At first his story was disbelieved. But the town-clerk happened, during this strange colloquy, to call at the superintendent's office with two other gentlemen, who came with evidence to demand this arrest to be made. Their evidence was not conclusive, but the young man was insane enough to supplement it for them. "What peculiarity did you notice about the victim's forehead at the inquest, gentlemen?" he asked. All four, who had been present, mentioned that the assassin had apparently cut off a tuft of hair or peculiar forelock from the murdered man's brow.

"And here it is," the poor lunatic replied, producing the identical lock, which was recognized by all. He had saved it for his own conviction.

This unfortunate young man was committed for life to a prison-asylum. Noel Brewster grieved terribly over his fate, and still feels that he was in some measure to blame for talking on too exciting topics to that morbid listener. But then, as Mrs. Noel (formerly Annie Galen) reminds him, he suffered severely for his little error.

Before Dr. Galen consented to the alliance, by which all the Courtenays and Brewsters except Noel thought him monstrously honored, he looked carefully into their family tree, root and branch, and declared himself satisfied that no taint of insanity existed in the family blood, and that the defective formation of poor William Brewster's brain was solely attributable to the maternal powers of conception being overtasked with twins. Nevertheless, we think it highly probable that if the conscientious old gentleman had been aware what hard and strange thoughts, what terrible misapprehensions, had brooded in Noel's mind during his imprisonment, he would have regarded *both* the twins as deficient of intellectual ballast, and declined to intrust his daughter's happiness to a custodian of such equivocal steadfastness.

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EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER X.

A NUGGET.

IN a sacred corner (as soon as ever we could attend to any thing) we hung up the leathern bag of tools, which had done much more toward saving the life of Uncle Sam than I did; for this had served as a kind of kedge, or drag, upon his little craft, retarding it from the great roll of billows, in which he must have been drowned outright. And even as it was, he took some days before he was like himself again.

Firm, who had been at the head of the valley, repairing some broken hurdles, declared that a water-spout had burst in the bosom of the mountain gorge where the Blue River has its origin, and the whole of its power got ponded back by a dam, which the Sawyer himself had made, at about five furlongs above the mill. Ephraim, being further up the gulch, and high above the roaring flood, did his utmost with the keen edge of his eyes to pierce into the mischief; but it rained so hard, and at the same time blew so violently around him, that he could see nothing of what went on, but hoped for the best, with uneasiness.

Now when the Sawyer came round so well as to have a clear mind of things, and learn that his mill was gone and his business lost, and himself, at this ripe time of life, almost driven to begin the world again, it was natural to expect that he ought to indulge in a good deal of grumbling. Many people came to comfort him, and to offer him deep condolence and the truest of true sympathy, and every thing that could be thought of, unless it were a loan of money. Of that they never thought, because it was such a trifling matter; and they all had confidence in his power to do any thing but pay them. They told him that he was a young man still, and Providence watched over him; in a year or two he would be all the better for this sad visitation. And he said yes to their excellent advice, and was very much obliged to them. At the same time it was clear to me, who watched him like a daughter, that he became heavy in his mind, and sighed, as these kind friends, one after the other, enjoyed what he still could do for them, but rode away out of his gate with too much delicacy to draw purse-strings. Not that he would have accepted a loan from the heartiest heart of all of them, only that he would have liked the offer, to understand their meaning. And several of them were men —as Firm, in his young indignation, told me—who had been altogether set up in life by the kindness of Sampson Gundry.

Perhaps the Sawyer, after all his years, had no right to be vexed by this. But whether he was right or wrong, I am sure that it preyed upon his mind, though he was too proud to speak of it. He knew that he was not ruined, although these friends assumed that he must be; and some of them were quite angry with him because they had vainly warned him. He could not remember these warnings, yet he contradicted none of them; and fully believing in the goodness of the world, he became convinced that he must have been hard in the days of his prosperity.

No sooner was he able to get about again than he went to San Francisco to raise money on his house and property for the rebuilding of the mill. Firm rode with him to escort him back, and so did Martin, the foreman; for although the times were not so bad as they used to be some ten years back, in the height of the gold fever, it still was a highly undesirable thing for a man who was known to have money about him to ride forth alone from San Francisco, or even Sacramento town. And having mentioned the foreman Martin, in justice to him I ought to say that although his entire loss from the disaster amounted only to a worn-out waistcoat of the value of about twenty cents, his vehemence in grumbling could only be equaled by his lofty persistence. By his great activity in running away and leaving his employer to meet the brunt, he had saved not only himself, but his wife and children and goods and chattels. This failed, however, to remove or even assuage his regret for the waistcoat; and he moaned and threatened to such good purpose that a speedy subscription was raised, which must have found him in clothes for the rest of his life, as well as a silver tea-pot with an inscription about his bravery.

When the three were gone, after strict injunctions from Mr. Gundry, and his grandson too, that I was on no account to venture beyond calling distance from the house, for fear of being run away with, I found the place so sad and lonesome that I scarcely knew what to do. I had no fear of robbers, though there were plenty in the neighborhood; for we still had three or four men about, who could be thoroughly trusted, and who staid with us on half wages rather than abandon the Sawyer in his trouble. Suan Isco, also, was as brave as any man, and could shoot well with a rifle. Moreover, the great dog Jowler was known and dreaded by all his enemies. He could pull down an Indian, or two half-castes, or three Mexicans, in about a second; and now he always went about with me, having formed a sacred friendship.

Uncle Sam had kissed me very warmly when he said "good-by," and Firm had

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shown some disposition to follow his example; but much as I liked and admired Firm, I had my own ideas as to what was unbecoming, and now in my lonely little walks I began to think about it. My father's resting-place had not been invaded by the imperious flood, although a line of driftage, in a zigzag swath, lay near the mound. This was my favorite spot for thinking, when I felt perplexed and downcast in my young unaided mind. For although I have not spoken of my musings very copiously, any one would do me wrong who fancied that I was indifferent. Through the great kindness of Mr. Gundry and other good friends around me, I had no bitter sense as yet of my own dependence and poverty. But the vile thing I had heard about my father, the horrible slander and wicked falsehood—for such I was certain it must be—this was continually in my thoughts, and quite destroyed my cheerfulness. And the worst of it was that I never could get my host to enter into it. Whenever I began, his face would change and his manner grow constrained, and his chief desire always seemed to lead me to some other subject.

One day, when the heat of the summer came forth, and the peaches began to blush toward it, and bronze-ribbed figs grew damask-gray with a globule of sirup in their eyes, and melons and pumpkins already had curved their fluted stalks with heaviness, and the dust of the plains was beginning to fly, and the bright spring flowers were dead more swiftly even than they first were born, I sat with Suan Isco at my father's cross, and told her to make me cry with some of all the many sad things she knew. She knew a wondrous number of things insatiably sad and wild; and the quiet way in which she told them (not only without any horror, but as if they were rightly to be expected), also the deep and rather guttural tone of voice, and the stillness of the form, made it impossible to help believing verily every word she said.

That there should be in the world such things, so dark, unjust, and full of woe, was enough to puzzle a child brought up among the noblest philosophers; whereas I had simply been educated by good unpretentious women, who had partly retired from the world, but not to such a depth as to drown all thought of what was left behind them. These were ready at any time to return upon good opportunity; and some of them had done so, with many tears, when they came into property.

"Please to tell me no more now," I said at last to Suan; "my eyes are so sore they will be quite red, and perhaps Uncle Sam will come home to-night. I am afraid he has found some trouble with the money, or he ought to have been at home before. Don't you think so, Suan?"

"Yes, yes; trouble with the money. Always with the white mans that."

"Very well. I shall go and look for some money. I had a most wonderful dream last night. Only I must go quite alone. You had better go and look to the larder, Suan. If they come, they are sure to be hungry."

"Yes, yes; the white mans always hungry, sep when thirsty."

The Indian woman, who had in her heart a general contempt for the white race, save those of our own household, drew her bright-colored shawl around her, and set off with her peculiar walk. Her walk was not ungraceful, because it was so purely natural; but it differed almost as much as the step of a quadruped from what we are taught. I, with heavy thoughts but careless steps, set off on my wanderings. I wanted to try to have no set purpose, course, or consideration, but to go wherever chance should lead me, without choice, as in my dream. And after many vague turns, and even closings of rebellious eyes, I found myself, perhaps by the force of habit, at the ruins of the mill.

I seemed to recognize some resemblance (which is as much as one can expect) to the scene which had been in my sleep before me. But sleeping I had seen roaring torrents; waking, I beheld a quiet stream. The little river, as blue as ever, and shrinking from all thoughts of wrath, showed nothing in its pure gaze now but a gladness to refresh and cool. In many nicely sheltered corners it was full of soft reflection as to the good it had to do; and then, in silver and golden runnels, on it went to do it. And the happy voice and many sweetly flashing little glances told that it knew of the lovely lives beside it, created and comforted by itself.

But I looked at the dark ruin it had wrought, and like a child I was angry with it for the sake of Uncle Sam. Only the foundations and the big heavy stones of the mill were left, and the clear bright water purled around, or made little eddies among them. All were touched with silvery sound, and soft caressing dimples. But I looked at the passionate mountains first, to be sure of no more violence; for if a burned child dreads the fire, one half drowned may be excused for little faith in water. The mountains in the sunshine looked as if nothing could move their grandeur, and so I stepped from stone to stone, in the bed of the placid brightness.

Presently I came to a place where one of the great black piles, driven in by order of the Sawyer, to serve as a back-stay for his walls, had been swept by the flood from its vertical sinking, but had not been swept away. The square tarred post of mountain pine reclined down stream, and gently nodded to the current's impact. But over-

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thrown as it was, it could not make its exit and float away, as all its brethren had done. At this I had wondered before, and now I went to see what the reason was. By throwing a short piece of plank from one of the shattered foundations into a nick in the shoulder of the reclining pile, I managed to get there and sit upon it, and search for its obstruction.

The water was flowing smoothly toward me, and as clear as crystal, being scarcely more than a foot in depth. And there, on the upper verge of the hole, raised by the leverage of the butt from the granite sand of the river-bed, I saw a great bowlder of rich yellow light. I was so much amazed that I cried out at once, "Oh! what a beautiful great yellow fish!" And I shouted to Jowler, who had found where I was, and followed me, as usual. The great dog was famous for his love of fishing, and had often brought a fine salmon forth.

Jowler was always a zealous fellow, and he answered eagerly to my call by dashing at once into the water, and following the guidance of my hand. But when he saw what I pointed at, he was bitterly disappointed, and gave me to understand as much by looking at me foolishly. "Now don't be a stupid dog," I said; "do what I tell you immediately. Whatever it is, bring it out, Sir."

Jowler knew that I would be obeyed whenever I called him "Sir;" so he ducked his great head under the water, and tugged with his teeth at the object. His back corded up, and his tail grew rigid with the intensity of his labor, but the task was quite beyond him. He could not even stir the mighty mass at which he struggled, but he bit off a little projecting corner, and came to me with it in his mouth. Then he laid his dripping jaws on my lap, and his ears fell back, and his tail hung down with utter sense of failure.

I patted his broad intelligent forehead, and wiped his black eyes with his ears, and took from his lips what he offered to me. Then I saw that his grinders were framed with gold, as if he had been to a dentist regardless of expense, and into my hand he dropped a lump of solid glittering virgin ore. He had not the smallest idea of having done any thing worthy of human applause; and he put out his long red tongue and licked his teeth to get rid of uneatable dross, and gave me a quiet nudge to ask what more I wanted of him.

CHAPTER XI.

ROVERS.

FROM Jowler I wanted nothing more. Such matters were too grand for him. He had beaten the dog of Hercules, who had only brought the purple dye—a thing requiring skill and art and taste to give it value. But gold does well without all these, and better in their absence. From handling many little nuggets, and hearkening to Suan Isco's tales of treachery, theft, and murder done by white men for the sake of this, I knew that here I had found enough to cost the lives of fifty men.

At present, however, I was not possessed with dread so much as I was with joy, and even a secret exultation, at the power placed in my hands. For I was too young to moralize or attempt philosophy. Here I had a knowledge which the wisest of mankind might envy, much as they despise it when they have no chance of getting it. I looked at my father's grave, in the shadow of the quiet peach-trees, and I could not help crying as I thought that this was come too late for him. Then I called off Jowler, who wished (like a man) to have another tug at it; and home I ran to tell my news, but failing of breath, had time to think.

It was lucky enough that this was so, for there might have been the greatest mischief; and sadly excited as I was, the trouble I had seen so much of came back to my beating heart and told me to be careful. But surely there could be no harm in trusting Suan Isco. However, I looked at her several times, and was not quite so sure about it. She was wonderfully true and faithful, and scarcely seemed to concede to gold its paramount rank and influence. But that might only have been because she had never known the want of it, or had never seen a lump worth stealing, which I was sure that this must be; and the unregenerate state of all who have never been baptized had been impressed on me continually. How could I mistrust a Christian, and place confidence in an Indian? Therefore I tried to sleep without telling any one, but was unable.

But, as it happened, my good discovery did not keep me so very long awake, for on the following day our troop of horsemen returned from San Francisco. Of course I have done very foolish things once and again throughout my life, but perhaps I never did any thing more absurd than during the whole of that day. To begin with, I was up before the sun, and down at the mill, and along the plank, which I had removed overnight, but now replaced as my bridge to the pine-wood pile. Then I gazed with eager desire and fear—which was the stronger I scarcely knew—for the yellow under-gleam, to show the safety of my treasure. There it lay, as safe as could be, massive, grand, and beautiful, with tones of varying richness as the ripples varied over it. The pale light of the morning breathed a dewy lustre down the banks; the sun (although unrisen yet) drew furrows through the mountain gaps; the birds from every

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hanging tree addressed the day with melody; the crystal water, purer than religion's brightest dream, went by; and here among them lay, unmoved, unthought of, and inanimate, the thing which to a human being is worth all the rest put together.

This contemplation had upon me an effect so noble that here I resolved to spend my time, for fear of any robbery. I was afraid to gaze more than could be helped at this grand sight, lest other eyes should spy what was going on, and long to share it. And after hurrying home to breakfast and returning in like haste, I got a scare, such as I well deserved, for being so extremely foolish.

The carpentry of the mill-wheel had proved so very stanch and steadfast that even in that raging deluge the whole had held together. It had been bodily torn from its hold and swept away down the valley; but somewhere it grounded, as the flood ebbed out, and a strong team had tugged it back again. And the Sawyer had vowed that, come what would, his mill should work with the self-same wheel which he with younger hands had wrought. Now this wheel (to prevent any warp, and save the dry timber from the sun) was laid in a little shady cut, where water trickled under it. And here I had taken up my abode to watch my monster nugget.

I had pulled my shoes and stockings off, and was paddling in the runnel, sheltered by the deep rim of the wheel, and enjoying the water. Little fish darted by me, and lovely spotted lizards played about, and I was almost beginning even to forget my rock of gold. In self-defense it is right to say that for the gold, on my own account, I cared as much as I might have done for a fig worm-eaten. It was for Uncle Sam, and all his dear love, that I watched the gold, hoping in his sad disaster to restore his fortunes. But suddenly over the rim of the wheel (laid flat in the tributary brook) I descried across the main river a moving company of horsemen.

These men could have nothing to do with Uncle Sam and his party, for they were coming from the mountain-side, while he would return by the track across the plains. And they were already so near that I could see their dress quite plainly, and knew them to be Mexican rovers, mixed with loose Americans. There are few worse men on the face of the earth than these, when in the humor, and unluckily they seem almost always to be in that humor. Therefore, when I saw their battered sun-hats and baggy slouching boots, I feared that little ruth, or truth, or mercy dwelt between them.

On this account I shrank behind the shelter of the mill-wheel, and held my head in one trembling hand, and with the other drew my wind-tossed hair into small compass. For my blood ran cold at the many dreadful things that came into my mind. I was sure that they had not spied me yet, and my overwhelming desire was to decline all introduction.

I counted fourteen gentlemen, for so they always styled themselves, and would pistol any man who expressed a contrary opinion. Fourteen of them rode to the brink of the quiet blue river on the other side; and there they let their horses drink, and some dismounted and filled canteens, and some of longer reach stooped from the saddle and did likewise. But one, who seemed to be the captain, wanted no water for his rum.

"Cut it short, boys," I heard him say, with a fine South Californian twang (which, as well as his free swearing, I will freely omit). "If we mean to have fair play with the gal, now or never's the time for it: old Sam may come home almost any time."

What miserable cowards! Though there were so many of them, they really had no heart to face an old man known for courage. Frightened as I was, perhaps good indignation helped me to flutter no more, and not faint away, but watch those miscreants steadily.

The horses put down their sandy lips over and over again to drink, scarcely knowing when they ought to stop, and seemed to get thicker before my eyes. The dribbling of the water from their mouths prepared them to begin again, till the riders struck the savage unroweled spur into their refreshment. At this they jerked their noses up, and looked at one another to say that they expected it, and then they lifted their weary legs and began to plash through the river.

It is a pretty thing to see a skillful horse plod through a stream, probing with his eyes the depth, and stretching his head before his feet, and at every step he whisks his tail to tell himself that he is right. In my agony of observation all these things I heeded, but only knew that I had done so when I thought long afterward. At the moment I was in such a fright that my eyes worked better than my mind. However, even so, I thought of my golden millstone, and was aware that they crossed below, and could not see it.

They gained the bank upon our side within fifty yards of where I crouched; and it was not presence of mind, but abject fear, which kept me crouching. I counted them again as they leaped the bank and seemed to look at me. I could see the dark array of eyes, and could scarcely keep from shrieking. But my throat was dry and made no sound, and a frightened bird set up a scream, which drew off their attention.

In perils of later days I often thought of this fear, and almost felt that the hand of Heaven had been stretched forth on purpose to help my helplessness.

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For the moment, however, I lay as close as if under the hand of the evil one; and the snorting of the horses passed me, and wicked laughter of the men. One was telling a horrible tale, and the rest rejoicing in it; and the bright sun, glowing on their withered skin, discovered perhaps no viler thing in all the world to shine upon. One of them even pointed at my mill-wheel with a witty gibe—at least, perhaps, it was wit to him—about the Sawyer's misfortune; but the sun was then in his eyes, and my dress was just of the color of the timber. So on they rode, and the pleasant turf (having lately received some rain) softly answered to the kneading of their hoofs as they galloped away to surround the house.

I was just at the very point of rising and running up into the dark of the valley, when a stroke of arithmetic stopped me. Fourteen men and fourteen horses I had counted on the other side; on this side I could not make any more than thirteen of them. I might have made a mistake; but still I thought I would stop just a minute to see. And in that minute I saw the other man walking slowly on the opposite bank. He had tethered his horse, and was left as outpost to watch and give warning of poor Uncle Sam's return.

At the thought of this, my frightened courage, in some extraordinary way, came back. I had played an ignoble part thus far, as almost any girl might have done. But now I resolved that, whatever might happen, my dear friend and guardian should not be entrapped and lose his life through my cowardice. We had been expecting him all the day; and if he should come and fall into an ambush, I only might survive to tell the tale. I ought to have hurried and warned the house, as my bitter conscience told me; but now it was much too late for that. The only amends that I could make was to try and warn our travelers.

Stooping as low as I could, and watching my time to cross the more open places when the sentry was looking away from me, I passed up the winding of the little watercourse, and sheltered in the swampy thicket which concealed its origin. Hence I could see for miles over the plain—broad reaches of corn land already turning pale, mazy river fringed with reed, hamlets scattered among clustering trees, and that which I chiefly cared to see, the dusty track from Sacramento.

Whether from ignorance of the country or of Mr. Gundry's plans, the sentinel had been posted badly. His beat commanded well enough the course from San Francisco; but that from Sacramento was not equally clear before him. For a jut of pine forest ran down from the mountains and cut off a part of his view of it. I had not the sense or the presence of mind to perceive this great advantage, but having a plain, quick path before me, forth I set upon it. Of course if the watchman had seen me, he would have leaped on his horse and soon caught me; but of that I scarcely even thought, I was in such confusion.

When I had run perhaps a mile (being at that time very slight, and of active figure), I saw a cloud of dust, about two miles off, rising through the bright blue haze. It was rich yellow dust of the fertile soil, which never seems to cake or clot. Sometimes you may walk for miles without the smallest fear of sinking, the earth is so elastic. And yet with a slight exertion you may push a walking-stick down through it until the handle stops it. My heart gave a jump: that cloud of dust was a sign of men on horseback. And who could it be but Uncle Sam and Firm and the foreman Martin?

As soon as it began to show itself, it proved to be these very three, carelessly lounging on their horses' backs, overcome with heat and dust and thirst. But when they saw me there all alone under the fury of the sun, they knew that something must have gone amiss, and were all wide awake in a moment.

"Well, now," said the Sawyer, when I had told my tale as well as short breath allowed, "put this thing over your head, my dear, or you may gain a sun-stroke. I call it too bad of them skunks to drive you in Californy noon, like this."

"Oh, Uncle Sam, never think of me; think of your house and your goods and Suan, and all at those bad men's mercy!"

"The old house ain't afire yet," he answered, looking calmly under his hand in that direction. "And as for Suan, no fear at all. She knows how to deal with such gallowses; and they will keep her to cook their dinner. Firm, my lad, let us go and embrace them. They wouldn't 'a made much bones of shooting us down if we hadn't known of it, and if they had got miss afore the saddle. But if they don't give bail, as soon as they see me ride up to my door, my name's not Sampson Gundry. Only you keep out of the way, Miss Remy. You go to sleep a bit, that's a dear, in the graywitch spinny yonder, and wait till you hear Firm sound the horn. And then come you in to dinner-time; for the Lord is always over you."

I hastened to the place which he pointed out—a beautiful covert of birch-trees—but to sleep was out of the question, worn out though I was with haste and heat, and (worst of all) with horror. In a soft mossy nest, where a breeze from the mountains played with the in and out ways of the wood, and the murmurous dream of genial insects now was beginning to drowse upon the air, and the heat of the sun could almost be seen thrilling through the alleys like a cicale's drum—here, in the middle of the languid

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peace, I waited for the terror of the rifle-crack.

For though Uncle Sam had spoken softly, and made so little of the peril he would meet, I had seen in his eyes some token of the deep wrath and strong indignation which had kept all his household and premises safe. And it seemed a most ominous sign that Firm had never said a word, but grasped his gun, and slowly got in front of his grandfather.

CHAPTER XII.

GOLD AND GRIEF.

It may have been an hour, but it seemed an age, ere the sound of the horn, in Firm's strong blast, released me from my hiding-place. I had heard no report of fire-arms, nor perceived any sign of conflict; and certainly the house was not on fire, or else I must have seen the smoke. For being still in great alarm, I had kept a very sharp look-out.

Ephraim Gundry came to meet me, which was very kind of him. He carried his bugle in his belt, that he might sound again for me, if needful. But I was already running toward the house, having made up my mind to be resolute. Nevertheless, I was highly pleased to have his company, and hear what had been done.

"Please to let me help you," he said, with a smile. "Why, miss, you are trembling dreadfully. I assure you there is no cause for that."

"But you might have been killed, and Uncle Sam, and Martin, and every body. Oh, those men did look so horrible!"

"Yes, they always do till you come to know them. But bigger cowards were never born. If they can take people by surprise, and shoot them without any danger, it is a splendid treat to them. But if any one like grandfather meets them face to face in the daylight, their respect for law and life returns. It is not the first visit they have paid us. Grandfather kept his temper well. It was lucky for them that he did."

Remembering that the Rovers must have numbered nearly three to one, even if all our men were stanch, I thought it lucky for ourselves that there had been no outbreak. But Firm seemed rather sorry that they had departed so easily. And knowing that he never bragged, I began to share his confidence.

"They must be shot, sooner or later," he said, "unless, indeed, they should be hanged. Their manner of going on is out of date in these days of settlement. It was all very well ten years ago. But now we are a civilized State, and the hand of law is over us. I think we were wrong to let them go. But of course I yield to the governor. And I think he was afraid for your sake. And to tell the truth, I may have been the same."

Here he gave my arm a little squeeze, which appeared to me quite out of place; therefore I withdrew and hurried on. Before he could catch me I entered the door, and found the Sawyer sitting calmly with his own long pipe once more, and watching Suan cooking.

"They rogues have had all the best of our victuals," he said, as soon as he had kissed me. "Respectable visitors is my delight, and welcome to all of the larder; but at my time of life it goes agin the grain to lease out my dinner to galley-rakers. Suan, you are burning the fat again."

Suan Isco, being an excellent cook (although of quiet temper), never paid heed to criticism, but lifted her elbow and went on. Mr. Gundry knew that it was wise to offer no further meddling, although it is well to keep them up to their work by a little grumbling. But when I came to see what broken bits were left for Suan to deal with, I only wondered that he was not cross.

"Thank God for a better meal than I deserve," he said, when they all had finished. "Suan, you are a treasure, as I tell you every day a'most. Now if they have left us a bottle of wine, let us have it up. We be all in the dumps. But that will never do, my lad."

He patted Firm on the shoulder, as if he were the younger man of the two, and his grandson went down to the wreck of the cellar; while I, who had tried to wait upon them in an eager, clumsy way, perceived that something was gone amiss, something more serious and lasting than the mischief made by the robber troop. Was it that his long ride had failed, and not a friend could be found to help him?

When Martin and the rest were gone, after a single glass of wine, and Ephraim had made excuse of something to be seen to, the Sawyer leaned back in his chair, and his cheerful face was troubled. I filled his pipe and lit it for him, and waited for him to speak, well knowing his simple and outspoken heart. But he looked at me and thanked me kindly, and seemed to be turning some grief in his mind.

"It ain't for the money," he said at last, talking more to himself than to me; "the money might 'a been all very well and useful in a sort of way. But the feelin'—the feelin' is the thing I look at, and it ought to have been more hearty. Security! Charge on my land, indeed! And I can run away, but my land must stop behind! What security did I ask of them? 'Tis enough a'most to make a rogue of me."

"Nothing could ever do that, Uncle Sam," I exclaimed, as I came and sat close to him,

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while he looked at me bravely, and began to smile.

"Why, what was little missy thinking of?" he asked. "How solid she looks! Why, I never see the like!"

"Then you ought to have seen it, Uncle Sam. You ought to have seen it fifty times, with every body who loves you. And who can help loving you, Uncle Sam?"

"Well, they say that I charged too much for lumber, a-cuttin' on the cross, and the backstroke work. And it may 'a been so, when I took agin a man. But to bring up all that, with the mill strown down, is a cowardly thing, to my thinking. And to make no count of the beadin' I threw in, whenever it were a straightforrard job, and the turpsy knots, and the clogging of the teeth—'tis a bad bit to swallow, when the mill is strown."

"But the mill shall not be strown, Uncle Sam. The mill shall be built again. And I will find the money."

Mr. Gundry stared at me and shook his head. He could not bear to tell me how poor I was, while I thought myself almost made of money. "Five thousand dollars you have got put by for me," I continued, with great importance. "Five thousand dollars from the sale and the insurance fund. And five thousand dollars must be five-and-twenty thousand francs. Uncle Sam, you shall have every farthing of it. And if that won't build the mill again, I have got my mother's diamonds."

"Five thousand dollars!" cried the Sawyer, in amazement, opening his great gray eyes at me. And then he remembered the tale which he had told, to make me seem independent. "Oh yes, to be sure, my dear; now I recollect. To be sure—to be sure—your own five thousand dollars. But never will I touch one cent of your nice little fortune; no, not to save my life. After all, I am not so gone in years but what I can build the mill again myself. The Lord hath spared my hands and eyes, and gifted me still with machinery. And Firm is a very handy lad, and can carry out a job pretty fairly, with better brains to stand over him, although it has not pleased the Lord to gift him with sense of machinery, like me. But that is all for the best, no doubt. If Ephraim had too much of brains, he might have contradicted me. And that I could never abide, God knows, from any green young jackanapes."

"Oh, Uncle Sam, let me tell you something—something very important!"

"No, my dear, nothing more just now. It has done me good to have a little talk, and scared the blue somethings out of me. But just go and ask whatever is become of Firm. He was riled with them greasers. It was all I could do to keep the boy out of a difficulty with them. And if they camp any where nigh, it is like enough he may go hankerin' after them. The grand march of intellect hathn't managed yet to march old heads upon young shoulders. And Firm might happen to go outside the law."

The thought of this frightened me not a little; for Firm, though mild of speech, was very hot of spirit at any wrong, as I knew from tales of Suan Isco, who had brought him up and made a glorious idol of him. And now, when she could not say where he was, but only was sure that he must be quite safe (in virtue of a charm from a great medicine man which she had hung about him), it seemed to me, according to what I was used to, that in these regions human life was held a great deal too lightly.

It was not for one moment that I cared about Firm, any more than is the duty of a fellow-creature. He was a very good young man, and in his way good-looking, educated also quite enough, and polite, and a very good carver of a joint; and when I spoke, he nearly always listened. But of course he was not to be compared as yet to his grandfather, the true Sawyer.

When I ran back from Suan Isco, who was going on about her charm, and the impossibility of any one being scalped who wore it, I found Mr. Gundry in a genial mood. He never made himself uneasy about any trifles. He always had a very pure and lofty faith in the ways of Providence, and having lost his only son Elijah, he was sure that he never could lose Firm. He had taken his glass of hot whiskey and water, which always made him temperate; and if he felt any of his troubles deeply, he dwelt on them now from a high point of view.

"I may 'a said a little too much, my dear, about the badness of mankind," he observed, with his pipe lying comfortably on his breast; "all sayings of that sort is apt to go too far. I ought to have made more allowance for the times, which gets into a ticklish state, when a old man is put about with them. Never you pay no heed whatever to any harsh words I may have used. All that is a very bad thing for young folk."

"But if they treated you badly, Uncle Sam, how can you think that they treated you well?"

He took some time to consider this, because he was true in all his thoughts; and then he turned off to something else.

"Why, the smashing of the mill may have been a mercy, although in disguise to the present time of sight. It will send up the price of scantlings, and we was getting on too fast with them. By the time we have built up the mill again we shall have more orders than we know how to do with. When I come to reckon of it, to me it appears to be the reasonable thing to feel a lump of grief for the old mill, and then to set to and build a stronger one. Yes, that

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must be about the right thing to do. And we'll have all the neighbors in when we lay foundations."

"But what will be the good of it, Uncle Sam, when the new mill may at any time be washed away again?"

"Never, at any time," he answered, very firmly, gazing through the door as if he saw the vain endeavor. "That little game can easily be stopped, for about fifty dollars, by opening down the bank toward the old track of the river. The biggest waterspout that ever came down from the mountains could never come anigh the mill, but go right down the valley. It hath been in my mind to do it often, and now that I see the need, I will. Firm and I will begin tomorrow."

"But where is all the money to come from, Uncle Sam? You said that all your friends had refused to help you."

"Never mind, my dear. I will help myself. It won't be the first time, perhaps, in my life."

"But supposing that I could help you, just some little? Supposing that I had found the biggest lump of gold ever found in all California?"

Mr. Gundry ought to have looked surprised, and I was amazed that he did not; but he took it as quietly as if I had told him that I had just picked up a brass button of his; and I thought that he doubted my knowledge, very likely, even as to what gold was.

"It is gold, Uncle Sam, every bit of it gold—here is a piece of it; just look—and as large, I am sure, as this table. And it may be as deep as this room, for all that one can judge to the contrary. Why, it stopped the big pile from coming to the top, when even you went down the river."

"Well, now, that explains a thing or two," said the Sawyer, smiling peacefully, and beginning to think of another pipe, if preparation meant any thing. "Two things have puzzled me about that stump, and, indeed, I might say three things. Why did he take such a time to drive? and why would he never stand up like a man? and why wouldn't he go away when he ought to?"

"Because he had the best of all reasons, Uncle Sam. He was anchored on his gold, as I have read in French, and he had a good right to be crooked about it, and no power could get him away from it."

"Hush, my dear, hush! It is not at all good for young people to let their minds run on so. But this gold looks very good indeed. Are you sure that it is a fair sample, and that there is any more of it?"

"How can you be so dreadfully provoking, Uncle Sam, when I tell you that I saw it with my own eyes? And there must be at least half a ton of it."

"Well, half a hundred-weight will be enough for me. And you shall have all the rest, my dear—that is, if you will spare me a bit, Miss Remy. It all belongs to you by discovery, according to the diggers' law. And your eyes are so bright about it, miss, that the whole of your heart must be running upon it."

"Then you think me as bad as the rest of the world! How I wish that I had never seen it! It was only for you that I cared about it—for you, for you; and I will never touch a scrap of it."

Mr. Gundry had only been trying me, perhaps. But I did not see it in that light, and burst into a flood of childish tears, that he should misunderstand me so. Gold had its usual end, in grief. Uncle Sam rose up to soothe me and to beg my pardon, and to say that perhaps he was harsh because of the treatment he had received from his friends. He took me in his arms and kissed me; but before I could leave off sobbing, the crack of a rifle rang through the house, and Suan Isco, with a wail, rushed out.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SAWYER'S PRAYER.

THE darkness of young summer night was falling on earth and tree and stream. Every thing looked of a different form and color from those of an hour ago, and the rich bloom of shadow mixed with color, and cast by snowy mountains, which have stored the purple adieu of the sun, was filling the air with delicious calm. The Sawyer ran out with his shirt sleeves shining, so that any sneaking foe might shoot him; but, with the instinct of a settler, he had caught up his rifle. I stood beneath a carob-tree, which had been planted near the porch, and flung fantastic tassels down, like the ear-rings of a negress. And not having sense enough to do good, I was only able to be frightened.

Listening intently, I heard the sound of skirring steps on the other side of and some way down the river; and the peculiar tread, even thus far off, was plainly Suan Isco's. And then in the stillness a weary and heavy foot went toiling after it. Before I could follow, which I longed to do, to learn at once the worst of it, I saw the figure of a man much nearer, and even within twenty yards of me, gliding along without any sound. Faint as the light was, I felt sure that it was not one of our own men, and the barrel of a long gun upon his shoulder made a black line among silver leaves. I longed to run forth and stop him, but my courage was not prompt enough, and I shamefully shrank away behind the trunk of the carob-tree. Like a sleuth, compact, and calm-hearted villain, he went along without any breath of sound, stealing his escape with

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skill, till a white bower-tent made a background for him, and he leaped up and fell flat without a groan. The crack of a rifle came later than his leap, and a curl of white smoke shone against a black rock, and the Sawyer, in the distance, cried, "Well, now!" as he generally did when satisfied.

So scared was I that I caught hold of a cluster of pods to steady me; and then, without any more fear for myself, I ran to see whether it was possible to help. But the poor man lay beyond earthly help; he was too dead to palpitate. His life must have left him in the air, and he could not even have felt his fall.

In violent terror, I burst into tears, and lifted his heavy head, and strove to force his hot hands open, and did I know not what, without thinking, laboring only to recall his life.

"Are you grieving for the skulk who has shot my Firm?" said a stern voice quite unknown to me; and rising, I looked at the face of Mr. Gundry, unlike the countenance of Uncle Sam. I tried to speak to him, but was too frightened. The wrath of blood was in his face, and all his kind desires were gone.

"Yes, like a girl, you are sorry for a man who has stained this earth, till his only atonement is to stain it with his blood. Captain Pedro, there you lie, shot, like a coward, through the back. I wish you were alive to taste my boots. Murderer of men and filthy ravisher of women, miscreant of God, how can I keep from trampling on you?"

It never had been in my dream that a good man could so entirely forget himself. I wanted to think that it must be somebody else, and not our Uncle Sam. But he looked toward the west, as all men do when their spirits are full of death, and the wan light showed that his chin was triple.

Whether it may have been right or wrong, I made all haste to get away. The face of the dead man was quite a pleasant thing, compared with the face of the old man living. He may not have meant it, and I hope he never did, but beyond all controversy he looked barbarous for the moment.

As I slipped away, to know the worst, there I saw him standing still, longing to kick the vile man's corpse, but quieted by the great awe of death. If the man had stirred, or breathed, or even moaned, the living man would have lost all reverence in his fury. But the power of the other world was greater than even revenge could trample on. He let it lie there, and he stooped his head, and went away quite softly.

My little foolish heart was bitterly visited by a thing like this. The Sawyer, though not of great human rank, was gifted with the largest human nature that I had ever met with. And though it was impossible as yet to think, a hollow depression, as at the loss of some great ideal, came over me.

Returning wretchedly to the house, I met Suan Isco and two men bringing the body of poor Firm. His head and both his arms hung down, and they wanted somebody to lift them; and this I ran to do, although they called out to me not to meddle. The body was carried in, and laid upon three chairs, with a pillow at the head; and then a light was struck, and a candle brought by somebody or other. And Suan Isco sat upon the floor, and set up a miserable Indian dirge.

"Stow away that," cried Martin of the mill, for he was one of those two men; "wait till the lad is dead, and then pipe up to your liking. I felt him try to kick while we carried him along. He come forth on a arrand of that sort, and he seem to 'a been disappointed. A very fine young chap I call him, for to try to do it still, howsomever his mind might be wandering. Missy, keep his head up."

I did as I was told, and watched poor Firm as if my own life hung upon any sign of life in him. When I look back at these things, I think that fright and grief and pity must have turned an excitable girl almost into a real woman. But I had no sense of such things then.

"I tell you he ain't dead," cried Martin; "no more dead than I be. He feels the young gal's hand below him, and I see him try to turn up his eyes. He has taken a very bad knock, no doubt, and trouble about his breathing. I seed a fellow scalped once, and shot through the heart; but he came all round in about six months, and protected his head with a document. Firm, now, don't you be a fool. I have had worse things in my family."

Ephraim Gundry seemed to know that some one was upbraiding him. At any rate, his white lips trembled with a weak desire to breathe, and a little shadow of life appeared to flicker in his open eyes. And on my sleeve, beneath his back, some hot bright blood came trickling.

"Keep him to that," said Martin, with some carpenter sort of surgery; "less fear of the life when the blood begins to run. Don't move him, missy; never mind your arm. It will be the saving of him."

I was not strong enough to hold him up, but Suan ran to help me; and they told me afterward that I fell faint, and no doubt it must have been so. But when the rest were gone, and had taken poor Firm to his straw mattress, the cold night air must have flowed into the room, and that, perhaps, revived me. I went to the bottom of the stairs and listened, and then stole up to the landing, and heard Suan Isco, who had taken the command, speaking cheerfully in her worst English. Then I hoped for the best, and,

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without any knowledge, wandered forth into the open air.

Walking quite as in a dream this time (which I had vainly striven to do when seeking for my nugget), I came to the bank of the gleaming river, and saw the water just in time to stop from stepping into it. Careless about this and every other thing for the moment, I threw myself on the sod, and listened to the mournful melody of night. Sundry unknown creatures, which by day keep timid silence, were sending timid sounds into the darkness, holding quiet converse with themselves, or it, or one another. And the silvery murmur of the wavelets soothed the twinkling sleep of leaves.

I also, being worn and weary, and having a frock which improved with washing, and was spoiled already by nursing Firm, was well content to throw myself into a niche of river-bank and let all things flow past me. But before any thing had found time to flow far, or the lullaby of night had lulled me, there came to me a sadder sound than plaintive Nature can produce without her Master's aid, the saddest sound in all creation—a strong man's wail.

Child as I was—and, perhaps, all the more for that reason as knowing so little of mankind—I might have been more frightened, but I could not have been a bit more shocked, by the roaring of a lion. For I knew in a moment whose voice it was, and that made it pierce me tenfold. It was Uncle Sam, lamenting to himself, and to his God alone, the loss of his last hope on earth. He could not dream that any other than his Maker (and his Maker's works, if ever they have any sympathy) listened to the wild outpourings of an aged but still very natural heart, which had always been proud of controlling itself. I could see his great frame through a willow-tree, with the sere grass and withered reeds around, and the faint gleam of fugitive water beyond. He was kneeling toward his shattered mill, having rolled his shirt sleeves back to pray, and his white locks shone in the starlight; then, after trying several times, he managed to pray a little. First (perhaps partly from habit), he said the prayer of Our Lord pretty firmly, and then he went on to his own special case, with a doubting whether he should mention it. But as he went on he gathered courage, or received it from above, and was able to say what he wanted.

"Almighty Father of the living and the dead, I have lived long, and shall soon be dead, and my days have been full of trouble. But I never had such trouble as this here before, and I don't think I ever shall get over it. I have sinned every day of my life, and not thought of Thee, but of victuals, and money, and stuff; and nobody knows, but myself and Thou, all the little bad things inside of me. I cared a deal more to be respectable and get on with my business than to be prepared for kingdom come. And I have just been proud about the shooting of a villain, who might 'a gone free and repented. There is nobody left to me in my old age. Thou hast taken all of them. Wife, and son, and mill, and grandson, and my brother who robbed me—the whole of it may have been for my good, but I have got no good out of it. Show me the way for a little time, O Lord, to make the best of it; and teach me to bear it like a man, and not break down at this time of life. Thou knowest what is right. Please to do it. Amen."

CHAPTER XIV.

NOT FAR TO SEEK.

In the present state of controversies most profoundly religious, the Lord alone can decide (though thousands of men would hurry to pronounce) for or against the orthodoxy of the ancient Sawyer's prayer. But if sound doctrine can be established by success (as it always is), Uncle Sam's theology must have been unusually sound; for it pleased a gracious Power to know what he wanted, and to grant it.

Brave as Mr. Gundry was, and much-enduring and resigned, the latter years of his life on earth must have dragged on very heavily, with abstract resignation only, and none of his blood to care for him. Being so obstinate a man, he might have never admitted this, but proved against every one's voice, except his own, his special blessedness. But this must have been a trial to him, and happily he was spared from it.

For although Firm had been very badly shot, and kept us for weeks in anxiety about him, his strong young constitution and well-nourished frame got over it. A truly good and learned doctor came from Sacramento, and we hung upon his words, and found that there he left us hanging. And this was the wisest thing perhaps that he could do, because in America medical men are not absurdly expected, as they are in England, to do any good, but are valued chiefly upon their power of predicting what they can not help. And this man of science perceived that he might do harm to himself and his family by predicting amiss, whereas he could do no good to his patient by predicting rightly. And so he foretold both good and evil, to meet the intentions of Providence.

He had not been sent for in vain, however; and to give him his due, he saved Ephraim's life, for he drew from the wound a large bullet, which, if left, must have poisoned all his circulation, although it was made of pure silver. The Sawyer wished to keep this silver bullet as a token, but the

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doctor said that it belonged to him according to miners' law; and so it came to a moderate argument. Each was a thoroughly stubborn man, according to the bent of all good men, and reasoning increased their unreason. But the doctor won—as indeed he deserved, for the extraction had been delicate—because, when reason had been exhausted, he just said this:

"Colonel Gundry, let us have no more words. The true owner is your grandson. I will put it back where I took it from."

Upon this, the Sawyer being tickled, as men very often are in sad moments, took the doctor by the hand, and gave him the bullet heartily. And the medical man had a loop made to it, and wore it upon his watch chain. And he told the story so often (saying that another man perhaps might have got it out, but no other man could have kept it), that among a great race who judge by facts it doubled his practice immediately.

The leader of the robbers, known far and wide as "Captain Pedro," was buried where he fell; and the whole so raised Uncle Sam's reputation that his house was never attacked again; and if any bad characters were forced by circumstances to come near him, they never asked for any thing stronger than ginger-beer or lemonade, and departed very promptly. For as soon as Ephraim Gundry could give account of his disaster, it was clear that Don Pedro owed his fate to a bottle of the Sawyer's whiskey. Firm had only intended to give him a lesson for misbehavior, being fired by his grandfather's words about swinging me on the saddle. This idea had justly appeared to him to demand a protest; to deliver which he at once set forth with a valuable cowhide whip. Coming thus to the Rovers' camp, and finding their captain sitting in the shade to digest his dinner, Firm laid hold of him by the neck, and gave way to feelings of severity. Don Pedro regretted his misconduct, and being lifted up for the moment above his ordinary view, perceived that he might have done better, and shaped the pattern of his tongue to it. Firm, hearing this, had good hopes of him; yet knowing how volatile repentance is, he strove to form a well-marked track for it. And when the captain ceased to receive cowhide, he must have had it long enough to miss it.

Now this might have ended honorably and amicably for all concerned, if the captain had known when he was well off. Unluckily he had purloined a bottle of Mr. Gundry's whiskey, and he drew the cork now to rub his stripes, and the smell of it moved him to try it inside. And before very long his ideas of honor, which he had sense enough to drop when sober, began to come into his eyes again, and to stir him up to mischief. Hence it was that he followed Firm, who was riding home well satisfied, and appeased his honor by shooting in cold blood, and justice by being shot anyhow.

It was beautiful, through all this trying time, to watch Uncle Sam's proceedings: he appeared so delightfully calm and almost careless whenever he was looked at. And then he was ashamed of himself perpetually, if any one went on with it. Nobody tried to observe him, of course, or remark upon any of his doings, and for this he would become so grateful that he would long to tell all his thoughts, and then stop. This must have been a great worry to him, seeing how open his manner was; and whenever he wanted to hide any thing, he informed us of that intention. So that we exhorted Firm every day to come round and restore us to our usual state. This was the poor fellow's special desire; and often he was angry with himself, and made himself worse again by declaring that he must be a milksop to lie there so long. Whereas, it was much more near the truth that few other men, even in the Western States, would ever have got over such a wound. I am not learned enough to say exactly where the damage was, but the doctor called it, I think, the sternum, and pronounced that "a building-up process" was required, and must take a long time, if it ever could be done.

It was done at last, thanks to Suan Isco, who scarcely ever left him by day or night, and treated him skillfully with healing herbs. But he, without meaning it, vexed her often by calling for me—a mere ignorant child. Suan was dreadfully jealous of this, and perhaps I was proud of that sentiment of hers, and tried to justify it, instead of laboring to remove it, as would have been the more proper course. And Firm most ungratefully said that my hand was lighter than poor Suan's, and every thing I did was better done, according to him, which was shameful on his part, and as untrue as any thing could be. However, we yielded to him in all things while he was so delicate; and it often made us poor weak things cry to be the masters of a tall strong man.

Firm Gundry received that shot in May, about ten days before the twelvemonth was completed from my father's death. The brightness of summer and beauty of autumn went by without his feeling them, and while his system was working hard to fortify itself by walling up, as the learned man had called it. There had been some difficulties in this process, caused partly, perhaps, by our too lavish supply of the raw material; and before Firm's gap in his "sternum" was stopped, the mountains were coming down upon us, as we always used to say when the snow-line stooped. In some seasons this is a sharp time of hurry, broken with storms, and capricious, while men have to slur in the driving weather tasks that should have been matured long since. But in other years

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the long descent into the depth of winter is taken not with a jump like that, but gently and softly and windingly, with a great many glimpses back at the summer, and a good deal of leaning on the arm of the sun.

And so it was this time. The autumn and the winter for a fortnight stood looking quietly at each other. They had quite agreed to share the hours, to suit the arrangements of the sun. The nights were starry and fresh and brisk, without any touch of tartness; and the days were sunny and soft and gentle, without any sense of languor. It was a lovely scene—blue shadows gliding among golden light.

The Sawyer came forth, and cried, "What a shame! This makes me feel quite young again. And yet I have done not a stroke of work. No excuse; make no excuse. I can do that pretty well for myself. Praise God for all His mercies. I might do worse, perhaps, than have a pipe."

Then Firm came out to surprise him, and to please us all with the sight of himself. He steadied his steps with one great white hand upon his grandfather's Sunday staff, and his clear blue eyes were trembling with a sense of gratitude and a fear of tears. And I stepped behind a red strawberry-tree, for my sense of respect for him almost made me sob.

Then Jowler thought it high time to appear upon the scene, and convince us that he was not a dead dog yet. He had known tribulation, as his master had, and had found it a difficult thing to keep from the shadowy hunting ground of dogs who have lived a conscientious life. I had wondered at first what his reason could have been for not coming forward, according to his custom, to meet that troop of robbers. But his reason, alas! was too cogent to himself, though nobody else in that dreadful time could pay any attention to him. The Rovers, well knowing poor Jowler's repute, and declining the fair mode of testing it, had sent in advance a very crafty scout, a half-bred Indian, who knew as much about dogs as they could ever hope to know about themselves. This rogue approached faithful Jowler—so we were told long afterward—not in an upright way, but as if he had been a brother quadruped. And he took advantage of the dog's unfeigned surprise and interest to accost him with a piece of kidney containing a powerful poison. According to all sound analogy, this should have stopped the dear fellow's earthly tracks; but his spirit was such that he simply went away to nurse himself up in retirement. Neither man nor dog can tell what agonies he suffered; and doubtless his tortures of mind about duty unperformed were the worst of all. These things are out of human knowledge in its present unsympathetic state. Enough that poor Jowler came home at last, with his ribs all up and his tail very low.

Like friends who have come together again, almost from the jaws of death, we sat in the sunny noon, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The trees above us looked proud and cheerful, laying aside the mere frippery of leaves with a good grace and contented arms, and a surety of having quite enough next spring. Much of the fruity wealth of autumn still was clustering in our sight, heavily fetching the arched bough down to lessen the fall, when fall they must. And against the golden leaves of maple behind the unpretending roof a special wreath of blue shone like a climbing Ipomæa. But coming to examine this, one found it to be nothing more nor less than the smoke of the kitchen chimney, busy with a quiet roasting job.

This shows how clear the air was; but a thousand times as much could never tell how clear our spirits were. Nobody made any "demonstration," or cut any frolicsome capers, or even said any thing exuberant. The steadfast brooding breed of England, which despises antics, was present in us all, and strengthened by a soil whose native growth is peril, chance, and marvel. And so we nodded at one another, and I ran over and courtesied to Uncle Sam, and he took me to him.

"You have been a dear good child," he said, as he rose, and looked over my head at Firm. "My own granddarter, if such there had been, could not have done more to comfort me, nor half so much, for aught I know. There is no picking and choosing among the females, as God gives them. But he has given you for a blessing and saving to my old age, my dearie."

"Oh, Uncle Sam, now the nugget!" I cried, desiring like a child to escape deep feeling, and fearing any strong words from Firm. "You have promised me ever so long that I should be the first to show Firm the nugget."

"And so you shall, my dear, and Firm shall see it before he is an hour older, and Jowler shall come down to show us where it is."

Firm, who had little faith in the nugget, but took it for a dream of mine, and had proved conclusively from his pillow that it could not exist in earnest, now with a gentle, satirical smile declared his anxiety to see it; and I led him along by his better arm, faster, perhaps, than he ought to have walked.

In a very few minutes we were at the place, and I ran eagerly to point it; but behold, where the nugget had been, there was nothing except the white bed of the river! The blue water flowed very softly on its way, without a gleam of gold to corrupt it.

"Oh, nobody will ever believe me again!" I exclaimed, in the saddest of sad dismay. "I dreamed about it first, but it never can

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have been a dream throughout. You know that I told you about it, Uncle Sam, even when you were very busy, and that shows that it never could have been a dream."

"You told me about it, I remember now," Mr. Gundry answered, dryly; "but it does not follow that there was such a thing. My dear, you may have imagined it; because it was the proper time for it to come, when my good friends had no money to lend. Your heart was so good that it got into your brain, and you must not be vexed, my dear child; it has done you good to dream of it."

"I said so all along," Firm observed. "Miss Rema felt that it ought to be, and so she believed that it must be, there. She is always so warm and trustful."

"Is that all you are good for?" I cried, with no gratitude for his compliment. "As sure as I stand here, I saw a great bowlder of gold, and so did Jowler, and I gave you the piece that he brought up. Did you take them all in a dream, Uncle Sam? Come, can you get over that?"

I assure you that for the moment I knew not whether I stood upon my feet or head, until I perceived an extraordinary grin on the Sawyer's ample countenance; but Firm was not in the secret yet, for he gazed at me with compassion, and Uncle Sam looked at us both as if he were balancing our abilities.

"Send your dog in, missy," at last he said. "He is more your dog than mine, I believe, and he obeys you like a Christian. Let him go and find it if he can."

At a sign from me, the great dog dashed in, and scratched with all four feet at once, and made the valley echo with the ring of mighty barkings; and in less than two minutes there shone the nugget, as yellow and as big as ever.

"Ha! ha! I never saw a finer thing," shouted Uncle Sam, like a school-boy. "I were too many for you, missy dear; but the old dog wollops the whole of us. I just shot a barrow-load of gravel on your nugget, to keep it all snug till Firm should come round; and if the boy had never come round, there the gold might have waited the will of the Almighty. It is a big spot, anyhow."

It certainly was not a little spot, though they all seemed to make so light of it—which vexed me, because I had found it, and was as proud as if I had made it. Not by any means that the Sawyer was half as careless as he seemed to be; he put on much of this for my sake, having very lofty principles, especially concerning the duty of the young. Young people were never to have small ideas, so far as he could help it, particularly upon such matters as Mammon, or the world, or fashion; and not so very seldom he was obliged to catch himself up in his talking, when he chanced to be going on and forgetting that I, who required a higher vein of thought for my youth, was taking his words downright; and I think that all this had a great deal to do with his treating all that gold in such an exemplary manner; for if it had really mattered nothing, what made him go in the dark and shoot a great barrow-load of gravel over it?

CHAPTER XV.

BROUGHT TO BANK.

THE sanity of a man is mainly tested among his neighbors and kindred by the amount of consideration which he has consistently given to cash. If money has been the chief object of his life, and he for its sake has spared nobody, no sooner is he known to be successful than admiration overpowers all the ill-will he has caused. He is shrewd, sagacious, long-headed, and great; he has earned his success, and few men grudge, while many seek to get a slice of it; but he, as a general rule, declines any premature distribution, and for this custody of his wealth he is admired all the more by those who have no hope of sharing it.

As soon as ever it was known that Uncle Sam had lodged at his banker's a tremendous lump of gold, which rumor declared to be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, friends from every side poured in, all in hot haste, to lend him their last farthing. The Sawyer was pleased with their kindness, but thought that his second-best whiskey met the merits of the case. And he was more particular than usual with his words; for, according to an old saying of the diggers, a big nugget always has children, and, being too heavy to go very far, it is likely to keep all its little ones at home. Many people, therefore, were longing to seek for the frogs of this great toad; for so in their slang the miners called them, with a love of preternatural history. But Mr. Gundry allowed no search for the frogs, or even the tadpoles, of his patriarchal nugget. And much as he hated the idea of sowing the seeds of avarice in any one, he showed himself most consistent now in avoiding that imputation; for not only did he refuse to show the bed of his great treasure, after he had secured it, but he fenced the whole of it in, and tarred the fence, and put loopholes in it; and then he established Jowler where he could neither be shot nor poisoned, and kept a man with a double-barreled rifle in the ruin of the mill, handy to shoot, but not easy to be shot; and this was a resolute man, being Martin himself, who had now no business. Of course Martin grumbled; but the worse his temper was, the better for his duty, as seems to be the case

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with a great many men; and if any one had come to console him in his grumbling, never would he have gone away again.

It would have been reckless of me to pretend to say what any body ought to do; from the first to the last I left every thing to those who knew so much better; at the same time I felt that it might have done no harm if I had been more consulted, though I never dreamed of saying so, because the great gold had been found by me, and although I cared for it scarcely more than for the tag of a boot-lace, nobody seemed to me able to enter into it quite as I did; and as soon as Firm's danger and pain grew less, I began to get rather impatient, but Uncle Sam was not to be hurried.

Before ever he hoisted that rock of gold, he had made up his mind for me to be there, and he even put the business off, because I would not come one night, for I had a superstitious fear on account of its being my father's birthday. Uncle Sam had forgotten the date, and begged my pardon for proposing it; but he said that we must not put it off later than the following night, because the moonlight would be failing, and we durst not have any kind of lamp, and before the next moon the hard weather might begin. All this was before the liberal offers of his friends, of which I have spoken first, although they happened to come after it.

While the Sawyer had been keeping the treasure *perdu*, to abide the issue of his grandson's illness, he had taken good care both to watch it and to form some opinion of its shape and size; for, knowing the pile which I had described, he could not help finding it easily enough; and indeed the great fear was that others might find it, and come in great force to rob him; but nothing of that sort had happened, partly because he held his tongue rigidly, and partly, perhaps, because of the simple precaution which he had taken.

Now, however, it was needful to impart the secret to one man at least; for Firm, though recovering, was still so weak that it might have killed him to go into the water, or even to exert himself at all; and strong as Uncle Sam was, he knew that even with hoisting-tackle, he alone could never bring that piece of bullion to bank; so, after much consideration, he resolved to tell Martin of the mill, as being the most trusty man about the place, as well as the most surly; but he did not tell him until every thing was ready, and then he took him straightway to the place.

Here, in the moonlight, we stood waiting, Firm and myself and Suan Isco, who had more dread than love of gold, and might be useful to keep watch, or even to lend a hand, for she was as strong as an ordinary man. The night was sultry, and the fire-flies (though dull in the radiance of the moon) darted, like soft little shooting-stars, across the still face of shadow, and the flood of the light of the moon was at its height, submerging every thing.

While we were whispering and keeping in the shade for fear of attracting any wanderer's notice, we saw the broad figure of the Sawyer rising from a hollow of the bank, and behind him came Martin the foreman, and we soon saw that due preparation had been made, for they took from under some drift-wood (which had prevented us from observing it) a small movable crane, and fixed it on a platform of planks which they set up in the river-bed.

"Palefaces eat gold," Suan Isco said, reflectively, and as if to satisfy herself. "Dem eat, drink, die gold; dem pull gold out of one other's ears. Welly hope Mellican mans get enough gold now."

"Don't be sarcastic, now, Suan," I answered; "as if it were possible to have enough!"

"For my part," said Firm, who had been unusually silent all the evening, "I wish it had never been found at all. As sure as I stand here, mischief will come of it. It will break up our household. I hope it will turn out a lump of quartz, gilt on the face, as those big nuggets do, ninety-nine out of a hundred. I have had no faith in it all along."

"Because I found it, Mr. Firm, I suppose," I answered, rather pettishly, for I never had liked Firm's incessant bitterness about my nugget. "Perhaps if you had found it, Mr. Firm, you would have had great faith in it."

"Can't say, can't say," was all Firm's reply; and he fell into the silent vein again.

"Heave-ho! heave-ho! there, you sons of cooks!" cried the Sawyer, who was splashing for his life in the water. "I've tackled 'un now. Just tighten up the belt, to see if he biteth centre-like. You can't lift 'un! Lord bless 'ee, not you. It'll take all I know to do that, I guess; and Firm ain't to lay no hand to it. Don't you be in such a doggoned hurry. Hold hard, can't you?"

For Suan and Martin were hauling for their lives, and even I caught hold of a rope-end, but had no idea what to do with it, when the Sawyer swung himself up to bank, and in half a minute all was orderly. He showed us exactly where to throw our weight, and he used his own to such good effect that, after some creaking and groaning, the long horn of the crane rose steadily, and a mass of dripping sparkles shone in the moonlight over the water.

"Hurrah! what a whale! How the tough ash bends!" cried Uncle Sam, panting like a boy, and doing nearly all the work himself. "Martin, lay your chest to it. We'll grass him in two seconds. Californy never saw a sight like this, I reckon."

There was plenty of room for us all to stand round the monster and admire it. In shape it was just like a fat toad, squatting

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with his shoulders up and panting. Even a rough resemblance to the head and the haunches might be discovered, and a few spots of quartz shone here and there on the glistening and bossy surface. Some of us began to feel and handle it with vast admiration; but Firm, with his heavy boots, made a vicious kick at it, and a few bright scales, like sparks, flew off.

"Why, what ails the lad?" cried the Sawyer, in some wrath; "what harm hath the stone ever done to him? To my mind, this here lump is a proof of the whole creation of the world, and who hath lived long enough to gainsay? Here this lump hath lain, without changing color, since creation's day; here it is, as big and heavy as when the Lord laid hand to it. What good to argue agin such facts? Supposin' the world come out o' nothing, with nobody to fetch it, or to say a word of orders, how ever could it 'a managed to get a lump of gold like this in it? They clever fellers is too clever. Let 'em put all their heads together, and turn out a nugget, and I'll believe them."

Uncle Sam's reasoning was too deep for any but himself to follow. He was not long in perceiving this, though we were content to admire his words without asking him to explain them; so he only said, "Well, well," and began to try with both hands if he could heft this lump. He stirred it, and moved it, and raised it a little, as the glisten of the light upon its roundings showed; but lift it fairly from the ground he could not, however he might bow his sturdy legs and bend his mighty back to it; and, strange to say, he was pleased for once to acknowledge his own discomfiture.

"Five hundred and a half I used to lift to the height of my knee-cap easily; I may 'a fallen off now a hundred-weight with years, and strings in my back, and rheumatics; but this here little toad is a clear hundred-weight out and beyond my heftage. If there's a pound here, there's not an ounce under six hundred-weight, I'll lay a thousand dollars. Miss Rema, give a name to him. All the thundering nuggets has thundering names."

"Then this shall be called 'Uncle Sam,'" I answered, "because he is the largest and the best of all."

"It shall stand, miss," cried Martin, who was in great spirits, and seemed to have bettered himself forever. "You could not have given it a finer name, miss, if you had considered for a century. Uncle Sam is the name of our glorious race, from the kindness of our natur'. Every body's uncle we are now, in vartue of superior knowledge, and freedom, and giving of general advice, and stickin' to all the world, or all the good of it. Darned if old Sam aren't the front of creation!"

"Well, well," said the Sawyer, "let us call it 'Uncle Sam,' if the dear young lady likes it; it would be bad luck to change the name; but, for all that, we must look uncommon sharp, or some of our glorious race will come and steal it afore we unbutton our eyes."

"Pooh!" cried Martin; but he knew very well that his master's words were common-sense; and we left him on guard with a double-barreled gun, and Jowler to keep watch with him. And the next day he told us that he had spent the night in such a frame of mind from continual thought that when our pet cow came to drink at day-break, it was but the blowing of her breath that saved her from taking a bullet between her soft tame eyes.

Now it could not in any kind of way hold good that such things should continue; and the Sawyer, though loath to lose sight of the nugget, perceived that he must not sacrifice all the morals of the neighborhood to it, and he barely had time to dispatch it on its road at the bottom of a load of lumber, with Martin to drive, and Jowler to sit up, and Firm to ride behind, when a troop of mixed robbers came riding across, with a four-wheel cart and two sturdy mules—enough to drag off every thing. They had clearly heard of the golden toad, and desired to know more of him; but Uncle Sam, with his usual blandness, met these men at the gate of his yard, and upon the top rail, to ease his arm, he rested a rifle of heavy metal, with seven revolving chambers. The robbers found out that they had lost their way, and Mr. Gundry answered that so they had, and the sooner they found it in another direction, the better it would be for them. They thought that he had all his men inside, and they were mighty civil, though we had only two negroes to help us, and Suan Isco, with a great gun cocked. But their curiosity was such that they could not help asking about the gold; and, sooner than shoot them, Uncle Sam replied that, upon his honor, the nugget was gone. And the fame of his word was so well known that these fellows (none of whom could tell the truth, even at confession) believed him on the spot, and begged his pardon for trespassing on his premises. They hoped that he would not say a word to the Vigilance Committee, who hanged a poor fellow for losing his road; and he told them that if they made off at once, nobody should pursue them; and so they rode off very happily.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRM AND INFIRM.

STRANGE as it may appear, our quiet little home was not yet disturbed by that great discovery of gold. The Sawyer went up to

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the summit of esteem in public opinion; but to himself and to us he was the same as ever. He worked with his own hard hands and busy head just as he used to do; for although the mill was still in ruins, there was plenty of the finer work to do, which always required hand-labor. And at night he would sit at the end of the table furthest from the fire-place, with his spectacles on, and his red cheeks glowing, while he designed the future mill, which was to be built in the spring, and transcend every mill ever heard, thought, or dreamed of.

We all looked forward to a quiet winter, snug with warmth and cheer in-doors, and bright outside with sparkling trees, brisk air, and frosty appetite, when a foolish idea arose which spoiled the comfort at least of two of us. Ephraim Gundry found out, or fancied, that he was entirely filled with love of a very young maid, who never dreamed of such things, and hated even to hear of them; and the maid, unluckily, was myself.

During the time of his ailment I had been with him continually, being only too glad to assuage his pain, or turn his thoughts away from it. I partly suspected that he had incurred his bitter wound for my sake; though I never imputed his zeal to more than a young man's natural wrath at an outrage. But now he left me no longer in doubt, and made me most uncomfortable. Perhaps I was hard upon him, and afterward I often thought so, for he was very kind and gentle; but I was an orphan child, and had no one to advise me in such matters. I believe that he should have considered this, and allowed me to grow a little older; but perhaps he himself was too young as yet and too bashful to know how to manage things. It was the very evening after his return from Sacramento, and the beauty of the weather still abode in the soft warm depth around us. In every tint of rock and tree and playful glass of river a quiet clearness seemed to lie, and a rich content of color. The grandeur of the world was such that one could only rest among it, seeking neither voice nor thought.

Therefore I was more surprised than pleased to hear my name ring loudly through the echoing hollows, and then to see the bushes shaken, and an eager form leap out. I did not answer a word, but sat with a wreath of white bouvardia and small adiantum round my head, which I had plaited anyhow.

"What a lovely dear you are!" cried Firm, and then he seemed frightened at his own words.

"I had no idea that you would have finished your dinner so soon as this, Mr. Firm."

"And you did not want me. You are vexed to see me. Tell the truth, Miss Rema."

"I always tell the truth," I answered; "and I did not want to be disturbed just now. I have so many things to think of."

"And not me among them. Oh no, of course you never think of me, Erema."

"It is very unkind of you to say that," I answered, looking clearly at him, as a child looks at a man. "And it is not true, I assure you, Firm. Whenever I have thought of dear Uncle Sam, I very often go on to think of you, because he is so fond of you."

"But not for my own sake, Erema; you never think of me for my own sake."

"But yes, I do, I assure you, Mr. Firm; I do greatly. There is scarcely a day that I do not remember how hungry you are, and I think of you."

"Tush!" replied Firm, with a lofty gaze. "Even for a moment that does not in any way express my meaning. My mind is very much above all eating when it dwells upon you, Erema. I have always been fond of you, Erema."

"You have always been good to me, Firm," I said, as I managed to get a great branch between us. "After your grandfather, and Suan Isco, and Jowler, I think that I like you best of almost any body left to me. And you know that I never forget your slippers."

"Erema, you drive me almost wild by never understanding me. Now will you just listen to a little common-sense? You know that I am not romantic."

"Yes, Firm; yes, I know that you never did any thing wrong in any way."

"You would like me better if I did. What an extraordinary thing it is! Oh, Erema, I beg your pardon."

He had seen in a moment, as men seem to do, when they study the much quicker face of a girl, that his words had keenly wounded me—that I had applied them to my father, of whom I was always thinking, though I scarcely ever spoke of him. But I knew that Firm had meant no harm, and I gave him my hand, though I could not speak.

"My darling," he said, "you are very dear to me—dearer than all the world besides. I will not worry you any more. Only say that you do not hate me."

"How could I? How could any body? Now let us go in and attend to Uncle Sam. He thinks of every body before himself."

"And I think of every body after myself. Is that what you mean, Erema?"

"To be sure! if you like. You may put any meaning on my words that you think proper. I am accustomed to things of that sort, and I pay no attention whatever, when I am perfectly certain that I am right."

"I see," replied Firm, applying one finger to the side of his nose in deep contemplation, which, of all his manners, annoyed me most. "I see how it is; Miss Rema is always perfectly certain that she is right, and the whole of the rest of the world quite

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wrong. Well, after all, there is nothing like holding a first-rate opinion of one's self."

"You are not what I thought of you," I cried, being vexed beyond bearance by such words, and feeling their gross injustice. "If you wish to say any thing more, please to leave it until you recover your temper. I am not quite accustomed to rudeness."

With these words, I drew away and walked off, partly in earnest and partly in joke, not wishing to hear another word; and when I looked back, being well out of sight, there he sat still, with his head on his hands, and my heart had a little ache for him.

However, I determined to say no more, and to be extremely careful. I could not in justice blame Ephraim Gundry for looking at me very often. But I took good care not to look at him again unless he said something that made me laugh, and then I could scarcely help it. He was sharp enough very soon to find out this; and then he did a thing which was most unfair, as I found out long afterward. He bought an American jest-book, full of ideas wholly new to me, and these he committed to heart, and brought them out as his own productions. If I had only known it, I must have been exceedingly sorry for him. But Uncle Sam used to laugh and rub his hands, perhaps for old acquaintance' sake; and when Uncle Sam laughed, there was nobody near who could help laughing with him. And so I began to think Firm the most witty and pleasant of men, though I tried to look away.

But perhaps the most careful and delicate of things was to see how Uncle Sam went on. I could not understand him at all just then, and thought him quite changed from my old Uncle Sam; but afterward, when I came to know, his behavior was as clear and shallow as the water of his own river. He had very strange ideas about what he generally called "the female kind." According to his ideas (and perhaps they were not so unusual among mankind, especially settlers), all "females" were of a good but weak and consistently inconsistent sort. The surest way to make them do whatever their betters wanted, was to make them think that it was not wanted, but was hedged with obstacles beyond their power to overcome, and so to provoke and tantalize them to set their hearts upon doing it. In accordance with this idea (than which there can be none more mistaken), he took the greatest pains to keep me from having a word to say to Firm; and even went so far as to hint, with winks and nods of pleasantry, that his grandson's heart was set upon the pretty Miss Sylvester, the daughter of a man who owned a herd of pigs, much too near our saw-mills, and herself a young woman of outrageous dress, and in a larger light contemptible. But when Mr. Gundry, without any words, conveyed this piece of news to me, I immediately felt quite a liking for gaudy but harmless Pennsylvania—for so her parents had named her when she was too young to help it; and I heartily hoped that she might suit Firm, which she seemed all the more likely to do as his conduct could not be called noble. Upon that point, however, I said not a word, leaving him purely to judge for himself, and feeling it a great relief that now he could not say any thing more to me. I was glad that his taste was so easily pleased, and I told Suan Isco how glad I was.

This I had better have left unsaid, for it led to a great explosion, and drove me away from the place altogether before the new mill was finished, and before I should otherwise have gone from friends who were so good to me; not that I could have staid there much longer, even if this had never come to pass; for week by week and month by month I was growing more uneasy: uneasy not at my obligations or dependence upon mere friends (for they managed that so kindly that I seemed to confer the favor), but from my own sense of lagging far behind my duty.

For now the bright air, and the wholesome food, and the pleasure of goodness around me, were making me grow, without knowledge or notice, into a tall and not altogether to be overlooked young woman. I was exceedingly shy about this, and blushed if any one spoke of it; but yet in my heart I felt it was so; and how could I help it? And when people said, as rough people will, and even Uncle Sam sometimes, "Handsome is as handsome does," or "Beauty is only skin-deep," and so on, I made it my duty not to be put out, but to bear it in mind and be thankful. And though I had no idea of any such influence at the moment, I hope that the grandeur of nature around and the lofty style of every thing may have saved me from dwelling too much on myself, as Pennsylvania Sylvester did.

Now the more I felt my grown-up age and health and buoyant vigor, the surer I knew that the time was come for me to do some good with them; not to benefit the world in general, in a large and scattery way (as many young people set out to do, and never get any further), but to right the wrong of my own house, and bring home justice to my own heart. This may be thought a partial and paltry object to set out with; and it is not for me to say otherwise. At the time, it occurred to me in no other light except as my due business, and I never took any large view at all. But even now I do believe (though not yet in pickle of wisdom) that if every body, in its own little space and among its own little movements, will only do and take nothing without pure taste of the salt of justice, no reek-

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ing atrocity of national crimes could ever taint the heaven.

Such questions, however, become me not. I have only to deal with very little things, sometimes too slim to handle well, and too hazy to be woven; and if they seem below my sense and dignity to treat of, I can only say that they seemed very big at the time when I had to encounter them.

For instance, what could be more important, in a little world of life, than for Uncle Sam to be put out, and dare even to think ill of me? Yet this he did; and it shows how shallow are all those theories of the other sex which men are so pleased to indulge in. Scarcely any thing could be more ridiculous from first to last, when calmly and truly considered, than the firm belief which no power of reason could for the time root out of him.

Uncle Sam, the dearest of all mankind to me, and the very kindest, was positively low enough to believe, in his sad opinion of the female race, that my young head was turned because of the wealth to which I had no claim, except through his own justice. He had insisted at first that the whole of that great nugget belonged to me by right of sole discovery. I asked him whether, if any stranger had found it, it would have been considered his, and whether he would have allowed a "greaser," upon finding, to make off with it. At the thought of this, Mr. Gundry gave a little grunt, and could not go so far as to maintain that view of it. But he said that my reasoning did not fit; that I was not a greaser, but a settled inhabitant of the place, and entitled to all a settler's rights; that the bed of the river would have been his grave but for the risk of my life, and therefore whatever I found in the bed of the river belonged to me, and me only.

In argument he was so much stronger than I could ever attempt to be that I gave it up, and could only say that if he argued forever it could never make any difference. He did not argue forever, but only grew obstinate and unpleasant, so that I yielded at last to own the half share of the bullion.

Very well. Every body would have thought, who has not studied the nature of men or been dragged through it heavily, that now there could be no more trouble between two people entirely trusting each other, and only anxious that the other should have the best of it. Yet, instead of that being the case, the mischief, the myriad mischief, of money set in, until I heartily wished sometimes that my miserable self was down in the hole which the pelf had left behind it.

For what did Uncle Sam take into his head (which was full of generosity and large ideas, so loosely packed that little ones grew between them, especially about womankind) —what else did he really seem to think, with the downright stubbornness of all his thoughts, but that I, his poor debtor and pensioner and penniless dependent, was so set up and elated by this sudden access of fortune that henceforth none of the sawing race was high enough for me to think of? It took me a long time to believe that so fair and just a man ever could set such interpretation upon me. And when it became too plain that he did so, truly I know not whether grief or anger was uppermost in my troubled heart.

KITCHEN AND DINING-ROOM.*

THE importance of good cooking as a means of health and happiness is very much underrated by many housekeepers, especially those of America. There must always be enough to eat, but the quality is considered of much less consequence; provided it be wholesome and not too much trouble to prepare, the ordinary American mind is fully satisfied. The taste of the thrifty housekeeper runs much more to a fine display of table-linen, silver, and glass—things which delight the eye, but can never satisfy a hungry man, nor promote friendship and good humor. At how many tables, even of rich Americans, may we find this gorgeous array of table furniture, and view the elegant china filled with food at which any ordinary French laborer would turn up his nose! Among people of moderate means the erroneous idea prevails that delicate living is extravagant and out of the reach of ordinary mortals, who eat their greasy beef and watery potatoes with the comforting reflection that thereby they are practicing the great virtue of economy. This is a terrible mistake. Those same people are daily wasting material enough to enable any French peasant woman to prepare a delicate and palatable repast. Economy in the kitchen is of course impossible where matters are left in charge of some ignorant cook who can not, and would not if she could, pay the least attention to the saving and proper use of all the bits and ends which under her sway find their way to the soap-fat man and the swill tub. Waste appears to be the grand watch-word of the ordinary American or English kitchen, and it is all the more piteous to behold when we consider the saving and thrifty character of these very people. This waste, then, is purely the result of ignorance and inattention to what is really one of the great questions of social life. On this account

* *Practical Cooking and Dinner-Giving:* A Treatise containing Practical Instructions in Cooking, in the Combination and Serving of Dishes, and in the Fashionable Modes of Entertaining at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. By Mrs. Mary F. Henderson. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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every new book bringing forward new facts and new ideas in regard to this all-important subject should be warmly welcomed and faithfully studied by every American woman. "From innate coquetry alone," says Mrs. Henderson, "the French women appreciate the powers of their dainty table. Cooking is an art they cultivate. Any of the *haut monde* are proud to originate a new dish, many famous ones doing them credit in bearing their names." Until this is true of American women as well, the American *cuisine* can scarcely be expected to rise above its present mediocrity, for, alas! Mrs. Henderson's remark is too true, that "American women seem possessed with the idea that it is not the fashion to know how to cook; that, as an accomplishment, the art of cooking is not as ornamental as that of needlework or piano-playing."

Gastronomy is the art, above all others, which comforts and supports man from the cradle to the grave. His whole strength to accomplish his life-work, whatever it may be, depends upon it, and it is a mistaken idea that time and thought given to the preparation of delicate and tempting food is so much energy thrown away upon things to please the lower senses of man alone. A delicious plate is a means of moral culture, and a man will rise from partaking of the dainty compounds of some French kitchen in a fitter condition to use his brains to some purpose than after simply satisfying his hunger with the greasy, heavy dishes prepared by some ignorant and careless cook.

The ancient Romans were the kings of all epicures, and surpassed in their magnificent extravagance the most studied excesses of the present time. The Emperor Vitellius, at one of his great feasts, presented his guests with a dish prepared from the brains of peacocks and nightingales' tongues at a cost of $40,000. It is pitiful to think of all the beauty and song sacrificed to please the palate of those ancient gourmands, and a matter for congratulation that the epicure of to-day seeks more legitimate material to satisfy his delicate requirements. The taste of the Roman epicure was so fanciful that a lupus or pike was not considered of a sufficiently delicate flavor unless it had been caught between two certain bridges of the Tiber—the Pontem Milvium and Sublicium. These old Roman cooks understood well the mystery of dressing fish. In Horace's Satire of the miser's dinner, how savory is the description of the lamprey-eel: "There is brought a lamprey-eel, stretched out in a platter among floating shrimps." This eel "was caught when pregnant; which, after having young, would have been less delicate in its flesh," this last statement reminding one of the delicate palate which prefers the roe shad to any other kind for the same reason that the epicure of olden time chose the "pregnant eel." For this dish of eel and shrimps was prepared the celebrated garum sauce, used as a dressing for many Roman dishes. The principal ingredient of this sauce was the juice of an Iberian fish, obtained by macerating its intestines in salt for a certain length of time. With this juice were mixed wine, oil, vinegar, and spices. This sauce was a favorite dressing at the tables of all wealthy Romans. The Romans were accustomed to begin any banquet with eggs, which were supposed to strengthen the appetite and prepare the stomach for heavier food. After the various courses of roast and boiled and fried, the repast was invariably concluded with fruit; hence the old Roman proverb, "From the egg to the apple."

In England, during the early times, the food served upon the table was simply a gigantic forerunner of the taste of the English at present. They were always a race of meat-eaters. Wild boars and huge bullocks were roasted whole at their mediæval feasts. An ancient ballad-singer asserted the invincibility of the Britons so long as they were "fed upon beef," and according to present appearances their invincibility will not be subverted for a long time to come, if beef is, in reality, the basis of England's strength. Some curious chronicles remain concerning the domestic habits of the English during the Middle Ages. The dinner hour, even among the highest ranks of society, was very early, rarely later than eleven o'clock. Of course the supper was taken at an early hour also, before dusk if possible, as the means of well lighting the table were not very abundant, and early to bed was the general rule. In dressing the table, the central and most ornamental dish was the salt-cellar, which was generally placed in the centre. Salt was regarded with profoundly superstitious feelings. A code published during the fifteenth century for the behavior of servants directs that, in preparing the table for a meal, after laying the cloth, the salt should invariably be placed next upon the board, as this was supposed to insure success to the dinner and good digestion to the guests. Knives were seldom provided, as each guest was expected to bring his own in a sheath attached to the girdle. To produce a decent and well-cleaned knife was regarded as a mark of respect to the host, and a shabby and uncleanly blade was considered a direct insult to the character of the entertainer. An old code of politeness and table behavior gives as one of its rules that the guest should "bring no knyves unskoured to the table."

The use of forks at table was unknown in England until a comparatively recent date. About the close of the sixteenth century they were introduced into France from Italy. A young monk took one to the con-

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vent of St. Maur, to the horror of his elder and more conservative brothers, who regarded it as a sinful vanity, in direct opposition to the Divine providence which had created fingers to serve all such purposes. Spain, always behind the rest of the world in both political and social reforms, was the last country to adopt the fork as an article of table furniture.

The most celebrated cooks, those who have influenced the *cuisine* of all civilized nations, have all been born in France. Every Frenchman is an epicure by nature, and the delicacy of the national taste is visible in the products of the kitchens of all classes. A French peasant woman, with a few eggs and a sprinkling of wild herbs, will toss up an omelet fit for a king, and the soups and salads, and a thousand little dishes prepared in a French cottage, possess a relishing savor unknown to half the wealthy tables of England and America. A Frenchman realizes the importance of the gastronomic art, and brings all the sentiments of his soul —and in a Frenchman they are many—to assist him in the execution of his work. The names of Soyer, Carême, Gouffé, and the unfortunate Vatel are the names of real artists who lived in an ideal world. Speaking of these royal French cooks, an epicurean writer says: "They are inventors—creators whose creations are infinitely various, and the beauties of which can be estimated by the most cultivated connoisseurs. They are in many instances men of education, and in every instance men of good manners. A coarse-minded man could not reign for a day in the *grande cuisine*." Carême was one of these gentlemen-cooks—a genuine enthusiast for his art. He was born toward the close of the last century, and came to Paris, a very poor boy, seeking his fortune. By chance he obtained a situation in a common eating-house. This fact decided his whole future life. He adopted cooking as a profession, and studied so faithfully that when only twenty years of age he was appointed head cook in the kitchen of Prince Talleyrand. Later he became the royal cook of England, Russia, and Vienna; but he was never happy away from Paris, and returned there to superintend the establishment of Baron Rothschild. Carême studied cooking with true artistic enthusiasm, and not only compounded many new and valuable recipes for choice delicacies, but wrote several books upon the subject of cooking scientifically considered. Among the books he left for the advice and consolation of his brethren of the *cordon bleu* is a short autobiography, which shows the real enthusiasm with which he followed his art. He says: "I have not been overdesirous of wealth. My ambition was serious and elevated, and very early in life I desired to elevate my profession into the dignity of an art." He early acquired the habit of noting down at night the culinary impressions of each day, carefully writing out the modifications he had made in various dishes. At break of day he was in the market seeking the elements of his labors, chosing the finest and best of all materials. On returning to his kitchen he went at once into the thick of business, and, with cap and apron on, compounded those dinners which gladdened the soul of the epicure and diplomatist. Carême believed that every great man must of necessity be an epicure, and his diplomatic dinners were his special pride and care. After the labors of the day were over he always retired to his room to write down his notes. While in the house of Baron Rothschild, Carême met with Rossini, and that connoisseur, who used to prepare macaroni for his favorite friends with his own hands, expressed himself "satisfied and refreshed" with the dishes which graced the table of the great financier.

Although in France the gastronomic art had always been considered of much importance, it was not until the reign of Louis XIV., who was a great gourmand, that the art was carried to the point of perfection and delicacy it has since maintained. The most celebrated cook at that time was Pierre de la Varonne, who left behind him several works containing the results of his scientific researches in the realm of gastronomy. At this same period lived and died poor Vatel, who carried his love and reverence for his art to such a length that a slight culinary mortification cost him his life. In the letters of Madame De Sévigné we find a quaint and truly touching description of the tragic manner in which he met his death. Writing to her daughter, she gives us a bit of domestic history from royal court life which would be amusing were our sympathies not so strongly enlisted for the unfortunate maître d'hôtel. She says: "Only listen to what I learned upon arriving here, that Vatel, the great Vatel, maître d'hôtel of Monsieur Fouquet, this man, with a capacity distinguished above all others, whose splendid head was capable of managing the affairs of a state, this man, on account of the non-arrival of a fish at the proper hour, rushed to his room and stabbed himself with his sword. You can picture to yourself the horrible disorder into which this accident has thrown our fête. And only imagine that while he was drawing his last breath, the fish arrived. This is all I know at present, and I think you will find it enough. The confusion here is very great. It is a grievous thing to happen in the middle of a fête costing fifty thousand crowns." Poor Vatel! if he had only waited until the fête was successfully concluded, and died peacefully in his bed, his name might never have lived in history. In her next letter Madame De Sévigné gives us farther particulars of the

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sad event which brought consternation to a whole court of gourmands. Every thing went against the success of the fête. The king arrived at Chantilly on Thursday evening. Owing to a large number of unexpected guests, there was not roast meat enough to supply all the tables, and this fact alone made Vatel wretched. He repeated several times to his friends that his honor was gone forever, and although assured by the prince himself that the supper at the king's table had been perfection, he retired to his room in a miserable state of mind. Every thing went wrong with the fête that night. The fire-works, which had been prepared at an enormous expense, were ruined by a fog, and the court retired to bed almost as miserable as Vatel. After a sleepless night Vatel arose very early, determined that a magnificent breakfast should retrieve his fallen reputation. He had the night before taken the precaution to send in all directions to secure a bountiful supply of fine fish. Very early came a man with two small baskets of fish, and through a misunderstanding Vatel received the impression that there was no more to be had. He waited a long time. No more fish were brought. He went into a fever, exclaimed to a friend that he could never survive this new mortification, and rushed to his room. Very soon the fish began to arrive from all quarters. Vatel was sought for to direct the preparation of them, but the poor cook was found dead on the floor of his room, stabbed through the heart by his own hand. The prince was in despair, and the duke actually wept. The king, when told of the irreparable loss, went into a terrible passion, swore that Vatel had been badly used, that so precious a treasure should have been less burdened with responsibility, and blamed the prince for his negligence. But all this lamentation did not help poor Vatel, who lay dead, while the fish waited for the master-hand to dress them for the royal table. A faint attempt was made to revive the fête, but the royal gourmand refused to be comforted. Were it not an actual historical occurrence that Vatel carried his enthusiasm for his art so far as to kill himself for a culinary failure, his story would be considered as great an extravaganza as the character of Monsieur Mirobolant in *Pendennis*, that exquisite gentleman, "adorned with many ringlets and chains," who traveled with a library, pictures, and piano, and presided over his furnaces and saucepans with all due state and ceremony. Monsieur Mirobolant is a dreadful caricature of a true French cook. "It was a grand sight to behold him in his dressing-gown composing a *menu*. He always sat down and played the piano for some time before. If interrupted, he remonstrated pathetically. Every great artist, he said, had need of solitude to perfectionate his works."

The first French revolution not only dethroned the king, but produced a great change among the cooks. Hitherto the common people, although possessed of all the instincts for delicate cookery, had been almost entirely destitute of means to gratify their tastes. This was especially true of the poor and oppressed population of the great cities. The revolution, which destroyed the homes of the *noblesse* and drove wealthy families to seek refuge beyond the frontier, left the cooks deprived of their situations, and forced to support themselves by feeding the common people. The result was the establishment of large numbers of cheap public restaurants, where the rabble of the street flocked in crowds, and feasted upon delicacies which formerly they had only tasted in dreams. Many cooks, who had worked for small salaries in the kitchens of the *noblesse*, suddenly found themselves in an independent position and on the road to wealth. Delicate cookery became common and within the reach of every body, and the French popular restaurant became an established institution. Books began to be published containing directions for the *cuisine*, and to the ordinary recipe book were added all manner of elegant suggestions regarding kitchen and table arrangements. In 1803 the *Almanach des Gourmands* was started, and created a profound sensation among Parisian epicures. It is almost impossible to obtain a complete set of this gastronomic record, which is very curious reading on account of the many odd items it contains respecting the progress of the gastronomic art in France. In the first volume, published in 1803, we read that "in France five hundred and forty-three ways of cooking eggs are known." This to the common housekeeper, who can only conceive of fried, boiled, and poached, would seem an astonishing statement. Carême, Soyer, Beauvilliers, and hundreds of other French cooks have made valuable contributions to the epicure's library.

We can not pass this collection of French cook-books without a word in reference to the Baron Brisse. The baron, a man who has come to the rescue of uninventive housewives with his *menus* for every day in the year, evidently is fully impregnated with the idea that in France, and in France only, is the art of cooking understood. "It is in France," he says, "that the most varied resources are to be found, and it is there also that the most skillful *artistes* have consecrated their talents to the preparation of new dishes with which we may enrich our *menus*." We can not feel the same respect for the baron as we do for men like Carême and Soyer, who went at their work in a manly, practical way. There is too much of the Monsieur Mirobolant about him; and we can easily fancy

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him playing the piano and rolling his eyes in a fine frenzy while composing his three hundred and sixty-six *menus*. No one can deny that he possesses a very inventive genius, and rarely repeats himself. He is skillful, too, in his artistic use of small material. There is in existence a *menu* for a *dîner de siége*, composed by him—a dinner said to have been actually given and enjoyed by the Paris Jockey Club during the recent siege of Paris. Savory vegetables are not wanting in this *menu*, but, alas for those who partook of it, salted horse, ass cutlets, roasted dog, and rat pie take the place of beef, veal, chickens, and pigeons. But not even famine could check the gastronomic ardor of the doughty baron. Undoubtedly he would have delighted in the preparation of *gelée de old boots*, if those had been all the material left him. To him the pleasures of the table are every thing, and there is nothing else in life. Hear what he says: "The pleasures of the table are those which we first experience, which desert us latest, and which we taste oftenest. Is there a woman—the most beautiful your imagination can paint, with the head of Madame Récamier, with the bearing, the enchanting graces, and the smile of the chief of the world's beauties—who is worth those admirable partridges of Languedoc and the Cevennes, the divine flavor of which surpasses all the sweetness of Arabia? Would you put her on a line with the pies of *foie gras* or of duck, to which the towns of Strasburg, Toulouse, and Auch owe the better part of their celebrity? What is she in comparison with the sausages of Bologna? Who will dare to compare her with the delicate veal of Rouen, the tenderness and whiteness of which would make the Graces themselves blush?" The baron is evidently of a facetious turn of mind, and much given to reverential contemplation of the good things provided for man to eat. He might exclaim, with Beaumont and Fletcher's hungry courtier, "What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man when He did give him a good stomach!"

In the preparation of salads, America is far behind other countries. No French or German peasant could live without his salad. If lettuce can not be obtained, a few cold boiled potatoes or string-beans, with a bit of onion or parsley, will do just as well. Hundreds of bits and ends, which are thrown away by an American housewife, could be compounded into a delicious salad with a suitable dressing. In our cities the art of salad-making is rapidly advancing, and nearly every housewife prides herself upon the composition of a creamy mayonnaise; but in the country, where lettuce and hundreds of salad vegetables and grasses grow in perfection, the art of salad-making is almost unknown. Many recipes for salads of fish, meat, and greens have come down to us in old Roman records, showing that the people of olden time were not behind the present day in their attention to that appetizing addition to a meal. It is almost impossible to give exact directions for the mixing of a savory salad. This is something which should never be left to the hands of an ordinary cook, for no dish requires so much delicacy of preparation. Every cultivated man or woman should understand this subtle mystery. The salad is the æsthetic dish of the meal, the refreshment and recreation after the more solid plates which have satisfied the appetite, and it should be a direct offering from the hostess to the delicate palate of her guests. If the salad is delicious, let no one fear for the rest of the dinner, for that is a direct index to the whole character of the *cuisine*.

We have already alluded to the wasteful habits practiced in American and English kitchens. The waste in fuel alone is something stupendous. A Frenchman, it is said, would almost cook an ox with the fuel which an English housewife consumes in the roasting of a leg of mutton. This is partly due to the difference in heating apparatus. While the Frenchman would boil his *pot au feu* with a small handful of charcoal, the English and American range must be heated with a whole hod of coal, and heat enough be created to cook a whole dinner, even if a little boiling water is all that is required. The system of cooking each pot over a little separate fire appears troublesome at first, but the saving of both fuel and heat is so immense that one who has ever managed a French or a Spanish kitchen will think of them with longing while working over one of our large ranges. Mrs. Henderson gives some excellent suggestions about economy, for which she says she is indebted to a poor French girl who lived in St. Louis. Her parents were poor people, yet by care and skill they were able to live better than hundreds of families of liberal means. "Their *répertoire* of cheap dishes was large; so there was always a change for at least each day of the week. A crumb of bread was never wasted. All odd morsels were dried in the oven, pounded, and put away in a tin box, ready for breading cutlets cut from any piece of mutton or veal, and for many other purposes." This family contrived to prepare a delicious dinner every day at a very small expense. A salad was never wanting, for let it not be supposed that this addition to a dinner is an expensive luxury. An expenditure of a few cents a day will provide some kind of a savory salad the year round.

Nothing is so much abused in the making as coffee. While the simplest operation possible will produce a clear and fragrant beverage, it is a rare thing to obtain a cup fit

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to drink in an American restaurant or an ordinary American family. Never were so many different ways of doing a simple thing as in this matter of coffee-making. The main point should be to obtain a good well-flavored and well-burned berry, and never allow it to be ground until the moment of using. If it can be fresh burned every morning, the flavor is more perfect. The object then is to make a strong, clear beverage which shall preserve the aroma and pure flavor of the berry. Thousands of Americans purchase a ground powder in packages, very little of which has ever felt the glow of a tropical sun, as every body knows that chiccory, pease, and all manner of beans are ground up to adulterate coffee. Many, too, with an idea to economize, boil the coffee violently, so that a stronger decoction may be obtained from the same quantity of the ground berry. This is not where economy should begin. To quote Professor Blot: "A bad drink can be made cheaper with many things than with coffee." Professor Blot does not believe in boiling coffee. Although coffee may not be utterly ruined by boiling a minute or two, no beverage whose aroma has partially escaped in steam can preserve its delicate flavor in perfection. Soyer, who is authority in most culinary matters, displays a singular fussiness when he comes to coffee-making. According to his directions, we are to warm the powder and follow various minute details, or the coffee will be worthless. All this is unnecessary. Neither is it requisite to wet the powder with eggs and other things before making. He who can not make clear coffee without eggs will never make it with them. The coffee made by any old Cuban negress by placing the powder in a pointed flannel bag, and simply pouring boiling water through it, surpasses in flavor, clearness, and strength the beverage produced, after much stirring of eggs and much boiling, by our American cooks.

In the preparation of cakes, pies, and sweetmeats, the American *cuisine* has little to learn from foreign nations. Many a country housewife who could not make a decent plate of soup, or prepare a joint of meat in any way but *au naturel*, will make cakes, whip-custards, and all manner of fancy creams and jellies fit for a royal table. Where we fail the most is in the use of flavoring and spices for meat and vegetables, hundreds of savory herbs which send fragrance through European kitchens being entirely neglected by us, although they could be cultivated in any kitchen-garden.

Professor Blot, who founded the New York Cooking Academy, published no end of recipes for relishing sauces; but for some reason American cooks were prejudiced against Professor Blot, and would not accept his good advice. Mrs. Henderson, being herself an American lady, should certainly receive attention from her country-women. Her chapter on sauces should add a savory flavor to every American kitchen. She not only shows how simply and easily many relishing sauces may be prepared, but at what a small expense the necessary material may be obtained.

The subject of dinners and dinner-giving includes the consideration of many things not pertaining to the food. A true understanding of this act of friendship and hospitality would go far toward promoting social enjoyment. How many shrink from inviting friends to share the good things of their table because they can not have a butler in attendance, nor present a grand show of silver and china! But let us hope that our friends do not visit us that they may view a display they can see any day in a hundred windows on Broadway. If they are people we should be willing to allow in our sacred domestic circle, they will come in the same spirit as we receive them, and accept our simple repast in the proper way. Never allow a guest to feel that you have "put yourself out" for him. We are not speaking of grand dinners or state occasions, but of those social gatherings which should occur continually among friends. No lady whose *ménage* is well regulated should ever hesitate to receive a party of six or eight friends to dinner. This is as large a number as should be invited at one time, unless the dinner is of such grand scale as to lose its domestic character. The whole feeling of a dinner depends very much upon the first reception of the guest. The host or hostess should always arrange to be at liberty when the guests arrive. Every thing should be so well arranged that nothing should require the attention of the hostess at the last moment, and she should be free and at rest, that she may at once inspire her guests with a feeling of being really at home. Much is gained by this, and any little mortification the dinner may bring her is the more easily overlooked. Whatever may happen, the hostess should never appear annoyed, as this is a direct indication that the presence of her guests is to a certain extent an embarrassment. "There is nothing more distressing at a dinner company," says Mrs. Henderson, "than to see a hostess ill at ease, or to detect an interchange of nervous glances between her and the servants. A host and hostess seem insensibly to control the feelings of all the guests, it matters not how many there may be."

"Never overload a plate nor oversupply a table," says Mrs. Henderson. This is an excellent rule. No ordinary person can eat more than a certain amount of food with enjoyment, and, provided that food be prepared with care and "attentive meditation," a simple dinner will be better received than

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an extensive *menu*. No ordinary housekeeper should make great exertions to present her guests with complicated dishes, the preparation of which she does not thoroughly understand. Let your entertainment come as near as possible to the every-day standard of your *ménage*. This will secure ease both in the preparing of the dinner and the conduct of the table-waiter. "In whatever style people live," says Mr. Walker, in his *Original*, "provided it is good in its kind, they will always have attractions to offer by means of a little extra exertion well directed within their own bounds; but when they pass those bounds they forego the advantages of variety and ease."

"For reasonable and sensible people," says Mrs. Henderson, "there is no dinner more satisfactory than one consisting first of a soup, then a fish garnished with boiled potatoes, followed by a roast, also garnished with one vegetable; perhaps an *entrée*, always a salad, some cheese, and a dessert. This, well cooked and neatly and quietly served, is a stylish and good enough dinner for any one, and is within the power of a gentleman or lady of moderate means to give. It is the exquisite quality of a dinner or a wine that pleases us, not the multiplicity of dishes or vintages."

Simple dishes gain a much greater favor when placed upon the table handsomely garnished. A dinner which pleases not only the palate, but also the eye and mind, leaves a pleasanter impression upon the refined and cultivated guest. Besides the usual trimming of parsley and other salad greens, there are innumerable little things which can be used to advantage by a tasteful cook. French scalloped knives and vegetable cutters of various patterns can be obtained at any house-furnishing store, with which pickled beets, potatoes, carrots, onions, and tomatoes may be cut into various forms. Olives, fine pickles, jelly, and cold boiled eggs may all be used to render the various dishes attractive. The way the food is placed on a dish goes a long distance toward making it eatable.

Carving has been called one of the polite arts, an essential accomplishment in a gentleman. Mrs. Henderson thinks—and every one must agree with her—that it is much more hospitable and home-like for the gentleman to carve himself, and not leave the task to the butler. It is astonishing how few gentlemen comparatively understand elegant carving. How many handsome joints and well-roasted turkeys are mangled and cut into unshapely pieces by a clumsy carver! It is a whim of the imagination, perhaps, but a shapeless hunk of roast beef can never taste as satisfactory as a smooth, elegantly cut slice.

One great element of success in a dinner is perfect service. The waiter should be so skilled in his department that it should never be necessary for the hostess to be annoyed giving directions. The waiter should be told in advance, if the dinner is a little more complicated than usual, precisely the way the dishes are to be presented, and great care should be taken to prevent confusion. The system practiced now to such an extent of keeping the waiter constantly in the dining-room is one not calculated to improve the social character of a dinner. He should only enter the room when a change of plates becomes necessary, and leave as soon as the course is served. During the rest of the dinner he should remain outside within call only. Nothing ruins social feeling so much as an excess of ceremony.

The course of instruction pursued by the teachers of the South Kensington School of Cookery in London is very much to be commended. This English national school of cookery was the result of the London International Exhibition of 1873. "Food and its Preparations" formed one of the divisions of the Exhibition, and the series of lectures on cookery connected with it proved so popular that the idea occurred to certain influential persons, among whom was the Duke of Westminster, to establish a school which should continue the good work so well begun. There are three courses of instruction. The first is for beginners, who are made to understand the elementary principles of cookery and all pertaining thereto. The knowledge of how to light and manage a kitchen fire, and scrupulous cleanliness in all cooking utensils, are taught and insisted upon, and no learner is allowed to take a step toward more intricate cooking until she understands the boiling of a kettle or toasting a piece of bread to perfection. The second course is for ladies, and includes a course of lectures, and also a practice kitchen, where lessons are given in the preparing of every thing necessary for an elegant table. The third course is more especially adapted to the wants of the poorer classes, where the wives and daughters of laboring men may learn how to conduct their simple *ménage* with cleanliness and economy, or fit themselves as cooks for small families with moderate incomes. The school occupies a handsome building near the South Kensington Museum, and is fast proving itself a success. In London there are also smaller schools, like St. Mary's and Christ-church kitchens, where the children of the poor receive free instruction in the preparation of all kinds of simple dishes. Ladies kindly take charge of these classes, which are managed much in the same way as the mission sewing schools of America, the funds for the purchase of materials being subscribed by charitable people. Often presents are received of eggs, chickens, and other articles

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of food. On class days, which are several times a week, the children prepare a regular dinner, which, when placed upon the table, is served out to them by the teachers.

This feature might easily be introduced into some of our mission schools, and the double object be gained of teaching the children something of great practical use and feeding them at the same time. Once established, these schools would be overcrowded, and it would be necessary to make attendance and good behavior at the Sunday lesson indispensable conditions of admission. The expense of fitting up an ordinary simple kitchen for the purpose would be small, and interest once awakened in this movement, subscriptions for sufficient supplies would never be wanting. From this small beginning how many poor girls might be educated to make good cooks, and have a means of support placed in their hands far better than the dreary, half-paid labor at the sewing-machine!

Until the establishment of good institutions among us for the study of cookery, like that of South Kensington, our housewives must be dependent upon books for the introduction of new delicacies into their *ménage*, and every volume that brings fresh suggestions for the improvement of the American *cuisine* is another item of comfort added to our homes.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDWARD SEVERNE, master of arts, dreaded Rhoda Gale, M.D. He had deluded, in various degrees, several ladies that were no fools; but here was one who staggered and puzzled him. Bright and keen as steel, quick and spirited, yet controlled by judgment, and always mistress of herself, she seemed to him a new species. The worst of it was, he felt himself in the power of this new woman, and, indeed, he saw no limit to the mischief she might possibly do him if she and Zoe compared notes. He had thought the matter over, and realized this more than he did when in London. Hence the good youth's delight at her illness, noticed in a former chapter.

He was very thoughtful all breakfast-time, and as soon as it was over drew Vizard apart, and said he would postpone his visit to London until he had communicated with his man of business. He would go to the station and telegraph him, and by that means would do the civil and meet Miss Gale. Vizard stared at him.

"You meet my virago? Why, I thought you disapproved her entirely."

"No, no; only the idea of a female doctor, not the lady herself. Besides, it is a rule with me, my dear fellow, never to let myself disapprove my friends' friends."

"That is a bright idea, and you are a good fellow," said Vizard. "Go and meet the pest by all means, and bring her here to luncheon. After luncheon we will drive her up to the farm and ensconce her."

Edward Severne had this advantage over most impostors, that he was masculine or feminine as occasion required. For instance, he could be hysterical or bold to serve the turn. Another example—he watched faces like a woman, and yet he could look you in the face like a man, especially when he was lying. In the present conjuncture a crafty woman would have bristled with all the arts of self-defense, but staid at home and kept close to Zoe. Not so our master of arts; he went manfully to meet Rhoda Gale, and so secure a *tête-à-tête*, and learn, if possible, what she meant to do, and whether she could be cannily propitiated. He reached the station before her, and wired a very intelligent person who, he knew, conducted delicate inquiries, and had been very successful in a divorce case, public two years before. Even as he dispatched this message there was a whistling and a ringing and the sound of a coming train, and Ned Severne ran to meet Rhoda Gale with a heart palpitating a little, and a face beaming greatly to order. He looked for her in the first-class carriages, but she was in the second, and saw him. He did not see her till she stepped out on the platform. Then he made toward her. He took off his hat, and said, with respectful zeal, "If you will tell me what luggage you have, the groom shall get it out."

Miss Gale's eyes wandered over him loftily. "I have only a box and a bag, Sir, both marked R. G."

"Joe," said he—for he had already made friends with all the servants, and won their hearts—"box and bag marked R. G. Miss Gale, you had better take your seat in the carriage."

Miss Gale gave a little supercilious nod, and he showed her obsequiously into the carriage. She laid her head back and contemplated vacancy ahead in a manner any thing but encouraging to this new admirer Fate had sent her. He turned away a little discomfited, and when the luggage was brought up he had the bag placed inside, and the box in a sort of boot, and then jumped in and seated himself inside. "Home," said he to the coachman, and off they went. When he came in she started with well-feigned surprise, and stared at him.

"Oh," said she, "I have met you before. Why, it is Mr. Severne. Excuse me taking

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you for one of the servants. Some people have short memories, you know."

This deliberate affront was duly felt, but parried with a master-hand.

"Why, I *am* one of the servants," said he; "only I am not Vizard's. I'm yours."

"In-deed!"

"If you will let me."

"I am too poor to have fine servants."

"Say too haughty. You are not too poor, for I sha'n't cost you any thing but a gracious word now and then."

"Unfortunately I don't deal in gracious words, only true ones."

"I see that."

"Then suppose you imitate me, and tell me why you came to meet me?"

This question came from her with sudden celerity, like lightning out of a cloud, and she bent her eyes on him with that prodigious keenness she could throw into those steel-gray orbs, when her mind put on its full power of observation.

Severne colored a little, and hesitated.

"Come, now," said this keen witch, "don't wait to make up a reason. Tell the truth for once—quick!—quick!—why did *you* come to meet *me*?"

"I didn't come to be bullied," replied supple Severne, affecting sullenness.

"You didn't!" cried the other, acting vast surprise. "Then what *did* you come for?"

"I don't know; and I wish I hadn't come."

"That I believe." Rhoda shot this in like an arrow.

"But," continued Severne, "if I hadn't, nobody would; for it is Vizard's justicing day, and the ladies are too taken up with a lord to come and meet such vulgar trifles as genius and learning and sci—"

"Come, come!" said Rhoda, contemptuously; "you care as little about science and learning and genius as I possess them. You won't tell me? Well, I shall find you out." Then, after a pause, "Who is this lord?"

"Lord Uxmoor."

"What kind of a lord is he?"

"A very bushy lord."

"Bushy?—oh, bearded like the pard! Now tell me," said she, "is he cutting you out with Miss Vizard?"

"You shall judge for yourself. Please spare me on that one topic—if you ever spared any body in your life."

"Oh, dear me!" said Rhoda, coolly. "I'm not so very cruel. I'm only a little vindictive and cat-like. If people offend me, I like to play with them a bit, and amuse myself, and then kill them—kill them—kill them: that is all."

This pretty little revelation of character was accompanied with a cruel smile that showed a long row of dazzling white teeth. They seemed capable of killing any thing from a liar up to a hickory nut.

Severne looked at her and gave a shudder.

"Then Heaven forbid you should ever be my enemy!" said he, sadly, "for I am unhappy enough already."

Having delivered this disarming speech, he collapsed, and seemed to be overpowered with despondency. Miss Gale showed no signs of melting. She leaned back and eyed him with steady and composed curiosity, as a zoologist studying a new specimen and all its little movements.

They drove up to the hall door, and Miss Gale was conducted to the drawing-room, where she found Lord Uxmoor and the two young ladies. Zoe shook hands with her. Fanny put a limp paw into hers, which made itself equally limp directly, so Fanny's dropped out. Lord Uxmoor was presented to her, at his own request. Soon after this, luncheon was announced. Vizard joined them, welcomed Rhoda genially, and told the party he had ordered the break, and Uxmoor would drive them to the farm round by Hillstoke and the Common. "And so," said he, "by showing Miss Gale our most picturesque spot at once, we may perhaps blind her to the horrors of her situation—for a time."

The break was driven round in due course, with Uxmoor's team harnessed to it. It was followed by a dog-cart crammed with grooms, Uxmoorian and Vizardian. The break was padded and cushioned, and held eight or nine people very comfortably. It was, indeed, a sort of picnic van, used only in very fine weather. It rolled on beautiful springs. Its present contents were Miss Gale and her luggage and two hampers full of good things for her; Vizard, Severne, and Miss Dover. Zoe sat on the box beside Lord Uxmoor. They drove through the village, and Mr. Severne was so obliging as to point out its beauties to Miss Gale. She took little notice of his comments, except by a stiff nod every now and then, but eyed each house and premises with great keenness.

At last she stopped his fluency by inquiring whether he had been into them all; and when he said he had not, she took advantage of that admission to inform him that in two days' time she should be able to tell him a great deal more than he was likely to tell her, upon his method of inspecting villages.

"That is right," said Vizard; "snub him. He gets snubbed too little here. How dare he pepper science with his small-talk? But it is our fault—we admire his volubility."

"Oh," said Fanny, with a glance of defiance at Miss Gale, "if we are to talk nothing but science, it *will* be a weary world."

After the village there was a long gradual ascent of about a mile, and then they entered a new country. It was a series of woods and clearings, some grass, some arable. Huge oaks flung their arms over a road lined on either side by short turf, close

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cropped by the gypsies' cattle. Some band or other of them was always encamped by the road-side, and never two bands at once. And between these giant trees, not one of which was ever felled, you saw here and there a glade, green as an emerald; or a yellow stubble, glowing in the sun. After about a mile of this, still mounting, but gradually, they emerged upon a spacious table-land, a long, broad, open, grass plateau, studded with cottages. In this lake of grass Uxmoor drew up at a word from Zoe to show Miss Gale the scene. The cottages were white as snow, and thatched as at Islip; but instead of vegetable gardens they all had orchards. The trees were apple and cherry: of the latter not less than a thousand in that small hamlet. It was literally a lawn, a quarter of a mile long, and about two hundred yards broad, bordered with white cottages and orchards. The cherries, red and black, gleamed like countless eyes among the cool leaves. There was a little church on the lawn that looked like a pigeon-house. A cow or two grazed peacefully. Pigs, big and little, crossed the lawn, grunting and squeaking satisfaction, and dived into the adjacent woods after acorns, and here and there a truffle the villagers knew not the value of. There was a pond or two in the lawn; one had a wooden plank fixed on uprights, that went in some way. A woman was out on the board bare-armed, dipping her bucket in for water. In another pond an old knowing horse stood gravely cooling his heels up to the fetlocks. These, with shirts, male and female, drying on a line, and white-headed children rolling in the dust, and a donkey braying his heart out for reasons known only to himself, if known at all, were the principal details of the sylvan hamlet; but on a general survey there were grand beauties. The village and its turf lay in the semicircular sweep of an unbroken forest; but at the sides of the leafy basin glades had been cut for drawing timber, stacking bark, etc., and what Milton calls so happily, "the checkered shade," was seen in all its beauty; for the hot sun struggled in at every aperture, and splashed the leaves and the path with fiery flashes and streaks, and topaz brooches, all intensified in fire and beauty by the cool adjacent shadows.

Looking back, the view was quite open in most places. The wooded lanes and strips they had passed were little more in so vast a panorama than the black stripes on a backgammon board. The site was so high that the eye swept over all, and rested on a broad valley beyond, with a patchwork pattern of variegated fields, and the curling steam of engines flying across all England; then swept by a vast incline up to a horizon of faint green hills, the famous pastures of the United Kingdom. So that it was a deep basin of foliage in front; but you had only to turn your body and there was a forty-mile view, with all the sweet varieties of color that gem our fields and meadows, as they bask in the afternoon sun of that golden time when summer melts into autumn, and mellows without a chill.

"Oh," cried Miss Gale, "don't any body speak, please! It is too beautiful."

They respected an enthusiasm so rare in this young lady, and let her contemplate the scene at her ease.

"I reckon," said she, dogmatically, and nodding that wise little head, "that this is Old England—the England my ancestors left in search of liberty, and that's a plant that ranks before cherry-trees, I rather think. No, I couldn't have gone; I'd have staid and killed a hundred tyrants. But I wouldn't have chopped their heads off" (to Vizard, very confidentially); "I'd have poisoned 'em."

"Don't, Miss Gale," said Fanny; "you make my blood run cold."

As it was quite indifferent to Miss Gale whether she made Miss Dover's blood run cold or not, she paid no attention, but proceeded with her reflections. "The only thing that spoils it is the smoke of those engines, reminding one that in two hours you or I, or that pastoral old hermit there in a smock-frock, and a pipe, and oh, what bad tobacco, can be wrenched out of this paradise, and shrieked and rattled off and flung into that wilderness of brick called London, where the hearts are as hard as the pavement—except those that have strayed there from Barfordshire."

The witch changed face and tone and every thing like lightning, and threw this last in with a sudden grace and sweetness that contrasted strangely with her usual sharpness.

Zoe heard, and turned round to look down on her with a smile as sweet as honey. "I hardly think that is a drawback," said she, amicably. "Does not being able to leave a place make it sweeter? for then we are free in it, you know. But I must own there *is* a drawback—the boys' faces, Miss Gale, they *are* so pasty."

"Indeed!" says Rhoda, pricking up her ears.

"Form no false hopes of an epidemic. This is not an infirmary in a wood, Miss Gale," said Vizard. "My sister is a great colorist, and pitches her expectations too high. I dare say their faces are not more pasty than usual; but this is a show place, and looks like a garden; so Zoe wants the boys to be poppies and pansies, and the girls roses and lilies. Which—they—are—not."

"All I know is," said Zoe, resolutely, "that in Islip the children's faces are rosy, but here they are pasty—dreadfully pasty."

"Well, you have got a box of colors. We

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will come up some day and tint all the putty-faced boys." It was to Miss Dover the company owed this suggestion.

"No," said Rhoda. "Their faces are my business; I'll soon fix them. She didn't say putty-faced; she said pasty."

"Grateful to you for the distinction, Miss Gale," said Zoe.

Miss Gale proceeded to insist that boys are not pasty-faced without a cause, and it is to be sought lower down. "Ah!" cried she, suddenly, "is that a cherry that I see before me? No, a million. They steal them and eat them by the thousand, and that's why. Tell the truth, now, every body—they eat the stones."

Miss Vizard said she did not know, but thought them capable.

"Children know nothing," said Vizard. "Please address all future scientific inquiries to an 'old inhabitant.' Miss Gale, the country abounds in curiosities; but, among those curiosities, even Science, with her searching eye, has never yet discovered an unswallowed cherry-stone in Hillstoke village."

"What! not on the trees?"

"She is too much for me. Drive on, coachman, and drown her replies in the clatter of hoofs. Round by the Stag, Zoe. I am uneasy till I have locked Fair Science up. I own it is a mean way of getting rid of a troublesome disputant."

"Now I think it is quite fair," said Fanny. "She shuts you up, and so you lock her up."

"'Tis well," said Vizard, dolefully. "Now I am No. 3—I who used to retort and keep girls in their places—with difficulty. Here is Ned Severne, too, reduced to silence. Why, where's your tongue? Miss Gale, you would hardly believe it, this is our chatter-box. We have been days and days and could not get in a word edgeways for him. But now all he can do is to gaze on you with canine devotion, and devour the honey—I beg pardon, the lime juice—of your lips. I warn you of one thing, though; there is such a thing as a threatening silence. He is evidently booking every word you utter; and he will deliver it all for his own behind your back some fine day."

With this sort of banter and small-talk, not worth deluging the reader dead with, they passed away the time till they reached the farm.

"You stay here," said Vizard—"all but Zoe. Tom and George, get the things out." The grooms had already jumped out of the dog-cart, and two were at the horses' heads. The step-ladder was placed for Zoe, and Vizard asked her to go in and see the rooms were all right, while he took Miss Gale to the stables. He did so, and showed her a spirited Galloway and a steady old horse, and told her she could ride one and drive the other all over the country.

She thanked him, but said her attention would be occupied by the two villages first, and she should make him a report in forty-eight hours.

"As you please," said he. "You are terribly in earnest."

"What should I be worth if I was not?"

"Well, come and see your shell; and you must tell me if we have forgotten any thing essential to your comfort."

She followed him, and he led her to a wing of the farm-house comparatively new, and quite superior to the rest. Here were two good sunny rooms, with windows looking south and west, and they were both papered with a white watered pattern, and a pretty French border of flowers at the upper part, to look gay and cheerful.

Zoe was in the bedroom arranging things with a pretty air of hospitality. It was cheerily fitted up, and a fire of beech logs blazing.

"How good you are!" said Rhoda, looking wistfully at her. But Zoe checked all comments by asking her to look at the sitting-room and see if it would do. Rhoda would rather have staid with Zoe; but she complied, and found another bright, cheerful room, and Vizard standing in the middle of it. There was another beech fire blazing, though it was hot weather. Here was a round table, with a large pot full of flowers, geraniums and musk flowers outside, with the sun gilding their green leaves most amiably, and every thing unpretending, but bright and comfortable; well-padded sofa, luxurious arm-chair, stand-up reading-desk, and a very large knee-hole table; a fine mirror from the ceiling to the dado; a book-case with choice books, and on a pembroke table near the wall were several periodicals. Rhoda, after a cursory survey of the room, flew to the books. "Oh!" said she, "what good books! all standard works; and several on medicine; and, I declare, the last numbers of the *Lancet* and the *Medical Gazette*, and the very best French and German periodicals! Oh, what have I done? and what can I ever do?"

"What! Are *you* going to gush like the rest—and about nothing?" said Vizard. "Then I'm off. Come along, Zoe;" and he hurried his sister away.

She came at the word; but as soon as they were out of the house, asked him what was the matter.

"I thought she was going to gush. But I dare say it was a false alarm."

"And why shouldn't she gush, when you have been so kind?"

"Pooh—nonsense! I have not been kind to her, and don't mean to be kind to her, or to any woman; besides, she must not be allowed to gush; she is the parish virago—

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imported from vast distances as such—and for her to play the woman would be an abominable breach of faith. We have got our gusher, likewise our flirt; and it was understood from the first that this was to be a new *dramatis personæ*—was not to be a repetition of you or *la* Dover, but—ahem—the third Grace, a virago: solidified vinegar."

Rhoda Gale felt very happy. She was young, healthy, ambitious, and sanguine. She divined that somehow her turning-point had come; and when she contrasted her condition a month ago, and the hardness of the world, with the comfort and kindness that now surrounded her, and the magnanimity which fled, not to be thanked for them, she felt for once in a way humble as well as grateful, and said to herself, "It is not to myself nor any merit of mine I owe such a change as all this is." What some call religion, and others superstition, overpowered her, and she kneeled down and held communion with that great Spirit which, as she believed, pervades the material universe, and probably arises from it, as harmony from the well-strung harp. Theory of the day, or Plato redivivus—which is it?

"O great creative element, and stream of tendencies in the universe, whereby all things struggle toward perfection, deign to be the recipient of that gratitude which fills me and can not be silent; and since gratitude is right in all, and most of all in me at this moment, forgive me if, in the weakness of my intellect, I fall into the old error of addressing you as an individual. It is but the weakness of the heart; we are persons, and so we cry out for a personal God to be grateful to. Pray receive it so—if, indeed, these words of mine have any access to your infinitely superior nature. And if it is true that you influence the mind of man, and are by any act of positive volition the cause of these benefits I now profit by, then pray influence my mind in turn, and make me a more worthy recipient of all these favors; above all, inspire me to keep faithfully to my own sphere, which is on earth; to be good and kind and tolerant to my fellow-creatures, perverse as they are sometimes, and not content myself with saying good words to you, to whose information I can add nothing, nor yet to your happiness, by any words of mine. Let no hollow sentiment of religion keep me long prating on my knees, when life is so short, and" (jumping suddenly up) "my duties can only be discharged afoot."

Refreshed by this aspiration, the like of which I have not yet heard delivered in churches—but the rising generation will perhaps be more fortunate in that respect—she went into the kitchen, ordered tea, bread and butter, and one egg for dinner at seven o'clock, and walked instantly back to Hillstoke to inspect the village, according to her ideas of inspection.

Next morning down comes the bailiff's head man in his light cart, and a note is delivered to Vizard at the breakfast table. He reads it to himself, then proclaims silence, and reads it aloud:

"DEAR SIR,—As we crossed your hall to luncheon, there was the door of a small room half open, and I saw a large mahogany case standing on a marble table with one leg, but three claws gilt. I saw 'Micro' printed on the case. So I hope it is a microscope, and a fine one. To enable you to find it, if you don't know, the room had crimson curtains, and is papered in green flock. That is the worst of all the poisonous papers, because the texture is loose, and the poisonous stuff easily detached, and always flying about the room. I hope you do not sit in it, nor Miss Vizard, because sitting in that room is courting death. Please lend me the microscope, if it is one, and I'll soon show you why the boys are putty-faced. I have inspected them, and find Miss Dover's epithet more exact than Miss Vizard's, which is singular. I will take great care of it. Yours respectfully, 'RHODA GALE."

Vizard ordered a servant to deliver the microscope to Miss Gale's messenger with his compliments. Fanny wondered what she wanted with it. "Not to inspect our little characters, it is to be hoped," said Vizard. "Why not pay her a visit, you ladies? then she will tell you, perhaps." The ladies instantly wore that bland look of inert but rocky resistance I have already noted as a characteristic of "our girls." Vizard saw, and said, "Try and persuade them, Uxmoor."

"I can only offer Miss Vizard my escort," said Lord Uxmoor.

"And I offer both ladies mine," said Ned Severne, rather loud and with a little sneer, to mark his superior breeding. The gentleman was so extremely polite in general that there was no mistaking his hostile intentions now. The inevitable war had begun, and the first shot was fired. Of course the wonder was it had not come long before; and perhaps I ought to have drawn more attention to the delicacy and tact of Zoe Vizard, which had averted it for a time. To be sure she had been aided by the size of the house and its habits. The ladies had their own sitting-rooms; Fanny kept close to Zoe by special orders; and nobody could get a chance *tête-à-tête* with Zoe unless she chose. By this means, by her native dignity and watchful tact, by her frank courtesy to Uxmoor, and by the many little quiet ways she took to show Severne her sentiments remained unchanged, she had man-

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aged to keep the peace, and avert that open competition for her favor which would have tickled the vanity of a Fanny Dover, but shocked the refined modesty of a Zoe Vizard.

But nature will have her way soon or late, and it is the nature of males to fight for the female.

At Severne's shot Uxmoor drew up a little haughtily, but did not feel sure any thing was intended. He was little accustomed to rubs. Zoe, on the other hand, turned a little pale—just a little, for she was sorry, but not surprised; so she proved equal to the occasion. She smiled and made light of it. "Of course we are *all* going," said she.

"Except one," said Vizard, dryly.

"That is too bad," said Fanny. "Here he drives us all to visit his blue-stocking, but he takes good care not to go himself."

"Perhaps he prefers to visit her alone," suggested Severne. Zoe looked alarmed.

"That is *so*," said Vizard. "Observe, I am learning her very phrases. When you come back, tell me every word she says; pray let nothing be lost that falls from my virago."

The party started after luncheon; and Severne, true to his new policy, whipped to Zoe's side before Uxmoor, and engaged her at once in conversation.

Uxmoor bit his lip, and fell to Fanny. Fanny saw at once what was going on, and made herself very agreeable to Uxmoor. He was polite and a little gratified, but cast uneasy glances at the other pair.

Meantime Severne was improving his opportunity. "Sorry to disturb Lord Uxmoor's monopoly," said he, sarcastically, "but I could not bear it any longer."

"I do not object to the change," said Zoe, smiling maternally on him; "but you will be good enough to imitate me in one thing —you will always be polite to Lord Uxmoor."

"He makes it rather hard."

"It is only for a time; and we must all learn to be capable of self-denial. I assure you I have exercised quite as much as I ask of you. Edward, he is a gentleman of great worth, universally respected, and my brother has a particular wish to be friends with him. So pray be patient; be considerate. Have a little faith in one who—"

She did not end the sentence.

"Well, I will," said he. "But please think of me a little. I am beginning to feel quite thrust aside, and degraded in my own eyes for putting up with it."

"For shame, to talk so," said Zoe; but the tears came into her eyes.

The master of arts saw, and said no more. He had the art of not overdoing: he left the arrow to rankle. He walked by her side in silence for ever so long. Then, suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of unselfish love, went off into delightful discourse. He cooed and wooed and flattered and fascinated; and by the time they reached the farm, had driven Uxmoor out of her head.

Miss Gale was out. The farmer's wife said she had gone into the town—meaning Hillstoke — which was, strictly speaking, a hamlet or tributary village. Hillstoke church was only twelve years old, and the tithes of the place went to the parson of Islip.

When Zoe turned to go, Uxmoor seized the opportunity, and drew up beside her, like a soldier falling into the ranks. Zoe felt hot; but as Severne took no open notice, she could not help smiling at the behavior of the fellows; and Uxmoor got his chance.

Severne turned to Fanny with a wicked sneer. "Very well, my lord," said he; "but I have put a spoke in your wheel."

"As if I did not see, you clever creature!" said Fanny, admiringly.

"Ah, Miss Dover, I need to be as clever as you! See what I have against me: a rich lord, with the bushiest beard."

"Never you mind," said Fanny. "Good wine needs no bush, ha! ha! You are lovely, and have a wheedling tongue, and you were there first. Be good, now—and you can flirt with me to fill up the time. I hate not being flirted at all. It is stagnation."

"Yes, but it is not so easy to flirt with you just a little. You are so charming." Thereupon he proceeded to flatter her, and wonder how he had escaped a passionate attachment to so brilliant a creature. "What saved me," said he, oracularly, "is, that I never could love two at once; and Zoe seized my love at sight. She left me nothing to lay at your feet but my admiration, the tenderest friendship man can feel for woman, and my life-long gratitude for fighting my battle. Oh, Miss Dover, I must be quite serious a moment. What other lady but you would be so generous as to befriend a poor man with another lady, when there's wealth and title on the other side?"

Fanny blushed and softened, but turned it off. "There—no heroics, please," said she. "You are a dear little fellow; and don't go and be jealous, for he sha'n't have her. He would never ask me to his house, you know. Now I think you would, perhaps—who knows? Tell me, fascinating monster, are you going to be ungrateful?"

"Not to you. My home would always be yours; and you know it." And he caught her hand and kissed it in an ungovernable transport, the strings of which he pulled himself. He took care to be quick about it, though, and not let Zoe or Uxmoor see, who were walking on before and behaving sedately.

In Hillstoke lived, on a pension from Vizard, old Mrs. Greenaway, rheumatic about

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the lower joints, so she went on crutches; but she went fast, being vigorous, and so did her tongue. At Hillstoke she was Dame Greenaway, being a relic of that generation which applied the word dame to every wife, high and low; but at Islip she was "Sally," because she had started under that title, fifty-five years ago, as house-maid at Vizard Court; and by the tenacity of oral tradition, retained it ever since, in spite of two husbands she had wedded and buried with equal composure.

Her feet were still springy, her arms strong as iron, and her crutches active. At sight of our party she came out with amazing wooden strides, agog for gossip, and met them at the gate. She managed to indicate a courtesy, and said, "Good-day, miss; your sarvant, all the company. Lord, how nice you be dressed, all on ye, to—be—sure! Well, miss, have ye heerd the news?"

"No, Sally. What is it?"

"What! haant ye heerd about the young 'oman at the farm?"

"Oh yes; we came to see her."

"No, did ye now? Well, she was here not half an hour agone. By the same toaken, I did put her a question, and she answered me then and there."

"And may I ask what the question was?"

"And welcome, miss. I said, says I, 'Young 'oman, where be you come from?' so says she, 'Old 'oman, I be come from forin parts.' 'I thought as much,' says I. 'And what be 'e come *for*?' 'To sojourn here,' says she, which she meant to bide a time. 'And what do 'e count to do whilst here you be?' says I. Says she, 'As much good as ever I can do, and as little harm.' 'That is no answer,' says I. She said it would do for the present; 'and good-day to you, ma'am,' says she. 'Your sarvant, miss,' says I; and she was off like a flash. But I called my grandson Bill, and I told him he must follow her, go where she would, and let us know what she was up to down in Islip. Then I went round the neighbors, and one told me one tale, and another another. But it all comes to one—we have gotten A BUSYBODY; that's the name I gives her. She don't give in to that, ye know; she is a Latiner, and speaks according. She gave Master Giles her own description. Says she, 'I'm suspector-general of this here districk.' So then Giles he was skeared a bit—he have got an acre of land of his own, you know—and he up and asked her did she come under the taxes, or was she a fresh imposition; 'for we are burdened enough a'ready, no offense to you, miss,' says Josh Giles. 'Don't you be skeared, old man,' says she, 'I sha'n't cost *you* none; your betters pays for I.' So says Giles, 'Oh, if you falls on squire, I don't vally that; squire's back is broad enough to bear the load, but I'm a poor man.' That's how a' goes on, ye know. Poverty is always in his mouth, but the old chap have got a hatful of money hid away in the thatch or some're, only he haant a got the heart to spend it."

"Tell us more about the young lady," asked Uxmoor.

"What young lady? Oh, *her*. She is not a young lady—leastways she is not dressed like one, but like a plain, decent body. She was all of a piece—blue serge! Bless your heart, the peddlers bring it round here at elevenpence half-penny the yard, and a good breadth too; and plain boots, not heeled like your'n, miss, nor your'n, ma'am; and a felt hat like a boy. You'd say the parish had dressed her for ten shillings, and got a pot of beer out on't."

"Well, never mind that," said Zoe; "I must tell you she is a very worthy young lady, and my brother has a respect for her. Dress? Why, Sally, you know it is not the wisest that spend most on dress. You might tell us what she *does*."

Dame Greenaway snatched the word out of her mouth. "Well, then, miss, what she have done, she have suspected every thing. She have suspected the ponds; she have suspected the houses; she have suspected the folk; she must know what they eat and drink and wear next their very skin, and what they do lie down on. She have been at the very boys and forbade 'em to swallow the cherry-stones, poor things; but old Mrs. Nash—which her boys lives on cherries at this time o' year, and to be sure they are a godsend to keep the children hereabout from starving—well, Dame Nash told her the Almighty knew best; He had put 'em together on the tree, so why not in the boys' insides; and that was common-sense to my mind. But la! she wouldn't heed it. She said, 'Then you'd eat the peach-stones by that rule, and the fish bones and all.' Says she, quite resolute like, 'I forbid 'em to swallow the stones;' and says she, 'Ye mawnt gainsay me, none on ye, for I be the new doctor.' So then it all come out. She isn't suspector-general; she is a wench turned doctor, which it is against reason. Sha'n't doctor *me* for one; but that there old Giles, he says he is agreeable, if so be she wool doctor him cheap—cussed old fool!—as if any doctoring was cheap that kills a body and doan't cure 'em. Dear heart, I forgot to tell ye about the ponds. Well, you know there be no wells here. We makes our tea out of the ponds, and capital good tea to drink, far before well water, for I mind that one day about twenty years agone some interfering body did cart a barrel up from Islip; and if we wants water withouten tea, why, we can get plenty on't, and none too much malt and hops, at 'The Black Horse.' So this here young 'oman she suspects the poor ponds, and casts a hevil-eye on them, and she bor-

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rows two mugs of Giles, and carries the water home to suspect it closer. That is all she have done at present, but, ye see, she haant been here so very long. You mark my words, miss, that young 'oman will turn Hillstoke village topsy-turvy or ever she goes back to London town."

"Nonsense, Sally," said Zoe; "how can any body do that while my brother and I are alive?" She then slipped half a crown into Sally's hand, and led the way to Islip.

On the road her conversation with Uxmoor took a turn suggestive of this interview. I forget which began it; but they differed a little in opinion, Uxmoor admiring Miss Gale's zeal and activity, and Zoe fearing that she would prove a rash reformer, perhaps a reckless innovator.

"And really," said she, "why disturb things? for, go where I will, I see no such Paradise as these two villages."

"They are indeed lovely," said Uxmoor; "but my own village is very pretty. Yet on nearer inspection I have found so many defects, especially in the internal arrangements of the cottages, that I am always glad to hear of a new eye having come to bear on any village."

"I know you are very good," said Zoe, "and wish all the poor people about you to be as healthy and as happy as possible."

"I really do," said Uxmoor, warmly. "I often think of the strange inequality in the lot of men. Living in the country, I see around me hundreds of men who are by nature as worthy as I am or thereabouts. Yet they must toil and labor, and, indeed, fight, for bare food and clothing all their lives, and worse off at the close of their long labor. That is what grieves me to the heart. All this time I revel in plenty and luxuries —not forgetting the luxury of luxuries, the delight of giving to those who need and deserve. What have I done for all this? I have been born of the right parents. My merit, then, is the accident of an accident. But having done nothing meritorious before I was born, surely I ought to begin afterward. I think a man born to wealth ought to doubt his moral title to it, and ought to set to work to prove it—ought to set himself to repair the injustice of fortune by which he profits. Yes, such a man should be a sort of human sunshine, and diffuse blessings all round him. The poor man that encounters him ought to bless the accident. But there, I am not eloquent. You know how much more I mean than I can say."

"Indeed I do," said Zoe, "and I honor you."

"Ah, Miss Vizard," said Uxmoor, "that is more than I can ever deserve."

"You are praising me at your own expense," said Zoe. "Well, then," said she, sweetly, "please accept my sympathy. It is so rare to find a gentleman of your age thinking so little of himself and so much of poor people. Yet that is a Divine command. But somehow we forget our religion out of church—most of us. I am sure I do for one."

This conversation brought them to the village, and there they met Vizard, and Zoe repeated old Sally's discourse to him word for word. He shook his head solemnly, and said he shared her misgivings. "We have caught a Tartar."

On arriving at Vizard Court, they found Miss Gale had called and left two cards.

Open rivalry having now commenced between Uxmoor and Severne, his lordship was adroit enough to contrive that the drag should be in request next day.

Then Severne got Fanny to convey a note to Zoe, imploring her to open her bedroom window and say good-night to him the last. "For," said he, "I have no coach and four, and I am very unhappy."

This and his staying sullenly at home spoiled Zoe's ride, and she was cool to Uxmoor, and spoiled his drive.

At night Zoe peeped through the curtain and saw Severne standing in the moonlight. She drank him in for some time in silence, then softly opened her window and looked out. He took a step nearer.

She said, very softly and tenderly, "You are very naughty and very foolish. Go to bed *di*-rectly." And she closed her window with a valiant slam; then sat down and sighed.

Same game next day. Uxmoor driving, Zoe wonderfully polite, but chill, because he was separating her and Severne. At night, Severne on the wet grass, and Zoe remonstrating severely, but not sincerely, and closing the window peremptorily she would have liked to keep open half the night.

It has often been remarked that great things arise out of small things, and sometimes, when in full motion, depend on small things. History offers brilliant examples upon its large stage. Fiction has imitated history in *un verre d'eau* and other compositions. To these examples, real or feigned, I am now about to add one; and the curious reader may, if he thinks it worth while, note the various ramifications at home and abroad of a seemingly trivial incident.

They were all seated at luncheon, when a servant came in with a salver, and said, "A gentleman to see you, Sir." He presented his salver with a card upon it. Severne clutched the card, and jumped up, reddening.

"Show him in here," said the hospitable Vizard.

"No, no," cried Severne, rather nervously; "it is my lawyer on a little private business."

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Vizard told the servant to show the visitor into the library, and take in the Madeira and some biscuits.

"It is about a lease," said Ned Severne, and went out rather hurriedly.

"La!" said Fanny, "what a curious name—Poikilus. And what does S. I. mean, I wonder?"

"This is enigmatical discourse," said Vizard, dryly. "Please explain."

"Why, the card had Poikilus on it."

"You are very inquisitive," said Zoe, coloring.

"No more than my neighbors. But the man put his salver right between our noses, and how could I help seeing Poikilus in large letters, and S. I. in little ones up in the corner?"

Said Vizard, "The female eye is naturally swift. She couldn't help seeing all that in *half a minute of time;* for Ned Severne snatched up the card with vast expedition."

"I saw that too," said Fanny, defiantly.

Uxmoor put in his word. "Poikilus! That is a name one sees in the papers."

"Of course you do. He is one of the humbugs of the day. Pretends to find things out; advertises mysterious disappearances; offers a magnificent reward—with perfect safety, because he has invented the lost girl's features and dress, and her disappearance into the bargain; and I hold with the school-men, that she who does not exist can not disappear. Poikilus, a puffing detective. S. I., Secret Inquiry. *I* spell Enquiry with an E—but Poikilus is a man of the day. What the deuce can Ned Severne want of him? I suppose I ought not to object. I have established a female detective at Hillstoke. So Ned sets one up at Islip. I shall make my own secret arrangements. If Poikilus settles here, he will be drawn through the horse-pond by small-minded rustics once a week."

While he was going on like this, Zoe felt uncomfortable, and almost irritated by his volubility, and it was a relief to her when Severne returned. He had confided a most delicate case to the detective, given him written instructions, and stipulated for his leaving the house without a word to any one, and, indeed, seen him off—all in seven minutes. Yet he returned to our party cool as a cucumber, to throw dust in every body's eyes.

"I must apologize for this intrusion," he said to Vizard; "but my lawyer wanted to consult me about the lease of one of my farms, and finding himself in the neighborhood, he called instead of writing."

"Your lawyer, eh?" said Vizard, slyly. "What is your lawyer's name?"

"Jackson," said Ned, without a moment's hesitation.

Fanny giggled in her own despite.

Instead of stopping here, Severne must go on; it was his unlucky day.

"Not quite a gentleman, you know, or I would have inflicted his society on you."

"Not quite—eh?" said Harrington, so dryly that Fanny Dover burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

But Zoe turned hot and cold to see him blundering thus, and telling lie upon lie.

Severne saw there was something wrong, and buried his nose in pigeon pie. He devoured it with an excellent appetite, while every eye rested on him; Zoe's with shame and misery, Uxmoor's with open contempt, Vizard's with good-humored satire.

The situation became intolerable to Zoe Vizard. Indignant and deeply shocked herself, she still could not bear to see him the butt of others' ridicule and contempt. She rose haughtily and marched to the door. He raised his head for a moment as she went out. She turned, and their eyes met. She gave him such a glance of pity and disdain as suspended the meat upon his fork, and froze him into comprehending that something very serious indeed had happened.

He resolved to learn from Fanny what it was, and act accordingly. But Zoe's maid came in and whispered Fanny. She went out, and neither of the young ladies was seen till dinner-time. It was conveyed to Uxmoor that there would be no excursion of any kind this afternoon; and therefore he took his hat, and went off to pay a visit. He called on Rhoda Gale. She was at home. He intended merely to offer her his respects, and to side with her generally against these foolish rustics; but she was pleased with him for coming, and made herself so agreeable that he spent the whole afternoon comparing notes with her upon village life, and the amelioration it was capable of. Each could give the other valuable ideas; and he said he hoped she would visit his part of the country ere long; she would find many defects, but also a great desire to amend them.

This flattered her, naturally; and she began to take an interest in him. That interest soon took the form of curiosity. She must know whether he was seriously courting Zoe Vizard or not. The natural reserve of a well-bred man withstood this at first; but that armor could not resist for two mortal hours such a daughter of Eve as this, with her insidious questions, her artful statements, her cat-like retreats and cat-like returns. She learned—though he did not see how far he had committed himself—that he admired Zoe Vizard, and would marry her to-morrow if she would have him; his hesitation to ask her, because he had a rival, whose power he could not exactly measure; but a formidable and permitted rival.

They parted almost friends; and Rhoda settled quietly in her mind he should have Zoe Vizard, since he was so fond of her.

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Here again it was Severne's unlucky day, and Uxmoor's lucky. To carry this same day to a close, Severne tried more than once to get near Zoe and ask if he had offended her, and in what. But no opportunity occurred. So then he sat and gazed at her, and looked unhappy. She saw, and was not unmoved, but would not do more than glance at him. He resigned himself to wait till night.

Night came. He went on the grass. There was a light in Zoe's room. It was eleven o'clock. He waited, shivering, till twelve. Then the light was put out; but no window opened. There was a moon; and her windows glared black on him, dark and bright as the eyes she now averted from him. He was in disgrace.

The present incident I have recorded did not end here; and I must now follow Poikilus on his mission to Homburg; and if the reader has a sense of justice, methinks he will not complain of the journey, for see how long I have neglected the noblest figure in this story, and the most to be pitied. To desert her longer would be too unjust, and derange entirely the balance of this complicated story.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CRUEL mental stroke, like a heavy blow upon the body, sometimes benumbs and sickens at first, but does not torture; yet that is to follow.

It was so with Ina Klosking. The day she just missed Edward Severne, and he seemed to melt away from her very grasp into the wide world again, she could drag herself to the theatre and sing angelically, with a dull and aching heart. But next day her heart entered on sharper suffering. She was irritated, exasperated; chained to the theatre, to Homburg, yet wild to follow Severne to England without delay. She told Ashmead she must and would go. He opposed it stoutly, and gave good reasons. She could not break faith with the management. England was a large place. They had, as yet, no clew but a name. By waiting, the clew would come. The sure course was to give publicity in England to her winnings, and so draw Severne to her.

But for once she was too excited to listen to reason. She was tempest-tossed. "I *will* go—I *will* go," she repeated, as she walked the room wildly, and flung her arms aloft with reckless abandon, and yet with a terrible majesty, an instinctive grace, and all the poetry of a great soul wronged and driven wild.

She overpowered Ashmead and drove him to the director. He went most unwillingly; but once there, was true to her, and begged off the engagement eagerly. The director refused this plump. Then Ashmead, still true to his commission, offered him (most reluctantly) a considerable sum down to annul the contract, and backed this with a quiet hint that she would certainly fall ill if refused. The director knew by experience what this meant, and how easily these ladies can command the human body to death's door *pro re natâ*, and how readily a doctor's certificate can be had to say or swear that the great creature can not sing or act without peril to life, though really both these arts are grand medicines, and far less likely to injure the *bona fide* sick than are the certifying doctor's draughts and drugs. The director knew all this; but he was furious at the disappointment threatened him. "No," said he; "this is always the way; a poor devil of a manager is never to have a success. It is treacherous, it is ungrateful: I'll close. You tell her if she is determined to cut all our throats and kick her own good fortune down, she can; but, by ——, I'll make her smart for it. Mind, now; she closes the theatre and pays the expenses, if she plays me false."

"But if she is ill?"

"Let her die and be ——, and then I'll believe her. She is the healthiest woman in Germany. I'll go and take steps to have her arrested if she offers to leave the town."

Ashmead reported the manager's threats, and the Klosking received them as a lioness the barking of a cur. She drew herself swiftly up, and her great eye gleamed imperial disdain at all his menaces but one.

"He will not really close the theatre," said she, loftily; but uneasiness lurked in her manner.

"He will," said Ashmead. "He is desperate: and you know it *is* hard to go on losing and losing, and then the moment luck turns be done out of it, in spite of a written bargain. I've been a manager myself."

"So many poor people!" said Ina, with a sigh; and her defiant head sank a little.

"Oh, bother *them!*" said Ashmead, craftily. "Let 'em starve."

"God forbid!" said Ina. Then she sighed again, and her queenly head sank lower. Then she faltered out, "I have the will to break faith and ruin poor people, but I have not the courage."

Then a tear or two began to trickle, carrying with them all the egotistical resolution Ina Klosking possessed at that time. Perhaps we shall see her harden: nothing stands still.

This time the poor conquered.

But every now and then for many days there were returns of torment and agitation and wild desire to escape to England.

Ashmead made head against these with his simple arts. For one thing he showed her a dozen paragraphs in MS. he was sending to as many English weekly papers, de-

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scribing her heavy gains at the table. "With these stones," said he, "I kill two birds: extend your fame, and entice your idol back to you." Here a growl, which I suspect was an inarticulate curse. Joseph, fie!

The pen of Joseph on such occasions was like his predecessor's coat, polychromatic. The Klosking read him, and wondered. "Alas!" said she, "with what versatile skill do you descant on a single circumstance not very creditable."

"Creditable!" said Ashmead; "it was very naughty, but it is very nice." And the creature actually winked, forgetting, of course, whom he was winking at, and wasting his vulgarity on the desert air; for the Klosking's eye might just manage to blink—at the meridian sun, or so forth; but it never winked once in all its life.

One of the paragraphs ran thus, with a heading in small capitals:

"A PRIMA DONNA AT THE GAMBLING TABLE.

"Mademoiselle Klosking, the great contralto, whose success has been already recorded in all the journals, strolled, on one of her off nights, into the Kursaal at Homburg, and sat down to *trente et quarante*. Her melodious voice was soon heard betting heavily, with the most engaging sweetness of manner; and doubling seven times upon the red, she broke the bank, and retired with a charming courtesy and eight thousand pounds in gold and notes."

Another dealt with the matter thus:

"ROUGE ET NOIR.

"The latest coup at Homburg has been made by a cantatrice whose praises all Germany are now ringing. Mademoiselle Klosking, successor and rival of Alboni, went to the Kursaal, *pour passer le temps;* and she passed it so well that in half an hour the bank was broken, and there was a pile of notes and gold before La Klosking amounting to ten thousand pounds and more. The lady waved these over to her agent, Mr. Joseph Ashmead, with a hand which, *par parenthèse*, is believed to be the whitest in Europe, and retired gracefully."

On perusing this, La Klosking held *two* white hands up to heaven in amazement at the skill and good taste which had dragged this feature into the incident.

"A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

"A circumstance has lately occurred here which will infallibly be seized on by the novelists in search of an incident. Mademoiselle Klosking, the new contralto, whose triumphant progress through Europe will probably be the next event in music, walked into the Kursaal the other night, broke the bank, and walked out again with twelve thousand pounds, and that charming composure which is said to distinguish her in private life.

"What makes it more remarkable is that the lady is not a gamester, has never played before, and is said to have declared that she shall never play again. It is certain that, with such a face, figure, and voice as hers, she need never seek for wealth at the gambling table. Mademoiselle Klosking is now in negotiation with all the principal cities of the Continent. But the English managers, we apprehend, will prove awkward competitors."

Were I to reproduce the nine other paragraphs, it would be a very curious, instructive, and tedious specimen of literature; and, who knows, I might corrupt some immaculate soul, inspire some actor or actress, singer or songstress, with an itch for public self-laudation, a foible from which they are all at present so free. Witness the *Era*, the *Hornet*, and *Figaro*.

Ina Klosking spotted what she conceived to be a defect in these histories. "My friend," said she, meekly, "the sum I won was under five thousand pounds."

"Was it? Yes, to be sure. But, you see, these are English advertisements. Now England is so rich that if you keep down to any *Continental* sum, you give a false impression in England of the importance on the spot."

"And so we are to falsify figures? In the first of these legends it was double the truth; and, as I read, it enlarges—oh, but it enlarges," said Ina, with a Gallicism we shall have to forgive in a lady who spoke five languages.

"Madam," said Ashmead, dryly, "you must expect your capital to increase rapidly, so long as I conduct it."

Not being herself swift to shed jokes, Ina did not take them rapidly. She stared at him. He never moved a muscle. She gave a slight shrug of her grand shoulders, and resigned that attempt to reason with the creature.

She had a pill in store for him, though. She told him that, as she had sacrificed the longings of her heart to the poor of the theatre, so she should sacrifice a portion of her ill-gotten gains to the poor of the town.

He made a hideously wry face at that, asked what poor rates were for, and assured her that "pauper" meant "drunkard."

"It is not written so in Scripture," said Ina; "and I need their prayers, for I am very unhappy."

In short, Ashmead was driven out from the presence-chamber with a thousand thalers to distribute among the poor of Homburg; and once in the street, his face did not shine like an angel's of mercy, but was very pinched and morose; hardly recognizable—poor Joe!

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By-and-by he scratched his head. Now it is unaccountable, but certain heads often yield an idea in return for that. Joseph's did, and his countenance brightened.

Three days after this Ina was surprised by a note from the Burgomaster, saying that he and certain of the town council would have the honor of calling on her at noon.

What might this mean?

She sent to ask for Mr. Ashmead; he was not to be found; he had hidden himself too carefully.

The deputation came and thanked her for her munificent act of charity.

She looked puzzled at first, then blushed to the temples. "Munificent act, gentlemen! Alas! I did but direct my agent to distribute a small sum among the deserving poor. He has done very ill to court your attention. My little contribution should have been as private as it is insignificant."

"Nay, madam," said the clerk of the council, who was a recognized orator, "your agent did well to consult our worthy Burgomaster, who knows the persons most in need and most deserving. We do not doubt that you love to do good in secret. Nevertheless, we have also our sense of duty, and we think it right that so benevolent an act should be published, as an example to others. In the same view, we claim to comment publicly on your goodness." Then he looked to the Burgomaster, who took him up.

"And we comment thus: Madam, since the Middle Ages the freedom of this town has not been possessed by any female. There is, however, no law forbidding it, and therefore, madam, the civic authorities, whom I represent, do hereby present to you the freedom of this burgh."

He then handed her an emblazoned vellum giving her citizenship, with the reasons written plainly in golden letters.

Ina Klosking, who had remained quite quiet during the speeches, waited a moment or two, and then replied, with seemly grace and dignity:

"Mr. Burgomaster and gentlemen, you have paid me a great and unexpected compliment, and I thank you for it. But one thing makes me uneasy: it is that I have done so little to deserve this. I console myself, however, by reflecting that I am still young, and may have opportunities to show myself grateful, and even to deserve, in the future, this honor, which at present overpays me, and almost oppresses me. On that understanding, gentlemen, be pleased to bestow, and let me receive, the rare compliment you have paid me by admitting me to citizenship in your delightful town." (To herself:) "I'll scold him well for this."

Low courtesy; profound bows; exit deputation enchanted with her; *manet* Klosking with the freedom of the city in her hand and ingratitude in her heart; for her one idea was to get hold of Mr. Joseph Ashmead directly, and reproach him severely for all this, which she justly ascribed to his machinations.

The cunning Ashmead divined her project, and kept persistently out of her way. That did not suit her neither. She was lonely. She gave the waiter a friendly line to bring him to her. Now, mind you, she was too honest to pretend she was not going to scold him. So this is what she wrote:

"MY FRIEND,—Have you deserted me? Come to me, and be remonstrated. What have you to fear? You know so well how to defend yourself. INA KLOSKING."

Arrived in a very few minutes Mr. Ashmead, jaunty, cheerful, and defensive.

Ina, with a countenance from which all discontent was artfully extracted, laid before him, in the friendliest way you can imagine, an English Bible. It was her father's, and she always carried it with her. "I wish," said she, insidiously, "to consult you on a passage or two of this book. How do you understand this—

"'When thou doest thine alms, do not send a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do.'

"And this:

"'When thou doest thine alms, let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.'"

Having pointed out these sentences with her finger, she looked to him for his interpretation. Joseph, thus erected into a Scripture commentator, looked at the passages first near, and then afar off, as if the true interpretation depended on perspective. Having thus gained a little time, he said, "Well, I think the meaning is clear enough. We are to hide our own light under a bushel. But it don't say an agent is to hide his employer's."

"Be serious, Sir. This is a great authority."

"Oh, of course, of course. Still—if you won't be offended, ma'am—times are changed since then. It was a very small place, where news spread of itself; and all that can not be written for theatrical agents, because there wasn't one in creation."

"And so now their little customs, lately invented, like themselves, are to prevail against God's im-mor-tal law!" It was something half-way between Handel and mellowed thunder the way her grand contralto suddenly rolled out these three words. Joseph was cunning. He put on a crushed appearance, deceived by which the firm but gentle Klosking began to soften her tone directly.

"It has given me pain," said she, sorrow-

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fully. "And I am afraid God will be angry with us both for our ostentation."

"Not He," said Joseph, consolingly. "Bless your heart, He is not half so irritable as the parsons fancy; they confound Him with themselves."

Ina ignored this suggestion with perfect dignity, and flowed on: "All I stipulate now is that I may not see this pitiable parade in print."

"That is past praying for, then," said Ashmead, resolutely. "You might as well try to stop the waves as check publicity—in our day. Your munificence to the poor—confound the lazy lot—and the gratitude of those pompous prigs, the deputation—the presentation—your admirable reply—"

"You never heard it, now—"

"Which, as you say, I was not so fortunate as to hear, and so must content myself with describing it—all this is flying north, south, east, and west."

"Oh no, no, no! You have not *advertised* it?"

"Not advertised it? For what do you take me? Wait till you see the bill I am running up against you. Madam, you must take people as they are. Don't try to un-Ashmead *me;* it is impossible. Catch up that knife and kill me. I'll not resist; on the contrary, I'll sit down and prepare an obituary notice for the weeklies, and say I did it. BUT WHILE I BREATHE I ADVERTISE."

And Joseph was defiant; and the Klosking shrugged her noble shoulders, and said, "You best of creatures, you are incurable."

To follow this incident to its conclusion, not a week after this scene, Ina Klosking detected, in an English paper,

"A CHARITABLE ACT.

"Mademoiselle Klosking, the great contralto, having won a large sum of money at the Kursaal, has given a thousand pounds to the poor of the place. The civic authorities hearing of this, and desirous to mark their sense of so noble a donation, have presented her with the freedom of the burgh, written on vellum and gold. Mademoiselle Klosking received the compliment with charming grace and courtesy; but her modesty is said to have been much distressed at the publicity hereby given to an act she wished to be known only to the persons relieved by her charity."

Ina caught the culprit, and showed him this. "A thousand pounds!" said she. "Are you not ashamed? Was ever a niggardly act so embellished and exaggerated? I feel my face very red, Sir."

"Oh, I'll explain that in a moment," said Joseph, amicably. "Each nation has a coin it is always quoting. France counts in francs, Germany in thalers, America in dollars, England in pounds. When a thing costs a million francs in France, or a million dollars in the States, that is always called a million pounds in the English journals: otherwise it would convey no distinct idea at all to an Englishman. Turning thalers and francs into pounds—*that* is not *exaggeration;* it is only *translation.*"

Ina gave him such a look. He replied with an unabashed smile.

She shrugged her shoulders in silence this time, and, to the best of my belief, made no more serious attempts to un-Ashmead her Ashmead.

A month had now passed, and that was a little more than half the dreary time she had to wade through. She began to count the days, and that made her pine all the more. Time is like a kettle. Be blind to him, he flies; watch him, he lags. Her sweet temper was a little affected, and she even reproached Ashmead for holding her out false hopes that his advertisements of her gains would induce Severne to come to her, or even write. "No," said she; "there must be some greater attraction. Karl says that Miss Vizard, who called upon me, was a beauty, and dark. Perhaps she was the lovely girl I saw at the opera. She has never been there since: and he is gone to England with people of that name."

"Well, but that Miss Vizard called on you. She can't intend to steal him from you."

"But she may not know; a woman may injure another without intending. He may deceive her; he has betrayed me. Her extraordinary beauty terrifies me. It enchanted me; and how much more a man?"

Joseph said he thought this was all fancy; and as for his advertisements, it was too early yet to pronounce on their effect.

The very day after this conversation he bounced into her room in great dudgeon. "There, madam! the advertisements *have* produced an effect; and not a pleasant one. Here's a detective on to us. He is feeling his way with Karl. I knew the man in a moment; calls himself Poikilus in print, and Smith to talk to; but he is Aaron at the bottom of it all, and can speak several languages. Confound their impudence! putting a detective on to *us*, when it is they that are keeping dark."

"Who do you think has sent him?" asked Ina, intently.

"The party interested, I suppose."

"Interested in what?"

"Why, in the money you won; for he was drawing Karl about that."

"Then *he* sent the man!" And Ina began to pant and change color.

"Well, now you put it to me, I think so. Come to look at it, it is certain. Who else *could* it be? Here is a brace of sweeps.

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They wouldn't be the worse for a good kicking. You say the word, and Smith shall have one, at all events."

"Alas! my friend," said Ina, "for once you are slow. What! a messenger comes here direct from *him;* and are we so dull we can learn nothing from him who comes to question us? Let me think."

She leaned her forehead on her white hand, and her face seemed slowly to fill with intellectual power.

"That man," said she at last, "is the only link between him and me. I must speak to him."

Then she thought again.

"No, not yet. He must be detained in the house. Letters may come to him, and their postmarks may give us some clew."

"I'll recommend the house to him."

"Oh, that is not necessary. He will lodge here of his own accord. Does he know you?"

"I think not."

"Do not give him the least suspicion that you know he is a detective."

"All right, I won't."

"If he sounds you about the money, say nobody knows much about it, except Mademoiselle Klosking. If you can get the matter so far, come and tell me. But be *you* very reserved, for you are not clear."

Ashmead received these instructions meekly, and went into the *salle à manger* and ordered dinner. Smith was there, and had evidently got some information from Karl, for he opened an easy conversation with Ashmead, and it ended in their dining together.

Smith played the open-handed countryman to the life—stood Champagne. Ashmead chattered, and seemed quite off his guard. Smith approached the subject cautiously. "Gamble here as much as ever?"

"All day, some of them."

"Ladies and all?"

"Why, the ladies are the worst."

"No; are they now? Ah, that reminds me. I heard there was a lady in this very house won a pot o' money."

"It is true. I am her agent."

"I suppose she lost it all next day?"

"Well, not all, for she gave a thousand pounds to the poor."

"The dress-makers collared the rest?"

"I can not say. I have nothing to do except with her theatrical business. She will make more by that than she ever made at play."

"What, is she tip-top?"

"The most rising singer in Europe."

"I should like to see her."

"That you can easily do. She sings to-night. I'll pass you in."

"You are a good fellow. Have a bit of supper with me afterward. Bottle of fizz."

These two might be compared to a couple of spiders, each taking the other for a fly. Smith was enchanted with Ina's singing, or pretended. Ashmead was delighted with him, or pretended.

"Introduce me to her," said Smith.

"I dare not do that. You are not professional, are you?"

"No, but you can say I am, for a lark."

Ashmead said he should like to; but it would not do, unless he was very wary.

"Oh, I'm fly," said the other. "She won't get any thing out of me. I've been behind the scenes often enough."

Then Ashmead said he would go and ask her if he might present a London manager to her. He soon brought back the answer. "She is too tired to-night: but I pressed her, and she says she will be charmed if you will breakfast with her to-morrow at eleven." He did not say that he was to be with her at half past ten for special instructions. They were very simple. "My friend," said she, "I mean to tell this man something which he will think it his duty to telegraph or write to *him* immediately. It was for this I would not have the man to supper, being after post time. This morning he shall either write or telegraph, and then, if you are as clever in this as you are in some things, you will watch him and find out the address he sends to."

Ashmead listened very attentively, and fell into a brown-study.

"Madam," said he at last, "this is a first-rate combination. You make him communicate with England, and I will do the rest. If he telegraphs, I'll be at his heels. If he goes to the post, I know a way. If he posts in the house, he makes it too easy."

At eleven Ashmead introduced his friend "Sharpus, manager of Drury Lane Theatre," and watched the fencing match with some anxiety, Ina being little versed in guile. But she had tact and self-possession; and she was not an angel, after all, but a woman whose wits were sharpened by love and suffering.

Sharpus, alias Smith, played his assumed character to perfection. He gave the Klosking many incidents of business and professional anecdotes, and was excellent company. The Klosking was gracious, and more *bonne enfant* than Ashmead had ever seen her. It was a fine match between her and the detective. At last he made his approaches.

"And I hear we are to congratulate you on success at *rouge et noir* as well as opera. Is it true that you broke the bank?"

"Perfectly," was the frank reply.

"And won a million?"

"More or less," said the Klosking, with an open smile.

"I hope it was a good lump, for our countrymen leave hundreds of thousands here every season."

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"It was four thousand nine hundred pounds, Sir."

"Phew! Well, I wish it had been double. You are not so close as our friend here, madam."

"No, Sir; and shall I tell you why?"

"If you like, madam," said Smith, with assumed indifference.

"Mr. Ashmead is a model agent; he never allows himself to see any body's interests but mine. Now the truth is, another person has an interest in my famous winnings. A gentleman handed £25 to Mr. Ashmead to play with. He did not do so; but I came in and joined £25 of my own to that £25, and won an enormous sum. Of course if the gentleman chooses to be chivalrous and abandon his claim, he can; but that is not the way of the world, you know. I feel sure he will come to me for his share some day; and the sooner the better, for money burns the pocket."

Sharpus, alias Smith, said this was really a curious story. "Now suppose," said he, "some fine day a letter was to come asking you to remit that gentleman his half, what should you do?"

"I should decline; it might be an *escroc*. No. Mr. Ashmead here knows the gentleman. Do you not?"

"I'll swear to him any where."

"Then to receive his money he must face the eye of Ashmead. Ha! ha!"

The detective turned the conversation, and never came back to the subject; but shortly he pleaded an engagement, and took his leave.

Ashmead lingered behind, but Ina hurried him off, with an emphatic command not to leave this man out of his sight a moment.

He violated this order, for in five minutes he ran back to tell her, in an agitated whisper, that Smith was at that moment writing a letter in the *salle à manger*.

"Oh, pray don't come here!" cried Ina, in despair. "Do not lose sight of him for a moment."

"Give me that letter to post, then," said Ashmead, and snatched one up Ina had directed overnight.

He went to the hotel door and lighted a cigar; out came Smith with a letter in his very hand. Ashmead peered with all his eyes; but Smith held the letter vertically in his hand and the address inward. The letter was sealed.

Ashmead watched him, and saw he was going to the General Post. He knew a shorter cut, ran and took it, and lay in wait. As Smith approached the box, letter in hand, he bustled up in a furious hurry, and posted his own letter so as to stop Smith's hand at the very aperture before he could insert his letter. He saw, apologized, and drew back. Smith laughed, and said, "All right, old man. That is to your sweetheart, or you wouldn't be in such a hurry."

"No; it was to my grandmother," said Ashmead.

"Go on," said Smith, and poked the ribs of Joseph. They went home jocular; but the detective was no sooner out of the way than Ashmead stole up to Ina Klosking, and put his finger to his lips; for Karl was clearing away, and in no hurry.

They sat on tenter-hooks and thought he never would go. He did go at last, and then the Klosking and Ashmead came together like two magnets.

"Well?"

"All right! Letter to post. Saw address quite plain—Edward Severne, Esq."

"Yes."

"Vizard Court."

"Ah!"

"Taddington—Barfordshire—England."

Ina, who was standing all on fire, now sat down and interlaced her hands. "Vizard!" said she, gloomily.

"Yes; Vizard Court," said Ashmead, triumphantly; "that means he is a large landed proprietor, and you will easily find him if he is there in a month."

"He will be there," said Ina. "She is very beautiful. She is dark, too, and he loves change. Oh, if to all I have suffered he adds *that*—"

"Then you will forgive him *that*," said Ashmead, shaking his head.

"Never. Look at me, Joseph Ashmead."

He looked at her with some awe, for she seemed transformed, and her Danish eye gleamed strangely.

"You who have seen my torments and my fidelity, mark what I say: If he is false to me with another woman, I shall kill him—or else I shall hate him."

She took her desk and wrote, at Ashmead's dictation,

"Vizard Court,
Taddington,
Barfordshire."

THE CITY.

When night is on the city, and silence reigns,
How all its dark tranquillity, bathed in sleep,
Is like that quietude of the ocean's deep
Remotely above whose realm the surge complains!
For even as monsters that o'er weird domains
Of cold subaqueous dimness dart and creep,
Within the vague metropolis wakeful keep
Those hideous vices that its heart contains.

In fancy I watch black crimes like sea-growths loom;
In fancy I view large hopes, once fair and whole,
Grown wrecks where memory's mosses now unfurl.
Yet here and there, amid the encircling gloom,
I know that some serene exceptional soul
Dwells in its lovely purity, like a pearl!

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ROMANCE OF A BARN-YARD.

WE were all sitting on the piazza, except those of us that were swinging in the hammocks among the trees; the sea wind was blowing over us, the birds were darting low here and there, and the bantams and the spring chickens and the big black Cochins were clucking and picking in the grass, watched over by the old King Charles, who redeemed us from vulgarity, and it was a scene of domestic comfort, as Aunt Helen said. Aunt Helen, by-the-way, became a very pleasant addition to the comfortable appearance of the scene, as she said it. She was just as plump as a woman ought to be when her next birthday is maybe her fortieth. She had a soft flush on her cheek, where the dimple was yet as fresh as when she was a girl, and the flush deepened sometimes into a real damask; her teeth were like rows of seed-corn for whiteness, and her eyes were just as brown as brook water; only her hair—that was quite white. Lovely hair, though, for all that; she parted it evenly over her low level forehead and above the yet black eyebrows; and we all declared, every day of our lives, that Aunt Helen was a beauty. "I used to be," she had replied; "but that's all gone now. I have put my youth behind me."

Perhaps she had. But we young people used to think differently when we saw Mr. Thornton coming up the road, and Aunt Helen's eyes resolutely bent on her work, but her color mounting and mounting, till the reddest rose that ever burned in the sunshine was not so rich. Mr. Thornton saw it too, no doubt, for he always looked and looked intently all the way by. But the truth was—I shall have to tell you all about it if I tell you any—that when Aunt Helen was twenty years younger, she and Mr. Thornton were lovers, as they had been lovers ever since they could remember. They had built their house at last, and her wedding dress was made. If she was a beauty, he was every inch her mate—I know he was, because he is to-day—one of the men it does you good to see, who look as if they could hold up the world if need be, and inspire you with confidence in their power. Now what in the world do you suppose that, with their house furnished, and the cake baked, and a dozen years of intimate affection to bind them, Aunt Helen and Mr. Thornton found to quarrel about? She declared she wouldn't keep hens! And he declared that then he wouldn't keep house! That was the whole of it, to condense the statement; one word led to another, and another led to more, and finally, in a towering passion himself, he told Aunt Helen that she had better learn to control her temper if she didn't want to be a vixen entirely, and Aunt Helen took the ring off her finger and laid it on the table without a word and sailed out of the room, and refused to see him when he called in the morning, and sent back his letter unopened, and cut the wedding cake and put some of it on the tea table and sent the rest to the fair. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Thornton might have been right. Exactly one week from that night Mr. Thornton was married to Mary Mayhew, an inoffensive little body who would have married any body that asked her, and she went into the house that had been furnished according to Aunt Helen's taste; and immediately afterward a hen-house of the most fanciful description of architecture, with gilded vanes and scarlet chanticleers bristling all over it, rose on the hill behind his house, full of fancy fowl, and the little lawn was all alive with its overflow, and you couldn't go by the place without meeting a flock of cropple crown, or partridge Cochin, or white Leghorn, or black Spanish, flying up on each separate piece of fence to crow out Mr. Thornton's triumph—reversing the old tradition of the crower, and crying, "No women rule here!"

They say Mr. Thornton grew very old in a few years. His inoffensive little thing of a wife turned out to be a smart termagant, who led him a pretty dance. Perhaps she was dissatisfied with her piece of a heart; but then she knew that was all when she took it. He treated her always gently—perhaps feeling he had done her some wrong in marrying her—and gratified her every wish, although, having cared nothing for her in the beginning, it is doubtful if he cared any more for her in the end. The end came after eighteen years, when Mrs. Thornton was killed in a railroad collision, and her husband was left with four children on his hands, rude, noisy, ill-faring cubs, as all the neighbors said. If Mr. Thornton had ever impatiently chanced to think that his punishment had lasted long enough, he thought now that it was just beginning, when he found himself alone with those children. He wondered that his wife had had any temper left at all. He grew more bent, more vexed and worried, every day, and one would hardly have recognized, people said, the dark and splendid Stephen Thornton of his youth in this middle-aged, gray-haired man; and yet, to our eyes, he was still quite a remarkable-looking person—perhaps more so from our associating him with the poetry in Aunt Helen's life, and making him an object of wonder as to whether or not now they would ever come together again.

But there was little chance of that. We had met Mr. Thornton elsewhere, but he had never come across our threshold since the day he went out with his bride's ring. And Aunt Helen's peculiarity was that she never

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forgot. Could she, then, forget the words he spoke to her in his anger? Could she ever forget his marrying another woman in less than a week? It had been in that week and a few following that her hair had turned white. She had suffered inexpressibly; she had never slept a night; but she kept up a gay face. Perhaps she would have suffered longer if it had not been for our growing up about her. Her life was thus filled, every moment of it; she had but very little time to be lonely, to brood, or mourn. She forgot herself in us. It gave her a quiet happiness, and kept her comely. And then she was too proud: whenever the thought thrust up its head, she shut the lid down, as you may say, and sat on it.

But one day—after the time when the doctor had said Harry was a hopeless cripple, and must lie on his back the rest of his life—Aunt Helen brought home a little basket from the county fair, and took from the wool within it two of the cunningest mites of chickens you ever laid your eyes on. "I hate them," said she; "they make me crawl; but they will amuse the dear child. They're African bantams." And so they did amuse him and delight him, as he lay on his lounge in the bay-window and watched them growing up, full of business. And that was the way, by-the-way, that we came to have chickens round the front piazzas. One night, a year afterward, when the bantams were quite grown people, somebody dropped over the fence a pair of big black Cochins, that stalked about as if the earth was too good to tread on, or as if they were afraid of crushing a bantam with the next step. Of course we knew where the Cochins came from—for nobody else in town had any—but no one said a word. Only it was sport on the next day to peer round the corner and see Aunt Helen, with a piece of bread in her hand, in doubt whether to have any thing to do with those fowls or not, twice extending her hand with the crumbs and snatching it back again, and at last making one bold effort, and throwing the whole thing at them, and hurrying into the house. But from that moment the ever-hungry Cochins seemed to regard her as their patron saint. She never appeared but they came stalking gingerly along to meet her, and at last one even made so bold as to fly up and perch on the back of her chair on the piazza. Of course he was shooed off with vigor—with a little more vigor, perhaps, because Mr. Thornton had at that moment been passing, and had seen this woman who would never keep hens presenting that tableau.

It was two or three days after that that Aunt Helen, coming home at twilight from one of her rambles by the river-bank, was observed to be very nervous and flushed, and to look much as if she had been crying.

"It's all right," said our Ned, coming in shortly after her. "I know all about it. I've been setting my eel traps; and what do you think—she met old Thornton—"

"Ned!"

"She did indeed. And what 'll you say to that man's cheek? He up and spoke to her!"

"Oh, now, Ned! Before you!"

"Fact. Before me? No, indeed; I lay low," said Ned, with a chuckle. "But, bless you, they wouldn't have seen me if I had stood high."

"For shame, Ned! Oh, how could you—and Aunt Helen!"

"Guess you'd have been no better in my place," said the unscrupulous boy. "But there, that's all. If I couldn't listen, of course you can't."

"Oh, now, Ned, please!" we all chorused together.

"Well, then. He stood straight before her. 'Helen,' said he, 'have you forgotten me?' and she began to turn white. 'I have had time enough, Sir,' said she."

"Oh, you ought not to have staid, Ned!"

"You may find out the rest by your learning," said the offended narrator. "I should like to know how I was going to leave. Only I'll say this, that if Aunt Helen would marry old Thornton to-day— She wouldn't touch him with a walking-stick!"

To our amazement, on the very next afternoon who should appear at our gate, with his phaeton and pair, but Mr. Thornton; and who, bonneted and gloved and veiled, should issue from the door, to be placed in that phaeton and drive off with him, but Aunt Helen. Ned chuckled; but the rest of us could do nothing but wonder. "Has she gone to be married?" we gasped. And Lill and Harry began to cry.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Ned, in mercy. "He said there'd never been a day since he left her that he hadn't longed for what he threw away."

"Oh, how wicked!"

"She told him so, very quietly and severely—I tell you, Aunt Helen can be severe—and to be silent on that point. 'Forever?' said he. 'And ever,' said she. 'It is impossible,' said he. And then he went over, one by one, a dozen different days and scenes when they were young; and if ever a fellow felt mean, I was the one."

"I should think you would," we cried, with one accord.

"Now look here," returned Ned. "If you want to hear the rest, you keep that sort of remark to yourself. It was too late for me to show myself, anyway. And I'll be blamed if I'll say another word if you don't every one acknowledge you'd have done just as I did."

"Oh, Ned, do tell the whole! That's a good boy!"

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"Well, she just began to cry—I never saw Aunt Helen cry before. And then it seemed as if he would go distracted; and he begged her not to cry, and she cried the more; and he begged her to marry him out of hand—I know just how to do it now; only it doesn't seem a very successful way—and she shook her head; and he implored her, by their old love, he said, and she wiped her eyes, and looked at him, and gave a laugh—a hateful sort of laugh. 'Our old love!' said she. 'Then,' said he, 'if you will not for my sake, nor for your own sake, nor for the sake of that old love, marry me for the sake of the motherless children who need you more than children ever needed a mother yet, and who—who are driving me crazy!' And then Aunt Helen laughed in earnest, a good, sweet, ringing peal; and the long and the short of it is that she has driven up to the Thornton house to-day, to look at the cubs and see what she thinks about them. Maybe she'll bring them down here—she's great on missionary work, you know."

"Well, I declare!" was the final chorus. And we sat in silence a good half hour; and by the time our tongues were running again, Aunt Helen had returned, and Mr. Thornton had come in with her and sat down upon the piazza step at her feet, but not at all with the air of an accepted lover—much more like a tenant of Mohammed's coffin, we thought. And, as I began to tell you, we were all sitting and swinging there when Aunt Helen exclaimed about its being a scene of domestic comfort. As she sat down, the big black Cochin hen came to meet her, and Aunt Helen threw her a bit of water-cracker, a supply of which she always carried about her nowadays.

"Why, where's your husband?" said she to the hen.

"There he is," said Ned. "He's been up alone in that corner of the grass the whole day, calling and clucking and inviting company; but the rest haven't paid the least attention to him, and are picking and scratching down among the cannas."

"Oh, but he's been down there twice, Ned," cried Harry, "and tried to whip the little bantam, but it was a drawn battle."

"Well, he ought to have a little vacation, and scratch for himself a while," said Aunt Helen. "He has picked and scratched for his hen and her family in the most faithful way all summer."

"And so's the banty," said Ned. "The bantam's the best; he's taken as much care of the chickens as the hen has, anyway; and he never went to roost once all the time his hen was setting, Mr. Thornton, but sat right down in the straw beside her every night."

"A model spouse," said Aunt Helen.

"They are almost human," said Mr. Thornton. And so we sat talking till the tea bell rang, for Mr. Thornton was going to stay to tea, he boldly told us; and we saw that he meant to get all the young people on his side by the way he began to talk to Ned about trout and pickerel, and about deep-sea fishing; but when he got to eel traps, Ned's face was purple, and he blessed that tea bell, I fancy. However, Mr. Thornton might have found that it wasn't so easy to range the young people on his side if he had made a long-continued effort. We enjoyed a romance under our eyes, but we had no sort of notion of his taking our aunt Helen away.

We were just coming out from tea, and were patronizing the sunset a little, which was uncommonly fine, and I thought I had never seen Aunt Helen looking like such a beauty, with that rich light overlaying her like a rosy bloom, when John came hastening up.

"I just want you all to step inside the barn door with me, if you please, ma'am," said he. And we went after him to be greeted by the sweet smell of the new-mown hay, and to be gilded by the one great broad sunbeam swimming full of a glory of motes from door to door. "Do you see that?" said John. It was a flock of the hens and chickens on their customary roosts. "And now do you see that?" said he; and he turned about and showed us, on the top rail of the pony's manger, the big black Cochin also gone to roost, but separately—and his wife beside him? No, but little Mrs. Bantam!

"That's who he has been clucking and calling to this whole afternoon, the wretch!" cried Ned.

"And now look here," said John; and we followed him into the harness-room, where the chickens had chanced to be hatched, and there, in the straw on the floor, sat the disconsolate little bantam rooster, all alone, with his wings spread and his feathers puffed out, brooding his four little chickens under his wings—the four little chickens deserted by their mother.

"I declare! I declare!" cried Aunt Helen, as we came out into the great moty sunbeam again; "the times are so depraved that it has really reached the barn-yard. The poor little banty and his brood! Why, it's as bad as the forsaken merman."

"Only not so poetical," said we.

"Helen," said Mr. Thornton, "it is exactly my condition. Are you going to have pity for that bird, and none for me? Are you going to leave me to my fate?" And in a moment, right before us all, as she stood in that great red sunbeam, Mr. Thornton put his arms round Aunt Helen, who, growing rosier and rosier, either from the sunbeam or something else, could do nothing at last but hide her face. "Helen," he said, "you are certainly coming home with me?" And Aunt Helen did not say no.

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GARTH:*

A Novel.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE meeting between Mr. Urmson and Professor Grindle had not been outwardly effusive. The professor's bald pate had reddened a little as he strongly griped his old fellow-student's hand, and he had said, "How do, Urmson?" in his usual abrupt, bass tones, perhaps made a little more uncompromising than usual to keep up the good old Anglo-Saxon traditions of unfeelingness. Mr. Urmson had replied, "How do you do, professor?" and after the exchange of a few questions and observations of no less momentous import, the two elderly gentlemen left the younger people to themselves, and proceeded in total silence up stairs, Cuthbert leading, and the professor tramping sternly after him. In silence they entered Garth's chamber, and there the professor stood for a moment, motionless but observant, by the bedside. Then, without having touched the invalid, or emitted so much as a single professional grunt, he stepped back to the door, and beckoning to his companion, they went silently out into the hall again.

"Let him sleep," said the professor. "Lead on to your chamber, Urmson. Must smoke a cigar and toast my toes after that drive. The winter's upon us; you'll catch it up here sooner than we shall. Ay, I see; not much desk-work for you nowadays. Nursing. And Mrs. Urmson not here to help." Since Mrs. Urmson's marriage this old lover of hers, who had never told his love either to her or to any one else, had refrained from speaking of her by her Christian name; and this not from any unworthy jealousy, but because he derived a stern, unselfish pleasure from the thought that the only woman he had loved belonged to the man whom he loved best, and chose to keep that fact before his mind by always giving her her wedded name. Cuthbert had sometimes noticed this usage of his friend's, and remembering the former intimacy between him and Martha, had thought it peculiar. But Grindle had many oddities, and this but added one to the number; so Cuthbert passed it by with no graver comment than a meditative smile, little dreaming that the oddity had any vital significance, and was bound up with the main events and circumstances of his friend's life—such as his unexplained abandonment of the practice of his profession, and settling down to a humdrum professorship, his invincible bachelorhood, his premature baldness, and sundry other matters. As for Grindle, he hugged his oddity and its secret close, and loved Cuthbert all the more for his unsuspicion.

"Heaven is too near us, I sometimes think," Cuthbert answered. "The people we want most are so apt to slip into it out of our reach."

"'Tisn't that the boy needed her," said Grindle, taking a brand from the hearth and lighting his cigar with a series of short rapid whiffs. "He'll do very well—a strong grip of life, Sir. 'Twas you I referred to more particularly, Urmson. You're not looking as I'd like to have you. You have that in your face, my man, that—none of your late communications had prepared me to see there. Now, as your physician, I'll ask you a question or two. Your mother was a Danver, was she not? What was her constitution?"

"Take off your spectacles, Tom," said Cuthbert, coloring slightly; "you'll be sharp-sighted enough without them. I didn't get you here for this. However— No, nothing was developed in her, God bless her! It came, if any thing, from her mother, who belonged to another stock—a poor one. She died of it."

Grindle took off his glasses and rested his elbows on his knees. "Ay, ay," he said, slowly, gazing into the fire. "And that has always somewhat posed me, Cuthbert. That old curse—why did the Lord pronounce it against His creatures?—'The children's teeth shall be set on edge.' How often does the children's suffering accomplish the erring parent's reformation? It never can. What knows or cares that dead and buried and forgotten woman—or it may have been *her* father or mother—that you sit there hand in hand with disease, who might have been a vigorous man still, full of health and power? Such a curse seems only to revenge; not to restrain, nor to requite justly."

"I suppose one must have a personal interest in such problems before you can expect to tackle them, Tom. What I have felt is, that the curse may smite the body and pass through to bless the soul. For, after all, I wasn't a perfect man when you and I used to argue the universe in college; nor afterward, even — quite. Some complaints you were in the habit of making anent the evils of a too ironical and self-complacent disposition, if my memory fail not. My grandmamma has very likely not cured me of those imperfections—not even bettered me, perhaps; but I'm self-complacent enough to believe she has kept me from

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intensifying them, and ironical enough to hope that she is none the worse off herself for having done so."

"Inform me how long this has been coming on you, my man."

"More than a year—a good deal more. Slow, but knows how to make itself felt."

"Where?" demanded Grindle, after a long puff at his cigar, still keeping his eyes upon the fire. Cuthbert's only answer was to put his hand for a moment over his breast. Then the two friends looked at each other. The professor, whose face during the past twenty and odd years had not been trained to the expression of tender emotions, wore an aspect of gloomy severity, as though he were reproving some delinquent for a grave misdemeanor; while Cuthbert's pale and slender visage had rather an arch and demurely unrepentant look, as if defying the other's sternness to do its worst.

"Had you acquainted me with this promptly, Urmson"—Grindle began. But he did not finish his sentence. He replaced his spectacles, leaned back in his chair, and continued his smoking. His large-boned but not fleshy figure, high bald forehead, and massive Roman nose were silhouetted against the brightness of the window at the other side of the room. He was still a strong and able man, though somewhat Cuthbert's senior in years; and while the silence lasted, the latter was indulging in the quaint speculation whether, in the next world, his friend would exhibit a spiritual excellence corresponding to his present physical superiority, or whether he would take rank by his mental qualities alone. But the settlement of the question was indefinitely put off by the interruption of Grindle himself.

"I'll not speak to you as a physician, then," said he. "Some alleviation may be practicable; but you don't require me to tell you, Cuthbert, what the end must be. Now, however, since I must leave you to-morrow, it would be advisable to go through with our business affairs and get them finally settled. When we may meet again, no man knows. I shall try to come up during the Christmas holidays; but quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere. Your brother Golightley, I presume, is at least independent of you?"

"Yes, so far as money goes, and for the time being."

"I forbore questioning him on the subject, though he once or twice hinted toward it. I own to disliking his physiognomy and the ring of his voice: twenty years of college boys have made me overcritical, no doubt. Has he suggested re-imbursement?"

"I fancy we can do without that," said Cuthbert, with a slight nervous movement of his shoulders and hands.

"You have the produce of your garden and orchard," returned Grindle, puffing uncompromisingly at his cigar, "and nothing else. The interest of Eve's legacy amounts to less than twenty-five hundred dollars this year, and when Mrs. Danver's 'patent' annuity has been paid out of it, and the other regular and incidental expenses met, there'll be about one hundred left over. That's your year's income, Sir. There's not a poorer man than you in the village. How do you pay your butcher?"

"Why, we pelt him with apples. But you forget Garth's canvas and my pen and paper. Moreover, Golightley is ready to pay his board. We are doing first-rate."

"Well, well, Sir, that's your own affair. And there's this to be said—if you have reason to be ashamed of your own improvidence, you have still greater cause to congratulate yourself on the way Providence makes it up to you. If you had not, years and years ago, consented to your father's laying an embargo on that fifty thousand dollars—a proceeding, Sir, against which every principle of prudence and economy seemed to protest—"

"You protested, if I remember rightly, Tom," interrupted Cuthbert, arching his eyebrow; "but the economic principles were rather on our side. So soon as poor Golightley's drafts began to be a matter of course, I, with my unfailing sagacity, foresaw the future up to this very day, and perceived that unless the legacy had been put out of reach in that way, it would have been drafted away with the rest. Then I informed Golightley of the exact amount at my disposal, and explained to him the worse than uselessness of overdrawing. And he never did overdraw."

"Ay, he had no lien upon Eve's rights, whatever he may have had upon yours. Captain Urmson had that fact in mind, I apprehend, when he executed the codicil. He never really believed but that the girl was tomahawked; but he had a presentiment that Golightley would make trouble, and so used Eve's name to secure you at least half the property. It may almost be called your own now, the allotted term of years is so nearly out."

"Five or six years hence seems a long 'now' to a fellow in my condition," remarked Cuthbert, with a smile.

"You have got the same erroneous impression that I had till lately. 'Tis true, the codicil was executed some years later than the will; but whether by accident or design, the date of the will governs the provisions of the codicil; therefore, unless the persons therein mentioned appear within the next few months, their claim will be antiquated. Ay, ay, you are providentially favored so far as that goes, and Garth will have something to get married on."

"Unless the persons therein mentioned do appear," Cuthbert murmured, half to him-

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self; and he added, aloud, "Did you speak of this to my brother?"

"No, Sir," said Grindle, with emphasis. "As I said, he does not inspire me with confidence. By-the-bye, he made some remarks on Madge, who seems to have grown into a lovely young woman; he volunteered some reflections on her which I can hardly reconcile with my own impression of her. Do you like the match?"

"It has been a long engagement, you know," replied Cuthbert, with some hesitation, "and one might suppose that if there were any incompatibility, it would have come to the surface before now. Nevertheless, I think it would be juster to both parties if this discovery of yours about the codicil were kept private for a time. However ardent Madge's affection for Garth may be, I fancy money would inflame it still more; and though in process of time she might find Garth a little wearisome, I'm sure she would remain constant to—Pluto."

"Oho! Cuthbert, I'm sorry to hear this—heartily sorry. Your brother's insinuations, had I been inclined to accept them, might have prepared me for it. No; Garth is no fit rival for Pluto. But is that lovely girl a Proserpine?" Professor Grindle mused a moment and sighed. His interviews with Madge had been brief and far between, yet enough, apparently, to render this new light thrown upon her character something more than a disappointment to him. Under ordinary circumstances, he would uncompromisingly have rebelled against any depreciation of her; but Cuthbert, unlike most people, was accustomed to say less than he meant, and only to say that upon grave occasion. "Have you hinted of this to Garth?" Grindle added.

"I have always allowed Garth's opinions to correct themselves, Tom. He is often wrong; but when he is right, he knows why. I may as well unburden my soul to you: I hope they won't marry; and if Garth can manage to stay poor a while longer, I don't believe they will. The situation is a peculiar one. She likes him well enough, all but his artistic phase; and he, if he would abjure his art, would love her fiercely with all that remained—that is, with the less noble part of him. He partly understands that, I think, and dreads it the more because, at the same time, he feels it a temptation. You can understand, Tom, how Madge might tempt a hot-hearted yet undemonstrative young fellow like him."

"Ay, very well," said Grindle, nodding his head slowly. "And, being betrothed, honor would seem to throw its weight into the wrong scale. 'Tis an awkward knot for the boy to untie, indeed. But if Madge has made up her mind for riches, she will untie it for him."

"She must not be depended on either for good or ill. I believe her capable of making a great sacrifice, if her feminine perversity be inflamed. Jealousy, or pique, or a sudden impulse of admiration for his physical manliness, would be likely to drive her straight into Garth's arms, though it is quite as likely that she would repent the day afterward. She is a good deal more or less than mercenary. But her attackable point is her self-esteem. She would hardly believe that Garth could tire of her, or esteem her second to any other woman; and feeling no anxiety about the security of her power over him, she naturally values him the less. Besides, I fancy his illness has rather cooled her regard than warmed it: she is like a beautiful animal in her inability to sympathize with physical suffering."

"Don't tell me she hasn't been at his side through it all, Urmson! What did your brother say about her having played him to sleep this very morning?"

"Not Madge. That was Elinor."

"That cold, silent girl? Elinor—hardly saw her, Sir!" Grindle took his short beard in his hand, and crossed his leg emphatically toward his interlocutor. "Hey? Elinor— Is that another complication, Urmson? Unless my recollection's at fault, it was to an Elinor that your brother told me he was betrothed. Hey?"

"The engagement has been made public, and need not further concern us," returned Cuthbert, with one of his quiet looks of dismissal. "Elinor took Mrs. Tenterden's place for to-day, that's all; and Garth seems to have improved more by an hour with her than by what the rest of us could do for him in three weeks. She has the nursing talent, which Madge lacks, and seemingly she didn't fear contagion."

"Typhoid contagious!" said Grindle, grimly chuckling.

"So say many; and I have thought it as well not to combat the prejudice. Mrs. Tenterden, though most kind and helpful down stairs, would be a little tremendous in a sick-chamber; and Madge, since she seemed inclined to keep away at any rate, would be none the worse for a pretext both for justifying her resolution and making her stick to it. 'This only is the witchcraft I have used.'"

"You are a more subtle man than Othello—but always in an honest way, too," observed Grindle, slowly settling back into gravity. "Well, well. If music physics him best, and neither Madge nor Golightley objects, the experiment is worth prosecuting. Cold, she seemed to me—impassive. Not handsome either, though refined. Must look at her again. But, by-the-bye, how came Madge, your beautiful animal, to put herself in the way of sick-rooms and contagion to-day? Is she returning to humanity?"

"If it were not Madge, I should lay it to El-

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inor's having come first; but I can't account for it. She was in a rather remarkable mood. Something must have happened, I think, which has put her out of her usual course. There's no use in speculating about it; but once kindled or goaded into full emotional and intellectual activity, Madge would be a very interesting and unconventional object. Come, Tom, throw away your cigar, and let's see whether the sick boy is awake yet."

"He'll come out of it, Sir," said Grindle, getting to his feet, and standing for a moment with his fists upon his hips, gazing into the fire. "All he needs is care, patience, and eating. Let the young lady play to him once in a while, if he likes it. Must have a word with her, by-the-bye, before I go. Lead on, lead on."

Meanwhile, it is no less than the due of so respectable a personage as Nikomis that some inquiry should be made into her doings on this somewhat eventful morning. The old lady was a notable "medicine woman," from an Indian point of view; and, in her own opinion, Garth's recovery, if it took place, would be mainly owing to what she had done for him. Her chief concern, however, had all along been rather for Cuthbert than for him. Toward Cuthbert her sentiments had, during the past ten years, undergone some important modifications, the full significance of which may appear later on. But it may be mentioned in this place that something like a feeling of mutual respect had grown up between the two; and this had ripened latterly into a peculiar confidential relation, unsuspected by any third person, not only as to its nature, but in itself. Among other matters, Nikomis had been made acquainted with the character of the disease from which Cuthbert was suffering, and which, in all human probability, must sooner or later make an end of him. It might, however, be alleviated, and to this good end the Indian had taxed the best resources of her knowledge and experience. But the anxiety of mind and bodily exhaustion brought about by Garth's illness had hastened the progress of his father's trouble; and Nikomis, while nursing both invalids with tolerable impartiality, could not free herself from a shade of resentment toward the younger man for sapping, however unconsciously, the springs of the elder's life.

When Cuthbert went to lie down, therefore, leaving Garth in her care, she resolved that he and not Garth should get the first benefit of her ministrations. She had already prepared a narcotic, famous in her Indian pharmacy for its soothing and restorative virtues, and possibly had enhanced its efficacy by distilling it under certain aspects of the moon, or muttering over it spells which made it worth all the unbewitched nostrums in the world. Be that as it may, she now poured a sufficient dose of it into a wine-glass, disguised its flavor with a little brandy, and got Cuthbert to swallow it between waking and sleeping. Then, leaving the glass upon the table, she hobbled grimly off to Garth's chamber—as unprepossessing a herald of health, perhaps, as ever did her best for two human lives. Garth having been made as easy as might be, Nikomis betook herself to the congenial kitchen, intending, no doubt, to spend an hour or so over a pipe and a tumbler of grog. Ere she could establish herself in her wonted corner, however, her attention was caught by a scratching sound, alternating with a low, whining whimper, which seemed to come from outside the back-door that opened upon the orchard. An ordinary listener would have supposed that some vagabond dog, chilled by the night air and emboldened by hunger, was trying to gain admittance to the warm hearth and the hospitality of a bone. But Nikomis was not an ordinary listener; she had the ears and instincts of the savage, and so seemingly commonplace a sound as this had for her a meaning as definite and clear as the most straightforward utterance of sentences could have conveyed. She stood rigid, with her head thrust forward and her breath drawn. The noise came again; she took a few quick, moccasined steps forward, and pausing close to the door, gave vent to an answering whimper, ending in a muffled bark. There was a brief pause, and then the door was cautiously opened, and a tall man, carrying a heavy oblong box strapped to his shoulders, and a stout smooth cudgel in his hand, appeared on the threshold.

"All alone, granny?" he asked, in a rapid, sliding utterance, still holding the door latch in his hand, and peering round and beyond her as he spoke.

Nikomis gazed at him intently—so intently that the faculty of speech seemed temporarily lost to her; but on the tall man's repeating his inquiry somewhat impatiently, she made a gesture of assent with her hand, still keeping her black eyes fixed upon his face. After yet a moment's hesitation, he came in, with a step rapid and sliding, like his voice, though at the same time there was about his bearing a something half defiant, half jaunty, which indicated a man whose satisfaction with himself had outlived his faith and reliance on most other matters. He was dressed in a dirty velveteen jacket and torn felt hat; his black hair hung in straight black masses about a swarthy face, which might have been handsome but for the disfigurement of a pair of green spectacles with heavy brass bows to them. Altogether, he had rather an Italian aspect; and the heavy burden upon his shoulders, which on a nearer glance could hardly be any thing

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but a hand-organ, might have confirmed a stranger in assigning him that nationality. It was ten to one that he was a Neapolitan organ-grinder in very needy circumstances.

"What you staring at, granny?" demanded he, in a whisper, putting his hand briskly on the old woman's shoulder. "Glad t' see me, eh? Why don't you say so, then? Here," he added, "help me off with this damned old box, granny, and carry it up to the wigwam for me. Got wigwam up in the garret, eh?—I know." He slipped the broad leathern strap down from his shoulder and swung the organ round against Nikomis, who grasped it mechanically and helped him lower it noiselessly to the ground. "That feels good," said he, expanding his chest and giving his shoulders a shake. "I've carried that thing all the way from Boston, granny. You get it up to the garret right off. Wait a minute!" He took her abruptly by the arm again. "Sure all safe here—what? no harm in th' house—what?"

Nikomis put up her hand doubtfully and took the disfiguring green spectacles from the man's nose. The black eyes thus disclosed were, after all, not so handsome as they might have been; they were keen and narrow, at once penetrating and evasive. But to Nikomis they were dearer than her own. "Sam!" said she, fastening her long knotty fingers on his tall shoulders, and looking up at him in a kind of spasm of grotesque delight. "You at home now. This all safe—your home. Nikomis bid you welcome." With the last words she straightened herself and made a waving gesture of greeting with her hand, as though she were an envoy come to present a palace to a monarch. Sam laughed—an almost noiseless laugh, covering his teeth with his lips and ducking his chin down to his breast.

"You very grand, old woman! My home—I know; but there's some little things to be settled up first, you know. Let's see, now—Garth sick, is he? But where's the old man?—he sick too?"

"Cuthbert sleeps," returned the Indian. "Why you come this way?" she added, noticing for the first time the significance of his disguise. "Why you make look so poor, Sam? You not rich any more? Any body you're afraid of?"

"Oh, well, that's a long story; tell you all about it directly, granny—too damned hungry for any powwow now. Show me where I can get something to eat, first thing; and take that old organ-box up stairs—d' you hear? Got all my things in it—mustn't be where any body can find it. I'm going to keep dark for a while, granny—d' you understand? Come now, show me where the meat is."

Nikomis, although accustomed to exact and receive ceremonious treatment from all pale-faced mortals, seemed ready to accept with meekness any amount of this dark-skinned vagabond's cavalier behavior. She set a plentiful meal before him, and then returning to the box, contrived with difficulty to mount it on her venerable back, and so to lug it slowly and uncomplainingly up to her wigwam. Arrived there, she seated herself upon it and spent a few minutes in regaining her breath, both physical and metaphysical. Rising at length, she made a few alterations in the arrangement of the place; and when all was ordered to her satisfaction, she hobbled silently down to the kitchen again, where Sam was leaning back in his chair and enjoying the luxury of appeased appetite. The beef and bread, and still more the flattering unction of a glass of brandy, had evidently won him to a more genial mood.

"There you are again, granny! So the old thing didn't break your back, after all—what? Oh, I knew you wouldn't mind it. Didn't you lug me on your shoulders when I was a pappoose, and your cursed old knee was out of joint? Hobbling still, are you? That's right. So you remembered the signals we used to have ten years ago, 'nd let in your little Sammy that had been away so long! He been through great lot of things since he saw you last, granny. Come along up to th' wigwam, 'nd he'll tell you about it."

Nikomis signified her willingness to lead the way, and Sam, having slipped off his travel-stained boots, followed her up to the first floor. The door of Cuthbert's room stood ajar; the half-breed peeped in, and seeing how soundly the inmate slept, he glided stealthily up to the bedside. Nikomis, who had remained at the entrance, saw him stoop down and listen to the old man's low-drawn breathing. Then he drew a straight, narrow-bladed knife from an inner pocket of his waistcoat, and made a pass with it toward the sleeper's heart. Nikomis uttered a guttural exclamation, loud enough to have waked Cuthbert but for the sleeping potion he had taken, and clutched forward vehemently with both hands. Sam had turned the point aside just as it arrived within a hair's-breadth of the other's breast; but at Nikomis's cry he uplifted the knife again, while his features took on a more sinister expression than they had yet worn, and for a few moments he stood in position to strike, watching if Cuthbert's eyelids trembled. But he lay as quiet and untroubled as though the breadth of the world had interposed between him and violence. Sam now threw a glance of jeering defiance toward the door, turned the knife in his hand, and, with a rapid motion of the wrist, made a pretense of taking Mr. Urmson's scalp. Then slipping the weapon back into his pocket, and laughing one of his silent laughs, he came away.

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"What made you yell out, you old fool?" he said, as he rejoined Nikomis. "What should you care 'f I stuck him? I'd 'a done it 'f he'd waked; 'most sorry he didn't. Him and Garth too, curse 'em! Where is Garth? Never mind, never mind; I'd cut his heart out 'f I were to see him—couldn't help myself. All right, all right; we'll be even with 'em some day. Come on, granny."

They creaked up the attic stairs together, and entered Nikomis's apartment. It was at the corner of the garret opposite to Garth's studio, partitioned off from the intermediate space by a rough boarding, and lighted by two small windows cut in the northern and western walls. But Nikomis ignored wooden walls, and had fitted up the interior in such a manner as vividly to recall the aboriginal wigwam. Seven or eight bean poles were fixed at the circumference of a large circular space on the floor, and leaned toward one another until they met in a clump just below the ceiling. Around this frame-work were draped a number of old skins and blankets, so that the whole formed a rude tent, quite dark within, save when the loose flap that served as a door was folded back. When this was done, however, and the eyes had had time to get used to the gloom, the floor was seen to be carpeted with dried sweet-fern; and the bed or mattress at one side was formed of a thicker layer of the same heathery shrub, covered over with a threadbare rug. Around the sloping sides of the structure might be dimly discerned various savage implements and trophies, while strings of colored beads, charms, medicine-bags, and a number of quaint utensils, such as only an inveterate old witch like Nikomis could have imagined any use for, glimmered duskily here and there. But perhaps the most impressive sight, albeit the one least likely to be discernible to prying eyes, was the row of questionable objects dangling from a string which stretched from one side to another of the wigwam, at about a man's height from the floor. They resembled bunches of dried sea-weed as much as any thing, or small clots of turf, with long fine tufts of grass depending from them. In fact, however, they were no such innocent matter: they were an assortment of old smoke-dried scalps, cut from their enemies' heads by Nikomis's forefathers, and by her jealously preserved and prized, together with the bloody legends belonging to each one of them. In her more pensive moments the old lady may be supposed to have derived as much consolation from a view of these ghastly mementos, dully illumined by the lurid glow from the bowl of her tobacco-pipe, as would a more civilized personage from the gold-mounted miniatures of her deceased grandparents and uncles, with locks of their hair braided neatly into the backs of the frames, and covered over with glass.

Into this retreat did Nikomis introduce her tall companion, bidding him make himself at home there. He glanced about somewhat discontentedly, and would plainly have preferred more commodious quarters, even at the cost of a good part of the aboriginal flavor. But there was no present opportunity of improving matters, and he was fain to content himself with such solace as lay in a pipe. His hostess's rank old clays failing to suit his taste, which a residence abroad seemed to have rendered fastidious, he unlocked his hand-organ and rummaged among the medley of clothes, toilet articles, skates, perfumed letters, and other personal furniture which it contained, until he laid hold of a finely colored meerschaum. This he filled with some fragrant tobacco from an oil-skin bag, and then laying himself at length upon Nikomis's sweet-fern mattress, he began a leisurely account of his adventures.

To judge from his own version of them, they reflected great credit upon his physical address and intrepidity, upon his cunning, and upon his freedom from moral prejudices. Probably he described his ideal self, and no doubt he occasionally ornamented the events to match the hero of them. Nevertheless, the main thread of the story must have coincided more or less closely with the truth, and it certainly indicated a career of considerable vicissitude. After leaving Urmsworth, Sam, as we know, went to Newburyport, where Cuthbert supported him for upward of a year as an independent apprentice at the gun-making trade. But the young fellow had altogether too much ambition to think of settling down in life as a gunsmith. About the time that his tedium was ready to drive him into some ill-advised escapade or other, a lucky incident occurred to him. It was the year of the robbery of the Newburyport bank. Neither in the deed itself nor in the plotting of it did Sam have any hand; but it so happened that a pistol, whose stock he recognized as his own handiwork, led him on to the discovery of the criminals; and so coolly and astutely did he manage matters as to compel their purchase of his silence at the price of no less than five hundred dollars. Possessed of this vast sum, he felt that the world lay before him, and he was resolved to lose no time in making trial of it. Ere setting forth, however, he bethought himself that it would be a pleasant thing to have the society of an agreeable and clever companion on his travels; and he made a secret expedition to Urmsworth in order to persuade the person of his choice to join him. She hesitated and wavered long, but finally yielded; and it was in Nikomis's former wigwam, on the borders of the forest, that the arrangements

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for the elopement were made. It was on a Saturday evening, about the middle of March, and the flight was to take place the night following. All went well, and the fugitives had got safely to the borders of the lake, and were almost on the point of embarking on Sam's boat, when the unexpected apparition of Garth, stripped to his waist, and shooting the rapids in his canoe, changed the young lady's mind. After a brisk dispute with her would-be abductor, the pair separated, she stealing quietly back to the little cottage on the village outskirts, while Sam rowed across the lake alone, and five days later sailed out of Boston Harbor in a vessel bound for Liverpool.

Over the first five or six years of his European life he passed very lightly, and it is not improbable that he may have looked back upon them with something less than pure satisfaction. His money was soon spent, and he set himself to get some more. At one time he was a member of a circus *troupe*, and by his own account achieved vast success as a bare-back rider. Later he engaged as groom in the family of an English nobleman connected with the turf, and by taking advantage of "private information," he contrived to land a large sum on the Derby of that year. From this he might have gone on and made a fortune, had he not unfortunately persuaded himself, with cause or without, that his employer's daughter, whom he was in the habit of attending on her rides, was in love with him. In the midst of his hopes he received a summons to his master's presence, when the latter handed him his wages and then fell upon him with a horsewhip. Sam resisted; the nobleman was worsted in the fray; and the upshot was that Sam was heavily fined for assault and battery.

He now left England and crossed over to the Continent. Establishing himself at Baden-Baden, he cut a considerable dash with the remains of his Derby winnings, gambled with a good deal of success, and was accounted a personage of distinction. One of the stock countesses of the place, however, induced him to enter into a partnership. At the critical moment the outraged husband made his appearance, picked his quarrel with Sam, and demanded satisfaction. This he received—though in an irregular way. Sam, having accepted the challenge for the next morning, provided himself with a whip and a pistol, surprised the countess and her accomplice at their rooms that night, forced the woman to gag the man and tie him, half naked, to the bed post; then himself did a like service for her, and grasping his whip, set to work with a will upon both his enemies, nor held his hand until both hung fainting and bloody before him. In that situation did he leave them, locking the door upon them and carrying off the key in his pocket. The next evening he was safe in Paris, though with only a hundred francs in his purse, and the clothes he wore. This episode Sam related with relish, nor did Nikomis withhold the applause of glittering eyes and sympathetic grunts.

But there can be little doubt that for a long time thereafter the adventurer experienced almost unmitigated ill luck, and made acquaintance with very low depths of life indeed. He dodged about from one great city to another, trying his fortune at cards, billiards, thimble-rigging, acrobatism, or whatever else would put a little money in his scrip. About this period he began to be aware that by a sort of continuous coincidence he kept meeting a rather good-looking, stylishly dressed gentleman, who seemed to have no more settled residence or occupation than himself, but who uniformly associated with conspicuous personages, lived luxuriously, and fared sumptuously every day. Sam never had any communication with this gentleman, never knew who he was, and seldom got near enough to him even to distinguish the sound of his voice. But he thought he remembered catching a glimpse of him on the day of his landing in Liverpool, he believed he had once distinguished his blue eyeglasses among the spectators at the circus, and he was sure he had seen him make a bet at the Derby, and afterward drink a glass of water at the spring in Baden-Baden. By degrees, therefore, he came to regard him as somehow connected with himself—a repetition, in a higher sphere and with distinguished fortune, of his own vagabond personality. This superstitious fancy affected Sam differently at different times. Now he felt a sort of irrational attachment to the man who played so well the part in the world which it was his own ambition to play; now he hated him for being so like and yet so hopelessly above him. At one moment he hailed him as an omen and prefigurement of what he himself was destined to become; at another, he cursed him as the tantalizing ideal which he never would attain. Sometimes he hoped to raise himself to his level; sometimes he longed for the power to drag him down to his own. Occasionally months would go by without their meeting; then, again, they would seem to dog each other week after week. Sam wondered what the issue of it all would be.

He was now about twenty-two years old, rather striking in appearance, with manners smoothed by contact with mankind, yet retaining enough individual flavor to be noticeable. His faculties were alert and keen; his passions violent yet cold; his bodily vigor and versatility were much beyond the average. His native stock of cunning had been considerably enlarged, and he had rid himself of all such moral and so-

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cial prejudices as would be likely to impede him in the struggle for existence. He desired the good of no living creature but himself, and he was ready to believe evil of any thing or any body. On the whole, his chance of getting ahead of circumstances was worth backing; but what he desperately needed and could not obtain was a secure and respectable footing from which to act.

One day, in Vienna, after an unusual run of luck at billiards, which had enabled him to deck himself out in better raiment than ordinary, he strolled into a handsome *café* to get a glass of beer and a cigar. From his table he could see through a half-open door into an inner private room, where four gentlemen were playing cards. Three of these Sam knew by sight as persons of consequence in the city—wealthy men, either connected with the government or prominent in finance. The fourth, who sat nearest the door, he immediately recognized as his man of destiny. The sight occasioned him no surprise, though he had not before known that the mysterious being was in Vienna. Their fates were intertwined, although they might never come into direct contact.

The game was one which Sam held in especial favor, perhaps because he had devised a simple but exceedingly ingenious trick, which made winning almost a certainty, while detection was next to impossible. All that was required in it were three prepared cards and a fair amount of manual dexterity. As the swarthy and saturnine adventurer moodily watched the play, he cursed the luck that prevented him from taking a hand at such a table. What was the use of sleight of hand and ingenuity if one had only shabby fellows, with coppers in their pockets, to practice upon? One hour in the chair now occupied by his unknown other self would be worth ten years' swindling of empty pockets. What he lacked was a word of introduction. Once established on a footing with good society, his fortune thenceforth would be secure. But how, in the name of Beelzebub, was that word of introduction to be had?

The game proceeded with varying results, only the stakes became higher and higher. All at once Sam had a sensation. Unless his eyes deceived him, he had seen his man perform precisely the trick which Sam knew to be his private invention. He rose quietly from his table and walked to the door of the inner room, when a glance at the cards convinced him that he had not been mistaken. The latest and strangest coincidence had taken place, and it had brought their long correspondent careers finally into collision. Sam returned to his table, drank off his brandy, again returned to the private room, and entered it boldly. He knew, and did not let slip, his opportunity.

The play was over; the four gentlemen were standing up, talking and laughing, the winner carelessly folding up and placing in his pocket-book a dozen or so of hundred-thaler bank-notes. Sam took him familiarly by the arm and grasped his hand.

"Act as if you knew me," said he, in English. "I saw you do that trick. You have three prepared cards in your pocket. I can have you searched here before every body, and kicked out of society. I'll do it, unless you present me to all these men as your particular friend, Mr. Flint. Come now!"

The man, upon perceiving Sam's drift, partially recovered his disturbed equanimity, and shook hands with simulated cordiality. The ceremony of presentation was then punctiliously performed, and the disreputable half-breed was a member of the best society. After the usual compliments had passed, Sam bade his sponsor enlarge upon their early intimacy, and allude to him as a young gentleman of vast wealth and highly connected. The command was obeyed, and, as in a fairy tale, the beggar was transformed into a prince. The Baron von Stecknadeln invited him to dine; Kriegsrath Pickelhaube hoped to be honored by his presence at the reception on Sunday evening; the banker Groschenlieb would feel hurt if he did not drop in at his reading-rooms the next morning. Mr. Flint gravely bowed his acknowledgments. Before the company separated, he turned again to his involuntary benefactor and requested him for his card, remarking that he must make a note of his address. It was given accordingly, and Sam read upon it the name of Mr. Golightley Urmson.

In a few minutes more they were alone.

"I want six hundred thalers," said Mr. Flint.

"You may go to the devil," said Mr. Golightley Urmson.

"Come now, we'd better be friends, Mr. Urmson. You're all right for this time, but you'll be wanting to play that same game again some day, and then I'll be there, you depend. No use, Mr. Urmson, old boy! You're no better than I am, 'nd you needn't pretend to be. Come now, I don't want to hurt you; 'f I get something to start on, I'll do the rest for myself. Or we'll make a pair of us, if you like, 'nd do business together. Six hundred thalers, old boy! You wouldn't want me to discredit your introduction, would you?"

Mr. Golightley Urmson straightened himself, curled forward his side locks, and made his tinted eyeglasses glisten overawingly. He explained that he was not what Mr. Flint took him for; that this had been the first and would be the last time he ever cheated at cards; that he had done it only to relieve a temporary embarrassment, and that so soon as his remittances arrived he intended giving the gentlemen their re-

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venge. "You are an impudent rogue," he added; "but you happened to detect me in an action which I regret, and I am willing to regard your impudence as a timely retribution for my—ah—fault. I don't mind giving you some money as a free gift—a self-inflicted penance. Understand, I am not in the least danger from you, nor would I consent to be intimidated if I were. This is a free—ah—contribution." Here the orator magnificently drew forth his pocket-book, took out of it with the tips of his long fingers a fold of bank-notes, and, averting his eyes, held them superciliously toward Mr. Flint. "Now go to the devil," he repeated, turning away.

"Now you look here, old boy," said the other, stepping quickly in front of him; "I know you 'nd all about you. I know what part of New Hampshire your remittances come from, and who sends 'em. I've watched you for five years 'nd more. You're no better than I am, except for luck. I knew we'd be even some day, whether I went up or you went down. You've kept up very nicely, haven't you, and know all the fine people? Very well. I'm even with you now, and if I go down, you'll go with me. The same devil for us both, old boy! I shall do all right without you for a while; but if I ever get in any scrape, I shall use your name to get out of it again. Maybe it 'll get worn out sooner with both of us using it, but it 'll be worn out for you 's well as for me. So maybe you'll want to keep me out of scrapes—what?"

"I can not consent to be intimidated," Golightley repeated, still fingering his side locks with an air of superiority, and beginning to walk off. Mr. Flint allowed him to get some distance away, and then called after him, in a tone so loud as to attract the notice of every one in the *café*, "Hi! Urmson, hold on!"

Golightley looked over his shoulder and paused. "Something wrong about this money," called Mr. Flint, not moving from his easy position on the end of the table, and shaking the notes in the air. "You've cheated me out of—"

Golightley came hastily back. Mr. Flint had spoken in German, and the tenor of his remarks did not promise to be such as the public ought to be made privy to. Golightley came up pale and a little tremulous, either with fury or, despite his disclaimer, with fury mingled with fear. Mr. Flint ducked down his head and laughed. "There's only five hundred here," explained he, so soon as he had recovered his gravity. "Come on now—another hundred, old boy!"

The other hesitated. No doubt that, for a moment or two, he meditated rebellion at whatever cost. He looked into Mr. Flint's narrow black eyes, and knew that he had to deal with a man more unprincipled and more desperate than himself—a man who had gained a most unlucky advantage over him, and who, moreover, had in some inexplicable manner become possessed of a knowledge concerning himself and his private affairs which already went far enough, and might, for all Golightley knew, extend much further. Of Mr. Flint, on the other hand, Golightley knew nothing; but, as he looked at him, he fancied he recollected having met with that swarthy, sinister, impenetrable face often before; it had haunted him for years past, like an evil genius, and now, at last, had fastened its ugly hold upon him. To defy an unknown, unscrupulous, hostile power like this was certainly rash, and might be fatal; nevertheless, the momentary impulse to do so was almost irresistible. A man's freedom, when it is first threatened, seems better worth preserving than honor, reputation, wealth, or any other thing. Yet it so happens that in perhaps nine cases out of ten, freedom is sacrificed in the end. In the present instance Golightley had greatly weakened his position by yielding to Mr. Flint's first approaches: had he resisted from the outset, all might have been well; but he had been taken too utterly by surprise to weigh the matter, and the first demands made upon him had seemed to be such as it could do no great harm to grant. By so doing, however, he had crippled his independence, and to retrieve it now might be ruin. He hesitated for nearly a minute, while Mr. Flint silently but guardedly watched him. It is hardly too much to say that during these few seconds Golightley suffered as much anguish of mind as it was within his scope to feel. Suddenly drops of sweat started out on his forehead and ran down into his beard. He hastily took out his pocket-book, thrust the note into Mr. Flint's hand, and hurried away. The strength seemed to have slid out of him. He tripped once or twice before reaching the street, and did not keep his chin uplifted as usual.

Such, in effect, is the version of this occurrence which Sam confided to Nikomis. Perhaps he exaggerated the ease and completeness of his own victory, and understated the prowess of his antagonist; yet there can be little question that the final result of the contest was much as he represented it to be. At all events, his worldly standing underwent a transformation forthwith. He rose at once to the higher social strata. His Indian strain rather helped him than the contrary in his intercourse with polite circles: his foreign appearance was a distinction, the more because no one knew from what nationality he sprang; and he had tact enough, and a sufficient smattering of languages, to satisfy tolerably well the demands of fashionable society. He lived by his wits as before, but the opportunities and the gains were far greater; and he used

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so much caution in his operations as for the most part to escape even suspicion. With Golightley he wisely interfered as seldom as possible; although, whenever his own resources waned, he never hesitated to demand, or failed to receive, assistance. By degrees the relations of the two men became less hostile; they drifted into a half explicit partnership. Either Golightley's moral fibre continued to deteriorate, or he tacitly confessed himself a greater rogue than he had at first pretended. Be that as it may, he accepted Mr. Flint's co-operation in several shady strokes of business. But the more closely their actual interests were identified, the further did they retire from visible intimacy. The breadth of Europe was more often between them than not; when necessary, they corresponded through the post, and once in a while they had an interview. Life went on with them pretty comfortably, and Mr. Flint at least greatly enjoyed himself. His physical accomplishments aided to render him somewhat conspicuous: as a horseman, a hunter, and a swordsman he was in high repute; and once, after skating before Czar Nicholas of Russia, that potentate personally expressed to him his satisfaction, and gave him a diamond ring, which Sam still held on to—less, perhaps, out of sentiment than as a resource in the hour of adversity.

"Why you make look so poor now, Sam?" demanded Nikomis, at this point, recurring to the question which had puzzled her at the outset; since, for all he had said thus far, there seemed no reason why her grandson should not be as affluent as at any period of his career.

"Oh, well, granny, Golightley's here, isn't he? S' long as he's rich, I sha'n't stay so very poor—he! he! he! Madge says he's going to be married, and I s'pose," added Sam, humorously, "he'll like having me best man at his wedding."

"You seen Madge?" said Nikomis, a little jealously.

"Seen her this morning; made signal under her window this morning, 'nd she came down to me. Mighty pretty girl she is now, granny—mighty nice! She told me something I didn't know before," he continued, after a pause, throwing a sharp glance at the old woman. "I knew who your daughter-in-law was before, granny; but you never told me how kind my grandpa had been to me—what? never told me how much old Cuthbert and Garth must want to see me—what? Oh no, I'm not so very poor, after all, granny."

"What you going to do with Madge?" asked Nikomis, passing over these allusions.

"She ought to have come out to me when I sent for her. What she not come then for—eh? Had plenty of money then. Go t' Paris; go t' St. Petersburg 'nd see the Czar 'nd get diamond rings. Don't know what we do now. What d' you want me to do?"

"Ugh! marry her," said Nikomis.

Sam knocked the ashes out of his pipe and laughed silently to himself. "She mighty pretty girl, granny," was all his reply. After refilling and lighting his pipe, he said: "Old Golightley's got ahead of me this time. They can't touch him till they've caught me. No evidence against him, 'less I give it. Tell you what, though, I don't care. I spent all my share, 'nd if they track me down, I'll offer to peach on him. Damn him, he had more'n half the money, anyway, 'nd they'd rather get him than me. Curse him, I'll do it, 'less he gives me half what he's got. He's an Urmson: let him go to hell with the rest of 'em—what, granny?"

"You stolen money, Sam?—stolen money right out? Whose money—um?"

"What you looking so glum about, granny?" returned Sam, with a passing scowl. "What do you care whose money it was? It was Golightley's stealing, anyway; he put me up to it, 'nd then covered all his own tracks, curse him!"

"Nikomis sorry you a thief, Sam," said the old squaw, with a grim solemnity of manner different from her hitherto submissive and fond demeanor. "Nikomis never been a thief. You might have had my money. Me sorry you come here 'fraid to show yourself. Nikomis never 'fraid to show myself."

"You expected me to drive up in a coach t' the front-door, did you, and order every body out of my house?" demanded the half-breed, with a snicker. "Never mind, granny, I'll do it soon as I get my pardon. If old Golightley don't pay up, we'll have it out of Garth 'nd Cuthbert afterward. They can't deny the legacy—that's safe, anyway."

"Don't know 'bout that," said Nikomis, shaking her head. "Maybe Golightley spent all that. Maybe there's only the house left. You don't want the house?"

"Maybe I don't; but I'll turn them out of it, anyway, or else I'll burn 'em up, house 'nd all. That's what I came here for."

"How you going to make show it's yours?" inquired Nikomis, after a pause.

"You've got the papers, haven't you, to prove who I am?" exclaimed Sam, jerking himself suddenly up on his elbow. "Damn you, you haven't lost them? Madge said you had 'em. Come now, granny, no nonsense!"

"Ugh! Madge. You better ask her for 'em, then," retorted the Indian, with a gleam of sullen resentment. "Maybe she got 'em."

"By the devil, you old hag," said Sam, sitting up with a threatening look; "didn't I tell you, no nonsense? You saw me down there with Cuthbert just now; d' you s'pose I wouldn't cut your heart out as quick as his, 'f you go against me, 'nd hang your scalp up there with the rest? What you done with those papers now? I want 'em."

"You cut me, Sam," was Nikomis's re-

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ply, sitting grimly impassive before him. "Maybe you find the papers inside me."

The other threw himself back on his mattress with something between a snarl and a snicker. It was plain that his grandparent was not to be intimidated, and that even to carry his threat into execution would forward the defeat rather than the attainment of his desire. She only was able to establish his claim to the legacy, and he had made a mistake in trying bullying instead of persuasion upon her. So much Sam understood; but as regarded the occasion of Nikomis's unexpected perversity, he fell into an error. He fancied she was merely jealous of Madge, who had been granted the privilege of a first interview. But though some such feeling may have had its weight, the real source of her disaffection lay far deeper. Sam had for many years been the old woman's hero. She had prayed over him, perhaps, in her Indian fashion, while he was yet a child, seeing in him the instrument of retribution upon the traditional enemies of her tribe. During his absence she brooded over him, adorning him with every stern and subtle quality that answered in her savage code for virtues. His neglect she had condoned, and had looked forward to his return as to the proud consummation of her life. With such a strong prepossession in the hero's favor, she might have devised excuse or justification for a good deal of disappointment when he actually should appear; and so, in fact, she had done. She had taken his shabby attire and insolent behavior in very good part, and had listened to his story, resolved beforehand to find it admirable. She was no squeamish moralist. Her decalogue had little in common with the Mosaic one. Nevertheless she owned her prejudices, and next to cowardice she disdained vulgar theft. A man might live by his wits—conquer men by the resources of superior cunning when force was of no avail; or, on the other hand, he might confront his victims on the open highway, and wrench from them with force and violence their possessions; but tamely and stupidly to steal was beneath the dignity of a true Indian, descendant of mighty sachems.

An ordinary civilized woman, on finding her hero turned into a disreputable scamp, might have been tempted to tamper with her own moral integrity, and make his wrong her right. But Nikomis had in her little capacity for change or compromise; her principles, such as they were, were fixed; and deep-seated and long-suffering though her affections were, they could not stand the test of her contempt. Perhaps Sam's shameless avowal of his shame, as well as his attempt to terrify her into submission, may have made it easier to condemn him, by fortifying her scorn with resentment. And when he further proposed to rehabilitate himself by impoverishing a family which, though theoretically hostile, Nikomis had throughout a long course of years found practically most kind and charitable, she was ready to take their part against him and herself. It was a singular transformation, though by the logic of circumstances inevitable. In an hour the hope of a lifetime was uprooted, and there was nothing to take its place. Yet it should be noted that possibly Nikomis came off better than she might have done. The Sam she despised was not the Sam whom she had loved; and again, supposing he had proved a worthy fulfillment of her imaginings, would not a conflict have arisen between her duty to her tribe and her obligations as a favored and trusted guest, occasioning her more real discomfort than the ideal pang she suffered now? Revenge, if it be postponed too long, is apt to become a very irksome and unmanageable affair, and persons who indulge in its pursuit should consider themselves lucky if they are punished by the frustration instead of by the realization of their plans. The former issue may appear disappointing, but the latter is pretty certain to be disastrous all round. Nikomis, therefore, should not be allowed to move our sympathies too deeply, especially since her disenchantment with Sam must by no means be taken to imply the abandonment of all retributive designs. Her nature was a dark, involved, and wayward one, and she was quite capable of shielding her foe from an unworthy tomahawk, in order to butcher him respectfully and appreciatingly herself.

As has already been remarked, Sam formed a different and much simpler estimate of the difficulties that now lay in his path; and after what he considered a sufficient time for his grandmother to recover her temper had elapsed, he prepared to re-open the conversation upon a new basis. But almost at the beginning he was interrupted by the arrival of Elinor at the outer door of the house. "Who can that be, granny?" he asked, as the knocking echoed through the house. "Don't you let any body come up here!"

Nikomis, who supposed the visitor to be Mrs. Tenterden, got up without making any reply, and made herself ready to go down. Sam, satisfied by her manner that there was no probability of his being disturbed, replaced his pipe in its case, and turning on his side, proceeded to compose himself for a nap. Nikomis, after passing through the door of the wigwam, turned round, with the flaps in her hand, to look within. There lay her companion, the darkest object in the darkness, as he was the least heroic in her regard. With a grunt the old Indian let the flap fall over the opening, and so made the darkness uniform and complete. She had blotted her grandson out.

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LORD MACAULAY ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

THE following letters were addressed to the late Henry S. Randall shortly after the publication by the latter of a biography of Thomas Jefferson. The presentation of that work to the late Lord Macaulay, together with some other casual literary courtesies, was the occasion of these four remarkable letters. The substance of one of them was published many years ago, but under circumstances which imparted to it no especial interest. All the letters are here given as they were written. The originals are in Mrs. Randall's possession, copies of them having been, with her permission, made by the Hon. John Bigelow, who places them in our hands for publication.

EDITOR HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

HOLLY LODGE, KENSINGTON,
January 18, 1857.

SIR,—I beg you to accept my thanks for your letter inclosing the autograph of Washington, which reached me three weeks ago, and for the *History of the State of New York*, which I received the day before yesterday.

I shall look forward with curiosity to the appearance of your *Life of Jefferson*. I can not say that he is one of my heroes; but it is very probable that you may convince me that I have formed an erroneous estimate of his character.

I am a little surprised to learn from you that Americans generally consider him as a foil to Washington, as the Arimanes of the republic contending against the Oromasdes. There can, I apprehend, be no doubt that your institutions have, during the whole of the nineteenth century, been constantly becoming more Jeffersonian and less Washingtonian. It is surely strange that, while this process has been going on, Washington should have been exalted into a god, and Jefferson degraded into a demon.

If there were any chance of my living to write the history of your Revolution, I should eagerly and gratefully accept your kind offer of assistance. But I now look to the accession of the house of Hanover as my extreme goal. With repeated thanks, I have the honor to be, Sir, your faithful servant, T. B. MACAULAY.

H. S. RANDALL, Esq., etc., etc., etc.

HOLLY LODGE, KENSINGTON,
LONDON, *May* 23, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—The four volumes of the *Colonial History of New York* reached me safely. I assure you that I shall value them highly. They contain much to interest an English as well as an American reader. Pray accept my thanks, and convey them to the Regents of the University.

You are surprised to learn that I have not a high opinion of Mr. Jefferson, and I am surprised at your surprise. I am certain that I never wrote a line, and that I never, in Parliament, in conversation, or even on the hustings—a place where it is the fashion to court the populace—uttered a word indicating an opinion that the supreme authority in a state ought to be intrusted to the majority of citizens told by the head; in other words, to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both. In Europe, where the population is dense, the effect of such institutions would be almost instantaneous. What happened lately in France is an example. In 1848 a pure democracy was established there. During a short time there was reason to expect a general spoliation, a national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, a maximum of prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose of supporting the poor in idleness. Such a system would, in twenty years, have made France as poor and barbarous as the France of the Carlovingians. Happily the danger was averted; and now there is a despotism, a silent tribune, an enslaved press. Liberty is gone, but civilization has been saved. I have not the smallest doubt that, if we had a purely democratic government here, the effect would be the same. Either the poor would plunder the rich, and civilization would perish, or order and prosperity would be saved by a strong military government, and liberty would perish. You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World, and, while that is the case, the Jefferson politics may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as old England. Wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birminghams, and in those Manchesters and Birminghams hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress every where makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another can not get a full meal. In bad years there is plenty of grumbling here, and sometimes a little rioting. But it matters little. For here the sufferers are not the rulers. The supreme power is in the hands of a class, numerous indeed, but select; of an educated class; of a

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class which is, and knows itself to be, deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order. Accordingly, the malcontents are firmly yet gently restrained. The bad time is got over without robbing the wealthy to relieve the indigent. The springs of national prosperity soon begin to flow again: work is plentiful, wages rise, and all is tranquillity and cheerfulness. I have seen England pass three or four times through such critical seasons as I have described. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you a good deliverance. But my reason and my wishes are at war, and I can not help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For with you the majority is the government, and has the rich, who are always a minority, absolutely at its mercy. The day will come when in the State of New York a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why any body should be permitted to drink Champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessaries. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a working-man who hears his children cry for more bread? I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people who should in a year of scarcity devour all the seed-corn, and thus make the next a year not of scarcity, but of absolute famine. There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on this downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions.

Thinking thus, of course I can not reckon Jefferson among the benefactors of mankind. I readily admit that his intentions were good and his abilities considerable. Odious stories have been circulated about his private life; but I do not know on what evidence those stories rest, and I think it probable that they are false or monstrously exaggerated. I have no doubt that I shall derive both pleasure and information from your account of him.

I have the honor to be, dear Sir, your faithful servant, T. B. MACAULAY.

H. S. RANDALL, Esq., etc., etc., etc.

HOLLY LODGE, KENSINGTON,
October 9, 1858.

SIR,—I beg you to accept my thanks for your volumes, which have just reached me, and which, as far as I can judge from the first hasty inspection, will prove both interesting and instructive.

Your book was preceded by a letter, for which I have also to thank you. In that letter you expressed, without the smallest discourtesy, a very decided dissent from some opinions which I have long held firmly, but which I should never have obtruded on you except at your own earnest request, and which I have no wish to defend against your objections. If you can derive any comfort as to the future destinies of your country from your conviction that a benevolent Creator will never suffer more human beings to be born than can live in plenty, it is a comfort of which I should be sorry to deprive you. By the same process of reasoning one may arrive at many very agreeable conclusions, such as that there is no cholera, no malaria, no yellow fever, no negro slavery, in the world. Unfortunately for me, perhaps, I learned from Lord Bacon a method of investigating truth diametrically opposite to that which you appear to follow. I am perfectly aware of the immense progress which your country has made and is making in population and wealth. I know that the laborer with you has large wages, abundant food, and the means of giving some education to his children. But I see no reason for attributing these things to the policy of Jefferson. I see no reason to believe that your progress would have been less rapid, that your laboring people would have been worse fed or clothed or taught, if your government had been conducted on the principles of Washington and Hamilton. Nay, you will, I am sure, acknowledge that the progress which you are now making is only a continuation of the progress which you have been making ever since the middle of the seventeenth century, and that the blessings which you now enjoy were enjoyed by your forefathers who were loyal subjects of the kings of England. The contrast between the laborer of New York and the laborer of Europe is not stronger now than it was when New York was governed by noblemen

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and gentlemen commissioned under the English great seal. And there are at this moment dependencies of the English crown in which all the phenomena which you attribute to purely democratical institutions may be seen in the highest perfection. The colony of Victoria, in Australia, was planted only twenty years ago. The population is now, I suppose, near a million. The revenue is enormous, near five millions sterling, and raised without any murmuring. The wages of labor are higher than they are even with you. Immense sums are expended on education. And this is a province governed by the delegate of a hereditary sovereign. It therefore seems to me quite clear that the facts which you cite to prove the excellence of purely democratic institutions ought to be ascribed not to those institutions, but to causes which operated in America long before your Declaration of Independence, and which are still operating in many parts of the British Empire. You will perceive, therefore, that I do not propose, as you thought, to sacrifice the interests of the present generation to those of remote generations. It would, indeed, be absurd in a nation to part with institutions to which it is indebted for immense present prosperity from an apprehension that, after the lapse of a century, those institutions may be found to produce mischief. But I do not admit that the prosperity which your country enjoys arises from those parts of your polity which may be called, in an especial manner, Jeffersonian. Those parts of your polity already produce bad effects, and will, unless I am greatly mistaken, produce fatal effects if they shall last till North America has two hundred inhabitants to the square mile.

With repeated thanks for your present, I have the honor to be, Sir, your faithful servant, MACAULAY.

HOLLY LODGE, KENSINGTON,
January 8, 1859.

SIR,—I owe you many thanks for the amusement and information which I have derived from your *Life of Jefferson;* and I am much more inclined to pay that debt than to trouble you with criticism and controversy. In truth, the work of criticism and controversy would be interminable.

I did not know, till I read your book, that the odious imputations which have often been thrown on Jefferson's private character originated with that vile fellow Callender. In the absence of evidence I supposed them, as I told you, to be either wholly false or grossly exaggerated; and I certainly shall not be more disposed to believe them because they rest on Callender's authority.

I again beg you to accept my thanks for much pleasure and much instruction, and believe me, Your faithful servant,
MACAULAY.

H. S. RANDALL, Esq., etc., etc., etc.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE letters of Lord Macaulay which are published in this number of the Magazine are exceedingly interesting and very characteristic. Many years ago, in his pleasant home at Cortland, in New York, Mr. Randall read them to the Easy Chair, and commented upon them with the warmth of a sincere and half-disdainful American. It was in the days when sincere and disdainful Americans were inclined to believe that we were the chosen people, and that the Divine hand would enable us to pass dry-shod through the sea. Nothing, indeed, could be imagined more antagonistic to all Macaulay's convictions and prejudices than a thorough Jeffersonian. First and last and always Macaulay was a British Whig. His political opinions were formed in the still lingering shade of the French Revolution, which effectually terrorized the educated class in England. The people and the mob were synonymous, in the Whig view, and a popular government was a more or less ameliorated rule of the Convention, which might any day become a bloody triumvirate. The key of these letters of Macaulay is invincible distrust of the great masses of men. It is the general feeling of conservatism every where, and as the plain tendency of political progress is to rest the government upon the popular will, conservatism anticipates anarchy and a universal lapse into chaos.

But the letters suggest timely reflection upon the rule of the majority. Macaulay perhaps did not sufficiently reflect that one of the proofs of the singular wisdom of our system is the restriction upon the power of the majority imposed by the majority itself. Among the "checks and balances" which are held to be the glory of our institutions, as of the British system, there is none more admirable than that which by the occasional constitutional election of a minority President accustoms the country to repose upon a result which is apparently opposed to the fundamental principle of the rule of the majority. The arrangement is not, however, a total defiance of that principle. The foundation of free government is the neighborhood, or local community. In our system the State is the large local political society, which in this country has, among the older States at least, already acquired traditional interests and historic individuality. In the case we have supposed, it is the majority in each State that prevails, and the citizen is satisfied that within that political society the rule has been observed; while if the aggregate of numerical popular majorities does not settle the result, the advantage gained by the system reconciles him, without doubt or complaint, to the event.

Of course we are speaking of the principle exclusively, and not of any special application of it. If the State majority be obtained in any doubtful or illicit way, there will be dissatisfaction. But

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no man with the instincts and sound training of an American will ever think to remedy a political result lawfully declared except by lawful means. Anarchy is not a remedy for disorder. The very problem which is set before this country is assumed by Macaulay to be impossible of solution. The multitude, he holds, will always be ignorant and brutal. Labor and capital will always be hostile. If you make the multitude the government, you place property at the mercy of the mad passions of poverty. But are the conditions fixed? Must an essential antagonism be assumed? Is it impossible for educated and humane intelligence to devise means to avoid collision? Must it be assumed, for instance, that no form of co-operation will ease difficulties, or that the inevitable humanizing influence of a social system without arbitrary clauses must be of no practical or measurable value?

This is a field of speculation upon which Macaulay was always loath to enter. It seemed to him visionary and sentimental. The good Mr. Randall must have felt the courteous smile in the reply to his letter which questioned the historian's position. Indeed, in no published works by Macaulay is his intense satisfaction with his own theory as thoroughly exhaustive more evident than in the few sentences of these letters. They recall once more the singular insight of Emerson's remark upon the famous, popular, prosperous, pleasant Englishman—"His good is good to eat."

QUIETLY and without observation, Baltimore has become a university town. The munificence of George Peabody and of Johns Hopkins has enabled the city to offer to every sincere student an ample and admirable opportunity of the most advanced as well as of elementary study. By a happy understanding the two institutions, although wholly different, are allies and not rivals. The foundation of Mr. Peabody is very simple and popular, including a library, a conservatory of music, and a course of popular literary and scientific lectures. The Institute occupies a handsome marble building in the pleasant part of the city around the Washington Monument. The situation is perfectly quiet and sunny and high, and the building well adapted for its purpose. The lower story contains a large hall, with various rooms for offices, and the upper a spacious reading-room and library. An addition is just finished, to which the library will be removed, and the present quarters of the books will be devoted to the uses of an art gallery.

The library contains more than sixty thousand volumes, and is most carefully selected. It is truly a scholar's library; and as it is freely open to the public for reference, and is convenient to the present seat of the Johns Hopkins University, the university is spared the necessity of duplicating books. Its students can always consult the Peabody books, except such as the exigencies of scientific observation and experiment require to be constantly in the hands of the pupil. The reading-room is, of course, rich in all current periodical literature, and is a place more delightful than frequented. The lectures begin in the autumn, and continue twice a week through the winter. The admission fee to the whole course is almost nominal, and the attendance is sometimes very large. The hall accommodates, perhaps, fifteen hundred persons, and a lecturer who is used to the best lyceum audiences of the East and the West will find the Peabody audience to be one of the most agreeable he has ever met. The lectures are historical, scientific, literary, and artistic. During the present season there will be short courses, ranging from two to six lectures, upon such topics as mediæval architecture, parallels between the American and French Revolutions, American life a century ago, household art, German literature, with strictly scientific lectures. The audiences vary, of course, with the subject and the speaker. But there is probably no such copious and valuable popular course any where in the country.

On Saturday evenings, in the same hall, there is a concert of the best music, under the auspices of the Peabody Conservatory. This is a musical school, upon the same general Peabody foundation, and organized upon the plan of the great European conservatories. Its course of instruction occupies three years, and includes teaching in the science of music, in singing, and in instrumental playing. Instruction is not free, but for all the three branches a fee of one hundred and ten dollars is required. But the charge for any single department is not large—thirty dollars for the theoretical course, and fifty dollars each for the singing or instrumental. The concerts are devoted to the works of the great masters, and their effect is already marked upon the musical taste of the community. The old merchant in a foreign country, grateful to the city in which he passed his younger years, has left a noble monument of his gratitude.

But Johns Hopkins lived and died in the city which his bounty has truly enriched. He was of English Quaker stock, and lived seventy-nine years, his active life devoted to business, in which he was most successful. Like Ezra Cornell, he was what is called a self-made man. He was unmarried, and as he grew old and rich he decided to choose his countrymen and all mankind as his heir. He projected a university and a hospital. The plan became a passion. He concentrated his sagacity and thrift and energy upon increasing the property which was to be their foundation, and he died, at Christmas three years ago, bequeathing seven millions of dollars, half to found the school, and half for the hospital. The money was left without conditions, except the admirable prohibition to spend any of the capital for buildings. But no kind of sectarian, or political, or fanciful limitation stained the beauty of the gift. The giver had the good sense to know that he could not know as well as others the conditions essential to the end he sought. That end, however, he understood. It was the increase of knowledge and the greater facility of its practical application. He would supply the means, but experts must adapt them. The value of the Hopkins bounty may be estimated from a simple statement made by President Gilman in his inaugural address. The bequest is $3,500,000. The funds of Harvard College that yield income were in 1875 something more than $3,000,000, those of Yale nearly a million and a half. The Hopkins University fund yields a revenue of nearly $200,000. The revenue of Harvard from property alone in 1874–75 was nearly $220,000. But the expenses of the college alone, not including the library, the special departments, or the general administration, were nearly $190,000. Such facts show that,

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even with so vast a bounty as that of Johns Hopkins, there are very strict bounds to hopes and plans, and that great sagacity is indispensable to secure the advantages which the bounty intends and promises.

It is agreed that Mr. Hopkins was most fortunate in selecting the trustees. They are men of large intelligence and public spirit, as well as of sagacity and energy; and they in turn called the wisest and most practical educators to their councils. It is one of the most auspicious omens of the enterprise that the trustees invited President Gilman, of the California University, and formerly of Yale, to the head of the new university, and that at his inauguration a year ago President Eliot, of Harvard, gave him the right hand of fellowship. It is to the intelligence, enthusiasm, and great administrative genius of younger men like these that the *renaissance* of American college life, the elevation of scholarship, and the adaptation of the higher learning to the conditions of modern life are due. The active and hearty co-operation in university leadership of men like Eliot and Gilman and White recalls by sympathy the era of the "new learning" in England, with the fellowship of Colet, Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More. The scheme of the university is, of course, not yet fully developed. But there are guiding indications of its tendency and design. It is plainly not to be a club of the *jeunesse dorée*, who wish to lounge elegantly for a few years with a seemly pretense of study. It does not invite loungers, but students. In the familiar phrase, it means work.

The most obvious difference in the scheme is its disregard of the four-year class system of the American college. This system has never existed in the University of Virginia, and it is not known in the great European universities. The principle at the new university will be that attainments rather than time shall be the condition of promotion. It will regard individuals rather than classes, and it will carry any individual as far in any study as he may wish to go. Here is a serious innovation upon our college traditions. Here is an abolition of "the class" of this or that year, and a consequent sacrifice of class pride and fellowship. But even that may be easily overrated. It is not the "class of '29"—unless Holmes happens to be a member—which is so precious to the older man as Alma Mater herself. To be a Harvard or Yale man, a Columbia or a Princeton man, or a man of any other college, is the glory and the pride of the student and the graduate, rather than any closer and smaller distinction. The fellowship of taste, of character, of study, of common aims, not of time or arbitrary association, is the true bond, and for that the Johns Hopkins scheme leaves full play.

It has sought its teachers among the most eminent, and not in this country alone. It has also found young men of signal talent for special studies, who will teach while they pursue their own higher courses, and who have the advantage of fellowships. There is a noble company of lecturers—masters in various departments—who will deliver courses of lectures and direct studies for a limited time each year, like the non-resident professors of Cornell. As the purpose of the university is work and not play, the gates of entrance do not turn on easy hinges. By a memorandum of the 22d of November, 1876, it appears that of one hundred and fifty-four applicants for admission, thirty-nine were graduates and one hundred and fifteen were under-graduates. Of these, fifty-nine were accepted and ninety-five were not accepted. Lounging, we said, is not desired. It is a school consecrated to study.

The present quarters of the university are very modest, but, with a laboratory which has just been built, they are sufficient. The final seat will be at Clifton, a country estate of Mr. Hopkins near the city, which he designed for the site of the institution. The funds to erect the buildings must be accumulated from the interest of the bequest; and when the work of building shall be begun, the same good sense which has thus far conducted the enterprise will doubtless prevent folly. "Not a mediæval pile, I hope," says President Gilman in his address, "but a series of modern institutions; not a monumental but a serviceable group of structures. The Middle Ages have not built any cloisters for us; why should we build for the Middle Ages?" Nor does he forget—the Middle Ages being no more—the higher education of women. It is a subject not yet discussed by the trustees. It was near to the heart of Mr. Cornell in founding his university, and co-education is the system adopted there. President Gilman, however, approves that of Girton College, near Cambridge, in England, where the Cambridge professors instruct the young women students who occupy the college. It is a problem, in the judgment of President Gilman, "not without difficulty, however it is approached. Of this I am certain, that they are not among the wise who depreciate the intellectual capacity of women, and they are not among the prudent who would deny to women the best opportunities for education and culture. I trust the day is near when some one, following the succession of Peabody and Hopkins, will institute here a Girton College which may avail itself of the advantages of the Peabody and Hopkins foundations, without obliging the pupils to give up the advantages of a home, or exposing them to the rougher influences which, I am sorry to confess, are still to be found in colleges and universities where young men resort."

—If some graduate of an older day, wishing and hoping well, shall yet doubt the practicability of the lofty scheme of the Johns Hopkins University and its masterly director, let him recall what Seebohm says of Erasmus: "During the time he spent at Oxford he had many talks and discussions with Colet. He had come to Oxford full of the spirit of the revival of learning, but not yet hating the scholastic system as Colet did, nor ready at once to take to Colet's views on the need of reform. He had not yet got the religious earnestness which made Colet what he was. But Colet's fervor was infectious, and before Erasmus left Oxford he saw clearly what a great work Colet had begun."

THE unveiling of the statue of Mr. Seward in Madison Square was immediately followed by that of Mr. Webster in the Central Park. Both of them are tributes of private regard. That of Mr. Webster, indeed, is the gift to the city and to the country of Mr. Gordon W. Burnham alone. The day appointed for the ceremony was singularly beautiful, and the addresses of Mr. Winthrop and of Mr. Evarts were those of sincere admirers

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of the greatness of Mr. Webster. That greatness, his intellectual power, and the large grasp of what in the German phrase would be called his understanding, are undeniable. Nor were they ever questioned even by his sternest critics and censors. Theodore Parker's remarkable discourse upon Webster, which is unique for its unmeasured admiration and unsparing condemnation, is still the most striking and, upon the whole, the most truthful of all the estimates of him. A fervent admirer of Webster, who heard the discourse and was greatly excited, exclaimed, as he alluded to it, "It was the most outrageous performance I ever heard, and the worst of it is that it is true." Choate's superb eulogy at Dartmouth is the finest piece of sustained splendor of rhetoric in American literary annals, but it is the magnificent special plea of a consummate advocate, and is plainly intended as a reply to Parker. Edward Everett's discourse at the raising of the statue in the grounds of the Massachusetts Statehouse is interesting and elaborate, but it is the oration of an unquestioning panegyrist.

In this oration there is, perhaps, the most finished and striking of Everett's characteristic passages. He is speaking of the Union speech upon the Hayne resolution, which he calls "the greatest parliamentary effort made by Mr. Webster."

"I passed an hour and a half with Mr. Webster, at his request, the evening before this great effort, and he went over to me, from a very concise brief, the main topics of the speech which he had prepared for the following day. So calm and unimpassioned was the memorandum, so entirely was he at ease himself, that I was tempted to think, absurdly enough, that he was not sufficiently aware of the magnitude of the occasion. But I soon perceived that his calmness was the repose of conscious power. He was not only at ease, but sportive and full of anecdote, and, as he told the Senate playfully the next day, he slept soundly that night on the formidable assault of his gallant and accomplished adversary. So the great Condé slept on the eve of the battle of Rocroi, so Alexander slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela, and so they awoke to deeds of immortal fame. As I saw him in the evening (if I may borrow an illustration from his favorite amusement), he was as unconcerned and as free of spirit as some here have often seen him while floating in his fishing boat along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here and there with the varying fortune of the sport. The next morning he was like some mighty admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadow of his frowning tiers far over the sea that seemed to sink beneath him, his broad pennant streaming at the main, the Stars and Stripes at the fore, the mizzen, and the peak, and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides."

The conclusion of Mr. Choate's eulogy, also, is very characteristic and touching. In all these discourses, except Parker's, as in the diary of Mr. Ticknor, who was a close friend of Mr. Webster and one of his literary executors, there is the same tone of overpowering admiration. Criticism and censure of a man so great, so supreme, so Olympian, a man on whose very person great Jove had set his seal, seemed to these personal friends, and to the multitude for whom they spoke, a kind of blasphemy. So great a man was above criticism. The only proper attitude toward him was that of reverence, the only fitting tone that of adulation. Mr. Parton—whose paper on Webster is exceedingly interesting, and who mentions, as justly characteristic of the largeness of his nature, his delight in fine cattle rather than in horses, as if their vast and tranquil strength were sympathetic with his own—was severely blamed for mentioning that although Alexander triumphed at Arbela, his neck was a little awry, and that Cromwell, with all his imperial might, had yet a wen upon his cheek. It was bitterly said that the eagle towering in his pride of place was hawked at by a mousing owl.

But this impatience of truthful details about great men is ungenerous and unwise. Their real greatness does not suffer, however the unreal figure made of them by love and fond flattery may be diminished. The masterly service of Robert Walpole to his country and to the cause of English liberty will never be forgotten, nor does it dwindle in the light of all the unhandsome truths of his personal character and career. But this good end is attained by the truthful story, that his patriotic service is not suffered to make ignorance and gross debauchery admirable. The reader of our history would find himself at a loss to comprehend Daniel Webster if he trusted solely to Mr. Choate and Mr. Everett and Mr. Ticknor. How did it happen that such a king of men was constrained to ask, in his own home, among his own friends, "Where shall I go?" How did it happen that the orator of Plymouth Rock and of Niblo's Garden was the subject of Whittier's "Ichabod?" You leave us to infer that this greatness was symmetrical, and you teach us to conclude that our children may wisely model themselves upon this great character as upon that of Washington. Or is it of his mental force alone that you speak? Then why this anger with those who treat of moral, personal, social aspects?

It is, after all, Parker and Parton and the correcting memory of living men that enable us to know Webster as he was. Can that knowledge touch the impregnable argument of the Hayne speech, of the Dartmouth College plea, or any wise act of the statesman? The argument on which the nationality of the Union was maintained is now and forever Webster's argument. But the man seems to us very blind who does not see in the 7th of March speech that Webster's judgment was confused by his ambition. History should be written not in the spirit of the eulogies of Choate and Everett, the feeling that great men are altogether admirable, and that it is a mean and miserable querulousness which insists that Pitt sometimes saw two Speakers, and that Dr. Franklin sometimes gave young men advice that would have pained the heart of his wife, but in that of Thackeray's estimate of Robert Walpole. It is ennobling to admire nobly, but it is debasing to admire blindly. This is what Thackeray says:

"But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humored resistance, we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us. We should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity such as the country never enjoyed until that corrupter of Parliaments, that dissolute, tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman, governed it. In religion he was little better than a heathen, cracked ribald jokes at big-wigs and bishops, and laughed at High Church and Low. In private life the old pagan reveled in the lowest pleasures. He passed his Sundays tippling at Richmond, and his holidays bawling after dogs, or boozing at Houghton with boors over beef and punch. He cared for letters no more than his master did. He judged human nature so

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meanly that one is ashamed to have to own that he was right, and that men could be corrupted by means so base. But with his hireling House of Commons he defended liberty for us, with his incredulity he kept churchcraft down. There were parsons at Oxford as double-dealing and dangerous as any priest out of Rome, and he routed them both. He gave Englishmen no conquests, but he gave them peace and ease and freedom, the three-per-cents nearly at par, and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a quarter."

If there were to be a statue set up to Robert Walpole, this would be the proper thing to say, because it is the true thing. But it would not lessen the honest gratitude for his services nor the sincere acknowledgment of his ability in the breast of a single Englishman. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.*

THE shocking calamity of the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre is by far the most melancholy event of the kind that has ever occurred in this country. The men and women of this generation recall the awe with which the burning of the Richmond Theatre was always mentioned by their parents. In the geographies there were pictures of the monumental church built upon the site of the play-house, and in the school histories it was mentioned as an important event in the story of the country. The theatre was burned on the 6th of December, 1811, almost precisely sixty-five years before the Brooklyn Theatre, which was destroyed on the 5th of December, 1876. The Richmond house was a small wooden building, seating about five hundred persons; but on the fatal night six hundred were supposed to be present. During the second piece a light set fire to the scenery, as in the Brooklyn Theatre; a panic and a frightful tragedy followed. Sixty-seven persons, including the Governor of the State, lost their lives, and many were cruelly maimed in the struggle to escape, leaping from windows and trampled under foot. The public horror and grief were universal. The authorities forbade any public show or dance for four months. A church was built upon the spot, and the mournful gloom of the calamity long brooded over the city.

The catastrophe in Brooklyn was more terrible in the number of lives lost, for nearly three hundred bodies were recovered from the ruins. An event so appalling and so sudden solemnized the public mind, and for a moment stilled the political excitement of the doubt concerning the Presidential succession. The newspapers were filled with the most painful details, and it will show a strange levity in the public mind if a calamity so immense, yet so readily avoidable, is not made impossible hereafter. Those, however—and there are many—who associate the catastrophe with the play-house, and who see in it a "judgment" upon theatres and theatre-goers, should be careful how they undertake to measure the infinite goodness and power in the private pint-pots of their opinions. If the destruction of the hapless people in the upper galleries of the theatre was a "judgment" upon them for going to the play, was the escape of those in the parquet a sign of approbation? Is it a sin to sit in the upper part of a play-house and a virtue to sit in the lower? Those who are swift to find in the capsizing of a sail-boat or the burning of a ferry-boat on Sunday, or the destruction of a theatre, a sign of the Divine displeasure, must explain the burning of the great church of the Jesuits in Santiago in Chili thirteen years ago. The tale is pitiful. Two thousand persons assembled for Christian worship were destroyed. Was it a "judgment" upon worship, or only upon Roman Catholic worship? The sorrow of such disasters is great, but that of such interpretations of them is greater.

It will be interesting to see if any radical measures are taken in consequence of this awful event to prevent such tragedies hereafter. Immediately after the fire in Brooklyn, it was stated in the newspapers that the business of the New York theatres had been very much affected, and that in Boston the authorities were scrutinizing the safety of the play-houses. But how many theatres are built behind and among other buildings, and are only to be entered and left by a long passage from the street, and this passage perhaps at an angle with the auditorium. Indeed, there are very few which do not seem to be traps and snares. There are supposed to be laws regulating the construction of such places, and officers charged with seeing that the laws are obeyed. But if there are such laws and such officers in the State of New York, how is it that nearly three hundred persons lost their lives in the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre?

A wall fell upon a church a few years ago near Chatham Street, and lives were lost. There was then some kind of an officer called Superintendent of Buildings. What was the use of such an officer? Or was he merely negligent? Experience has shown that such laws and such officers as we now have to regulate the safety of buildings are totally inadequate. A survey of the city theatres within a very few years discovered pots of varnish on wooden shelves and floors close by hot stoves. What thoughtful parent does not tremble to enter a theatre with his eager children?—and not at all because of fire in another world. Yet the thoughtful parents—like the Thoughtful Patriots—have the remedy in their own hands. They have only to insist that stringent laws regulating the building of theatres and public halls shall be passed, and they will be passed. Of course they must not insist in slippers by the fire, or by eloquence at the tea table. They must insist as they do upon other laws in which they have a vital interest. They must give time and trouble and money. This they will not do, of course, unless they wish to be amused without danger. If they prefer to enjoy themselves at the risk of their lives, they will let the laws regarding public buildings take care of themselves. What kind of care they will get in that case, and the consequences of such care, were made manifest in the Brooklyn disaster.

The exposure of a theatre to fire is so evident that there should be especial precautions and care in building. The great spaces, the open draughts, the inflammable scenery, the oils and paints and varnishes of the property-rooms, the innumerable lights, the details of the representation of fires upon the stage, and all the familiar facts of a theatrical interior, supply every condition favorable to sudden, swift, and resistless fire. This exposure is as inevitable as it is evident. And as the taste of the public demands more and more gorgeous spectacle, the risk is constantly increased. Extinguishing a fire when once it begins in a theatre is in any case extremely difficult. The imperative consideration is the means of escape for the audience. To decide whether these are adequate, it is not enough to

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compute how many people can pass through a certain number of doors in a certain time. The Mayor of Boston, as we said, asked the proper officer in that city, just after the Brooklyn fire, to report to him the condition of the theatres in regard to the means of escape, and the officer reported that there was not a theatre which could not be emptied in a very few minutes. It is to be hoped, for the welfare of Boston, that this report was not accepted as sufficient by the Mayor, because, although the officer may have reported truly, his report was doubtless based upon the possibility of an orderly departure. A hundred persons may readily pass a doorway four feet wide in a very few minutes. But the condition of so passing is that they shall be orderly and calm. If they are not, an ample doorway would be only the mouth of a trap.

Thus the controlling consideration in deciding upon proper means of escape is a moral consideration. That is to say, we must first take into account panic, which is a large part of the real danger. It is not, by any means, the whole of it, as is sometimes asserted. A fire in a theatre may almost instantly, as in Brooklyn, send out so vast a volume of suffocating smoke that those in the upper galleries may not have time, even with perfect order and restraint, to reach the lower floor and the doors before the smoke becomes overpowering. Panic, therefore, is not the only danger, although it is a very great and, at present, a very certain one. But panic can be obviated. Persons sitting in a drawing-room would not fall into a panic of fear for their lives upon being told that the house had taken fire, because they would know that they could get out of the house without difficulty. The first and indispensable condition in the construction of a theatre is to afford to the audience a sense of entire security in case of fire. If when the alarm is given it is known that the means of escape are such that there is really no danger, then there will be no panic, no crushing, no choking of the doors. It is not evident, however, that this can be done by any number of doors on the lower or chief floor. If it be possible, it can be done only by a system of such straight and wide stairways as are not now known in theatres.

Mr. Shaw, an eminent fire officer in London, makes one suggestion which has occurred to every one who has thought upon the subject, but which has peculiar weight when supported by his great experience. He says that theatres should have an open space all around them. Of this there can be no doubt, for without such a space it is impossible that any theatre should have a sufficient egress. The space should be more than an opening between the theatre and the neighboring houses. It should be so ample that the crowd can at once disperse. The present custom of building theatres, as we have described, back from the streets, among other houses, and accessible only by a single long corridor, is simply monstrous. It should not be permitted. That conformity to the conditions which are obvious and essential to safety would prevent the transformation of two or three narrow dwelling-houses into a theatre, is very possible. That it would necessarily greatly increase the cost of building theatres, is very certain. But it is plainly impossible to have cheap and safe theatres in a great city. The conditions of a city are such that the proper area of land for a play-house can not be cheaply procured. Nor ought a theatre to be cheaply built. Undoubtedly the expense of building properly would diminish the number of theatres, and the practical question would be whether the public prefers many theatres with the present risks, or fewer with security. In any case, the feeling of risk in regard to them is now so general and so great that there can be little doubt of the pecuniary success of a theatre which should be known to be amply protected against the universal risks, if its performances and attractions should be as good as those of any rival, even if the original outlay should be very much larger than usual.

If such catastrophes as that in Brooklyn were not so appalling, and the sorrow consequent upon them so wide-spread and desolating, it would be almost amusing to recall the indignant outbursts that follow them, and the speedy oblivion into which they fall. There is a kind of Oriental apathy upon the subject, as if a resistless fate controlled it, and those who would enjoy the pleasure of the play must enjoy it with a dark consciousness of impending doom. The terrible slaughter, the awful bereavement, the public horror, produced by the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre or by any similar event is not a warning providence, it is simply a proof of stupendous human folly and carelessness. We do not, of course, attribute the least ill purpose to managers, owners, or actors. Miss Claxton said only too truly, when she came forward at the outbreak of the fire and addressed the audience, "We are between you and the danger." The actors themselves are exposed to the same peril, and, as in this instance, when Mr. Murdoch and some of the helpers perished, they also fall victims. The real responsibility lies in public sentiment. So long as unsafe theatres—and there are few that are not so—are supported and profitable, we can hardly expect that safe theatres, which will be more costly, will be provided, although, as we have said, a thoroughly secure one might succeed. The delight of the play must be sought at the risk of life. The words of the old chronicler will have a new significance—"They take their pleasure sadly."

Editor's Literary Record.

EUGENE SCHUYLER'S *Turkistan: Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bokhara, and Kuldja* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), in two volumes, with maps and illustrations, has attracted a degree of attention rarely awarded to books of travel. This is doubtless in part due to the fact that Mr. Schuyler's revelation of the horrible massacre inflicted by the Turks in Bulgaria had just preceded the publication of these volumes, and had thus led the public to expect from his pen a graphic and striking narrative; it is partly due to an undefined impression that in these volumes he treats of the peoples who are, as we write, standing face to face in Southern Europe, and who,

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before these pages reach our readers, may be engaged in a war which only the utmost moderation can prevent from involving all Europe, and possibly parts of Asia. But, quite apart from these adventitious elements of interest, Mr. Schuyler has made a book of travels which possesses inherent attractions and a permanent value. He who takes it up hoping to find in it stirring adventures, or sensational descriptions of adventures more exciting in narrative than in the reality, will be disappointed. Mr. Schuyler writes as one who has a conscientious dread of classing himself or being classed by others with the sensational school of travelers. His dangers and discomforts he makes light of, and it is only by reflection that one perceives how serious an undertaking was his journey. The value and the interest of his book is as a study of the political and social conditions of a people whose character and civilization is but little known to the Anglo-Saxon people. As such it is admirable. He has carefully studied their history, and gives enough of the past to cast a real light on the true interpretation of the present. He has observed with a kindly but critical eye, and his descriptions of the outer conditions of the life of the people—their churches, their homes, their dresses, their social life—are graphic without being highly colored, and effective without being written for effect. His catholic spirit enables him to appreciate whatever is commendable in a people whose methods and manners are so utterly dissimilar to our own, and his characterization of the different races commingled in the countries which he visited indicates a rare aptitude for the discriminating study of human nature. The men who are deploring the corruption of the United States, and who imagine that a monarchical form of government would give us a civil service reform, will be interested to know that contractors and "bosses" flourish in Central Asia, and that the need of political reform is far greater and the means of bringing it about are immeasurably less than with us. And those that are accustomed to decry our own free press will find suggestive food for reflection in Mr. Schuyler's description of a Turkistan newspaper. The illustrations are, we judge, wholly from photographs; the only defect in the volume is its lack of those small illustrative sketches which only an artist can supply. If Mr. Schuyler could wield a pencil as well as he wields a pen, his *Turkistan* might fairly be pronounced an ideal book of travels.

A Homeric Dictionary: for Use in Schools and Colleges. From the German of Dr. GEORG AUTENRIETH. Translated, with Additions and Corrections, by ROBERT P. KEEP, Ph.D. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877.

This translation of Dr. Autenrieth's valuable *Wörterbuch zu den Homerischen Gedichten* will prove a welcome addition, in a most elegant and attractive form, to the library of all students and readers, young or old, of the Homeric poems.

The original work, which Dr. Keep now presents to American scholars, was published in Leipsic in the year 1873. It met with a favorable reception from the teachers of Germany, where it has already reached a second edition. Beyond the limits of its native country its success has been no less decisive; its merits as a school book have been widely recognized by all who have put it to the test of actual use; and it may justly be regarded as a model of what such a book ought to be, for it is at once full, clear, and compact. Dr. Autenrieth won his spurs in the Homeric question by his editions of Nägelsbach's *Homerische Theologie* and *Commentary on the first three Books of Homer's Iliad*, and his reputation as a careful student of Homer guarantees the scholarship of his work, and assures his readers that they will find in the pages of this slender volume the last well-ascertained results of Homeric criticism. Moreover, the experience he has had in the practical work of education has fitted him, in an especial manner, for the task he has undertaken of conveying, in a brief and simple form, the varied information requisite for the interpretation of the first of poems. Dr. Keep, the translator, is, like Autenrieth, the author, a well-known educator, of great experience in the schoolroom; and the knowledge he has thus gained as to what amount of aid is required by the student in an American school, and as to the best form for presenting this necessary assistance, has justified him in making considerable additions to and alterations in the articles of the German writer, in order to adapt them to the wants of our youth; and these additions and corrections he has been enabled to make, without unduly enlarging the size of the book, by omitting the numerous references given by Dr. Autenrieth to the works of Ameis Döderlein, Nägelsbach, and other German scholars. He retains, however, in most instances, one very valuable feature of the original lexicon—the employment of a Latin word to define a Greek one; and we think it is to be regretted that he has not preserved it throughout. As all the alterations made by Dr. Keep have been submitted to Dr. Autenrieth, the present work may be considered rather a joint production than what it so modestly professes to be, the translation by an American scholar of the book of a German scholar.

Many distinguished teachers have expressed decided objections to special lexicons; and, beyond all doubt, no condemnation can be too strong for the vocabularies so often appended to school editions of the classics. These editions generally consist of only a part of some author's works, and the vocabulary is therefore necessarily meagre, the number of words contained therein being limited, and the range of definitions exceedingly narrow; so that the task of translating by its aid becomes merely a mechanical affair. But no objection can fairly lie against works based on a thorough study of the whole of some leading writer; in fact, it is by such special examination of the style, the syntax, and the words of each important author that modern philology has made its greatest progress. Few works, for example, have done more for Latin scholarship than Boetticher's *Lexicon Taciteum* and Kühnast's *Livianische Syntax*. The greatest of the last generation of scholars, Buttmann, delivers his opinion on this question in no hesitating words. "I can not sufficiently recommend," he writes, "that mode of investigation which consists in unraveling an author's usage of words as much as possible from himself. In the case of Homer there is the strongest inducement to follow this method—nay, we are driven to it of necessity, as we have nothing contemporary with him." It is the circumstance last mentioned, the fact that we have nothing in Greek literature coming at all near the time to which, under any calculations, we must assign

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the composition of the Homeric poems, that renders a special lexicon of the forms and meanings of Homer so indispensable.

Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary is exactly what it professes to be: nothing in Homer is, we think, omitted, nothing out of Homer inserted. It is not like the old work of Damm, "an etymological dictionary of the Greek language based on Homer," but a lexicon of Homeric forms and meanings. Hence the articles are made dependent on the first inflectional form actually occurring in Homer; thus our old friend *ἀπαμειβόμενος* begins an article, instead of being referred to a non-Homeric *ἀπαμείβω*. The same restraint is exhibited with regard to the definitions; the Homeric meanings alone are given, without any allusion to after-developments; thus we have "*γεφύρη*, agger, *dam, dike*," without mention of the later meaning, "*bridge*." The articles on proper names are drawn up on a similar principle, and are unencumbered with the confused and confusing accounts of Apollodorus and later poets. The numerous articles on ships, chariots, arms, and armor are remarkably well done, and have increased value from the wood-cuts which illustrate such words as *ἔδαφος*, *ἄντυξ*, *ἀσπίς*, and *θώρηξ*. At the end of the volume are given five full-page plates representing the chariot in rest and in motion, the house of Odysseus, the Homeric ship, and the present aspect of the Trojan plain.

The fifth volume of Mr. FREEMAN'S *History of the Norman Conquest of England* (Macmillan and Co.) completes a work which has in its progress called forth nothing but praise from the best historical critics both of England and this country, and which promises to take its place with the very best of English historical classics. The theme which Mr. Freeman has chosen is one of importance to both the English and the American student. He traces the institutions of his own country, and therefore of ours, to their historical origin, by carrying us back to this formative period in English history, when the before divergent roots were beginning to grow together into the one sturdy and noble trunk. This aspect of his work is brought out with more distinctness in this volume than in any of its predecessors, for in this one he traces out the effects of the Norman conquest on the English life, character, and institutions.

The centenary edition of Mr. BANCROFT'S *History of the United States of America* (Little, Brown, and Co.), heretofore noticed, is concluded with the sixth volume. This brings the history down to the close of the American Revolution and the signing of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, in 1782. The size of the volume, the typography, and the revisions which the history has undergone at the hands of the author, make this the edition alike for the general reader and the historical student.—The seventh volume of D'AUBIGNÉ'S *History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin* (Robert Carter and Brothers), like the preceding volume, is prepared for the press from the manuscript of the late M. Merle d'Aubigné. The editor assures us that this manuscript was already completed, and that he had only to carry it through the press. It carries the history down to the year 1544. Another volume will conclude the work, and it is promised at an early day.—One who wishes to understand the present problem in Europe needs to comprehend the past history of Saracenic conquest; and he will find this nowhere more briefly and clearly stated than in Mr. E. A. FREEMAN'S *History and Conquests of the Saracens* (Macmillan and Co.). The fact that this book was written twenty years ago, and is now republished in a new and revised edition, rather adds to its value, since we have in this fact the assurance that it is free from the prejudices born of the present political contest in Great Britain.—Two new volumes in the admirable series of "Epochs of History" (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) are *The Early Plantagenets*, by Professor WILLIAM STUBBS, and *The Puritan Revolution*, by SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. In the analogous series, "Epochs of Ancient History," we have *Roman History: the Early Empire, from the Assassination of Julius Cæsar to that of Domitian*. These are excellent epitomes, useful for school purposes and to recall to the general student events with which he has made himself familiar by a more generous course of study.—The "Sans-souci Series" (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is, in fact, a continuance of the "Bric-à-Brac Series," with a new name, but under the same editor. His anecdote biography of Shelley is entertaining, of course; some of its incidents are real revelations of character, and the book is of real value to one who has any acquaintance with Shelley from other sources; but there is a danger that too many readers will be content to read this anecdote biography of Shelley, and suppose that they have really read his life, while they have, in fact, only read some entertaining gossip about him.—*The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music*, by Professor PIETRO BLASERNA, of the University of Rome, is one of the "International Scientific Series" (D. Appleton and Co.). It treats of the laws of sound which underlie music, but rather with a scientific than an æsthetic purpose, except as science underlies æsthetics. The work is elemental in style, and is quite fully illustrated.—*Lessons in Electricity*, by Professor TYNDALL (Longmans, Green, and Co.), contains the substance of a course of science lectures given to the young during the Christmas season at the Royal Institute. They are simple not only in treatment, but also in illustration, one object of the lecturer being to show that scientific instruction can be given in the schools without expensive apparatus.—*Half Hours with Insects*, by A. S. PACKARD, Jun. (Estes and Lauriat), we have before mentioned with warm commendation on the appearance of the parts which are now bound in a volume. The life of these "little folks" is too little studied, and every contribution to the study is to be welcomed.—It is not easy to form a just judgment of *The History of French Literature*, by HENRY VAN LAUN (G. P. Putnam's Sons), from the first volume, which is largely in the nature of an introduction. The author is the translator of Taine's *English Literature*. He has somewhat of Taine's power of generalization, but little or nothing of his brilliancy of style.

The author of *Deirdre* (Roberts Brothers) has doubtless done a bold thing in essaying a theme which will at once suggest comparisons with Tennyson and William Morris. He has done a successful thing in that he does not awaken disappointment despite the comparison. *Deirdre* is a romance, full of love and wild adventure, and ending in a dire and almost Homeric tragedy. There

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is no hint of the time and place—both are left to the imagination of the reader; but the coloring is decidedly Celtic, and as there is no reference to the Christian religion, and heathen gods abound, we may safely assume for it a pre-Christian era. Deirdre, the heroine of the story, around whom it all centres, is finely drawn, and deserves a place among the immortal heroines of fiction. The poet's language is generally simple, and there is little or none of that involution of sentences which is the bane of so much of modern poetry. The entire poem can be read with pleasure; it does not require translation. The poet possesses remarkable descriptive power, and rejoices in it, without, however, burdening his pages with unnecessary pictures. The relation of scenic and dramatic effect is well maintained, neither does the poem lack strength, and yet—and this is the chief criticism that we should make upon it—it is not as strong in execution as it is in conception. The author has had a large thought, but has not filled it to the full. We read his drama with interest, but we do not go back to it to reread it. There are passages in his poem that deserve immortality, and the whole deserves a longer life than is awarded to the transient poems of a summer, but it will fail to take its place by the side of the *Idyls of the King* or the *Earthly Paradise*. Skillful, artistic, conscientious, in many passages beautiful, and in some stirring, it lacks that element of native strength, intellectual and spiritual, without which no amount of culture or painstaking, even when mated to a pure and delicate imagination, can make a truly great poem.

Shorter English Poems, selected and arranged by Professor HENRY MORLEY, with illustrations (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is the first of a series of four volumes designed to illustrate the rise, growth, and various phases of English literature. Judging from the volume before us, the work is intended rather to give the reader specimens of the various eras and schools than a broad and philosophical view from the editor himself. It will contain, first, a series selected from the best of those poems which are not too long to be given in full; second, a corresponding series of English prose works; third, a series illustrative of the religious life of England; fourth, a series of dramas from the days of the miracle plays down to the present time. The volume before us traces the course of poetry by illustrative specimens from the Gaels, A. D. 284, to the days of Tennyson, Browning, and Morris. The order is chronological. The author confines himself mainly to giving such historical information as is necessary to the best understanding of the poems which he has chosen for the purpose of illustrating the growth of English literature. The illustrations are not numerous, and are mostly portraits.

Two remarkable art publications are given to the American public through J. W. Bouton—*L'Art*, a weekly art journal of France, and *The Portfolio*, a monthly art publication of England. They resemble each other in general character, but the palm must be awarded to the French work. A half year's numbers make a magnificent art volume, and one which is well worthy of, and will well repay, careful and repeated study. The work consists of illustrations from the great works of various artists—using that term in its widest sense, to include not only painters, but also architects, workers in bronze, designers of ceramics, etc. The various processes of the engraver are called into requisition in reproducing these specimens of artistic thought. Some of the etchings are simply marvelous; we have never seen any thing in American art to compare with them. A feature of the collection is a reproduction of artists' studies, which are imitated with such fidelity that at a little distance it is difficult to believe that you have not the original pencil or crayon work before you. The letter-press, which is by various authors, and in the French language, is clear, definite, and comprehensible criticism, free from the technicalities of art, popular without being superficial. To those who love art or are inclined to study it, we recommend these volumes, especially the French one. They will return to it after the first perusal with increased delight, and with the discovery of new matter for their study such as the ordinary art book rarely affords.

The *Student's Classical Dictionary* (Harper and Brothers) is the last of the student's series. It is reprinted from the English, and edited by Dr. WILLIAM SMITH, being condensed from and covering the ground of his larger dictionaries of *Greek and Roman Geography* and *Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*. By the use of a small but clear print, the publishers have compressed a great deal of matter into a comparatively small volume of less than 450 pages. The volume is very elaborately illustrated, much more so than the larger volumes from which the information is chiefly taken. Greek and Latin words are not used, so that the book is serviceable to those who are not familiar with those languages. The especial use of this dictionary is in the school-room and by the beginner, but, owing to its size and the compactness of its articles, it will prove also to be of use as a book of ready reference to the more advanced student. Its editor's name is sufficient guarantee of its accuracy and thoroughness.—The fourth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (J. M. Stoddardt and Co.) brings the work down to the word "Canoe." The scientific and semi-scientific articles are especially valuable and interesting, as those on Botany, Building, and Bridges. It pays more attention to distinctively American topics than we should have expected from an English publication of this character. Thus we have an article of several pages on Boston, which gives the statistics down to 1874, and the general history to a period subsequent to the great fire of 1872.

A Long Time Ago, by META ORRED (Harper and Brothers), may be briefly described as "Auld Robin Gray" slightly modified and put into prose. Jamie (Edward Fleming), the young lover, goes off to sea, and is reported wrecked. The father dies; dying, leaves Marjorie to Auld Robin Gray (Reuben Gool), who loves her with intensity of love, and to whom she gives her hand, but not her heart. After some years the young lover returns from the sea to find his betrothed the wife of another, to be received at her husband's home, and to be nursed by him through a deadly sickness, which is aggravated by his bitter grief. Marjorie "tries a gude wife to be," and succeeds; her husband's love and confidence win her love for one whose rare nobility of character she did not, could not, before fully know. But the heart of the reader goes out with the young exile, who leaves love and almost life behind him when, cured and yet not cured, he goes from the house,

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never to see his Marjorie more.—Nothing that Mrs. MULOCK-CRAIK writes is ever weak, and the *Laurel Bush* (Harper and Brothers) is decidedly a strong story, though in spirit and in structure just what its title-page calls it, "an old-fashioned love story." The plot is not new—the separation of faithful lovers through the mischance of a mislaid letter; the moral is not new—the strength and fidelity of real love; but a certain moral power pervades the story that makes it far from commonplace, though possessed of no characteristic features that can be epitomized in a notice. —*Noblesse Oblige* (Henry Holt and Co.), the latest volume in the "Leisure-hour Series," is an exceptionally good novel. It is short; one may easily read it through in an evening, and go to his work the next day with no condemning conscience for wasted time. It is thoroughly pure in tone. Though the scene is laid in the time of the French Revolution, the characters with whom the reader is invited to mingle are such as to ennoble, not such as to degrade. The whole atmosphere of the story is of a bracing sort, and from breathing in it one returns to life with an invigorated purpose, if not with a higher ideal. The story grows out of a forced marriage, and its moral, in so far as it may be said to have a specific moral, is the sacredness of the marriage relation even under circumstances where the consent of true love is in the first instance wholly wanting.

One of the brightest juvenile books of the season, but coming too late to be noticed in our January Record, is *Long Ago*, by ELLIS GRAY (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.). The author has not made the mistake of looking to older readers for the appreciation of her work; her stories are for the children—they relate the incidents and adventures of real boys and girls. The stories are so fascinating, and so bright, lively, and picturesque, that they do not need the capital illustrations by Miss Hale and Miss Dabney in order to secure the interest of young readers. The stories are all connected, and though one or two of them are pathetic, the atmosphere of the book is decidedly healthful.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—Bruhns has computed the circumstances of the transit of Venus in 1882, using Leverrier's tables of the sun and of Venus. His results are in close accord with those of Hind, Puiseaux, etc.

Leverrier has concluded his researches on the planet Vulcan. After an examination of all probable hypotheses, he comes to the conclusion that, to observe the planet *in transit*, astronomers must wait till 1881 or 1885, although there is a *possibility* of a transit in 1877. It has been suggested that the total solar eclipse of 1878 will be a favorable opportunity to search for it, and if Leverrier can give an approximate position of it, the planet must be sure of detection, if it really exists.

Lassell, of England, examined Venus on the 12th and 13th July for the purpose of seeing the unilluminated portion of the disk, but he was not successful.

Dreyer, of Parsonstown, Ireland, is engaged in preparing a supplement to Herschel's general catalogue of nebulæ, etc., and any additions or corrections to this should be sent to him.

The Melbourne reflector has for some time been employed for the purpose of redrawing all nebulæ previously figured by Sir John Herschel. Forty-nine nebulæ have been carefully drawn by the observers, and the results of the work are about to be published.

Montigny, in the Bulletin of the Belgian Academy, 1876, No. 8, publishes an elaborate discussion on the scintillation of stars.

Schmidt, of Athens, publishes in *Astronomische Nachrichten*, 2109, an important paper on meteors, which comprises the results of a thirty-four years' series of observations.

The Naval Observatory of Washington has recently published a description of its principal instruments, with plates. It is Appendix I. to the Observations for 1874.

It is proposed to found an American journal of pure and applied mathematics, at Baltimore, under the editorship of Professor Sylvester, aided by the professors of the Johns Hopkins University and others.

Trouvelot, of Cambridge, has made 125 drawings of Jupiter during this opposition.

Marth, of London, continues the publication of an extended ephemeris of the satellites of Saturn. These objects are observed by Hall, of Washington, at Greenwich, by Pratt at Brighton, and by Pritchett, of Glasgow, Missouri.

Tempel, of Florence, is engaged on his chart of the moon.

Wolf, of Zurich, communicates to the Philosophical Society of Zurich an undoubted case of the observation of stars in the daytime from the bottom of a well.

Burnham, of Chicago, discovered in 1874 the double-star *Beta Leporis;* its position angle in January, 1876, was 279.7°, distance 3.12″, according to Hall, of Washington. On October 5, 1876, Dembowski made its position angle 288.8°. It thus changes its position angle about 12° yearly, which for a distance of 3″ is unprecedented.

Dr. Meyer, in the V. J. S. of the Philosophical Society of Zurich, has an interesting *résumé* of the history of the discovery of Neptune, which is one of the best of the shorter accounts of this discovery; and in No. 37 of the *Astronomische Mittheilungen* he gives a brief but excellent sketch of the history of double-stars, together with a series of measures and an investigation of the orbit of Σ 634.

Knobel, of England, has published in the *Monthly Notices*, Royal Astronomical Society, a very complete and accurate index catalogue to scientific literature on the subjects of Double-Stars, Variable and Red Stars, Nebulæ, etc., Proper Motions and Parallax, and Stellar Spectra.

Clark and Sons, of Cambridgeport, are making an eleven-inch photographic refractor for the Lisbon Observatory.

Feil, of Paris, has just completed the crown-glass disk for the Vienna refractor. It is 28 inches in diameter, and weighs 112 pounds. The flint disk is already in the possession of Mr. Grubb.

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The Rumford medal of the Royal Society is to be given this year to Janssen for his various spectroscopic researches.

Newcomb, of Washington, publishes an investigation of corrections to Hansen's tables of the moon, with tables for their application, forming Part III. of papers printed by the United States Transit of Venus Commission. In this paper the details of the investigation of a new lunar inequality are given. The object of the memoir is to aid in the reduction of the occultations observed by the various parties for longitude.

Meteorology.—During the month of November several excellent meteorological investigations have come to hand, first among which must be mentioned the careful observations and study of the temperature and humidity of the air at different altitudes, as made at Upsala by Professor Hamberg. By means of thermometers attached to high stationary posts Hamberg has studied the influence of altitude *per se*, while by means of small movable posts he has investigated the influence of the nature of the surface soil. Some of his results are briefly as follows: During clear weather, and at least from two hours before sunrise to two hours before sunset, the temperature of the air is lower than that of the earth on which it rests. The fall in temperature preceding sunset is greater near the earth than at greater heights. The latent heat evolved during the formation of dew arrests the fall in the temperature, but not to the extent that some suppose. After the dew is deposited, the temperature may sink even to below the freezing-point; but as soon as the dew changes to hoar-frost, the temperature of surrounding air rises to 32° F., and even above, while higher up the strata of air continue to be even below 32°. The isothermal lines near the earth during the night are not always horizontal or parallel.

The protection of buildings from lightning has been treated of recently by the eminent electrician J. C. Maxwell, who elucidates the idea, already defended in these pages, that a discharge can not occur between two points within a building if the exterior is surrounded by a metal cage or sheathing, which latter need not be connected with the ground, but must, however, be joined to the gas or water pipes, in case any such enter into the building from without.

Fautrat has studied the climatological influences of leafy and resinous woods. He finds that above the pines the maximum temperatures are higher and the minimum lower than outside of the forest, but in leafy forests the radiation of heat is counteracted by other phenomena producing heat. Within forests, especially of resinous woods, there is less ozone than in open ground.

Professor Fritz, of Zurich, has published a characteristically thorough memoir on the geographical distribution of hail.

In discussing a large number of accurate observations of the scintillation of the stars, Montigny is led to the conclusion that the intensity of this phenomenon increases with the approach of rainy weather or moist weather at all seasons. The increase is noticeable one or two days before the rain arrives, and diminishes immediately after the rain ceases. When a barometric depression with strong winds passes near the observer, the scintillation is remarkably increased.

Among the general treatises on meteorology lately published, we notice Scott's *Weather Charts and Storm Warnings*, and especially Rosser's *Law of Storms*, which latter is an admirable summary of the views of prominent meteorologists.

In *Physics*, but few papers of importance have appeared during the month. Tschechowitsch has described a universal apparatus for illustrating the elementary laws of mechanics in class instruction. By its means the parallelogram of forces, resolution and composition of forces, the action of parallel and of oblique forces, action and reaction, the principles of the lever and of the balance, can be very fully demonstrated. It does not appear, however, to equal for elegance of construction or for universality of application the similar set of apparatus devised by the late Professor Willis, of Cambridge, and known by his name. This latter apparatus, by-the-way, deserves to be much more generally known in this country. As constructed by the Worcester Free Institute, it is invaluable in demonstrating mechanical principles.

Bezold has suggested another and a very convenient method for studying the laws of color-mixture. A prism of Iceland spar is placed in the interior of a blackened tube, which is closed below by a disk having four squares cut out of it. The prism, of course, gives, on looking through it, double images of the squares, and in a certain position two of the eight are brought to coincide with two others in the middle. Surfaces of different colors being brought under the two squares occupying, say, the upper row, their composite color is obtained in the middle image. It is then easy to find what color must be put under the lower two squares to obtain a color in the middle corresponding to the one above.

In *Chemistry*, Thudichum and Hake have made a series of experiments on metallic copper and its power of occluding hydrogen, with a view to test the question of its influence upon the accuracy of those organic analyses in which it is used. From the results obtained they conclude (1) that copper wire gauze which has never been used, when oxidized and subsequently reduced in a current of hydrogen, being allowed to cool in the gas, occludes a very appreciable amount of it, being about 0.6 milligram per 100 grams of copper; and (2) that the gauze loses this property after several repetitions of the process. The error introduced into analysis is therefore trivial.

Hartley has made further examinations of the liquids contained in mineral cavities. He finds that the liquid carbon dioxide present varies considerably—from 27.27° to 33.7° C.—in its critical point in different mineral specimens, often varying in different cavities in the same mineral specimen. The presence of this substance in sapphire and topaz leads him to the supposition that these minerals may have been formed by the action of aluminum fluoride or chloride upon calcium carbonate at high pressures, producing alumina and carbon dioxide. Where water is also present in the cavity it would seem that the reaction had taken place in presence of moisture. As to the diamond, the author thinks that this mineral is the result of the action of reducing agents upon very highly compressed carbon dioxide at temperatures above its critical point—a condition of things which suggests a new direction for speculation and experiment.

Beute has identified the sugar obtained by boiling carrageen moss with very dilute sulphuric

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acid for a long time with levulose. It reduces silver and copper solutions, forms oxalic acid when oxidized by nitric acid, does not crystallize, and rotates the polarized ray to the left, though its rotatory power appears to be weak.

Geography.—The most important geographical fact to be recorded in the present summary is the safe return of the British arctic expedition. A comprehensive report of its operations has been made to the Admiralty by Captain Nares, from which we learn that after first encountering ice, the expedition was detained three days at Port Payer, being unable to pass Cape Sabine, latitude 78° 41′ north, from which point the *Alert* and *Discovery* had a constant struggle with the pack to the north end of Robeson Channel. On August 25, after many narrow escapes, a harbor was reached on the north shore of Lady Franklin Sound, in latitude 81° 44′ north, a short distance north of the winter-quarters of the *Polaris*. Here the *Discovery* was secured for the winter, the *Alert* pushing onward, rounding the northeast point of Grant Land. After many severe struggles, the ship was secured near Cape Union, inside a barrier of grounded ice close to the land, where she passed the winter. On September 25 a party started with three sledges to advance a dépôt of provisions to the north of the anchorage. On October 5 the pioneers returned, after having planted the British flag in latitude 82° 48′ north —three miles north of Parry's farthest.

As soon as the sun appeared again, active preparations were made for sledge explorations, and by the beginning of April each ship was left with only a few officers and men whose duties kept them on board. A party led by Commander Markham and Lieutenant Parr attempted to push northward. They were absent seventy-two days from the ship, and on May 12 succeeded in reaching latitude 83° 20′ north—the highest latitude on record. From this position there was no appearance of land to the northward, but the depth of the water was found to be only seventy fathoms. Although the distance made good was not more than seventy-three miles in a straight line from the vessel, 276 miles were traveled over, the ice being extremely rough.

Besides this detachment, a second party started to the westward, tracing the coast-line for a distance of 220 miles. The extreme position reached on this trip by Lieutenant Aldrich's command was in latitude 82° 10′ north, longitude 86° 36′ west. The most northern land, Cape Columbia, is situated in latitude 83° 7′ north, longitude 70° 30′ west.

A third party, under Lieutenants Beaumont and Rawson, started eastward to explore the north coast of Greenland, reaching latitude 82° 18′ north, longitude 50° 40′ west. The land extended as far as latitude 82° 54′ north, longitude 48° 33′ west, Cape Britannia being evidently identical with Cape Sherman of the *Polaris* map. A small party under Lieutenant Archer also explored Lady Franklin Sound, which was supposed to be a strait. It proved, however, to terminate at a distance of sixty-five miles from the mouth, with lofty mountains and glacier-filled valleys. The existence of glaciers north of United States Sound is of special interest, as it was supposed that none were to be found beyond the latitude of the said passage.

Lieutenant Fuller and Dr. Coppinger crossed the channel to Hall Land to explore Petermann Fiord, which was found to terminate in a lofty glacier. With the exception of United States Sound, the coast-line of Smith Sound was thoroughly explored from north to south. President Land, announced by the *Polaris* expedition, does not exist. After a constant watch, and carefully noting the movement of the darkened patches in the direction where the land was supposed to be, the explorers decided that the Hall party was deceived by mirage.

Evidently the meteorological features of the winter of 1875–76 were as anomalous in Robeson Channel and Hall's Basin as in many other localities. It may be sufficient to state that the prevailing duration of the wind at the winter-quarters of the expedition was almost due west, while, according to the law of the motion of the atmosphere in these high latitudes, it ought to have oscillated between north and east. At Polaris Bay, situated close by, the resulting direction was found to be northeast; at Rensselaer Harbor and Port Foulke it was almost the same, while at Sabine Island, in East Greenland, it was nearly due north, following closely the trend of the coast-line.

Early in March, during a long continuance of cold weather, the *Alert* registered a minimum of 73.7° below zero; the *Discovery*, at the same time, −70.5°. The absolute minimum of −45.5° observed at Polaris Bay occurred January 9, 1872; while Kane's party registered their lowest temperature of −66.4°, February 5, 1855. The *Discovery* experienced a mean temperature of −58.17° for seven consecutive days, and the *Alert* of −58.9° for thirteen days, and for five days and nine hours of −66.29°.

Very little snow fell in winter, and much trouble was experienced in obtaining sufficient quantities for banking on the ships. There was one heavy snow-fall in autumn, the amount that fell in winter being estimated at from six to eight inches.

During the winter the officers employed themselves at the magnetic observatory situated on shore. Weekly observations were made on the dip, and by means of Lloyd's needles for the total (relative) force. The absolute horizontal intensity was obtained once every three weeks, and a series of hourly differential observations was obtained with the portable declination magnetometer. At the same time full series of meteorological and astronomical observations were made.

At the *Alert's* winter-quarters the time of high water, full and change, was 10 h. 44 m.; spring rise, 3 feet; neap rise, 1 foot 7¾ inches; neap range, 5 inches. The expedition confirms the observation made by the *Polaris* that the tidal wave enters Robeson Channel from the north. The English explorers also found this wave to meet the wave propagated from the south (through Davis Strait) near Cape Frazer, as predicted by the *Polaris* expedition.

The lowest temperature of the sea during the winter was 28.25°, it being the same at all depths. On several occasions the Casella reversible thermometer showed that the temperature of the surface water south of Robeson Channel was colder than that of the underlying stratum, the difference amounting in one instance to 1.5°.

Numerous Eskimo remains were found along the whole west coast of Smith Sound, but they

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did not extend north of Cape Union. It seems that these people crossed Robeson Channel from Cape Beechey to Cape Lupton, where the *Polaris* expedition discovered their traces. Musk-oxen were abundant, but the explorers did not see much other game. In March a wolf suddenly made his appearance. The other mammals met with were foxes, hares, ermines, lemmings, and seals, but no traces of the walrus were seen. In the middle of May snow-buntings and knots arrived. Early in June ducks and geese passed in small flocks of about a dozen, flying toward the northwest. Two dozen small trout were caught during the summer and autumn in small lakes entirely land-locked.

On considering the disheartening result of the spring sledging operations, to which the lives of four men were sacrificed, Captain Nares concluded to return to England after the breaking of the ice. On the 31st of July the *Alert* bore up for home. She succeeded to reach the *Discovery* on August 10, and the two vessels arrived in England on the 27th of October.

Microscopy.—The *Poduridæ*, or "spring-tails," of Sweden, have been monographed in an elaborate way by T. Tullberg. The memoir is accompanied by twelve plates, and enters quite fully into the anatomy of these little creatures of so much interest to microscopists. The work appears in the Transactions of the Royal Swedish Academy.

A new French work on the microscope has just been published by Masson, Paris; it is entitled *Le Microscope, son Emploi et ses Applications*, by Dr. J. Pelletan. The style of the volume is clear and attractive, and the engravings excellent and well selected.

In the *Lancet*, August 5, will be found an interesting note upon M. Pasteur's reply to Dr. Bastian on the heterogeny controversy. M. Pasteur, while admitting that Dr. Bastian's experiments, as detailed in his communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences, are very accurately conducted, asserts that a temperature of 50° C. (122° F.) is not sufficient to kill the germs of the minute organisms which may be introduced by means of the solution of potash employed by Dr. Bastian. He considers it fully proved, from his own experiments, that the germs of certain organisms, which do not resist a temperature of 100° in acid solutions, are capable of such resistance in neutral or slightly alkaline fluids. He expresses the hope that Dr. Bastian will abandon his faith in spontaneous generation, and classes its supporters with the theorizers in physics and mathematics who believe in perpetual motion or the quadrature of the circle. Professor Tyndall, after having read Pasteur's reply, gives entire adherence to his views, and calls "on all enlightened persons to banish from science this doctrine of spontaneous generation, which has nothing whatever to support it."

Anthropology.—The excitement occasioned by the Turkish insurrections has awakened the attention of thoughtful persons to the anthropological aspect of the country. Upon the same soil are mingled, and frequently intermarried, Turks or Osmanli, Sclaves, Bulgarians, Greeks, Roumanians, Albanians, Circassians, etc., in race; Mohammedans, Orthodox Greeks, Catholics, Jews, and Protestants in religion; and a perfect Babel of languages. The Roman Catholics, Jews, and Protestants are but a small fraction of the population, the remainder being Mohammedan and Greek. The following table, from the *Geographical Magazine* for October, will enable the reader to get a tolerably definite idea:

	Square Miles.	Population.	Mohammedans.
Provinces under Turks..	148,166	8,207,000	3,585,000
Servia	16,820	1,340,000	500
Roumania ...	46,709	4,500,000	1,000
Montenegro..	1,710	125,000	....

That the Ottoman Turks are not the only Mohammedans is shown in the following table from the same journal, in the last column of which is given the percentage of the whole Moslem population:

		Total Population.	Per Cent.	Mohammedans.	Per Cent.
Turks (and Tartars)		1,388,000	17	1,388,000	39
Circassians		144,000	2	144,000	4
Arabs		3,000	..	3,000	..
Greco-Latin	Greeks	1,120,000	13	38,000	1
	Albanians	1,031,000	12	723,000	20
	Roumanians	200,000	2	....	..
Sclavic	Bulgarians	2,861,000	35	790,000	22
	Servians	1,114,000	13	442,000	12
	Russians	10,000	..	....	..
Armenians		100,000	1	....	..
Jews		72,000	1	....	..
Gypsies		104,000	1	52,000	1
Foreigners		60,000	..	5,000	..
Total		8,207,000	100	3,585,000	100

One of the last achievements of the lamented George Smith was the identification of Carchemish, the capital of the ancient Hittites. The assertion of Mr. Sayce, in his paper "On the Hamath Inscriptions," that the Greeks got their alphabet from the Aramæans rather than from the Phœnicians, based upon these decipherments, is a startling result, if true, and we may look for further identification of localities to follow.

Dr. Julius Haast has made a thorough investigation of the Moa-bone Point Cave, in the Banks Peninsula, New Zealand. The deposits consisted of several layers, which, however, were divided into two series by a layer of drift sand. In the lower series, together with a human jaw and many objects of human workmanship, were found the remains of various animals, and especially of moas, of which eight species and five genera were identified. In the upper series no moa bones were seen, but the valves of edible mollusks were more numerous. Dr. Haast argues from these data that the moas became extinct in this locality a very long time ago.

Colonel Charles C. Whittlesey has made an attack upon the "archæological frauds" of our country, in number three of the publications of the Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society. The frauds referred to are engravings on celts and other stones made to imitate Hebrew and other tolerably well-known characters.

The Smithsonian Report for 1875, just issued, contains an unusually large amount of anthropological matter. Professor Baird gives, in the appendix to the report of the secretary, a statement of the part taken by the National Museum in the Centennial Exhibition. In the portion of the volume devoted to ethnology is an article upon the international symbols for charts of prehistoric archæology; one, by Henry Gillman, upon the "perforation" of the humerus, and upon artificial perforation of crania among the ancient people of Michigan; and one, upon the "Stone Age of New Jersey," by Dr. C. C. Abbott,

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of Trenton, New Jersey. The last-named is illustrated by 223 engravings.

The thanks of all students of American antiquities are due to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania for the handsome manner in which they have republished Haeckewelder's *Indian Nations*.

In *Zoology*, a number of new works have come into the reporter's hands. One of the most important is the volume on zoology of Lieutenant Wheeler's survey of the Western Territories, carried on by the United States Engineer Corps. It is dated 1875, but has but recently been distributed. It is largely devoted to an enumeration of the birds of the Rocky Mountains, with extended remarks on their habits and distribution by Mr. H. W. Henshaw. The mammals are discussed by Drs. Coues and Yarrow, who also report on the batrachians and reptiles, while the fishes have been worked up by Professor Cope and Dr. Yarrow. Much space and several beautiful plates are devoted to the insects, the following gentlemen presenting reports on the species belonging to the orders of which they have a special knowledge, to wit, E. T. Cresson, Edward Norton, T. L. Mead, W. H. Edwards, R. H. Stretch, R. Osten-Sacken, H. Ulke, P. R. Uhler, Cyrus Thomas, and H. A. Hagen, while Dr. Yarrow reports on the shells, and Professor A. E. Verrill on the leeches.

After a delay of several years, Captain (now Colonel) Simpson's report of explorations across the Great Basin of the Territory of Utah has appeared, containing a list of birds collected on the expedition, by Professor S. F. Baird, and a finely illustrated report on the fishes, by Professor Gill.

A work of much general interest is that by Mr. J. A. Allen, entitled *The American Bisons*, living and extinct, forming the tenth number of the Memoirs of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, and illustrated by twelve plates and a map. It also forms the second part of the first volume of the Memoirs of the Kentucky Geological Survey. Besides descriptions of the two extinct species, much space is devoted to an account of the former as well as present range of the living bison.

The long-expected work of Dr. Saussure, of Geneva, on American wasps has been published by the Smithsonian Institution. It refers exclusively to the solitary species of North America, including Mexico and the Antilles. Little is said of the interesting habits of these wasps, the work being confined to their classification. In speaking, however, of the mode of nidification of the genus *Montezumia*, he remarks that the "*Eumenes* establish for their offspring separate and distinct cells formed of earth. The *Zethus* build their nests composed of aggregated cellules, established commonly in vegetable matters, and fixed upon little branches of trees. The *Odynerus* nidificate in holes in walls, in the stems of plants, etc. The *Montezumia*, finally, construct their houses of many rooms, a little like those of *Zethus*, but very much more massively built, of earth, and stuck against walls or rocks, as are those of the *Sphegides* and some of the mason bees."

A work of a very high degree of interest to philosophic naturalists is Professor Weismann's studies on the theory of descent (*Studien zur Descendenz-theorie*), of which the second part has just appeared. It is divided into four sections, with the following subjects: The Origin of the Markings of Caterpillars; On the Phyletic Parallelism in Metamorphic Species; On the Transformation of the Mexican Axolotl into an Amblystoma; On the Mechanical Conception of Nature. In the last chapter, which will interest thinkers, since Dr. Weismann occupies as an observer as high a position as Huxley or Haeckel, and his opinions would consequently carry much weight, the author, while stating his belief that evolution has been accomplished mechanically, claims that this view of nature neither leads to materialism nor excludes teleology.

In *Botany*, we have to notice a *Catalogue of the Forest Trees of the United States*, by George Vasey, M.D., intended to illustrate the collection of forest-tree sections on exhibition by the Department of Agriculture at the Centennial Exhibition. Also a report by Dr. M. C. Cooke on the *Oil-Seeds and Oils in the Indian Museum, or produced in India*, prepared under the direction of the reporter on the products of India.

Agriculture.—Berthelot has shown that free nitrogen is absorbed by organic compounds, at the ordinary temperature, under the influence of the silent electrical discharge. Benzine, oil of turpentine, marsh gas, acetylene, and moistened filter-paper absorbed nitrogen, producing compounds all of which evolved ammonia on being heated either alone or with soda-lime. The author suggests that similar processes may take place in nature, and that consequently plants may be able to assimilate nitrogen directly from the air. This last assumption is directly opposed to the results of the best investigation upon the subject, which indicate that the free nitrogen of the air is not assimilated by plants. It would seem more probable that the absorption of free nitrogen by humus and by soils containing humus, which Simon and Truchot claim to have observed, might be induced in the manner described by Berthelot. The experiments named are certainly valuable contributions to the solution of the much-vexed question of the assimilation of free nitrogen.

Heinrich reports some interesting experiments on the development of roots of barley, oat, and pea plants. The plants were grown in boxes four meters (about thirteen feet) deep, filled with fine garden earth. The oat roots penetrated 2.27 meters, those of barley, 1.9, and of pease, only 0.52 meters. The soil was carefully washed away from the roots, and the latter, as well as the tops, weighed. The weight of the roots of oats was about two-thirds that of the tops, without seed; those of barley weighed about one-third, and of pease one-fifth as much as the tops.

A quite extended chemical examination of the ashes of the hemp and buckwheat plants is reported by Dr. Peters, chemist to the Geological Survey of Kentucky. Analyses are given of five samples of the whole hemp plant, of samples of leaves, stems, and roots separately, of the dew-rotted plants, and of hemp fibre and hemp heads. Two samples of buckwheat plants were also analyzed. The results, with some practical inferences which the author feels warranted in making, are given in a pamphlet of 25 pages, taken from reports of the Geological Survey. The analyses as stated include only the ash of the plant. No account is given of moisture, organic matter, or nitrogen. These omissions, if not supplied, will greatly detract from the value of the results.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of December.—The second session of the Forty-fourth Congress was opened December 4. The House of Representatives was organized by the election of Mr. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, as Speaker. In the House, the question of the admission of the member from Colorado was referred to the Judiciary Committee, which has not yet reported.

The Pension Appropriation Bill was passed by the House December 8, and the Post-office Appropriation Bill on the 16th. The latter appropriates about thirty-three millions of dollars.

In the Senate, the bill to reduce the annual salary of the President from $50,000 to $25,000, which had passed both Houses and been vetoed by the President, came up for discussion December 18. The vote to pass notwithstanding the veto stood: yeas, 25; nays, 19—failing of the necessary two-thirds majority.

A bill was passed by the House, December 13, authorizing the coinage from time to time of a silver dollar of the weight of 412½ grains, such dollar to be a legal tender for all debts, public and private, except where the payment of gold coin is required by law.

The peculiar situation of the country as to the results of the late Presidential election has occupied much time during the first weeks of the session. One of the first measures passed by the Senate was the adoption of a resolution devolving upon the Committee on Privileges and Elections the duty of inquiring whether in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi the right of any portion of the citizens to vote has been denied or abridged, the extent to which and the means by which it has been accomplished, for what purposes, and by what authority. The House, December 4, adopted a resolution providing for the investigation of the action of the returning or canvassing boards in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. In the Senate, December 7, the Message from the President accompanying the report of the gentlemen appointed by him to visit Louisiana to witness the canvass of the votes for electors was ordered to be printed. The report defended the action of the Returning Board in excluding votes in certain parishes, and thus giving the majority to the Republican electors. In the House, December 12, the report of the Democratic committee which witnessed the canvass was ordered to be printed. Various measures were introduced in both Houses to relieve the present uncertainty as to the authority under the Constitution of the two bodies, or of either of them, in the counting of the electoral vote. Mr. Edmunds, in the Senate, December 5, submitted an amendment to the Constitution providing for the counting and declaration of the electoral vote by the Supreme Court of the United States. The resolution proposing the amendment was defeated, December 13: yeas, 14; nays, 31. In the House, December 14, Mr. Knott, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a resolution—as a substitute for a resolution previously offered by Mr. M'Crary, and referred to that committee—that a committee of seven members be appointed by the Speaker, to act in conjunction with any similar committee that may be appointed by the Senate, to prepare and report such a measure, either legislative or constitutional, as may in their judgment be best calculated to accomplish the end proposed, viz., that the electoral votes may be counted and the result declared by a tribunal whose authority no one can question, and whose decision all will accept as final. This resolution was adopted without division. The Senate voted, December 18, in favor of a committee to act with that appointed by the House.

The President's Message, with the accompanying reports from the heads of departments, was received in both Houses December 5. The Message was mainly a review by the President of his administration. The Secretary of the Treasury reports the surplus revenue for the past fiscal year, exclusive of provision for the sinking fund, as $29,022,241 83. He estimates the surplus of 1877 as likely to fall below the amount that should be applied to the sinking fund by not less than $7,000,000. The reduction of the public debt between August 31, 1865, and June 30, 1876, has been $656,992,226 44. The exports of merchandise during the last fiscal year exceeded the imports by $79,648,481 in coin value. The Secretary of the Interior recommends uniting the Indians upon fewer reservations.

The Postmaster-General reports a reduction of over $2,000,000 in the deficiency of revenues to meet expenses.

The Returning Board of Louisiana, December 5, declared that the Republican electoral ticket had a majority of over 4000. The electoral vote in all the colleges was cast December 6. In South Carolina and Oregon, both Democratic and Republican electors met and voted. In the latter State, Governor Grover, on the ground of the ineligibility of one of the Republican electors that had been elected, assumed the election of the Democratic elector having the next highest number of votes, and gave him a certificate.

In South Carolina, there are two Lower Houses of the Legislature in session, and both the Republican and Democratic Governors have been inaugurated.

The revolution in Mexico has triumphed. President Lerdo has fled from the capital, and Porfirio Diaz has proclaimed himself Provisional President.

Owing to the defeat of the Amnesty Bill in the French Senate, December 2, the French ministry resigned. Subsequently, M. Simon was appointed President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, and M. Martel Minister of Justice. MM. Dufaure and Marcère retired.

DISASTERS.

December 1.—Destruction of one hundred buildings by fire in New Orleans. Total loss, $400,000.

December 5.—During the progress of the performance of *The Two Orphans* in the Brooklyn Theatre a fire broke out on the stage. Nearly 300 persons were unable to escape from the building, and were either suffocated or burned to death.

OBITUARY.

December 15.—In Washington, D. C., James A. Hardie, Inspector-General, U. S. A.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE following comes from a historical Knickerbocker, resident up the Hudson:

I observe in the able article on the "Knickerbockers of New York," contained in your December number, that allusion is made to the late Judge Herman Knickerbacker, familiarly styled the "Prince of Schaghticoke." (I spell the name with an *a*, as he and other members of the family have always done so.) Now, as the judge is well remembered in this community for his manifold witticisms and many genial characteristics, there are, of course, numerous anecdotes afloat concerning him. Two or three of these I send for deposit in your invaluable Drawer.

It is reported that, when a member of Congress, he was asked by Mrs. Madison the distinction between the Reformed Dutch and Presbyterian Churches. To which he responded: "My dear madam, I know of no difference, unless it be that the one sings long metre and the other short."

On another occasion, while in Washington, the at that time French minister gave a dinner party, for which cards of invitation had been issued. And accidentally meeting Mr. Knickerbacker on the street, the minister saluted him with the words, "You dine with me to-day, Sir?" And the judge, supposing it to be a request, replied, "I shall be most happy, your Excellency." When the hour for the entertainment approached, Mr. K., from some unknown cause, was a little tardy; and the usher, on receiving him at the entrance, told him that only a limited number of covers had been placed, that the guests had all arrived, and were already seated at the board. The judge, perceiving a mistake, and as it was never among his foibles to lose a good dinner unwittingly, answered, "Report to his Excellency the Prince of Schaghticoke awaits him at the door." The servant at once became very obsequious, and matters being explained to the host, Mr. K. was gladly welcomed in and assigned to a position of honor, and became, as was usual with him, the spirit of the occasion.

While acting in his position of magistrate, it so happened that there was to occur an eclipse of the sun. And as the time drew near for that phenomenon to be visible, the judge was observed to notice his watch very attentively, when suddenly he arose from his seat, and with that supreme stateliness and suavity of manner peculiar to him, in loud voice, exclaimed: "Gentleman of the bar and others attendant at court, I understand there is to be an eclipse this very afternoon, and the hour has now arrived when that wonderful movement of the heavens is to appear. Now, gentlemen, when God Almighty sees fit to bring the sun and moon together, it is proper this court should adjourn, and therefore it is adjourned."

THIS from a city friend:

A husband and wife were having one of those arguments which occasionally interrupt the harmony of married life. He grumbled because there was not a better fire in the room, and declared that she *always* was just so stingy in regard to the use of fuel. She rather admitted her general partiality for economy in the direction referred to, but at the same time she asserted that she was the subject of a great improvement in the specific point then under discussion. For proof on her part, she went on to state that when her first husband was very sick (he did not recover), she really felt some reluctance to having a fire of sufficient capacity to make things entirely comfortable. "But," said she, "when my second dear departed was in his last sickness, I had such a fire as no reasonable man could find any fault with. And," she continued, "when your time comes to lie in that bed, with no hope of ever rising from it, I shall have a first-rate fire, as hot as —why, so hot *that you will hardly know the difference when you're dead.*"

A PENNSYLVANIA friend writes:

As an old reader of the Drawer, from which I have derived much pleasure, I feel called upon to repay, if possible, its many favors, and therefore send the following:

The old town of Somerset enjoyed for many years an enviable reputation on account of the many legal lights among her bar, many of whom have since made national reputations. Prominent among these were the late Joseph Williams, afterward Chief Justice of Iowa, and the Hon. Jeremiah H. Black, who occupied a similar position in Pennsylvania. While in their respective high positions both chanced to be in New York city at the same time, but at different hotels. Williams, after quite a time, succeeded in learning Black's address, and immediately sent a note to him with the following couplet:

After diligent search I have found you at last,
Which recalls to my mind many scenes of the past—
Old Somerset, with its mountains of snow,
When you were but Jerry and I was but Joe.

Hon. Moses Hampton, for many years a judge of the District Court of Alleghany County, was also one of Somerset's sons, and was on the bench at Pittsburg during the time Black was Chief Justice. Judge Black, in reviewing a case from the court of his old friend Hampton, remarked that "surely Moses must have been wandering in the wilderness when he made his decision," and sent the case back to the lower court. Judge Hampton, on its second trial, took occasion to remark that although he would have to submit to the higher authority, yet he still thought he was right, in spite of the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

A LADY correspondent in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, sends us the following:

A certain person, whom we will name Mrs. Watson, called upon President Lincoln, but found that a number of persons were in the reception-room before her. She took a seat near the door, and listening to the conversation, observed that each who went up mentioned his business in a low tone. Whereupon the subject was repeated by the President in a loud voice and an off-hand manner, thus, "So you want a place in the custom-house, do you?"

When Mrs. Watson's turn came, as she saw no opportunity for a private interview, she stepped up to the President, and speaking distinctly, said,

"Mr. Lincoln, I want a commission for my son in the army."

"So you want a commission for your son in the army? Just like all the women, coming and

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coming and coming"—rolling his hands one over the other, to express this. "You want me to put a horse into a stall where there is one already."

"No, Mr. Lincoln, I didn't come about horses at all. I came to get a commission for my son. He has been educated in a military school, and is entirely capable of taking such a place."

Mr. Lincoln said, "You are a good, honest-looking woman. Who are you?"

She answered, "When you were a candidate for the Presidency, I was editing a paper, and I did all I could for you."

He said, quickly, "Ah, now you touch me on a mean spot. Have you any introductions?"

"I have a letter from Theodore Smith."

"I know Theodore Parker; I don't know Theodore Smith."

"I have a letter from Thomas Spring, a well-known Republican in our State."

"I know Lebanon Springs; I don't know Thomas Spring. Bring me a letter from Governor Newell, and I will talk with you."

Mrs. Watson left, and a few days after returned with a letter from the Governor. But just as she was walking into the reception-room, she was forcibly pushed aside by a large woman, who, stepping up before her, made a very low courtesy to the President, and as gradually rising, began, in a loud voice,

"Mr. Lincoln, my grandfather fought in the Revolutionary war, my father fought in the war of 1812, I have a brother now fighting in the Federal army to put down this wicked rebellion, and I want a commission for my son."

Mr. Lincoln looked up with a smile.

"Why, ma'am, you belong to a fighting family. You have done your share. Go home and learn the arts of peace."

As the discomfited claimant stepped aside, Mrs. Watson was in view, and said,

"Good-morning, Mr. Lincoln."

"Oh, you're the woman that wanted me to put a horse in a stall where there was one already."

"No, Mr. Lincoln; we settled that the other day. I have a letter from Governor Newell."

The letter was kindly received, and the young man finally obtained the commission.

A CLERGYMAN in Dutchess County, the day after election, observed two Irishmen—one seated in a wagon, the other vainly yet persistently striving to get in—both well under the influence of drink. They had both probably been drinking to the health of their candidate and party. The one yet out, with the assistance of his friend, climbed successfully to the top of the wagon-side, and then ingloriously fell back upon the ground. Again he essayed, and reached the side of the wagon, and would have fallen again, but, poised there, the clergyman ran to his assistance and pushed him over and in. Turning gratefully around to his clerical helper, he exclaimed, "*Our* ticket is elected!"

AFTER the failure of its principal industry, the town of —— became reduced in wealth, and many of its people were much straitened.

A certain woman, who was in a delicate state of health, heard of a townsman who wanted a housekeeper, and offered herself for the place; but Daniel said that he wanted a wife, not a housekeeper merely.

"I don't want to marry," said she; "but if you will take me to keep house, I'll take care of your things for fifty cents a week."

She was a pretty woman, and Daniel insisted that he wanted a wife. As the alternative might be to be supported by the public, she at length consented to marry; but on a more intimate acquaintance she was shocked to find that her husband was very profane.

She complained of this to a neighbor, saying, "It seems as if I couldn't bear it! I can't have it!"

"Why," said the neighbor, "I don't know that you have any right to complain: you knew he wasn't a professor when you married him."

"Oh yes," answered the grieving wife, "I knew he wasn't a professor, but I thought he was a seeker."

ONE of the great festivals, if we may thus express it, of the Society of Friends is the Yearly Meeting. The social character of this serious occasion is doubtless heightened by the equality which women enjoy. The world seldom sees such a gathering as a thousand or more of women, convened to conduct the affairs of their branch of "society," in solemn order, with no presiding officers but the clerk and her assistant.

"When they come up to their annual meeting," says Charles Lamb, "they show like troops of the shining ones."

About sixty years ago, among those who attended the New England Yearly Meeting, held, as now, at Newport, was Martha H——, of Nantucket, about nineteen years old, whose "Quaker bonnet" did not conceal her wavy hair, bright eyes, and regular features. As Friends were not sufficiently numerous to entertain all who came to the meeting, she, with a number of others, lodged at a Friends' boarding-house kept by Sarah Perry. One evening a number, young and old, were seated in the parlor, several "men Friends" in the back part of the room, wearing their hats, as was still a Quaker custom, or *testimony*. A party of young Friends, of both sexes, sat near the windows, engaged in the innocent amusement of giving humorous definitions—a game which excited much merriment. Martha H—— possessed a ready wit, and was doubtless very animated. Whereupon one of the men Friends, an elder in the meeting, spoke to her thus: "Martha, canst thou give me the definition of gravity?"

Struck with the sudden and public rebuke, her color rose, but she answered, promptly, "I am not able to give thee a definition of my own, but perhaps that of De la Rochefoucauld will suit thee. He says that gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind."

OUR old friend Dr. Irenæus Prime, whose bright pen has so often contributed to the delight of readers of the Drawer, relates this pleasant anecdote on "entertaining" ministers at conventions and assemblies. "Once," says the doctor, "I happened to have a fellow-member, a minister, who carried about with him a reed about four feet high and three inches in diameter. The mystery was, to what use did he put this staff, but it was soon solved. The staff-bearer was a monstrous chewer of Raleigh's weed, and he was seen to screw off the top of his hollow cane, which he replaced after discharging the elixir from his

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hallowed lips." To save carpets, therefore, the doctor commends the hollow cane as one of the modern improvements worthy of ecclesiastical approval.

A CORRESPONDENT at Stratford, Connecticut, says that the incidents recorded below "occurred under our eyes and ears" at the Centennial Exposition:

When G—— saw the somewhat startling statue of "Washington and the Eagle" in the rotunda of Memorial Hall, he looked at it a moment, then raised his hat.

"Washington *on a lark*," said he.

"Now, what is that, d'ye suppose?" said a Vermonter to his wife, as they paused before the bronze statue of "Emancipation."

"I expect," she answered, "it's the 'Greek Slave.'"

The Vermonter looked first interested and then profoundly disappointed.

"I've often heerd of the 'Greek Slave,'" he said, "but really now, for all the talk they've made about her, I don't think she's pretty."

MISS E—— was looking at the picture of Arab life. "Beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"I wish you'd tell me, ma'am," spoke up a man standing by with his wife, "what that picture is supposed to represent."

"Why," returned Miss E——, "that is plain enough; it is an Arab sheik sitting at the door of his tent, surrounded by his wives."

"What's that she says?" asked the man's wife, who was slightly deaf.

"She says," returned the stranger, "that it is a man with the 'shakes' being taken care of by his wives."

"I THINK," said Mrs. W——, a worthy woman, but whose æsthetic sense is dormant—"I think that picture of Rizpah and her sons is very fine probably, but how much handsomer it would be, now, supposing those *seven poor young men hung all nice and regular*, instead of sprawling about in all sorts of ways!"

MR. N—— knew nothing about Rizpah. He reckoned the painting was "a picture of a Confederate woman, whose seven sons had been hung, a-defending them from turkey-buzzards."

As I came out of the Government Building I met a respectable-looking old lady.

"Will you please tell me," she asked, "what building that is you just came out of?"

I replied that it was the Government Building, and she seemed disappointed, so I asked what she wanted to find.

"Well," she answered, "I've been a-looking two hours for the Main Building, but I can't find it any where."

A new sort of needle in a hay-mow.

TRAVELING in foreign lands, and observing the customs and religion of other peoples, is apt to smooth down many a prejudice. Doubtless it was the result of such experience that prompted a returned missionary at a recent missionary meeting to say: "Let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb, that 'though you bathe a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, yet you can not get the crook out of it.' Now a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which can not be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace."

A BROTHER editor writes to the Drawer thus: "While traveling in the South last summer it was my fortune to be in the National Hotel at Macon, Georgia. During the evening the loungers in the billiard-room were annoyed by the boastful utterances of a bully regarding his performances during the war. Finally he capped the climax of boastful absurdity by saying that he had once eaten a man. "Well," responded a by-stander, quietly, "the both of you do not make a respectable appearance." That settled him.

A GENTLEMAN at Woburn, Massachusetts, sends to the Drawer the following curious old receipts:

Woburn, Dr. to *Daniel Reed, junior*,

to boarding sally priest Nine weeks at 2s. per week ending ye 5th of March £0 18 0

to her bringing the *itch* into my family I leave to your generosaty but money should not hire me to have it

DANIEL REED junior

WOBURN *March* 2. 1792

Allowed for Itch 1 0 0

£1 18 0

WOBURN, *Augt* ye 19, 1760.

Received of James Foule of Woburn the sum of five pounds six shillings and eight pence in full for a Black Mare, which Mare was killed by a chais, and which chais Mr. Thomas Lines, of Boston, was in, and the s^d Mare I the subscriber Let to Joseph Reed, son of Mr. Thos. Reed, of Woburn to Ride to Cambridge Commencement the sixteenth day of July Last past and I do hereby Discharge the said Joseph Reed, Foule, and Lines and all other persons from any further Demands whatsoever as to ye hire or damage I have received by said Mare being killed as above s^d, But do declare I have received full value for s^d Mare as witness my hand

his
EZRA × WYMAN
mark

Attest
JAMES KENDALL
JAMES WYMAN

CHARLESTOWN *April* 6, 1793.

This day Recd of Benj^a Wright one Glass of Cherry Rum in full of all Demands from the beginning of the world to the end of the world, I say Recd by me

NEHEMIAH WYMAN.

It looks, from the price, as though Nehemiah was a little "sprung" when he signed that receipt for Benj^a.

IT was the misfortune of a little Boston boy of seven to have an intemperate father, who at last fell a victim to his evil habits and died. Not long after the funeral the good little boy asked his mother how he should know his father when he got to heaven: to which his fond parent replied, "Look for a *red-nosed* angel, my dear."

JOHN WEISS, in his *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare*, tells this funny story:

"General Sherman's body-servant was a German, who went with him through the war, but could never realize the idea that the war at last was over. One day the general, having traveled from the South to Chicago, was on the point of leaving, and ordered this man to pack a valise. The one he selected was so enormous that the general remonstrated, and examined what could be within.

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It was filled with hotel towels that had been looted from Atlanta, clear through, in company with table-spoons of the Milledgeville hotel, the German plundering on every route as if we were still marching through Georgia."

THE British patrician sometimes gets an answer of unexpected frankness and truthfulness. Such a one was recently given to the Marquis of Huntley, a noted collector of *bric-à-brac*. While once killing time in an English country town, he strayed into the shop of a "silversmith," with three balls over the door. Having asked the price of every thing in the shop window, and finding nothing of interest, he inquired if there were any great collectors in the town. The silversmith's wife said that there was Mr. Saddler.

"Pray," said the marquis, "what does Mr. Saddler collect?"

"Oh," replied the woman, "poor-rates, Sir."

The marquis did not pursue the subject further.

THE local editor of the San Antonio (Texas) *Herald*, having read that little incident about the Easton (Pennsylvania) landlord in our November number, has felt moved to send to the Drawer the three following items:

There is such a thing as a waiter being too polite. A few mornings since a negro waiter, who studies closely the comfort of the guests, said to a gentleman from Maine, who had a cold in his head, on his entering the breakfast room, "Jess step dis way, Sah; jess take dis seat in de draught between de doah an' de windy, where you will feel like de sea-breezes was fannin' you as dey does at home in de Norf." The Northern gent rather thought he wouldn't.

ANOTHER gentleman, a San Antonio merchant, forbade his wife to wear a new $40 bonnet she had just purchased, remarking to her, "Belinda dear, if you wear that bonnet, people will say I have failed already."

ON the day of the Presidential election, while the voting was going on, a lank, long-haired, seedy-looking customer rode up on the pavement near the court-house, slid off, and hitched the beast —an emaciated pony—to an awning post, and began loafing about the polls.

After he had kept this up about half an hour without any satisfactory results, he sidled up to a negro, who was also busy doing nothing in particular, and whispered,

"Just pint out Sam to me."

"What Sam?"

"Sammy Tilden, of course—the man that's running for office at this 'lection."

"Never heerd of him befoah—reckon he is moved out in de country."

The countryman then took an intelligent white man off to one side, and whispered, "D'ye see Hayes about in the crowd?"

The interrogated man professed ignorance.

"Well, what I wanted to know is, whar air them candidates that air paying five dollars for votes, like they were at last 'lection when I was in town?"

When he was told that there were no local candidates running, and that there was no free whiskey running either, he raved and went on like a pirate. He said the whole town was an infernal swindle. He had come thirty-five miles out of his own county to vote here, because he thought it was a live town. The whole darn election was a perfect farce to fool people with, and he was going to let the blamed town slide.

THE following appears in the London *Guardian* of November 15:

A MARRIED medical man of considerable experience, who devotes the whole of his attention to resident invalid cases, has a vacancy for a single lunatic, invalid or convalescent. Terms moderate. Amusements—boating, fishing, and shooting. Apply to ——.

Capital as well as singularly appropriate amusements for a lunatic.

WHEN a citizen of the sunny South desires to pass himself out of this world in a hurried and informal way, he sometimes does it in the manner described in the Austin (Texas) *Statesman*, which, in alluding to the suicide of John Eccles, an old citizen of Washington, says, "Being mightily pothered about Governor Coke and taxes, and the like, he *took a tod of laudanum* to soothe his nerves, and never waked up any more."

Why not "tod," instead of the usual black-crapy announcement: "Texas is to-day shrouded in sorrow at the unexpected demise of our esteemed fellow-citizen, John Eccles, Esq., who, in a moment of hallucination, gurgled a considerable quantity of *tinct. opii*, and from that moment seemed to take no abiding interest in the ordinary events of the day."

EDMUND YATES tells us of an unkind rejoinder made by a Milesian orator, recently, in a discussion forum patronized by Sir John Bennett, to an ancient "cogger" who would interrupt him by the unnecessary reminder that he was an idiot:

"Me an idiot? Sorr, I throw back the insinuation in yer teeth—*if ye have any*."

Was it the major who magniloquently declared, in the same establishment, that he was no mere political tyro, but came to the bar of public opinion armed with experience acquired in three hemispheres?

THE school-master is abroad, yea, even in Maine, where a higher grade of scholarship is demanded in teachers than is exacted in less cultivated commonwealths. As an instance, we are furnished by a medical friend with the following:

A teacher recently made application for a school, and presented himself to the school committee for examination. Arithmetical questions were proposed, which, after a struggle, were finally ciphered out. When it came to geography, that was a department of human achievement which had never absorbed much of his time or attention. "Can you locate Boston?" was the obvious question first propounded to him by the examiner.

"I *know* all about it," he answered, "probably just as well as you do; have heard of it several times, but somehow or other I can't seem to locate it."

Desiring to help him a little, the examiner said, "It is the capital of some State, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe it is."

"What State?"

"Well, I know probably as well as you do what State Boston is the capital of, but, *you see, I haven't got the flow of language to express it*."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXII.—MARCH, 1877.—Vol. LIV.

CONTEMPORARY ART IN FRANCE.



THE ORANGES.—[GUILLAUME ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU. BORN 1825.]

IT can not be too often repeated that art is a result rather than a cause, a form of utterance as much as a thought expressed, a means for giving expression to certain individual or national impulses. Only thus can we best explain the reason for the wide divergences between the art of different ages and races; while if we thus define and consider the nature of art, we also gain more mental breadth and instruction by studying through its art the characteristics of each race producing an art of its own, and at the same time, by accepting these conditions, on which all true art is based, we should do away with much of the narrow, vapid, arrogant art criticism on the part of those artists, art critics, and amateurs who confine themselves to admiring only certain schools

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of art and censuring what does not accord to their own art standard, instead of endeavoring to see what is good in each school, and wherein it illustrates the history or character of the race that has given it birth. Nothing could more forcibly convey an idea of the truth of the foregoing remarks than the difference between the arts of England and France, although separated only by the English Channel, or between the three distinct stages through which art has passed in France itself since the time of David, in the French Revolution, to the artists of the late empire. If one would hold the mirror up to nature—that is, study the character of the people of these two countries or these different epochs—he has but to consider the art of each. No people ever portrayed themselves so candidly, without hesitation or reserve, as the French have done in their fine arts. What Montaigne did for himself in his château, centuries ago, in his entertaining, acute, egotistic, but not always elevating autobiographical essays, the French artists have done for France. If their work is often low or demoralizing, they are scarcely more to blame than the race of which they are a part. A stream can not rise above its source; and while, as free agents, they can not wholly free themselves from responsibility for the corrupting character of much of French art, the chief responsibility must finally rest with the public which craves such art, and stimulates the influences and ideas of which the truly national artist is but the natural exponent. If we in America desire, therefore, to have not only a great but a pure school of national art, it rests with ourselves to regulate the question. Just so long as the public demands and encourages only an elevating art, and just so long as the national character is of a noble type, so long will the national art partake of the same nature, for artists do not create public opinion, as a rule, but are created by it. How otherwise can we explain the fact that obscene works of art are never seen on exhibition in Great Britain, and rarely in Germany, while scenes of bloodshed, given with careful fidelity to the most harrowing details, or paintings in which every thing is done to corrupt the morals, abound not only in the by-ways of art in Paris, but in the best galleries and in the most exposed



BEGGAR GIRL.—[MERLE.]

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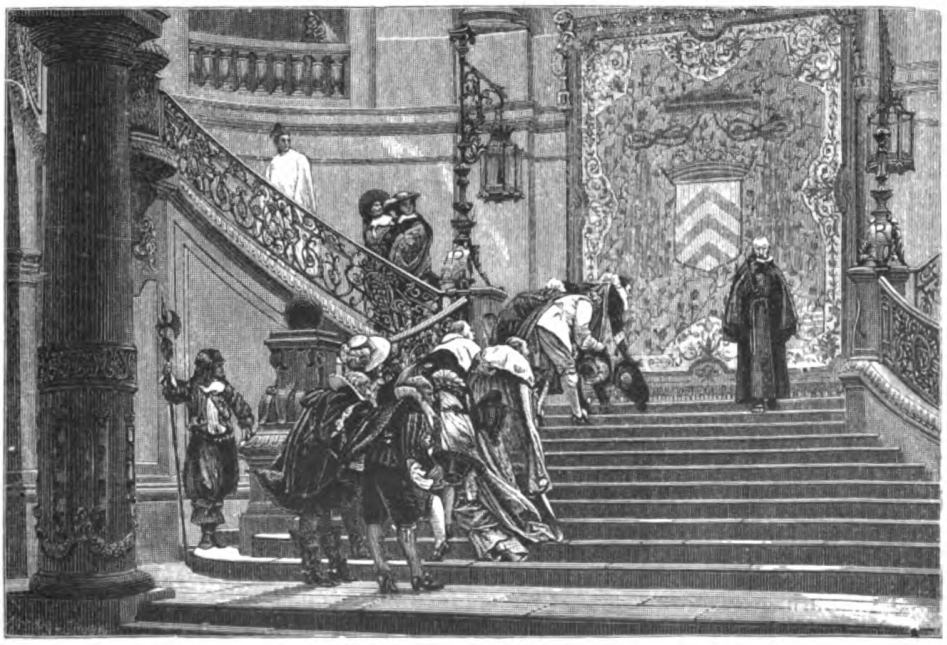
positions? This condition of art in France has increased since the Second Empire was founded. The nobler and purer character of literature and art under Louis Philippe passed away when Paul Delaroche, Delacroix, and Ary Scheffer gave place to men of possibly equal intellect, but lower *morale*. It is generally conceded that the Second Empire degraded the character of the nation even below its ordinary standard, and that the terrible overthrow France suffered at the hands of Germany was owing very largely to this cause. One who returns from time to time to France finds that a gradual degeneration is coming over the people, out of which, perhaps, the Republic may save them; but unless this moral and intellectual decay that is sapping the heart of the people is soon arrested, it is not difficult to forecast the future of France.



JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME. BORN 1824.

But while, with some honorable exceptions, too much can hardly be said against the depraving character of modern French art, we must be careful not to confound its moral deficiencies with its technical qualities as art. While it is to be desired, obviously, that all good art should also be pure art, it is quite possible to have a very high order of technical art without regard to its moral character. This is a distinction too often forgotten even by some critics of repute, who, if they do not like the moral of a painting or a sculpture, are liable to condemn it altogether without first considering whether it is successful or not in conveying the artist's conception, or fulfills the canons of art. But it is a distinction that can not justly be avoided by one who desires to criticise works of art without prejudice and from all points of view. The evidence should be heard on both sides, and the accused should have the benefit of whatever can be said in his favor. Moreover, as it is quite possible to produce works of art that may combine the high moral tone of the English school with the technical excellencies of the French, it behooves us to give the latter a very careful study wholly in the art spirit.

No people probably ever had the art instinct more generally diffused than the French, although not to so high a degree, perhaps, as the Greeks or the Italians, for they have never yet produced any thing quite so great as those races have achieved



L'ÉMINENCE GRISE.—[J. L. GÉRÔME.]

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in art, as in literature and other departments of intellectual effort they have never produced any native genius quite as great as the few Titanic minds of certain other



JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER. BORN 1813.

races whose genius has caused distinct epochs of progress, while there is perceptible among them a larger average of genius. This holds good especially with their artists. An eye for color and for brilliant effects is a prominent characteristic of the race; and while singularly deficient in poets of the first order, or, in fact, in any poetry that is comparable with that of other lands, the poetic feeling, of which they must, of course, have their share, finds vent in form and color. The subjective, the unseen, the future, these have little hold on the French mind. The Frenchman lives in the objective, the present, the visible; he deals with the concrete, and not the abstract. Therefore, also, he is, and probably always will be, a Roman Catholic, if not a radical, for he lives by the senses, and only thus can he be influenced. The rigid simplicity of Calvinistic worship is but an exotic in France, which could only flourish by opposition. To increase the number of Protestants in that country, there should be another St. Bartholomew. It is all the more important, then, that Roman Catholicism in the Latin countries should be purified from its three social curses — the celibacy of the priesthood, the confessional, and Jesuitism —since only with external forms, ceremonials, and symbols can they worship God. The Saxon mind works in a different way.

And this artistic genius continues still in full force. While the Gallic race no longer presents us with such men of commanding intellectual strength and character as clustered around Henry IV. or Louis XIV., or relieved the lurid horrors of the Revolution and the transient glare of the wars of the First Empire by great abilities and gigantic virtues and crimes—while the French no longer present us with a Corneille or a Molière, a Voltaire or a Madame Roland, a Turenne or a Soult, a Bossuet or a Mirabeau—they continue to offer us an art that shows no decline in vitality, although in some respects less great than the school which died out twenty-five years ago, because, since art takes its rise in national influences, it must be nobler or inferior according to the national character whose tastes it illustrates. The artistic turn is so marked as a distinctive, and at present the most distinctive, trait, next to the greed for money now possessed by the French people, that it impresses one more and more each time he returns to their country and capital, and fascinates and captivates the senses in spite of one's more sober convictions. In London, vast as is the art field, yet the city is so enormous, and the other interests and occupations engrossing the public attention are so multiplied and extensive, that art, if it is not relegated to a subordinate position, at least seems but one of many forms of expression by which the greatest race the world has seen since the days of Pericles finds vent for the utterance of its magnificent energies, teeming thought, and unsurpassed dignity of national character.

But it is quite otherwise in Paris. There is the art capital of Europe, although Munich is pressing it hard, and threatens to be a formidable rival. But the vastness and magnificence of Paris, the vigor of its art schools, and, above all, the long-established organizations for the patronage of French



HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE. BORN 1828.

art as a matter of national pride *par excellence*, will enable Paris to give her rivals a long race yet. Like a vast maelstrom, it draws thither artistic minds from all parts

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of the world. By a species of prophetic instinct, the French seem to have felt for long that the art talent is the peculiar gift of their race, and likely to survive longer than their other national qualities, and have therefore fostered the growth of art by organizations far-seeing in their bearing, and, if not always suited to our times, wise when first established. Whether at the present day, except in such countries as Russia, government patronage of art education is the best thing for a country or for the true growth of good art, is a question about which we have great doubts. But Louis XIV. thought otherwise, so also Napoleon I., and most probably very judiciously for their time. Therefore we now find in France a Minister of the Fine Arts appointed as much a matter of course as a Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is his business to superintend the whole question of art in the country, to regulate government patronage of art, to adorn the public squares with statuary, to purchase works for the national art galleries, to preside over the national school of art, to pay the professors, to regulate the annual exhibitions at the Salon, besides many similar matters. And, in addition, there is an annual budget allowed by the legislature for art purposes. The art appropriation for 1876 is seven millions and a half of francs.



LA VEDETTE.—[MEISSONIER.]

The École des Beaux Arts, in the Rue Bonaparte, is the most important institution for art instruction in Paris. It is entirely under government supervision, and is intended to carry the student as far as mere instruction can carry him in every branch of art. No ladies are admitted, nor any

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French pupils over thirty years of age. Foreigners, being ineligible to the prizes, may enter at any age. These prizes consist of the Grand Prix de Rome, for painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving respectively, and in each case take the successful candidate to Rome for three years. The examination preliminary to admission to the institution is searching, and intended to limit its advantages only to the most worthy. Wencker, the winner of the Grand Prix de Rome for 1876, is an Alsacian, and also a pupil of Gérôme. The École des Beaux Arts is a very extensive establishment, built in a series of hollow squares, entered by a court containing fac-similes of celebrated monuments of antiquity, of which specimens are also reproduced in the other courts. The instructors are always selected from among artists of the first rank in their respective departments. M. Taine, the well-known critic, lectures twice weekly on art history and criticism in a hall whose walls are superbly decorated by the famous "Hémicycle des Beaux Arts" of Paul Delaroche. This year a new professorship has been added, which has been long needed, and should be added to every school of art—a chair of literature, or *belles-lettres*. Its establishment



M. BONNAT.

I consider the most hopeful sign in the present condition of French art, for it indicates a true sense of the position of the artist, and the importance that what he says should be said not as art pure and simple, but with due regard to its relations to the other departments of human pursuit and energy, as well as its responsibilities toward the society which gives it birth and sustenance. If artists would paint and design less, and study more in other branches of knowledge, their intellects, their mental range, would be rendered broader, their judgment sounder; and if they gave us fewer works, those works would be of proportionately greater value. We find that the greatest masters of antiquity were generally men of broad culture, and were distinguished not only in more than one branch of art, but also as soldiers, men of letters, and diplomatists.

Besides the École des Beaux Arts, are many art schools in Paris where the vast army of aspirants after art knowledge can acquire the practice and instruction they seek. Some are simply life schools, where both sexes study from the nude at the same time—a practice which can not be too much deprecated, and which is neither demanded by the requirements of art, nor defensible



THE ADVANCE GUARD.—[A. DE NEUVILLE.]

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under any of the fine-spun theories about the impersonality of art with which some would degrade the standard of public morals, forgetting that art has ethical as well as æsthetical bearings. Besides these schools, many of the leading artists have schools, such as Chaplin and Bonnât, where for a small annual sum, devoted to room rent, pay of models, etc., the pupils study together from models in a common *atelier*. The master comes in twice a week, and criticises the work gratuitously. But the advantages he gains are obviously sufficient compensation, for he impresses his personal influence and genius on his pupils, who become his enthusiastic admirers and disciples, and fight his battles and spread his reputation far and wide. These French art students are a curious medley of seemingly discordant elements. Often endowed with intense art enthusiasm and wonderful art ability, their conversation in the *atelier* is, on the other hand, any thing but intellectual—brutal and disgusting to a degree that would lead one to consider them convicts of the galleys, while their manners, notwithstanding many of them are men of mature years, are too much in keeping with their language. A young American at the École des Beaux Arts refused to submit to their insulting demands. They set upon him *en masse* without any of that sense of honor which induces even an English boy to see that fair play is allowed, and kicked him in the face as well as the body, producing severe injuries. One hears a great deal about honor in France, but I know of no country where its true meaning is so little understood. And yet these untamed and untamable art students will dazzle one with their eye for form and color. The man has not yet been found who has proved himself wholly capable of analyzing the French character and assigning it its true position in civilization. Our own opinion is that, alone, it is a dangerous element in society, but that, by mixing it with other races, the good qualities will predominate, and an ad-



GYPSY GIRL.—[VERNET LECOMTE.]

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mirable result will be achieved. The Huguenots in England and the United States who have intermingled with the Saxon stock have developed some of the finest race qualities to be found on either continent.

There are also several art clubs holding annual exhibitions, such as the Cercle de l'Union Artistique and the Société des Amis des Beaux Arts. The Hôtel Drouôt, under government control, is also a notable institution, which offers constant attractions to the connoisseur. Answering to Christie and Manson's art auction rooms in London, it is more extensive, and one seldom enters it without finding rare and costly collections of art and virtu of all ages and climes. But all these yield the precedence to the annual exhibition of contemporary art, chiefly French, called the Salon, held in the halls of the Palais d'Industrie. It is opened in May, and lasts two months. Its magnitude and importance may be understood from the fact that over 8000 paintings were offered for examination in 1876, and of these 2095 were accepted. In addition were sculptures, water-colors, and designs in black and white, bringing up the whole number of exhibited works to over 4000. This was the ninety-third exposition held since the foundation of the Institut in 1673, admission to which is the highest official honor that is accorded to an artist in France. The prizes at the expositions are divided into medals of three classes for each department of art respectively. Above these are the Prix du Salon, and the Médaille d'Honneur, the highest of all, which entitles the winner to send thereafter any work he chooses, and win admission for it without examination. In addition to the prize medals, it is customary to decorate successful artists with various grades of the Legion of Honor. It should be added that the annual catalogue is a model in its way. Every information is therein conveyed to the visitor, not only regarding the title of the work exhibited, but the full name of the artist, his birth-place, his art instructors, his decorations, and location of his studio, and the destination of the paint-

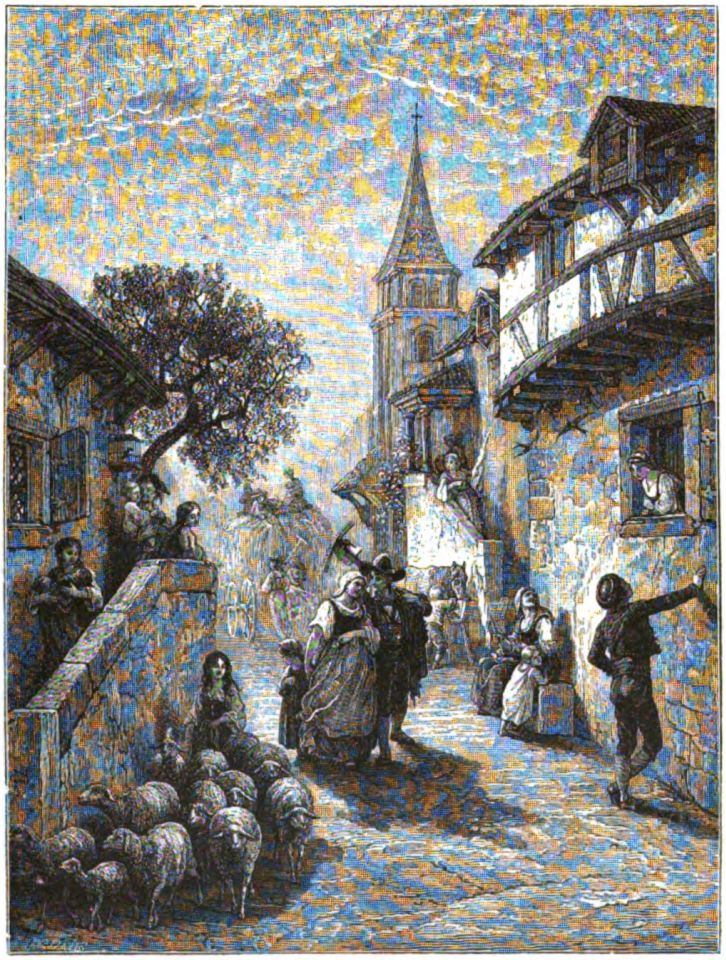


EXPECTATION.—[TOULMOUCHE.]

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ing, if commissioned, with other items that may occur.

It is not uncommon for works to be purchased outright at the Salon, by the Director of Fine Arts, for the decoration of public buildings, or to hang in the galleries of the Luxembourg. That palace is devoted to the permanent exhibition of representative works in painting and sculpture owned by the government, executed by artists yet living, or who have been dead not over ten years. After the lapse of that time the works are removed to the Louvre. This seems to be the most proper method for bestowing government patronage, and might be adopted in America with favorable results, for it not only enables the art student to gain a good idea of the condition of contemporary art in his country, to compare it with its past efforts, and to learn wherein it makes progress or loses ground, but, in addition, is of importance to such artists as find the best vent for their genius in canvases or marbles too large and important to come within the range of the private buyer. However some may prefer small canvases, it is cruel to undertake to cramp every mind to the same rules of size or subject, and it is useless to deny that such men as Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Rubens would have fared but poorly if they had been forced to content themselves with executing only such works as can decorate the drawing-room of a private citizen. If our people really desire to stimulate the growth of high art among us, they should inaugurate a judicious system of government patronage, in which the selection of works of art shall be intrusted not to a committee of Congressmen or politicians ignorant in art matters, nor even to artists and connoisseurs wedded to one idea, and who can see merit only in one particular school or one set of methods, but to a carefully chosen permanent committee of men of broad cultivation, judicial minds, æsthetic tastes, unimpeachable integrity, patriotism that includes the whole country in its scope, and a power of independent judgment that can not be approached or swayed by the bribery of influence,



PEACE.—[GUSTAVE DORÉ.]

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nepotism, or money. There must be a few such men in every country, and why not also in ours? If we have none of that stamp, let us at once establish a mint wherein such standard social coin can be turned out, for no country can live, grow, and reach a noble maturity without such a standard of moral and intellectual values in every department, whether of politics, business, or the fine arts.



GUSTAVE DORÉ. BORN 1833.

We can only allude to the vast number of artists and establishments devoted to the sale of art works in Paris. One needs to go there repeatedly, to wander week after week through its thoroughfares, by-lanes, and arcades, in order to form a clear conception of the importance and general diffusion of the art business in Paris, only exceeded, or even equaled, by the vast system of hotels, restaurants, cafés, cabarets, and estaminets, which must necessarily be enormous, when one considers that at least half Paris lives abroad, while the city constantly swarms with strangers. Special attention should, however, be called to the art literature of the French capital. The number of art publications is large and generally of great value, written by men of art culture and intellectual grasp, who command our respect if they do not always win our assent. We need only mention such men as Taine, Fromentin, Etex, and Pétroz. The art periodicals are also of a very high quality. *L'Art* yields the precedence to no similar publication in any country.

Having glanced at the methods adopted in France for the growth and patronage of national art, we naturally come next to a consideration of the results or the condition and quality of contemporary art in France. It may be assumed that between 1853 and 1860 the literature and art of France yielded to the seductive and demoralizing influences of the late empire, and passed through a crisis from which neither has yet recovered, and from that period we may date the rise of the present school of French art. The difference is perceptible in a loss of moral power, in the lower character of the subjects selected, in less intellectual force, less pursuit of the ideal, and consequently feebler imagination, always, be it clearly understood, with some notable exceptions,



RETURN OF THE FLOCK.—[JACQUES.]

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to be hereafter mentioned. But these declensions in character have not been accompanied by a corresponding loss of an eye for color, perception of external beauty, or technical excellencies. In these respects the French school never stood higher, and still holds the first place in modern art. An able writer on art has said, "Art is the attempt to represent the invisible by the visible." This is exactly what the French artists of to-day, however, do not attempt. To be sure, there is much talk about the ideal among them; but what they really practice is to accept the hard fact that art expression has its limitations—very narrow limits too they are, if one chooses to make them so—and they are only to endeavor to do what can be easily done within those limits; in other words, they are content with the exterior of things, and seek not to express what those objects suggest. They are satisfied with the physical body, and do not strive to express the soul it contains. They paint a landscape with technical perfection and almost absolute truth, but the thoughts that landscape suggests to the sensitive, sympathetic, imaginative observer they are content to ignore. The consequence is that they present us with an art that places its standard low, but which in its way is almost beyond competition. It is an art perfect of its kind, but of not so high a character as the art of Raphael or Velasquez, Rubens or Rembrandt, Turner or Delacroix, Claude Lorraine or Corôt.

Nothing so clearly indicates the imaginative quality of an artist as the value he places on the power of light and shadow, or *chiaro-oscuro*, in the suggestion of the ideal.



L'INCENDIE—CHICAGO FIRE.—[BAUGNIET.]

It is a point often nearly ignored by the earlier artists, while great use is made of it, and with immense effect, by most of the masters of the great Renaissance movement in Italy and the Netherlands. Doré, who, if inferior in some respects to many of his contemporaries, undoubtedly possesses by far the most remarkable imagination granted to an artist in modern times, produces extraordinary effects with *chiaro-oscuro*. But otherwise it is not a distinguishing trait in the works of contemporary French artists. Many of them seem, in fact, rather to disap-

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prove of it as *chic*, or reaching after effects by illegitimate means. The reason, it is to be feared, is more likely poverty of fancy. But they profess to have made a great discovery: the values—mystic word, of which we hear much in these days. What are the values, then? The quality or degree of light and shade inherent in each color. Supposing out of the ultramarine in a painting one could eliminate the color, what then would be the relative value of that ultramarine in the design as black and white? Supposing out of cadmium yellow the tint is extracted, what then would be its relative value in expressing light? Now this is certainly a very interesting and important question in art, but it is too much to claim that the relative values of the colors have never been perceived before our time. While some great artists in former ages have seemed to ignore the values, there is every evidence that most of the masters have been led by the unerring instincts of genius to a correct use of colors with special reference to their values, for they are as important as perspective, for example. Very likely they had not analyzed the subject. There is no reason to think that Homer or Shakspeare concerned himself much with rules of rhetoric, which were laid down in later ages by a careful study and analysis of their styles. Those who can best deduce the laws of composition can not always put those laws into successful practice, and it is difficult to see exactly in what respect the contemporary French school has surpassed its predecessors by its so-called discovery of the values. Corôt is the artist to whom must be ascribed, in large degree, the stress now laid on this subject, and yet it seems to us that even Corôt was much greater in his other qualities, although unfortunately it is by this very question that his influence will be felt the longest.



HUNTING WITH FALCONS IN ALGERIA.—[EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. BORN 1820.]

In the technical or mechanical part of art there is much divergence among the leading artists of the French school. Each has his own theory and practice, and so it will continue to be the case as long as there are artists to paint and things to represent in art

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forms. Some prefer to load on the color; others prefer smooth or thin layers of paint, with scumbling and glazing to bring out the desired effect; some, like Couture and Fromentin, think shadows should be laid in with thin and transparent color; others, like Bonnât, prefer to mass the pigments with uniform solidity, and afterward to light up the shadows. Who shall decide when doctors of well-balanced merit disagree? After all, the question depends far more upon men than methods; individuality of style is one of the most precious qualities to be sought in all true art, while servile imitation even of the greatest masters can not be too severely condemned, for in it lies the grave of all real individual or national art progress, and art at best is only tentative so far as processes are concerned.



ALEXANDRE CABANEL. BORN 1823.

The use of fusin or charcoal is an art in which the French may be said to have established a specialty. Allongé is well known abroad for the exquisite effects he often reaches with this simple means; but sometimes he falls into monotony and mere pretetching, in which they excel. In wood-engraving they are certainly equaled, if not surpassed, by some of our own engravers. In designing illustrations the French yield to the English, and to some of our own designers. Gavarni, who was great in this line, is dead. Doré, who perhaps holds the foremost rank for a certain class of illustrations, stands so entirely by himself that he forms a distinct school so different in scope and treatment from any thing of the sort ever before seen in France that he can hardly be classed under the head of French art. He is by extraction from Alsace, a province which has furnished many of the most prominent artists of France, and is now about

tiness. Lalanne is another master in this style, who seems to show more vigor and breadth, although it may seem hypercriticism to discriminate between two excellent artists so evenly balanced in ability. The former prefers paper of fine grain; the latter confines himself exclusively to large-grained paper.

In engraving, the highest place can not at present be assigned to the French, except in



FRANCESCA DI RIMINI.—[ALEXANDRE CABANEL.]

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forty-three years of age. He differs in three important respects from his leading French contemporaries in art: he lays great stress



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET. BORN 1810; DIED 1875.

on light and shade; has very little notion of color, although improving in that respect by practice; and he is a great moralist. Those who judge him only by his wonderful and versatile illustrations in the *Wandering Jew*, *Don Quixote*, and other works, can form but a partial conception of the power of such magnificent canvases as his "Martyrs in the Coliseum," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christ leaving the Prætorium," "Christ entering the Temple," and numerous other paintings, in which are grouped scores of figures the size of life. The imagination displayed, the massing of *chiaro-oscuro*, the rush and movement and grouping of vast multitudes, and the moral impressiveness of the ideas conveyed, have not been surpassed since the days of Tintoretto or Michael Angelo, while the majesty, the divine character, of the figure of the Saviour as He descends from the Prætorium stand nearly alone in modern art. But the drawing is often defective; very naturally there is, with enormous variety, much mannerism; and it must be admitted that these paintings would, with two or three exceptions, appear quite as effective in black and white. His "Neophyte," for example, executed in monochrome, does not seem to require the aid of color to make it what it is—one of the most tremendous invectives against the conventual system which has been seen since the days of Savonarola.

It is, then, to the colorists that we must turn in order to learn what is really and distinctively the best in the French art of our day. The French school has become justly celebrated for its treatment of external nature, with the exception of marine art. Isabey is the only Frenchman who ever painted a marine worth looking at a second time, and he is now very old; but he is a magnificent colorist, and did some very nice things long ago. The remainder, Jules Dupré (who is, however, a good landscape painter), Vernier, etc., know nothing either of ships or the sea—at least there is little in their paintings to lead one to think they do—while they all perpetrate in them the simplest errors in perspective, such as one would look for in vain in their poorest landscapes. Not to make too bad a joke of their awkwardness, they are all, indeed, entirely "at sea" on the subject. But in landscape the French artist is at home; and here, amidst pastoral scenes or representations of Oriental effects, we find a great school of poetry that reminds us alternately of Theocritus, or the Bucolics of Virgil, or the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*. France has produced three landscape painters of consummate ability, Claude Lorraine, Thomas Rousseau, and Jean Baptiste Camille Corôt, each entirely different in every respect, excepting that they were agreed in looking at nature not only for what she seems to the visual eye, but still more for what she suggests to the soul. They were men endowed not only with exquisite keenness of vision in detecting the harmonies of the visible world, and admirable perception of color and technical ability, but they were also men of thought, of imagination, of vast poetic feeling. But they are dead. Claude came alone, and left no successors behind



CONSTANT TROYON. BORN 1810; DIED 1865.

him for a century and a half, while the two latter may also be said to have left none after them their peers in pure landscape.

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Lambinet, D'Aubigny, Lansyer, Bernier, Harpignies, and others we might mention, are men of very great ability, especially the first, but there is less sympathy apparent in their works for the hidden mysteries and suggestions of nature than for what it simply appears to the physical eye; and the growing weakness of this field of art in France is apparent from the vast number of daubs—for they can not conscientiously be called any thing else—which are constantly and unblushingly brought forward as transcripts of nature by artists of average merit. To paint in a broad style judiciously and intelligently, to select certain traits of a given scene and reject others, and to treat it with a handling that shows a mastery of the subject and a deliberate determination to produce a certain effect, that is one, and perhaps the only, way to correctly represent external nature or landscape, and none better understand this than the French. But it is quite another thing from daubing or passing off a rough study for a finished painting, which some are now trying to bring into fashion. Only the studies of the great masters are of value, and then only after they are dead. When there is so much good art demanding our attention in this brief life of ours, and so many really good artists are struggling for recognition, for a young painter to intrude his rough studies on the market is a kind of presumption that should be put down, whether in France or America, as a species of charlatanism not a whit better than it would be for a young country parson to publish the notes of his last Sunday sermon. One would suppose it a question for common-sense to settle, but common-sense is a quality somewhat more rare even than genius.



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL PRIM.—[HENRI REGNAULT.]

In the field of animal painting combined with landscape, we find the French artists holding a position in advance of any thing that has been done since the days when Paul Potter painted his famous bull, done at the age of twenty-three. If he had not died at twenty-seven, he might have produced work beyond the hope of rivalry. In the English and German schools we find individual cases of great ability in the representation of animal life, but the French in the last generation gave us the school of Troyon, and the national genius for this

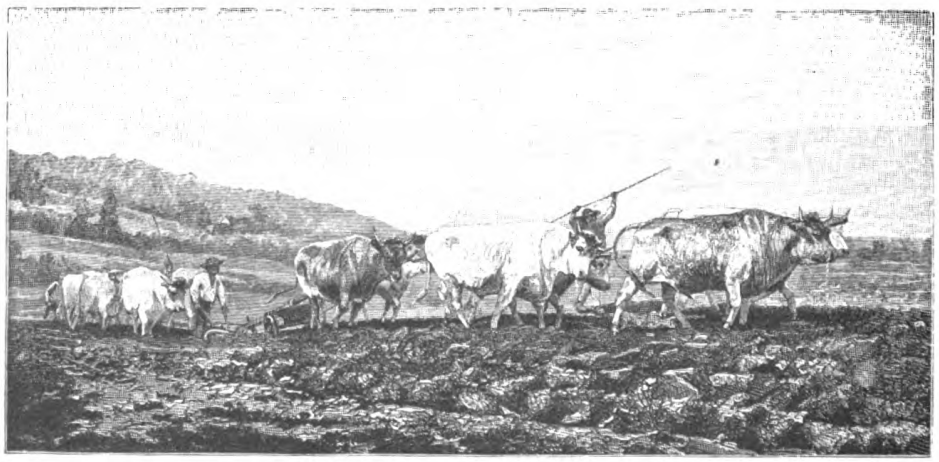
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ROSA BONHEUR. BORN 1822.

branch of art has not yet passed away. Who is there that paints sheep better than Jacques? He is a native of Paris. So was Corôt; and so was Turner a native of London. Those who make a study of human nature may find an interesting field for thought in looking into the causes that in the heart of a great city, far away from green fields, produced three of the greatest delineators of rural life in modern times. Defaux, Chaigneaux, Schenck, and several others, are also distinguished in this line. Schenck was a wine-merchant at Oporto. He sold out his wine vaults, came to Paris, and became an artist of merit. Van Marke and Mauve represent cattle with much vigor, but the greatest animal painter now in France is probably Rosa Bonheur. There is the same intense observation and sympathy with nature, the same vigor of treatment, we find in the works of Troyon and Landseer. More refinement than in Troyon, with rather less of power, but more power than in Landseer, so far as the representation of cattle is concerned. In the painting of deer and dogs the English artist holds a position entirely alone.

Allied to this branch of art is the representation of human life in connection with rural scenes. (An illustrated paper, entitled "Édouard Frère and Sympathetic Art in France," in *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1871, treats at length of the pictures of Frère, Millet, and others of that school.) Millet was formerly the greatest in that line in modern French art. Frère, who is still living, followed on a lower range, and a number might be mentioned who are justly noted for success in dealing with the picturesque phases of peasant life. But all the living artists of France must, in this respect, yield the palm to Jules Adolphe Bréton. He is at once a painter of landscape and of human nature. The two are combined in all his works in such just proportion, and with such equal ability and care brought to the representation of each, that he occupies the rare position of excelling in two distinct branches of art; in each he shows a deep, earnest, reverential sympathy in the presence of nature quite uncommon with French artists; his eye for color is almost faultless, and his technical capacity is beyond question. What can be more perfect than the pearly gray transparent shadows on the ground, or the summer afternoon atmosphere, in his "Blessing of the Grain?" while, at the same time, any one of the kneeling figures in the foreground would be sufficient to establish the reputation of any ordinary artist for its combination of so many admirable and desirable art qualities. On the other hand, what a tender, plaintive, pensive, pathetic beauty he has portrayed in the face of the young peasant girl of Brittany, in his painting called "Evening," at the Luxembourg! The expression in her eyes seems to tell a whole idyl of rural life. It is noteworthy that popular and artistic opinion is more united in favor of the merits of Jules Bré-



PLOWING IN NIVERNAIS.—[ROSA BONHEUR.]

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"CAQUETAGE"—TITTLE-TATTLE.—[JULES ADOLPHE BRÉTON.]

ton than upon any other living French artist. The Germans pay him the high compliment of assigning to him the qualities of the best German artists. In hard times he is the only one who finds the price of his paintings constantly rising. It is, perhaps, not too much to assign to Jules Bréton the leading place in the contemporary French school.

But while Jules Bréton holds such a lofty rank, he stands rather alone, for he represents a class of subjects that receives less attention than formerly in France, and is also generally considered to yield the precedence to historical painting, or the art which deals with the human figure, pure and simple; and probably the French would consider the native works now done in that department of art as best representing the present condition of art in France. At the outset it may be observed that Millet, the greatest painter of humanity seen in France for forty years or more, died last year. None like him survive. To him the human body, with all its exquisite forms and retreating curves, delicate grays and reds, and soft palpitating flesh, was but a casket, beautiful indeed, but inclosing a still more wonderful and beautiful soul that speaks its volitions and thoughts, its emotions and sensations, with every movement of those limbs, with every parting of those lips, and every glance of those eyes, to whose eloquent and infinite radiance the opals of the Ural or the diamonds of Golconda are but inert matter in comparison. Such was humanity to the searching, divining spirit of Millet. But he is gone. There are many great artists still working in France who have, perhaps, faculty equal to him in detecting the physical beauty of the human body, and equal dexterity in interpreting it in art language, but who is there among the specialists of this school who sees the soul, or makes even the attempt to discover any thing more than physical beauty in the lovely forms they depict with such remarkable fidelity? Lefebvre has a painting entitled "Truth" at the Luxembourg. For drawing and coloring it is really quite marvelous, and so it was regarded at the Vienna Exhibition, where it carried away a first prize. But there is really nothing to the picture, or even suggested in it, beyond the qualities noted above. We see simply a nude woman, of life size and faultless proportions, holding up a lamp. If any deep thought is suggested, it is not apparent in her rather emotionless features; the idea in her eyes does not seem to suggest truth



JULES ADOLPHE BRÉTON.

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so much as something else. One may look at the painting for hours without discovering in it any signs of imagination or intellectual power. It is a *tour de force*, a marvel of technical dexterity, and that is all. Now we would not in the slightest degree underestimate the value of technical ability in art—quite the contrary; but a work that has only that to recommend it can not be assigned a position by the side of a Raphael or a Murillo that has that quality and something more.

Cabanel is another artist who has portrayed some superb representations of female beauty. His "Venus rising out of the Sea" is a representative work of this class, but, like Gérôme, who has also paid considerable attention to this species of subject, he sometimes condescends to drape his studies of the human form with clothing that renders them less objectionable to popular contemplation. Tony Robert-Fleury, Émile Levy, Chaplin, Hamon, and a number of others of nearly equal merit, may be mentioned in this connection. Toulmouche holds a high position in the combination of interiors with seductive delineations of the Parisian woman of the world; Bouguereau is a very prolific artist, who displays his love of beauty in semi-domestic compositions rather more ideal than many contemporary French works, rich in color and treatment, and highly popular; Merle sometimes aims to tell a story as well as to give a bit of good composition and coloring.

The classic subjects chosen by Gérôme are characteristic of a large class of paintings of the contemporary school, in which an episode of history is taken as a thin disguise for exhibiting a careful study of the human form with accessory draperies and architectural details, given often with extraordinary resemblance to external nature. "The Wife of Candaules," "The Gladiators bidding Farewell to Cæsar," "The Death of Cæsar," are magnificent canvases. On comparing them with "La Décadence des Romains," by Couture, and other works on similar subjects executed thirty or forty years ago, one sees almost at a glance what has been gained and lost. We find that a photographic adherence to nature is now attempted. Scarce a living French artist dares to paint in the way of Michael Angelo, or Rubens, or Rembrandt: every thing must be carefully arranged before the eye, and done directly from nature, with little assistance from the imagination. The consequence is that the absurdities of costume, the anachronisms and solecisms which possibly disfigure the works of Veronese and other great masters of the past, are generally avoided. The drawing of the human form is also often rendered with absolute truth, and the coloring is frequently rich and well harmonized. But, on the other hand, there is sometimes a hardness, a lack of that mellowness, juiciness, and fullness of treatment which is born of the rush and fervor of a great inspiration, and is common to the



THE RETREAT.—[ÉDOUARD DÉTAILLE.]

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works of the great masters; there is also, with the truth of the photograph, the cruelty of the photograph, which gives you the truth, but not the whole nor the best part of the truth, while the tacit undervaluing of the importance of light and shade in the representation of the ideal seems actually to deprive many of these paintings of atmosphere, and, in spite of color and texture, makes them too much like linear drawings. They impress one like much of the playing of some great violinists in public, done not so much in order to give expression to strong emotions or the great conceptions of a highly imaginative, creative mind, as to display dexterity in the merely physical and manual department of art. In a word, they "smell too much of the lamp."



AN ENTERTAINING STORY.—[V. CHEVILLIARD.]

In one class of painting the French have always shown characteristic ability—nor has that ability yet deserted them—and that is the delineation of war scenes. From Le Gros to the present day there has been a succession of artists eminent in the treatment of military subjects. Meissonier has been for long a master in painting miniature works of high artistic merit, although in his later works we do not think he equals some of the less ambitious canvases done at an earlier period. Neuville is another vigorous military painter. His "La Dernière Cartouche," an episode at Sedan, has excited marked sensation, and is full of dramatic force. Protais and Philippoteaux are also strong in this line. But Édouard Détaille, a pupil of Meissonier, seems to be the coming military artist of France. "Le Régiment qui passe" is quite a remarkable production; while the painting in the Salon for 1876, "En Reconnaissance," merits all the attention it has received. Artistic composition and nervous treatment are combined with admirable perception of the war spirit and knowledge of military details.

In the representation of Oriental characters and scenes the French artists have always excelled, from Decamps to Ziem and Belly. In the magnificent hues and effective flat tints of the skies, bazars, and costumes, and the sensuous, dreamy, barbaric splendor of the gorgeous East, the French mind has found a congenial field, and this natural inclination has perhaps been assisted by the acquisition of Algeria. Its influence on their literature can be traced in such delicious and enticing works as Gautier's *Constantinople*, and the *Philippine Islands* by Count Beaurevoir—a *nom de plume*, by-the-way. A number of artists, Landelle, Lecomte, and others, have made a specialty of painting types of Oriental female beauty, and with singular artistic success. Of course no engraving can suggest the magnificent coloring of some of these paintings. Fromentin not only represents the scenes of Arab life with effect, he is also masterful in the draw-

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ing of the Arab horse, and paints with a regard for the ideal in style and subject which is very refreshing.* He is, in addition, an admirable writer and discriminating art critic, as indicated by his *Une Année dans le Sahél* and *Les Maitres d'Autrefois*. In leaving the painters of the contemporary French school, we may allude to Chevilliard, who excels in a class of subjects of which the engraving on page 499 gives a very correct idea; and Vollon, who paints old armor and still-life with really extraordinary success. We may add that Henri Regnault, who was killed at the battle of Buzenval in 1870, when but twenty-six years of age, was the most remarkable painter of the contemporary school in point of promise, and had he lived until maturity, would have attained a pre-eminent position. The works he left behind him remind one in fire and force of Gericault or Schiller's *Robbers*. But he appears to have been ever surrounded by a fatality that foreboded an early doom. Nearly killed by being thrown from a horse, he was soon after poisoned, and narrowly escaped with his life, and was subsequently attacked by an assassin at Rome. The subjects he selected seemed to have been in consonance with the stormy character of his brief but brilliant career.

The contemporary school of French sculpture does not, on the whole, hold relatively as high a position as the school of color and design. It suffers from the same moral causes, which lower its aims and make it too much a matter of technical dexterity. Of artists in marble and bronze the number is large, and they are often pleasing, if not great. The subjects are quite frequently suggested by a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the graceful but easy-going beauties of Notre Dame de Lorette and the Quartier Latin. Guillaume is a sculptor of considerable merit. Chapu is probably entitled to the foremost rank at present, especially in the treatment of portrait busts.



L'AURORE.—[JEAN LOUIS HAMON. BORN 1821; DIED 1874.]

Carpeaux, who died in June, 1876, was more celebrated, and, while very prolific, and adopting a much less severe style, was very brilliant, and executed some works of exceptional beauty. His group representing the "Dancers," one of the four colossal groups carved in the round on the façade of the new Opera building, is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, although very severely criticised in some quarters. Barye, who is also but just dead, was a sculptor of really exceptional genius, probably the greatest France has seen since David d'Angers. But he dealt chiefly with animal life, in which department he is almost without a peer. His lion in the gardens of the Tuileries certainly

* Fromentin has died since this paper was written.

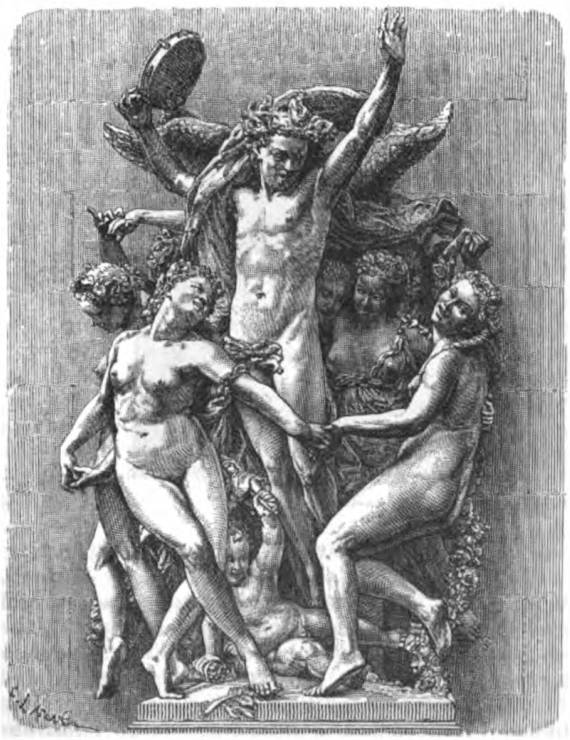
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roars his praise as loudly as the lions in Trafalgar Square declare the fame of Landseer. The "Jaguar seizing a Hare," a group in bronze, is one of the most tremendous things ever done in plastic art, both for consummate knowledge of anatomical details and for the idea of force conveyed. The undulating action of the spine of the jaguar, actually quivering in bronze with the overpowering, intoxicating rapture of possession as he crunches the victim in his horrible jaws, not only disarms criticism, but almost stupefies one with wonder at the masterful knowledge and imagination displayed by the author of this remarkable work.

Of architecture in France in our day about the same may be said as of sculpture. Much diligence, careful study, frequent good taste, a general combination of pleasing effects in the laying out of streets, are evident, but very little sign of originality any where. In civic and domestic architecture the English seem to be in advance, and also in ecclesiastical architecture, if one can judge by the Church of St. Anne at Auray and the cathedral at Boulogne, both just completed with great elaboration and expenditure of Peter's-pence, and both alike miracles of bad taste. In the Middle Ages the Roman Catholic Church had a natural vitality, and concentrated within its fold the best intellects of the time. Consequently the priests themselves were often architects and men of great artistic ability. Hence the ecclesiastical buildings of those days were among the finest the world has seen. But now the new vigor of ultramontanism is but the galvanizing of a corpse—a mere artificial life. The Church no longer contains a monopoly of the great intellects of the age, but its priests are, instead, second-rate men, notable chiefly for dexterity in juggling weak minds and bigots; artists and writers find other avenues than the Church for expressing their ideas. This may be a partial explanation of the frequent detestable taste exhibited in many of the ecclesiastical buildings of our time. But in the New Opera-house at Paris an ambitious conception, possessed of great merit in parts, if not as a whole, claims our respectful attention. It is a genuine outgrowth of French national character during the last empire, and seems offered to the world as a challenge to criticism. No expense has been spared, the best art talent of the country was called in to aid in its completion, and it seems to say to the beholder, "What can you object to this being accepted as the typical architectural style of the nineteenth century?" "Much every way," we might reply, but neither room nor inclination allows us to expatiate on the subject as we should like, and as the building has been sufficiently, and sometimes too severely, criticised in many quarters, we shall confine ourselves to a simple sketch of a subject that might well be expanded into a volume, and, indeed, volumes have been written upon it. The last one is an answer by M. Garnier, the architect, in reply to his critics, and a very spicy work it is.



JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX. BORN 1827.

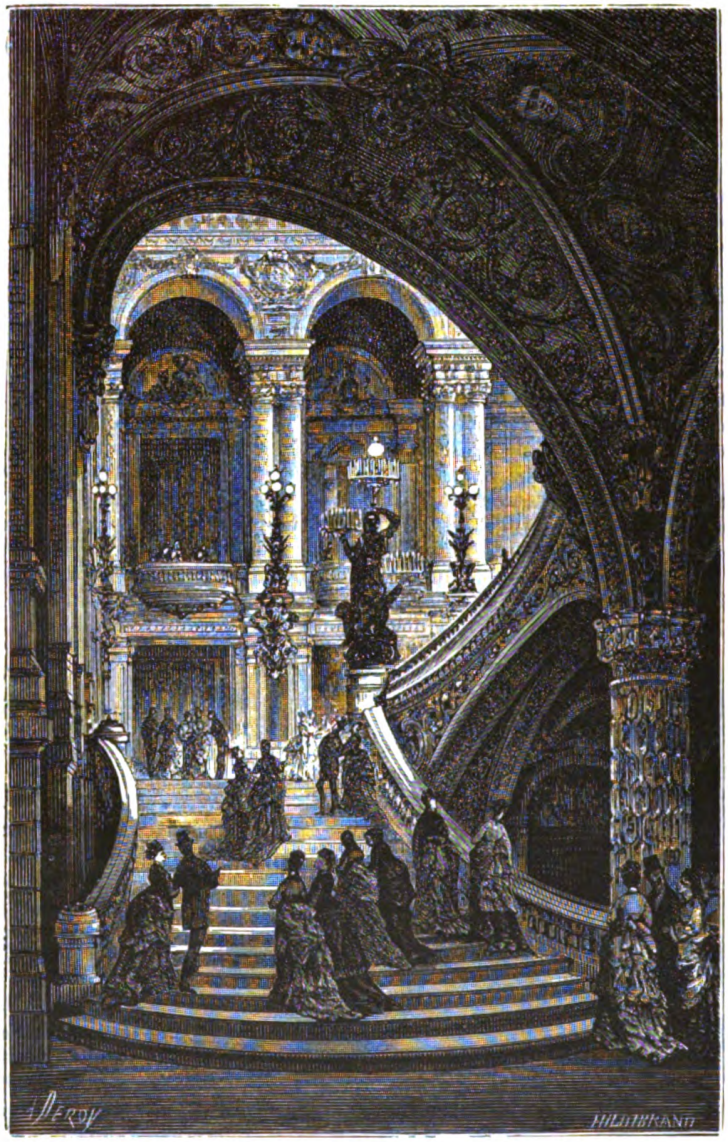


THE DANCE.—[CARPEAUX.]

The building is in the form of an irregular parallelogram, each side facing a street, and in every

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case more or less ornate. The chief façade fronts the boulevards, and is surmounted at the two angles by magnificent bronze gilded eagles in the act of soaring. In the rear rises the main body of the edifice, crowned by another gilded colossal group. This side, while richly ornate, is chiefly noticeable for the thirty columns which support a heavy cornice; of these, sixteen



FOOT OF GRAND STAIRCASE OF NEW OPERA-HOUSE, PARIS.

are enormous monoliths brought from Italy, and after the Corinthian order. They are very handsome, but are open to serious criticism, because if any ornament in architecture should, above all others, be constructive, it is a row of columns, especially if of the Greek styles; now the pillars of the New Opera do not seem to support, and certainly do not sustain, more than the cornice, which is in point of fact upheld by the piers against which these columns are placed. No constructive necessity for them exists in their present position, and therefore they appear there wholly for decorative purposes. Besides many minor sculptures and medallions, this façade is embellished with four colossal allegorical groups, representing Lyric Poetry, by Jouffroy; Music, by Guillaume; Dancing, by Carpeaux; and the Lyric Drama, by Perrand. The vestibules, by their well-arranged and imposing dimensions, prepare one for the grand stairway, or series of stairways, supported by a labyrinth of caryatides and clustered columns, and surmounted by a vault adorned with four superb paintings by Pils. The general effect of this stair-

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way is very imposing, and must be conceded to be a masterpiece of genius—one of the finest productions of modern architecture. The decorative details of the grand foyer and adjoining vestibules are so dazzling in splendor as almost to blind one to certain constructional errors, for which they have been severely criticised, and M. Garnier himself acknowledges the truth of some of these strictures. The panels between the doors are occupied with mirrors of plate-glass, the largest ever made; the ceilings are inlaid with mosaics executed by Venetian artists, and that of the grand foyer by paintings which have attracted much attention in art circles; they were designed and executed by Paul Baudry, one of the finest of living colorists. The main hall designed for the performances offers nothing very original. It is, of course, radiant with the pomp and magnificence of gilded carvings in the cinquecento style, and the ceiling is superbly frescoed; but the hall is far too small for such vast approaches, nominally seating about two thousand, but really not over fifteen hundred with comfort or possibility of enjoying the drama. In all these respects it must yield to the imposing dimensions and majestic and elegant simplicity of Albert Hall, in London, which seats fifteen thousand with comfort, and almost equal advantages to all present in gaining the chief ends for which such a building is constructed. It can not be admitted that any distinct order of architecture has been even suggested in the Opera building of the last empire. The details and decorations have been borrowed from past styles, and may be called in their general effect a sort of bastard Renaissance; but the grand stairway somewhat compensates for the defects elsewhere apparent, and indicates that the technical knowledge of the architect has been relieved by a streak of daring or genius altogether uncommon in the architecture of the nineteenth century.



CEILING OF THE AUDITORIUM OF THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE.—[LENEPVEU.]

SUNSHINE.

I SAT in a darkened chamber;
  Near by sang a tiny bird:
Through all my deep pain and sadness,
  A wonderful song I heard.

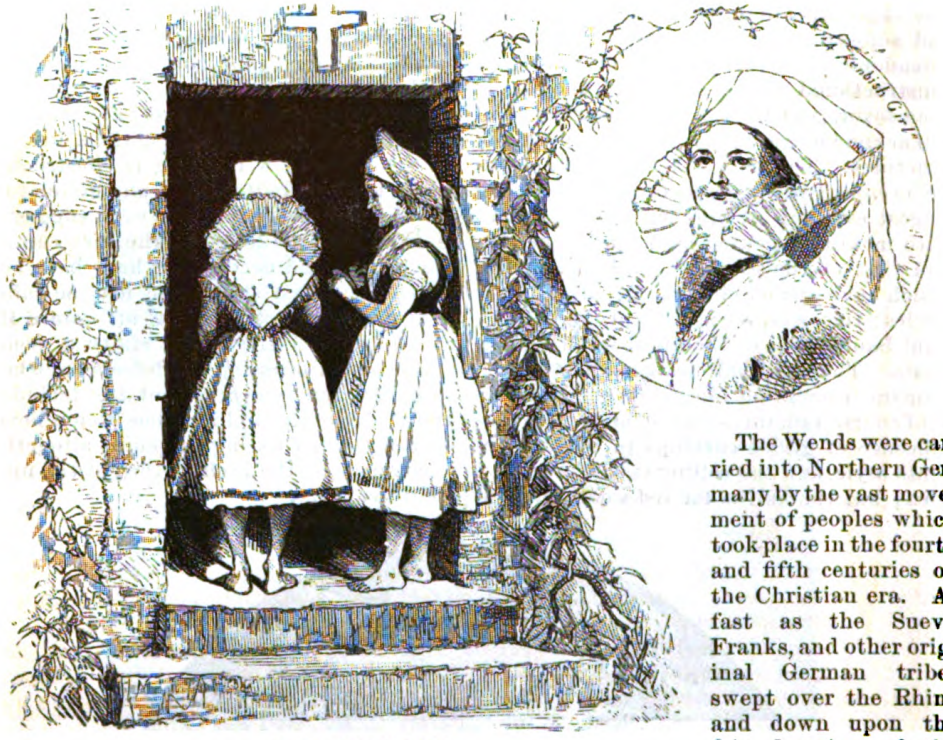
The birdling bright sang in the sunlight
  From out of a golden throat;
The song of love he was singing
  Grew sweeter with ev'ry note.

I opened my casement wider
  To welcome the song I heard:
Straight into my waiting bosom
  Flew sunshine and song and bird.

No longer I now am sighing;
  The reason canst thou divine?—
The birdling with me abideth,
  And sunshine and song are mine.

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THE PRUSSIAN WENDS, AND THEIR HOME



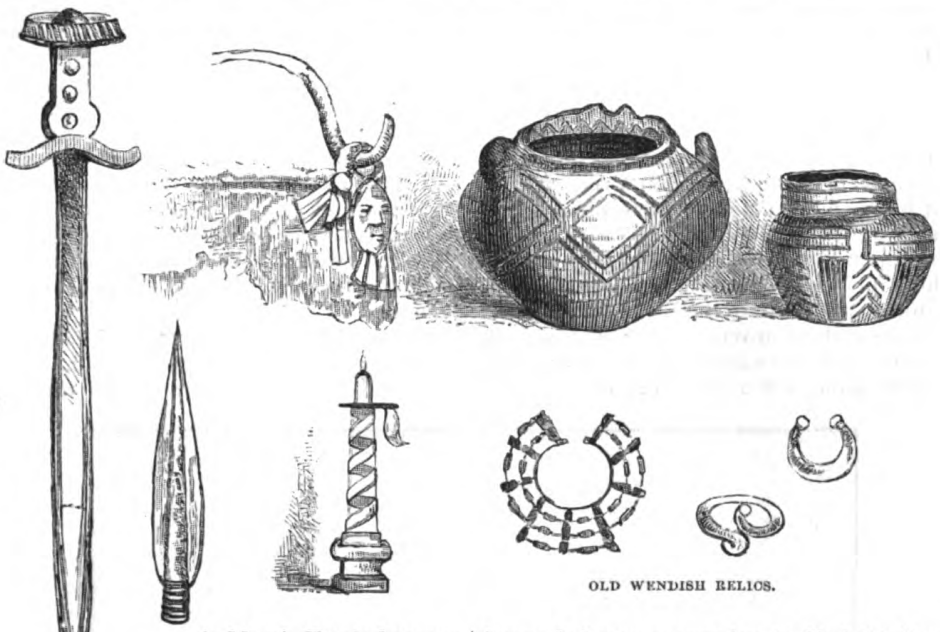
AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

THIS title describes the remnant of a people once numerous, warlike, and powerful, and the region where they sought a refuge centuries ago from the conquering arms of the Germans. It is, indeed, the only colony which retains any thing of the ancient speech and habits. Elsewhere the Wends accepted the German religion, language, and laws, and gradually lost their distinctive character, as in Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and other provinces; or, as in the Mark of Brandenburg and in Lausitz, they fought almost to the point of extermination, and offered a moral resistance when that of arms no longer availed. The Northern Wends accordingly cease to have a history of their own after one or two centuries. Those of the Elbe and the Spree alone survive in the little colony of the Lausitz swamps, and in the memory of a brave but useless struggle for altar and home. Their strange repugnance to the new civilization, the brave, prolonged, and desperate warfare which they waged against it, the sullen and apparently organic incapacity to discard their peculiar habits and character even after they ceased to defend them by force, suggest so many points of resemblance to the North American Indians; and in the fate of both peoples there is the same element of plaintive and romantic sadness which appeals to every generous heart.

The Wends were carried into Northern Germany by the vast movement of peoples which took place in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era. As fast as the Suevi, Franks, and other original German tribes swept over the Rhine and down upon the fair domains of the Roman Empire, their places were filled by other barbarians from the vast plains of Asia. In the adjustment of these races in the West it happened that the Sclaves or Sclavonians acquired nearly the whole region from the Elbe eastward, including Silesia, Poland, Prussia, and much of what is now Russia. These were not, indeed, all Wends. This term seems to have been given by the Saxons to such Sclaves as were their immediate neighbors in Northern Germany, and was hardly derived from any corresponding distinction made by the Sclaves themselves. The Wends were also further subdivided into local families, such as the Lutritans and Abotritans.

By the fifth century the Wends were firmly settled in their new homes. In culture and refinement, in the arts and conveniences of life, in agriculture, trade, and other industries, they were not behind the Saxons, their neighbors. They lived in towns and villages, and possessed a rude system of civil government. Their domestic institutions revealed but too often their Oriental origin, and in no respect more painfully than the position given to woman. She was little more than a menial. Polygamy prevailed. Mothers often strangled their female infants to save them from a more painful life; and in the same way decrepit parents were put to death by their sons, as

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OLD WENDISH RELICS.

in More's *Utopia*, because they were burdens upon the public, and a violent end insured a happier life beyond the grave. But they were a remarkably honest people, abhorred a thief or a liar, and were kind to the poor.

They were no less warlike than their German predecessors. On land or sea, mounted or on foot, in the open field, in the swamps, or behind their fortified towns, they fought clumsily, but bravely and desperately. Their weapons were not unlike those of their neighbors in style and quality. The illustration contains a short sword and a spear-head, as well as some other products of Wendish art, the top and handle of a bronze pail, two stone vessels, a necklace, and bracelets. Relics of this sort may be found in nearly every provincial museum.



GREAT SEAL OF ALBERT THE BEAR.

Their religion was a species of polytheism. They believed, indeed, in one supreme God — Belbog; but he seems to have been a Sclavic Jove among lesser divinities, such as Czernbog, the evil spirit, and Radegast, the god of war. Other branches of the Sclaves had other gods, for no universal system existed. The priests enjoyed great honor and power, and they were the most resolute in opposition to the Germans. That which the latter first demanded was conversion to Christianity — a demand which could not be agreeable to the interpreters of the rival religion.

During two centuries the Wends and Saxons lived at peace, and even in friendship. The commerce of the former, which began with petty local traffic, rose to a scale almost imposing along the Baltic coast. It is said that three hundred ships were sometimes seen in their harbor of Wenita. Traders flocked thither from Denmark, from Germany, from other Sclavonic lands, and even from the Orient, bringing metallic wares, cloths, jewels, and coins, and carrying away amber, furs, and similar goods. In the middle of the eleventh century the city of Wenita was captured by the Danes, and Wendish commerce then rapidly decayed and died.

Long before that, however, a more powerful foe had obstructed their traffic from the south. So long as the Saxons were heathen, and knew only the faith of their fathers, they could live peacefully with neighbors who were also heathen. But Christianity was a conquering religion. It could not be stagnant, it must advance; and the historian is forced to admit that in early times it was little scrupulous about the policy by which it spread itself among the unreclaimed barbarians. The missionaries were often, indeed, the pi-

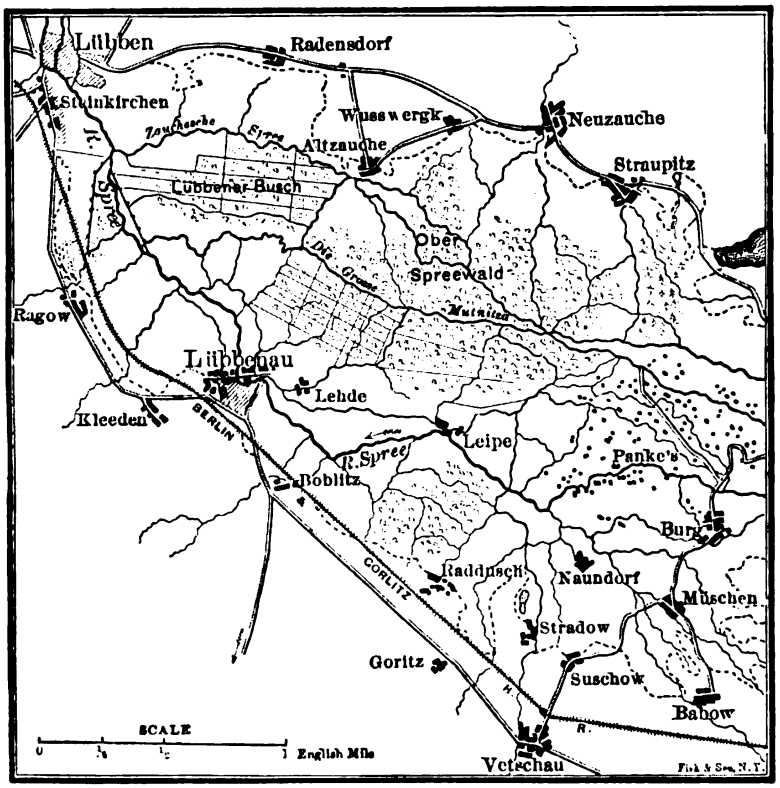
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oneers, but the warrior followed not far behind.

Early in the ninth century the Saxons were converted to Christianity, and their relations to the Wends were at once changed. They no longer saw a simple, active, and thriving people, whose products filled all the markets of the North, but a race of defiant heathen, who, at any price, must be reduced under the sway of the Cross. They sent their bishops and abbots through the whole region—to Poland, to Silesia, to Pomerania, to the banks of the Elbe and the Oder. In some of these provinces, as has been said, the conquest was easy. But in others, and notably along the right bank of the Elbe emperor or king, Otho the Great. But not even this conquest was permanent. In 983, while the Germans were occupied far away in Italy, the Wends rose again with the hour of vengeance, destroyed the churches, slaughtered the priests, and with fire and sword obliterated every trace of Christianity. The Germans were driven back over the Elbe, and for two centuries no attempt was made to recover the lost possession.

In the twelfth century came Albert the Bear, and his advent sealed the doom of the Wends.

He and his successors pursued, indeed, a liberal policy. The Wends who honestly embraced the Christian faith and the Ger-

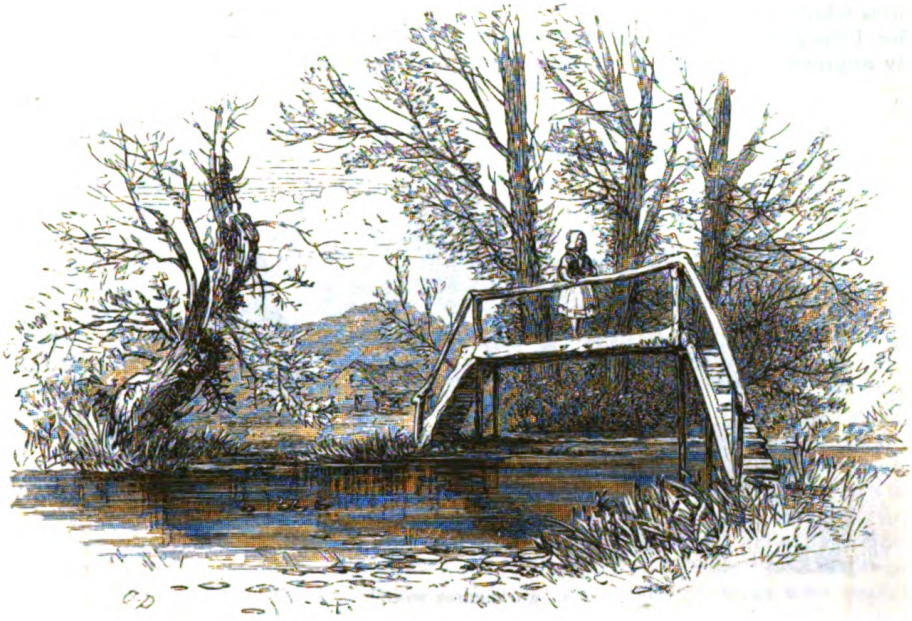


MAP OF THE SPREEWALD.

below Magdeburg, the opposition was strong, the struggle long and arduous. It seemed impossible to persuade the Wends to Christianity or to break their spirit by force. Subdued in places here and there, put under military governors, and compelled to accept the forms of the alien faith, they seized in every case the earliest chance to rise, expel their masters, and restore their own chosen priests. About the middle of the tenth century it seemed as if their resistance had finally spent itself. A bold and enterprising series of captains, of whom the Margrave Gero is best known, held with his vassals the larger part of what was called the "Old Mark," and governed it in the name of the man manner of life were placed on equal terms with the conquerors. Then there were Wendish peasants side by side with the German; Wendish towns which were Germanized, not destroyed; one or two Wendish princes who were made German nobles, and founded some of the oldest Prussian families. But these were exceptions. The rule for a century was one of actual or tacit hostility. The great body of the Wends fought the invaders step by step, year after year, even century after century. At last the time came when they could no longer resist in the open field; finally the vast swamps of the Spreewald ceased to shelter them, and they have since been losing, day by day, all the el-

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ements which made them a distinct people. A Wendish writer says of his kinsmen that "their nationality, habits, and language are like the rock of Heligoland, from which the beating waves yearly tear away a piece, until finally the unlucky island shall disappear."



HIGH BRIDGE.

The term Lausitz was very early applied to a large district on the Upper Spree, between the Elbe and the Oder. Within this district, and mostly within the lower half of it, or Lower Lausitz, lies the Spreewald. It rests, as it were, in the embrace of two railways—the Lower Silesian on the northeast, the Görlitzer on the southwest—and it is surrounded by a circle of towns and highways. The Spreewald is again divided into the Lower and Upper Wald. The former is ten miles long, and from two to four wide; the latter is about sixteen miles long, and five or six miles wide. The map, which is copied and reduced from the one in Carl Riesel's excellent little guide to the region, represents only the upper portion. The Lower Wald is now of little importance, but it may be supplied by the imagination of the reader a short distance north, and in continuation of the district given on the map.

Through the loss of its forests and the efforts of engineering skill, the region has been deprived of most of its original wildness. A hundred—and even fifty—years ago it was almost an impassable forest and swamp. The river Spree flows with rapid descent from its source near Bautzen till it reaches Cottbus, and during a course of thirty miles has one thousand water-falls and forty mills. But after passing Cottbus, as if to recover from this prolonged exertion, it flows out into an extensive natural depression, and spreads into hundreds of petty branches. An individual Spree ceases for the time to exist. In its place is a web or labyrinth of Sprees, which at the outlet slowly reunite to form the continuation of the main river. The key to this labyrinth, and therefore access to the region, was long the exclusive property of the Wends.

The account of their occupation of the forest is rather legendary than historical. In the tenth century one Prebislaw, a Wendish chieftain, was fighting the Germans on the Upper Spree, was defeated, and forced to flee for his life. He hurriedly made a raft of bushes and straw, and with it floated down to the site of the present village of Burg, where he rallied his followers and built a rude earth-work for shelter. On this earth-work, which was high like a hill, he afterward erected a castle, and for many years, even centuries, it was the seat of the kings his successors. The hill itself is still standing near Burg, and is known as the "Burgberg." The graves of Wendish kings have recently been found there, as well as diadems, urns, and other articles of luxury or use.

The successor of the amphibious Prebislaw, called Ziscibor, was, according to another legend, a cruel monster. From his castle on the "Burgberg" he ruled like a savage despot, plundering and burning and murdering Christians, and above all, by a singular refinement of cruelty, stealing their children. Finally, as was proper, his career

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was terminated by a stroke of lightning. The dynasty was maintained for a long time afterward, and though now extinct in fact, it survives in the pride of certain Wendish families which claim royal blood.

The Upper Spreewald may be conveniently approached by rail at three points, to "Panke's," the best inn in the forest, and making this place our head-quarters, we took thence a series of excursions to various points. By this plan one does not in the same time see so much of the forest, but one has better opportunities for studying the queer and interesting people.



AN EXPRESS BOAT.

via Lübben, Lübbenau, and Vetschau. These are now three dull German towns, which were originally founded as barriers against the aggressions of the Wends, and formed part of a circle of forts which almost surrounded the forest. They now contain a large Wendish population, but the German language is pretty generally understood. In the cities the Wendish women are much valued as servants, nurses, and laundresses, for they are strong, healthy, and faithful, and in the laundry especially are not inferior to the Chinese. Their own linen, of which they make liberal displays, is singularly clear and fine.

They who leave the train at Lübben can drive to Neuzauche, and take a boat there for the tour of the forest. From Lübbenau, which is a better point in some respects, a canoe can be procured at once. From Vetschau, again, one drives to Burg or to the "Colony," and thence by water. It is well, however, to so arrange the tour in advance as to enter at one station and return by another.

Travelers who, like ourselves, depart from Lübbenau will at once engage a vehicle and pursue their way as in the above illustration. The boatman is a stalwart Wend, who speaks broken German. If one prefers not to stop long at any place, but to visit as rapidly as possible the leading points, it is better to hire a boat by the day for the entire time. This will vary, of course, according to taste, but the whole tour may be made leisurely in three or four days. Our own plan was different. We went directly

The boatmen do not row or scull their canoes, but, standing upright in the stern, push them. This requires uncommon skill. The streams are seldom more than ten feet wide, the angles are very sharp and frequent, and the danger from collision with other craft incessant; yet the boatman must propel and guide his boat at the same time and with the same instrument. Almost any body can give a boat some motion with oars, but the novice makes ludicrous work of the Wendish vessel. He can push it, indeed, but not steer it; and if he does not run the prow into the bank, he will probably run it upon some other unlucky craft.

In the Spreewald proper these little boats are the only conveyances. Horses are almost unknown, and even the pedestrian, in view of the web of streams and the scarcity of bridges, can hardly make his way across the country. There are bridges like the one shown on the preceding page, but they are narrow and frail structures, and are of little use to the stranger. In the place of horses and in contempt of bridges, the peasant has his boats. One will see them, often half a dozen in number, moored in little sluices which conduct from each house into the stream, light, clean, and always harnessed. If the owner has a visit to make, he jumps into a boat, seizes a pole, and pushes swiftly away. If he and his family attend a wedding, they take a boat, or boats, and thus sail up to the very scene of festivity. In the work of the farm the canoes are again invaluable. So thoroughly is every farm and every field intersected by the water-

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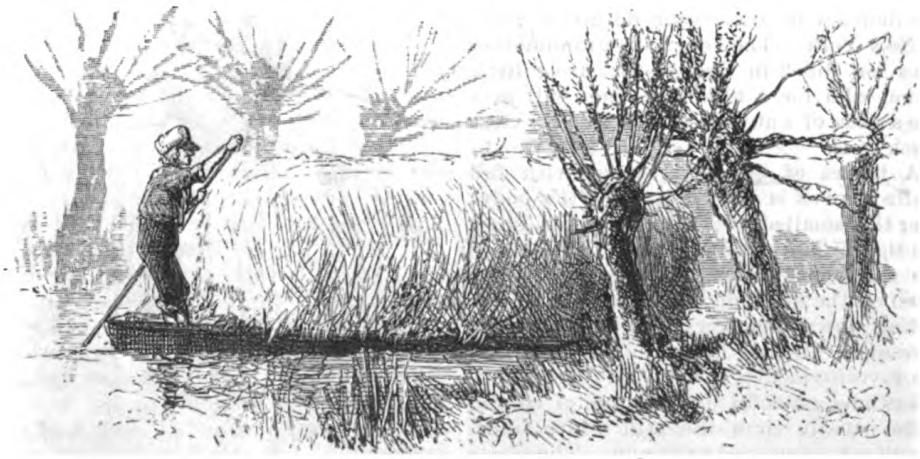
courses, that the products of the land can be shipped at any point, floated down to the barn, and then unshipped for storage. A load of hay in this manner is a strange spectacle. The hay is packed over both sides of the boat till it floats on the water's surface, while on the extreme stern the owner stands and propels the cargo to its destination. When a long column of these hay transports is seen threading its way among the labyrinthine canals, or when one column meets another, and seamanship is most severely tried, the spectator will recognize in scene the picturesque and romantic of the hay field.

The visitor who goes to the Spreewald for fine scenery will be disappointed. The low, marshy nature of the country of course excludes the idea of mountains or any striking details, and the quiet charm which might once have been enjoyed of lying dreamily on your back in the bottom of a canoe, and floating through primeval forests paved with venerable moss, and barely admitting the rays of the mid-day sun, has been cruelly dissipated by the axe of the woodman. The term "Spreewald" describes a thing of the past. Two young noblemen, who were the largest land-owners in the region, and had squandered their fortunes in dissipation, found it necessary to clear off their forests for the timber and fuel, and to convert their redeemed acres into farming land. Only along the banks of the streams a solitary row of trees was permitted to stand, as a protection from the sun and a monument of the past. The myriad of muscular roots which spread out into the water beneath the trees are exceedingly weird in appearance.

"Panke's" as an inn leaves, indeed, some things to be desired by one accustomed to the corrupting luxury of city life; but a philosopher ought to know how to subsist for two or three days on scrambled eggs and raw ham. Besides, on Sundays a roast of veal is often served, and fresh fish with the world-renowned Spreewald sauce. The traveler who consults the bill of fare will, therefore, do well to arrange for one Sabbath at Panke's. The excellent Panke himself is now no more; the hotel alone commemorates his virtues. He was a local personage of some importance. He enjoyed the confidence of the government, and held for many years the office of Schulze, or petty magistrate. This made him also feared by all local malefactors, whether Wend or Teuton. But he derived a larger income beyond doubt from the sale of Schnapps to the peasants, and of other commodities to more illustrious guests.

On Sunday, too, the traveler will have an opportunity of attending service in the little Wendish church of Burg. The Wends of the Spreewald are all Protestants; those of Altenburg, who are more completely Germanized, are Catholics. They are also very devout Christians. They go to divine service regularly every morning, and work in the field the rest of the day. That is their conception of religious duty; and since piety is, after all, a relative term, who shall say that they are wrong? It is at least better to attend church half the day than to work all day and not attend church at all. Sunday is the day and the church the place for seeing at their best the quaint and showy costumes of the women, of which our illustrations reproduce unfortunately only the form, not the colors.

As in Holland and Switzerland, so among the Wends of Germany, the style of the women's costumes varies in different localities. Those about Cottbus, for instance, and again on the Lower Spree, are more subdued in tint and more modern in pattern, while those in and about Burg are more gaudy and striking. The "dress centre" is always the head. The head-dress is made of a sin-



A HAY BARGE.

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gle square piece of linen as white as snow, and starched with exquisite art, which is bound about the head, as one sees it in the picture, by a second person. It stands out



GROSSMÜTTERCHEN.

on each side like a great fan, but it is cool, and it hides the hair. This is another Oriental prejudice which the Wends have preserved—a reluctance to expose the hair to the general gaze. This prejudice does not extend, however, to the lower limbs. While the Wendish woman, unlike ladies of fashion, scrupulously hide their hair and breast, they expose their legs, with the greatest composure, up to a point which would shock the delicacy of a five-year-old girl in Paris or New York. The venerable grandmother does not differ in that respect from little Anna, who for a Silbergroschen will give one a glass of water and a look into her clear black eyes.

A jacket of black velveteen with full white sleeves is not enough for the body; over this small shawls of Oriental brilliancy are tightly and neatly pinned. The shawls are sometimes worn instead of the white linen on the head, and with the long fringe falling down look very fantastic and picturesque. In this dress the prettier girls are favorite models for artists. The showy colors and graceful drapery are, of course, more artistic than the stiff white linen, which rather suggests the nun. The skirts always make up in width what they want in length. They are usually of plain woolen goods, red, blue, green, or orange, trimmed at the bottom by a band of black velvet ribbon or some plaid stripe. The lining is of the stiffest crinoline, and the skirt is reduced to the size of the waist by ten or twelve rows of regular and faultless gathering. This, of course—an excellent lady informs me—sends the fullness to the bottom of the skirt, and so when the Wendish belle walks rapidly, her short, wide skirts are inflated by the wind like the drapery of a ballet girl. These dresses lined with crinoline are worn only on festival days and Sundays; for work, the skirt is quite as short, but hangs more modestly about the limbs. There is still another costume, worn by widows and by communicants at the Sacrament. It is made in the same style, only the colors and material differ. The skirt is black, and instead of the heavy linen head-dress a piece of thin white mull is laid across the head, with a black ribbon to keep it in place. The face sinks down into an immense Elizabethan ruff of the same white material. With bowed head and clasped prayer-book these devout Christians and forlorn widows enter the village church, leaving as a last sight for the spectator their naked feet and massive brown limbs.

The weekly spectacle at the church attracts in summer many tourists from neighboring and remote cities. The later part of summer, when the grain is ripe, is the best season. The landscape is very flat, interrupted by few trees, and from every direction, miles away, the gay dresses may be seen threading their way to the village church, rising and falling with the slight irregularities of the path, sometimes tossing in the wind, and forming a striking and singular contrast with the rich golden yellow of the harvest. When a boat shoots through the trees, driven by the vigorous



LITTLE ANNA.

arm of a young Wend, the scene is complete.

At the church one makes the acquaintance of "Cantor" Post. This worthy man

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is more than chorister or organist; he is at the same time sexton and clerk of the parish, school-teacher and historiographer of the town, a merchant of photographs, the guide and counselor of all travelers, and the bachelor friend of maids and widows. Few men besides Bismarck have so many interests in their charge. And yet, in spite of this burden of official responsibilities, in spite of the perverse difficulties of the struggle for life, in spite of the selfish and perplexing demands of his woman admirers, the Cantor is always in good spirits and has a smile for every one. Next to the pastor and the solitary *gendarme*, he is the highest social dignitary of the town. But he bears his honors meekly. He will sit under the trees at Panke's and relate the sad tale of his people the Wends; on a Sunday he will greet the strangers at church, and at the close of the service produce diffidently his stock of colored photographs. A modest, humble, faithful man, whose primitive and simple kindness was not corrupted by two visits in Berlin, who is content in a petty peasant settlement to employ talents which elsewhere might have made him a master-mason, and even a dealer in prints, linen, and ribbons.



"CANTOR" POST.

Their funeral service is somewhat different from that of the Germans. The corpse is first placed in the court or before the door, where, in presence of the assembled friends, the "Dober Naz," or good-night—*i. e.*, farewell—is said. This is followed by a hymn, and then by refreshments, such as bread and cheese, beer and brandy. The body is then carried to a canoe; the mourners and friends embark in similar conveyances; the village teacher and his pupils lead the way, and the preacher receives the *cortége* at the landing. After a collect the burial is performed. The company next repair to the church, where the discourse is preached, where hymns are sung, and a collection is taken for the clergy. In the evening before and the evening after the funeral there are gatherings of the young people at the house of mourning for singing hymns. A wreath which is borne upon the coffin during the funeral is afterward hung in the church, with the name of the deceased.

The wedding festivities are more imposing, and last several days. Being mostly peasants, the young people try so to mate themselves that each pair shall begin life with an establishment. A part of the dowry is given at the betrothal, which, as among the Germans, is almost as sacred a compact as marriage. On the day of the wedding the groom wears a long blue coat liberally decorated with flowers, and a modern "cylinder" hat trimmed with twigs and ribbons. The bride wears a black dress bound with heavy ribbon, and a broad sash, and on her



A FISH BOX ON THE SPREE.

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A WEND'S HUT.

head a wreath and silk ribbons. The procession makes its way to the church in boats or wagons, and in the following order: The musicians, the bride with her maids, and the other women; the groom, with his attendants and friends. After the ceremony, which is in Wendish, the procession reforms and proceeds to an inn, where the banquet is served. It is common to load the bedding, linen, furniture, and other wedding gifts upon a wagon or boat as a part of the procession, and it is also common for the young men, as a mild pleasantry, to obstruct the way of this important vehicle until the owner, by money, redeems it. The festivities are kept up, through the hospitality of the young pair, for several days, and vast quantities of brown bread and spirits are consumed. The bride is not allowed for four weeks to re-enter the paternal house, lest the marriage be thereby dissolved. This is a wide-spread popular superstition.

The house of the Wend peasant is not unlike that of his German brethren, so far at least as the exterior is concerned. It is commonly made of logs roughly hewn into shape, the chinks are filled with mud, and the surface is rudely whitened with plaster. The roof is thatched with heavy reeds and straw. The interior arrangement depends upon the wealth of the owner and the size of his mansion. If there is space enough for a partition into two or three rooms, one of these, like the view in the illustration below, will be the general family room, where all the inmates eat and some of them sleep. In more modest houses one room serves for all purposes.



AN INTERIOR.

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There are several churches in Lausitz where Wendish services are held. At Burg the pastor, a Wend, holds two services each Sunday, one in his own language and one in German, and he preaches equally well in either. There are Bibles and hymn-books in Wendish, and at Cottbus a tiny missionary periodical is published.

It is an agreeable language when heard in conversation, and, in spite of the profusion of consonants, which would shock the ear of an Italian, it lends itself easily and successfully to vocal music. The Wends are understood by the Poles, the Servians, the Czecs of Bohemia, and, though with more difficulty, by the Russians. As a written language, however, it will soon disappear, and even in speech the German is slowly displacing it.

Physically the Wends are a powerful people, and resemble the American Indians. The men are tall, erect, and muscular; they are generally beardless, and, through exposure, their complexions acquire in summer a dark copper tint. The women work in the field with the men, and, as a rule, perform the hardest tasks. The heaviest burdens and the poorest tools are relinquished to them. This life tends, of course, to develop to a remarkable degree sinews which nature originally did not make too delicate. They are somewhat shorter than the men, and their massive limbs are the wonder of travelers. In *Saxon Studies* Julian Hawthorne describes the legs of the Dresden market-women. Far be it from me to question his statements. Any one who has had an opportunity of observing modestly the generous proportions of the Saxon will freely concede their claims. But the Wends are several degrees higher—or larger—in the scale of development. The limbs of a Wendish woman are to the limbs of the Saxon as the King's Alder is to a common sapling. This mammoth tree was saved from destruction by the late King of Prussia. His Majesty once made a tour through the Spreewald, and seeing this beautiful tree, redeemed it by a liberal sum from its owner, who was about to cut it down. Hence its name, "Die Königs Erle." It is held in great reverence by the peasantry, and they would resent the uses which, in the cause of physiological science, I was compelled to make of it.



THE KING'S ALDER.

A FOOT-HOLD.

HARDLY a steamer that crosses the sea
But carries one traveler more,
For a little time, out on the shoreless sea,
Than she counted when leaving the shore.

Blown far away from his mate where she sings,
By the pitiless sea-bound gale,
Lost, and plying his patient wings
Till heart and courage fail;

Lost on the shoreless, unknown main,
Blinded with salt white spray,
Dazed with the endless, waving plain,
Scared by the lengthening way;

Lost on the sea, and no land in sight;
Through the heavy and misty air
Struggling on through the dark and the light
To terror and mute despair;

Till on the horizon a cloudy speck
Clears to the mast, like a tree,
Clears to the solid and ground-like deck,
And he follows it wearily,

And clings and crouches, a welcome guest,
An eager and tremulous bird,
With the green and blue on his neck and breast
By his heart's hard panting stirred.

Then come pity, and food and drink to the brim,
And shelter from wave and cold;
But the quick head droops, and the bright eyes dim,
And the story all is told!

Pitiful comfort, yet comfort still
Not to drop in the hungry sea,
Reeling down out of the empty height
To that terrible agony.

Bitter and hard to be driven to roam
Between the sea and the sky,
To find a foot-hold and warmth and home,
And then—only to die!

Yet it was harder, God He knows,
Who counts the sparrows that fall,
For the birds that were lost when the wild winds rose,
When the sea and the sky were all;

When the sky bent down to infold the sea,
And the sea reached up to the sky,
And between them only the wind blew free,
And never a ship went by!

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LITCHFIELD HILL.

ABOUT one hundred miles from New York city, perched among the hills of Northwestern Connecticut, at an elevation of more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, lies one of the most picturesque of New England's villages, now chiefly known to the people of the metropolis as a place of summer residence, but whose crown of glory is its connection with the past.

Though much of the modern prosperity of the Hill is due to its improved means of communication with the outer world, its ancient importance may be largely credited to its comparative isolation. On this account, probably, was it selected in the war of the Revolution as one of the chief dépôts for military stores, and for the safe-keeping of royalist prisoners. When New York fell into the hands of the British, the road from Hartford through Litchfield became the principal highway between New England and the West, and over it was hauled most of the provisions and munitions of war for the Continental forces beyond the Hudson. The village being far inland and away from any navigable river, it became the army head-quarters in Western Connecticut, and a place of considerable activity. Its workshops rang with the busy sounds of preparation, the lowing of beeves and the shouts of teamsters were often heard in its streets, and its taverns bristled with military importance. Nearly all of the general officers of the Revolution visited it at various times, and although it was never the scene of great events, it bore its share of the burdens of the struggle, and its hospitable roofs doubtless witnessed many a consultation which led to important results.



TAPPING REEVE.
[FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE CATLING.]

But great as were the glories of the Hill in the Revolutionary times, they were fairly eclipsed in the period succeeding them, when the celebrated law school, and the no less famous female seminary which existed contemporaneously with it, attracted pupils from every State in the Union. These accessions to its population contributed largely to a society already brilliant, and which included in its numbers a large proportion of highly educated men and women. It is no exaggeration to say that this isolated New England town was at that time the centre of a culture unexcelled, and in some respects unequaled, in its day. The Rev. Dan Huntington, who was called in 1798 from a tutorship in Yale College to the pastorate of the Congregational church, describes it as "a delightful village on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with its schools, both professional and scientific, and their accomplished teachers, with its venerable Governors and judges, with its learned lawyers, and Senators and Representatives both in the national and State departments, and with a population enlightened and respectable." Of the heads of families resident there at this time, seventeen were graduates of colleges, seven were captains in the Continental army, and four became general officers, four became members of Congress, two Chief Justices, and two Governors of the State. An anecdote of the same period shows that the women of the Hill were no less accomplished than their lords, and that they won admiration abroad as well as at home. Among the ladies at the national capital during the second administration of Washington, none was more noted for personal attractions than the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury. Said Mr. Liston, the British minister, one day, to General Tracy, then United States Senator from Connecticut, "Your country-woman, Mrs. Wolcott, would be admired even at St. James's." "Sir," replied General Tracy, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill."

It is no reflection on the intelligence of summer visitors to the Hill to say that there are probably some among them who never heard of its chief claim to distinction, and who pass by the simple head-stone that marks the grave of Reeve and the more ambitious monument that commemorates in Latin the virtues of Gould, unconscious that through their efforts Litchfield became better known throughout the Union than any other place of its population in the country. Yet in many a distant State their memory is still green, and the writer has often been questioned concerning the law

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school, particularly in the South, by those whose fathers or grandfathers had enjoyed its benefits, yet who had never heard of its discontinuance.

It was in 1772 that Tapping Reeve, a young lawyer fresh from his studies, removed from Princeton, New Jersey, where he had for several years held a tutorship in the college, and began the practice of law upon the Hill, then a quiet country village, but already beginning to feel the leaven of the Revolution. With him came his newly married wife, born Sally Burr, daughter of the Rev. Aaron Burr, president of the College of New Jersey, and granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards. But a few years sufficed to give him a reputation for intellect and varied learning and a commanding position among the lawyers of the State. Mr. Reeve was a remarkable man in many respects. "He was," says Hollister, "a man of ardent temperament, tender sensibilities, and of a nature deeply religious.....He was the first eminent lawyer in this country who dared to arraign the common law of England for its severity and refined cruelty in cutting off the natural rights of married women, and placing their property as well as their persons at the mercy of their husbands, who might squander it or hoard it up at pleasure..... All the mitigating changes in our jurisprudence which have been made to redeem helpless woman from the barbarities of her legalized tyrant may fairly be traced to the author of the first American treatise on *The Domestic Relations*." He is described by one who sat under his teachings as "a most venerable man in character and appearance—his thick gray hair parted and falling in profusion upon his shoulders, his voice only a loud whisper, but distinctly heard by his earnestly attentive pupils." The accompanying portrait is from a pencil drawing by George Catlin, the celebrated Indian painter, who executed it while attending his lectures.



JAMES GOULD.—[FROM A PORTRAIT BY WALDO.]

In 1784 Mr. Reeve began the instruction of legal students, and met with such success that up to 1798 more than two hundred young men from his office had been admitted to the bar. In this year he was chosen a judge of the Superior Court, and he associated with himself in the conduct of the school James Gould, one of his own graduates, and who had previously held a tutorship in Yale College. Gould was a man of no less ability than Reeve, and perhaps a more profoundly philosophical lawyer. His treatise on *Pleading in Civil Actions* is remarkable for conciseness and logical reasoning, and is still a standard text-book in the best law schools of the country. It is but an epitome of the work originally planned by its author, but the publication of Chitty's great work while Gould was preparing materials for his own induced a change of plan. He too became a judge, in 1816.

Under the conduct of these two able men the school flourished until 1820—the same year which witnessed the founding of the Cambridge Law School—when Judge Reeve retired, three years before his decease. Judge Gould continued to instruct classes until 1833, when bodily infirmities obliged him to withdraw, and the Litchfield Law School was no more. It is, perhaps, necessary to explain that the school was never an incorporated institution, nor were any buildings ever erected for its use. The instructors lectured each in his own law office, and the students boarded in the houses of the village. The office of Judge Reeve, which stood in his own door-yard, was removed several years ago to West Street, and transformed into a cottage. Judge Gould's office, which also stood near his dwelling, is now a cottage without the village.

During the half century of the school's existence more than one thousand students were graduated, comprising among them the flower of the youth of the time. There might have been seen Calhoun of South Carolina, Woodbury of New Hampshire, Seymour of Vermont, Ellsworth and Hubbard of Connecticut, Clayton of Delaware, Mason of Virginia, Morton and Metcalf of Massachusetts, Cuthbert and Dawson of Georgia, Ashley and Hunt of New York, Woodbridge of Ohio, and many another whose name has become a part of the country's history. Of the graduates from 1798 to 1833, whose names

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alone appear in the printed catalogue,* no register having been kept for the first fourteen years, sixteen became United States Senators, fifty members of Congress, forty judges of higher State courts, eight Chief Justices of States, two justices of the United States Supreme Court, ten Governors of States, five cabinet ministers, and several foreign ministers, while very many were distinguished at the bar.

Like the law school, Miss Sarah Pierce's female seminary was the first institution of its kind in the United States, and, like it also, it was for many years pre-eminent in its sphere. It was begun in 1792, and during the nearly forty years of its existence more than fifteen hundred young ladies were educated in its halls, and fitted for the elevated positions which so many of them attained. Its fame still lives in the memory of many who shared its benefits; but the visitor curious in regard to its site is now pointed only to the great elms which once shaded its roof.



OLIVER WOLCOTT.
[FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY REMBRANDT PEALE.]

To those who have the time and the inclination to look them up, the Hill has many interesting local associations, and there are few American villages which possess more centenary houses. Yet Litchfield is comparatively a new town, even when measured in the scale of American antiquity, for it can boast of only a century and a half of civilization. Perhaps this may partly account for its flavor of the past. Its wooden dwellings, which in many of the older towns have succumbed to the tooth of time, have not yet reached their proper limit of decay. But it is also due in a measure to the conservatism of its people, who have guarded these relics of their forefathers with sacred care.

When so much has been preserved, it is somewhat singular that none of the old-time churches remain. The building made famous by the ministrations of Lyman Beecher long ago crumbled into dust, and the village liberty-pole now marks its site. The dwelling of Dr. Beecher, the birth-place of the most distinguished of his children, still exists, but, alas! torn from its ancient site, it now constitutes a wing of a private lunatic asylum. The church which succeeded Dr. Beecher's, diverted from sacred uses, is now a public hall, and the present Congregational church, a beautiful structure, but unfortunately of wood, is the growth of the present decade. The Episcopal church, St. Michael's, and those of the other denominations, are also of the present century.

Among the more interesting of the dwellings is the Wolcott house, on South Street, built in 1753 by Oliver Wolcott, afterward signer of the Declaration of Independence, major-general of the forces of Connecticut, and in his old age Governor of the State. Oliver Wolcott belonged to a race of statesmen. His father, Roger Wolcott, and his son, Oliver Wolcott, Jun., were also Governors of Connecticut. The historian of Litchfield calls attention to the singular fact that his sister, Ursula Wolcott, married Governor Matthew Griswold, and became the mother of Governor Roger Griswold; so that her father, brother, husband, son, and nephew were all Governors of Connecticut.

The Wolcott house has witnessed many a notable gathering beneath its roof. Thither often came Brother Jonathan—as Washington loved to call Governor Trumbull—to talk over public affairs with its hospitable owner, and the father of his country was himself once its guest. Thither, too, were brought the remains of the leaden statue of King George III. which the Sons of Liberty pulled down from its pedestal in the Bowling Green in New York, and which the daughters of the Governor, assisted by divers of the village ladies, moulded into bullets for the use of the Continental army. Some of the cartridges made from it were sent to General Putnam on the Hudson, and some distributed to the troops who opposed Tryon's invasion; and so it came to pass, in the words

* There are 805 names of students in this catalogue, distributed among the States as follows: Connecticut, 206; New York, 125; Massachusetts, 90; Georgia, 67; South Carolina, 45; Maryland, 36; Pennsylvania, 30; Vermont, 26; Rhode Island, 22; New Hampshire, 21; Virginia, 21; North Carolina, 21; Delaware, 15; New Jersey, 11; Kentucky, 9; and the remainder in smaller numbers from other States. Of the whole number more than 150 had previously been graduated at Yale College, and many others at other colleges.

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of a facetious writer of the day, that the king's troops had melted majesty fired at them.

South of the Wolcott house stands the former residence of Reynold Marvin, king's attorney in the reign of George III. It was built in 1773, but it now occupies a new site, and is altered beyond recognition. On the opposite side of the street is the home of Tapping Reeve, built in the same year, and in which the great lawyer lived and died. This, too, was the home of Aaron Burr at the outbreak of the Revolution. Burr, who was graduated at Princeton in 1772, went in the autumn of the following year to Dr. Joseph Bellamy's, in what is now the town of Bethlehem, about seven and a half miles south of Litchfield, with a half-formed purpose of studying theology. A few months' study sufficed to satisfy him that he could not accede to the Gospel according to Jonathan Edwards, and in May, 1774, he removed to his brother-in-law's in Litchfield, with the intention of studying law. But if we may judge from his letters, written principally to his friend Matthias Ogden, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, afterward Colonel Ogden of the Revolution, his time here was principally spent in desultory reading, hunting, and flirting. He makes frequent mention in his letters of the ladies, and in the spring of 1775 we find Ogden writing to him: "I read with pleasure your love intrigues." But no traditions of an attachment to any particular person linger about this scene of his early gallantries.

But his active mind required stronger stimulant than that afforded by the mere pursuit of pleasure, and he soon found it in the exciting questions then agitating the country. Mr. Reeve was an ardent Whig, and although in after-years a supporter of the Hamiltonian school of politics, and a bitter opponent of the party with which Burr cast his fortunes, at this time he and his brother-in-law were in full accord. Burr watched the premonitions of the coming struggle with an absorbing interest, and when the tidings came from Bunker Hill, he hastened to join Washington's forces at Cambridge, whence he soon after went as a volunteer with Arnold's expedition to Canada. A few years ago some interesting letters to his sister, descriptive of the march through the wilderness, were disinterred from the chaos of the garret—letters unknown to Burr's biographers, and which shed a new light on his movements at the time. In the summer of 1781 Theodosia Prevost, widow of Colonel Prevost of the British army, and then Burr's affianced wife, spent several months here as the guest of Mrs. Reeve. Among many other distinguished visitors at this hospitable house was General Lafayette, who spent a night there during the war while on his way to the Hudson with a train of stores for the French army. A characteristic anecdote of him has been handed down. Feeling thirsty in the night, and fearful, if he called a servant, of disturbing Mrs. Reeve, who had long been an invalid, the gallant Frenchman went down stairs in his stockings, and drew water from the well with his own hands.

The Tallmadge house, in North Street, was for more than fifty years the residence of Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge, conspicuous in the Revolution as major of Sheldon's Light Dragoons—a regiment greatly favored by Washington. The house was built in 1775 by Thomas Sheldon, brother of Colonel Sheldon, and was purchased in 1782 by Colonel Tallmadge, about a year before he retired from the service. Colonel Tallmadge participated in several of the principal battles of the Revolution, and received the thanks of Washington and of Congress in 1780 for a successful expedition across Long Island Sound, in which he captured Fort George, on the south side of Long Island, and destroyed many buildings, much shipping, and a large quantity of stores.



COLONEL BENJAMIN TALLMADGE.
[FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY COLONEL JOHN TRUMBULL.]

When Major John André was captured by Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams, he was brought to the head-quarters of the Light Dragoons, then stationed at North Castle, and but for the earnest remonstrances of Major Tallmadge, would have been sent back to Arnold. He was with the prisoner almost continuously, and was

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led to suspect his military character from his walk as he paced the floor of his room. When André saw that his disguise had been penetrated, he wrote the letter to Washington acknowledging his rank, and handed it, open, to Major Tallmadge, who read it with emotions which he could not conceal. On the day of the execution he walked with the prisoner to the scaffold. In after-years, says Kilbourne, he wrote: "I became so deeply attached to Major André that I can remember no instance where my affections were so fully absorbed in any man. When I saw him swinging under the gibbet, it seemed for a time as if I could not support it. All the spectators seemed to be overwhelmed by the affecting spectacle, and the eyes of many were suffused with tears." Colonel Tallmadge was elected in 1801 to Congress, where he served for sixteen successive years. His residence is still in the possession of his descendants.

Hard by the Tallmadge place is the Gould mansion, a remarkably well-preserved specimen of the square gambrel-roofed house, covered with shingles. It was erected in 1760 by the Hon. Elisha Sheldon, father of Colonel Sheldon of the famous dragoon regiment. It passed in 1802 into the hands of Judge Gould, who occupied it until his decease. Like several other houses in the village, it too claims to have entertained the father of his country.

The old Seymour house, the birth-place of so many distinguished men of the name, was demolished in 1855, when considerably more than a century old, to make room for a more pretentious successor. Major Moses Seymour, who occupied it during the Revolution, served throughout the war as captain in the Fifth Regiment of Connecticut cavalry. During the greater part of the time he was stationed in Litchfield as commissary of supplies for the army. In 1776 David Matthews, the royalist Mayor of New York, was arrested for treasonable designs, and sent to Litchfield, where Captain Seymour kept him under surveillance in his own house for several months. He was allowed the privileges of the village, but under certain restrictions. It appears from his own letters that he was suspected of being concerned in a plot "to assassinate General Washington, and to blow up the magazine in New York." He seems to have entertained an idea that his life was in jeopardy, and he expresses a fear that he may be "fired at from behind a barn or stone fence." In another letter he says: "They insist I can blow up this town. O, that I could! I would soon leave them to themselves." Tradition says that, although he did not accomplish his incendiary desires, he did "leave them to themselves," for while taking his customary walk for exercise one day, he forgot to return. A pleasure carriage, the first ever brought into the town, was presented by him to Mrs. Seymour, and was in use as late as 1812. The Mayor's traveling trunk, left behind in his flight, is still in possession of the Seymour family, and was exhibited in the collection of Revolutionary relics shown in the village on the centennial Fourth of July.

Among other prisoners sent to the Hill for safe-keeping during the war was William Franklin, son of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and royalist Governor of New Jersey from 1763 to 1776. In the latter year Congress recommended the convention of New Jersey to imprison him somewhere out of the State, and he was accordingly sent to Connecticut, and confined for a time at Wallingford and Middletown. In 1777 a resolution was passed that Governor Trumbull be informed that it had undoubted information that Governor Franklin was employing himself in distributing "the protections of Lord Howe and General Howe, styled the king's commissioners of granting pardons," and recommending that he be put into close confinement and prohibited the use of pen, ink, and paper. He was removed under guard to Litchfield, and confined in the jail there until 1778, the year that his father was sent as minister to France, when he was exchanged for Mr. M'Kinley, President of Delaware. He afterward lived in New York until 1782, when he went to England, and spent there the remainder of his life, a pensioner of the British government.

The Hill boasts other centenary buildings, and a few of even greater antiquity. It claims, too, to have been the birth-place of more noted men and women than any other place of its population in the country. Both the east and the west burial-grounds are rich in the tombs of those who have been prominent in both civil and political life, but they are too numerous to permit even the bare mention of their names. We may be pardoned, however, for giving in full the inscription from the head-stone of one of the ancient mothers of Litchfield, who still lives in many distinguished descendants:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. MARY, wife of Dea. JOHN BUEL, Esq. She died November 4, 1768, aged 90—having had 13 Children, 101 Grand-Children, 247 Great-Grand-Children, and 49 Great-Great-Grand-Children; total 410. Three hundred and thirty-six survived her."

SELF-RECOMPENSED.

Love me not best, O tender heart and true!
I am not good or great enough to be
God's ultimate and perfect gift to thee;
Yet thine I am, thus sealed through and through,
And I will love thee in a way half new
To this poor world, where love is seldom free;
Not with a love which thou must share with me,
But as the ministering angels do.
Love me not best, for I am not thy mate,
Yet I am all as rich with lesser gain;
Thou canst not give me, dear, a gift so small
But that my glory in it shall be great.
Oh, never be it said that love was vain!
What if it hath not, when itself is all!

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THE DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.*

EVERY body knows, in a general way, that different regions of the earth are inhabited by beasts and birds peculiar to each; that the lion and the elephant are to be found in a wild state in Africa and Asia, the polar bear in the arctic regions, the grizzly in the Rocky Mountains, the puma and the jaguar in South America, the buffalo on our broad Western plains, etc.; that even within a restricted range of country certain districts possess forms of animal life not to be found in others, except as stray and occasional visitors. But few people, except naturalists who have made the subject a matter for careful and intelligent investigation, are acquainted with the laws which govern the geographical distribution of animals, or suppose it to be any thing more than a freak of nature. If we have a tolerable acquaintance with any district—say, a county or a State—we soon become aware that each well-marked portion of it has some peculiarities in its animal productions. If we want to find certain birds or certain insects, we have not only to choose the right season, but to go to the right place. If we travel beyond our district in various directions, we shall almost certainly meet with something new to us; some species which we were accustomed to see almost daily will disappear, others which we have never seen before will make their appearance. If we go very far, so as to be able to measure our progress by degrees of latitude and longitude, and to perceive important changes of climate and vegetation, the differences in the forms of animal life will gradually become greater, till at length we shall come to a country where almost every thing will be new, all the familiar creatures of our own district being replaced by others more or less differing from them.

If we have been observant during our journey, and have combined and compared the facts we have collected, it will become apparent that the changes we have witnessed have been of two distinct kinds. In our own district and the regions immediately around it particular species appeared and disappeared, because the soil, the aspect, or the vegetation was adapted to them, or the reverse. But as we got further away, we began to find that localities very similar to those we had left behind were inhabited by a somewhat different set of species; and this difference increased with distance, notwithstanding that almost identical external conditions might be often met with. The first class of changes is that of *stations*, the second that of *habitats*. The one is a *local*, the other a *geographical*, phenomenon. The whole area over which a particular animal is found may consist of any number of *stations*, but rarely of more than one *habitat*. Stations, however, are often so extensive as to include the entire range of many species. Such are the great seas and oceans, the Siberian or the Amazonian forests, the North African deserts, the Andean or the Himalayan highlands.

But there is yet another difference in the nature of these changes. Some of the new animals which we meet with as we travel in any direction from our starting-point are very much like those we have left behind us, and can be at once referred to familiar types, while others are altogether unlike any thing we have seen at home. Starting from England, for example, when we reach the Alps we find another kind of squirrel, in Southern Italy a distinct mole, in Southern Europe fresh warblers and unfamiliar buntings. We meet also with totally new forms, as the glutton and the snowy owl in Northern, the genet and the hoopoe in Southern, and the saiga antelope and collared pratincole in Eastern Europe. The first series are examples of what are termed *representative species*, the second of distinct groups or *types* of animals. The one represents a comparatively recent modification, and an origin in or near the locality where it occurs; the other is a result of very ancient changes, both organic and inorganic, and is connected with some of the most curious and difficult of the problems which the naturalist is called upon to discuss.

It is still a popular notion that the manner in which the various kinds of animals are dispersed over the globe is almost wholly due to diversities of climate and of vegetation. Naturalists long held to this belief; and there is, indeed, much to favor it. The arctic regions, for example, are strongly characterized by their white bears and foxes, their reindeer, ermine, and walruses, their white ptarmigan, owls, and falcons; the temperate zone has its foxes and wolves, its rabbits, sheep, beavers, and marmots, its sparrows and its song birds; while tropical regions alone produce apes and elephants, parrots and peacocks, and a thousand strange quadrupeds and brilliant birds which are found nowhere in the cooler regions. So also the camel, the gazelle, and the ostrich live in the desert; the bison or buffalo on the prairie; the tapir, the deer, and the jaguar in forests. Mountains and marshes, plains and rocky precipices, have each their peculiar animal inhabitants; and it might well be supposed, in the absence of accurate inquiry, that these and other differences

* *The Geographical Distribution of Animals.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, Author of the *Malay Archipelago*, etc. 2 Volumes, Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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would sufficiently explain why most of the regions and countries into which the world is popularly divided should have certain animals peculiar to them, and should want others which are elsewhere abundant.

But modern naturalists have discovered that this explanation is quite insufficient.

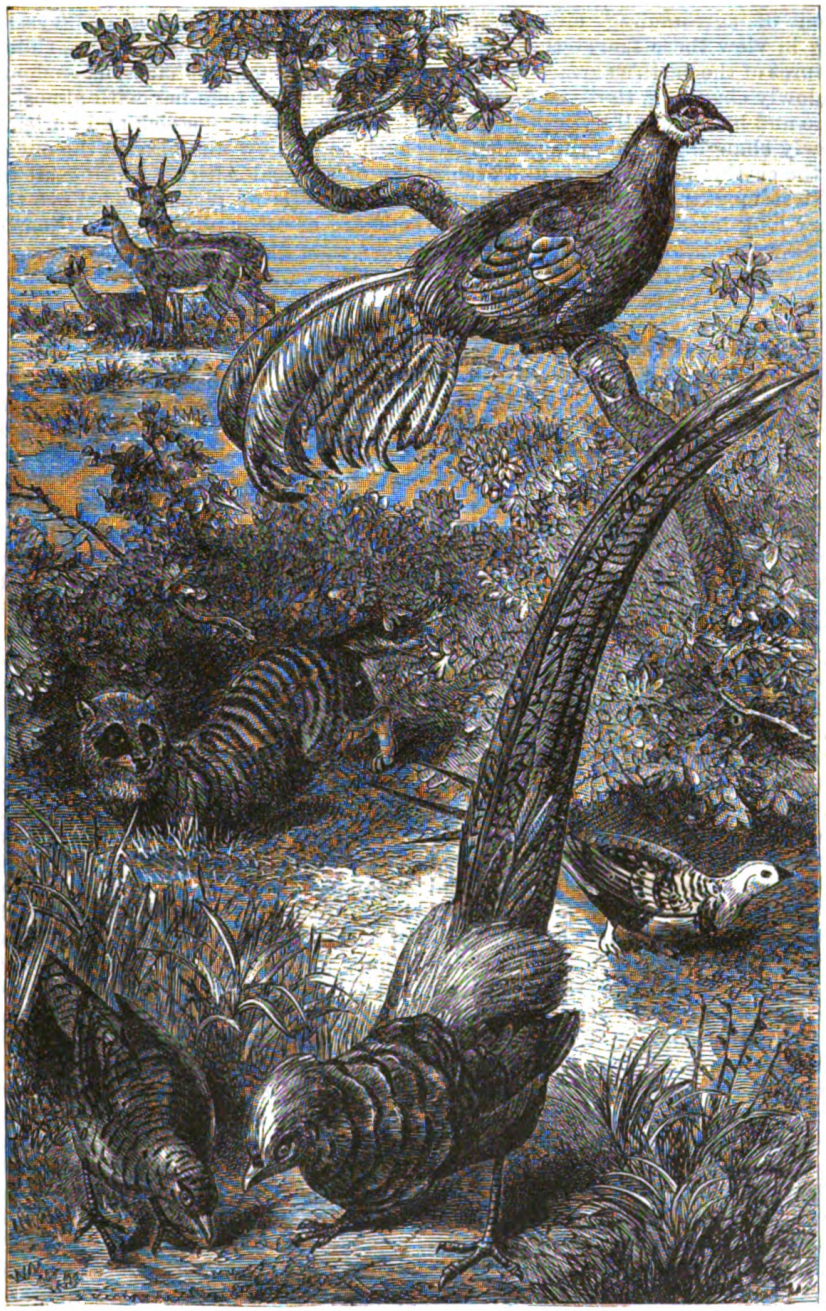


THE ALPS OF CENTRAL EUROPE, WITH CHARACTERISTIC ANIMALS.

A more detailed and accurate knowledge of the productions of different portions of the earth has shown that countries very similar in climate and all physical features may yet have very distinct animal populations. The equatorial parts of Africa and South America, for example, are exceedingly similar in climate, and are both covered with luxurious forests, yet their animal life is widely different; elephants, apes, leopards, Guinea-fowls, and touracos in the one are replaced by tapirs, prehensile-tailed monkeys, jaguars, curassows, and toucans in the other. Again, parts of South Africa and Australia are wonderfully similar in their soil and climate; yet one has lions, antelopes, zebras, and giraffes, the other only kangaroos, wombats, phalangers, and mice. Equally striking are the facts presented by the distribution of many large and important groups of animals. Marsupials (opos-

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sums, phalangers, etc.) are found from temperate Van Diemen's Land to the tropical islands of New Guinea and Celebes, and in America from Chili to Virginia. No crows exist in South America, while they inhabit every other part of the world, not excepting Australia. Antelopes are found only in Africa and Asia; the sloths only in South America; the true lemurs are confined to Madagascar, and the birds-of-paradise to New Guinea.



CHARACTERISTIC ANIMALS OF NORTH CHINA.

The problem of animal distribution must be dealt with not only with reference to the present condition of the globe, but in the light which geology sheds upon the vast ages of development and change through which it has passed. The modifications which animal forms have undergone took place very slowly, so that the historical period of three or four thousand years has hardly produced any perceptible change in a single species. The changes in the forms of animals appear to have accompanied, and perhaps to have depended on, changes of

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physical geography, of climate, or of vegetation, since it is evident that an animal which is well adapted to one condition of things will require to be slightly changed in constitution or habits, and therefore generally in form, structure, or color, in order to be equally well adapted to a changed condition of surrounding circumstances. Keeping in view these facts—that the minor features of the earth's surface are every where slowly changing, that the forms and structure and habits of all living things are also slowly changing, while the great features of the earth, the continents and oceans and loftiest mountain ranges, only change after very long intervals and with extreme slowness—we must arrive at the conclusion that the present distribution of animals upon the several parts of the earth's surface is the final product of all these wonderful revolutions in organic and inorganic nature. The greatest and most radical differences in the productions of any part of the globe must be dependent on isolation by the most effectual and most permanent barriers. That ocean which has remained broadest and deepest from the most remote geological epochs will separate countries the productions of which most widely and radically differ, while the most recently depressed seas or the last-formed mountain ranges will separate countries the productions of which are almost or quite identical.

Since the deposition of the most recent of the fossil-bearing strata an almost universal change has taken place in the fauna of the Old and the New Worlds. There is evidence that the change occurred since man lived on the earth, and about the same time in Europe and in North and South America. In all three are found, in the most recent deposits—cave-earths, peat-bogs, and gravels—the remains of a whole series of large animals which have since become wholly extinct, or survive only in far-distant lands. Thus, in Europe, the great Irish elk, the *Machairodus* and cave-lion, the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and elephant; in North America equally large felines, horses and tapirs larger than any now living, a llama as large as a camel, great mastodons and elephants, and abundance of huge megatheroid animals of almost equal size; in South America these same megatheroids in greater variety, numerous gigantic armadillos, mastodons, large horses and tapirs, two forms of antelope, large porcupines, numerous bears and felines, including a *Machairodus*, and a large monkey—have all become extinct since the period above mentioned. The investigations of naturalists show that so complete and sudden a change in the higher forms of life does not represent the normal state of things. Species and genera have not at all times become so rapidly extinct. It is clear, therefore, that we are now in an altogether exceptional period of the earth's history. We live in a zoologically impoverished world, from which all the hugest and fiercest and strangest forms have recently disappeared; and it is, no doubt, a much better world for us now they have gone. For a long succession of ages Europe possessed various forms of monkeys, hyenas, lions, horses, hipparions, tapirs, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, elephants, mastodons, deer, and antelopes, together with almost all the forms now living—a rich and varied fauna, such as we now find only in the open country of tropical Africa. During all this period there is no reason to believe that the climate or other physical conditions of Europe were more favorable to the existence of these animals than now. We must look upon them, therefore, as true indigenes of the country, and their comparatively recent extinction or banishment as a remarkable phenomenon for which there must have been some adequate cause. What this cause was can only be conjectured; but it seems most probable that it was due to the combined action of the glacial period and the subsidence of large areas of land once connecting Europe with Africa. The existence in the small island of Malta of no less than three extinct species of elephant (two of very small stature), of a gigantic dormouse, an extinct hippopotamus, and other mammalia, together with the occurrence of remains of hippopotami in the caves of Gibraltar, indicates very clearly that during the pliocene epoch, and perhaps during a considerable part of the post-pliocene, a connection existed between South Europe and North Africa in at least these two localities. At the same time we have every reason to believe that Britain was united to the Continent, what is now the German Ocean constituting a great river valley. During the height of the glacial epoch these large animals would probably retire into this Mediterranean land and into North Africa, making annual migrations northward during the summer. But as the connecting land sank and became narrower and narrower, the migrating herds would diminish, and at last cease altogether, and when the glacial cold had passed away, would be altogether prevented from returning to their former haunts.

To the older school of naturalists the native country of an animal was of little importance, except in as far as climates differed. Animals were supposed to be especially adapted to live in certain zones, or under certain physical conditions, and it was hardly recognized that, apart from these conditions, there was any influence in locality which could materially affect them. It was generally believed that, while the animals of temperate and arctic climates essentially differed, those of the tropics were essentially alike all over the world. A

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group of animals was said to inhabit the "Indies;" and important differences of structure were frequently overlooked from the idea that creatures equally adapted to live in hot countries, and with certain general resemblances, would naturally be related to each other. Thus the toucans and hornbills, the humming-birds and sun-birds, and even the tapirs and the elephants, came to be popularly associated as slightly modified varieties of tropical forms of life; while to naturalists, who were acquainted with the essential differences of structure, it was a never-failing source of surprise that, under climates and conditions so apparently identical, such strangely divergent forms should be produced. The modern naturalist, on the other hand, looks upon the native country (or "habitat," as it is technically termed) of an animal or a group of animals as a matter of the first importance. The structure, affinities, and habits of a species now form only part of its natural history. We require, also, to know its exact range at the present day and in prehistoric times, and to have some knowledge of its geological age, the place of its earliest appearance on the globe, and of the various extinct forms most nearly allied to it. The investigations of recent naturalists have shown that every continent or well-marked division of a continent, every archipelago, and even every island, presents problems of more or less complexity to the student of the geographical distribution of animals. In order to deal successfully with these problems the naturalist requires some system of geographical arrangement, which shall serve the double purpose of affording a convenient subdivision of his subject, and at the same time of giving expression to the main results at which he has arrived. The divisions in use until quite recently were of two kinds—either those ready made by geographers, more especially the quarters or continents of the globe, or those determined by climate and marked out by certain parallels of latitude or by isothermal lines. Either of these methods was better than none at all; but a little consideration would show that such divisions must have often been unnatural, and have disguised many of the most important and interesting phenomena presented by a study of the distribution of animals. In the interesting work from which this article is drawn, Mr. Wallace considers the earth as naturally divided into six great regions, marked with more or less distinctness by differences of animal life. These divisions are, of course, not separated by well-defined boundaries, but by zones of neutral territory, in which some of the species characteristic of neighboring regions are intermingled. A map of these regions is given in the work, and each has also a separate map to itself. The first is called the *Palearctic* region. It comprises all temperate Europe and Asia, from Iceland to Behring Straits and from the Azores to Japan, including the extratropical part of the Sahara and Arabia, and all Persia, Cabool, Beloochistan to the Indus, and the larger northern half of China. The second, or *Ethiopian* region, comprises Africa south of the Tropic of Cancer, its islands, and the southern half of Arabia. The third, or *Oriental* region, consists of India and China below the limits of the Palearctic region, all the Malay Peninsula and islands as far east as Java and Bali, Borneo and the Philippine Islands, and Formosa. The fourth, or *Australian* region, comprises Australia, New Zealand, the tropical islands of the Pacific, and the Malay Archipelago from Celebes on the west to the Solomon Islands on the east. The fifth, or *Neotropical* region, includes South America, the Antilles, and tropical North America. It possesses more peculiar families of vertebrates and genera of birds and mammalia than any other region. The sixth, or *Nearctic* region, comprises all temperate North America and Greenland. The arctic lands and islands beyond the limit of trees form a transitional territory to the Palearctic region, but even here there are some characteristic species. The southern limit between this region and the Neotropical is a little uncertain, but it may be drawn at about the Rio Grande del Norte on the east coast, and a little north of Mazatlan on the west; while on the central plateau it descends much farther south, and should, perhaps, include all the open highlands of Mexico and Guatemala. This would coincide with the range of several characteristic Nearctic genera.

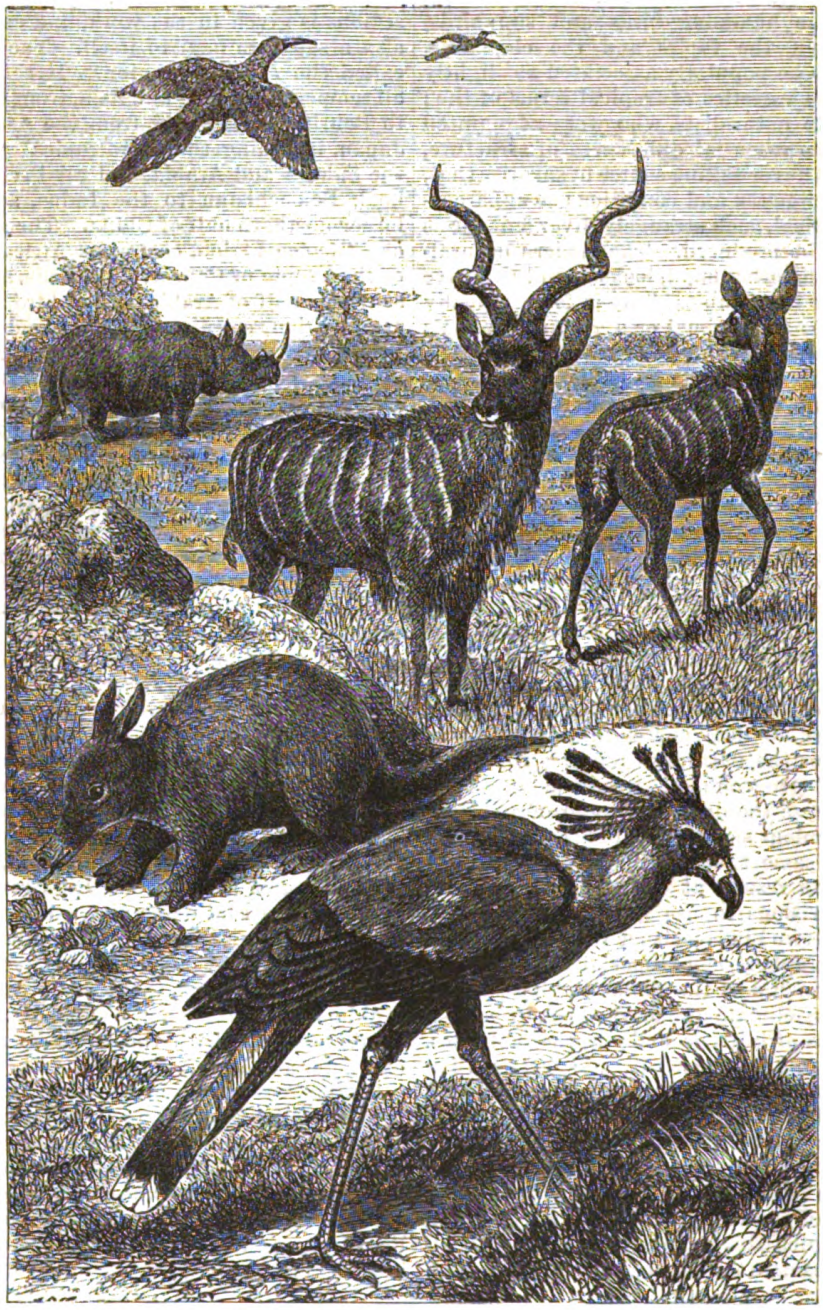
These great regions are divided into twenty-four sub-regions, for a particular account of which we must refer the reader to Mr. Wallace's book. The following table shows the proportionate richness and specialty of each region, as determined by its families of vertebrates and genera of mammalia and birds:

COMPARATIVE RICHNESS OF THE SIX REGIONS.

Regions.	Vertebrata.		Mammalia.			Birds.		
	Families.	Peculiar Families.	Genera.	Peculiar Genera.	Per-centage.	Genera.	Peculiar Genera.	Per-centage.
Palearctic	136	8	100	35	35	174	57	33
Ethiopian	174	22	140	90	64	294	179	60
Oriental	164	12	118	55	46	340	165	48
Australian	141	30	72	44	61	298	189	64
Neotropical	168	44	130	103	79	683	576	86
Nearctic	122	12	74	24	32	169	52	31

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The conditions which in ages past have affected the dispersal of animals from the parent region of most of the higher forms of animal life—the Palearctic—into other regions of the globe are very fully and clearly set forth in Mr. Wallace's book, but the train of reasoning is too ample for condensation into a single article. Briefly we may say that Mr. Wallace considers it established beyond a doubt that each of the great zoological regions was at one time connected with the Palearctic; that changes, progressing slowly through ages, in the physical structure of the globe, complex and marvelous alterations of climate and vegetation, depressions and upheavals of the earth's surface, have in some regions modified the forms of animal life to suit the local conditions, and left others destitute of forms to which they appear to be admirably adapted. Leaving this part of the subject to be studied from Mr. Wallace's pages, let us consider another interesting branch—the means of dispersal and the migrations of animals.



CHARACTERISTIC ANIMALS OF EAST AFRICA.

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All animals are capable of multiplying so rapidly that if a single pair were placed on a continent, with abundance of food and no enemies, they might fully stock it in a very short time. Thus a bird which produces ten pairs of young during its lifetime (and this is far below the fertility of many birds) will, if we take its life at five years, increase to a hundred millions in about forty years—a number sufficient to stock a large country. Many fishes and insects are capable of multiplying several thousandfold each year, so that in a few years they would reach billions and trillions. Even large and slow-breeding mammals, which have only one at a birth, but continue to breed from eight to ten successive years, may increase from a single pair to ten millions in less than forty years. But as animals rarely have an unoccupied country to breed in, and as the food in any one district is limited, their natural tendency is to roam in every direction in search of fresh pastures or new hunting grounds. In doing so, however, they meet with many obstacles. Rocks and mountains have to be climbed, rivers or marshes to be



A BRAZILIAN FOREST, WITH CHARACTERISTIC MAMMALIA.

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crossed, deserts or forests to be traversed, while narrow straits or wider arms of the sea separate islands from the main-land or continents from each other. Many of the larger mammalia are able to roam over whole continents, and are hardly stopped by any physical obstacles. The elephant is almost equally at home on plains and mountains, and it even climbs to the highest summit of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, which is so steep and rocky as to be very difficult of ascent for man. It traverses rivers with great ease, and forces its way through the densest jungle. The tiger is another animal with great powers of dispersal. It crosses rivers, and sometimes even swims over narrow straits of the sea, and it can endure the severe cold of North China and Tartary as well as the heats of the plains of Bengal. The rhinoceros, the lion, and many of the ruminants have equal powers of dispersal; so that wherever there is land and sufficient food, there are no limits to their possible range. Other groups of animals are more limited in their range of migrations. The apes, lemurs, and many monkeys are so strictly adapted to an arboreal life that they can never roam far beyond the limits of forest vegetation. The same may be said of squirrels, sloths, opossums, arboreal cats, and many other groups of less importance. Deserts or open country are equally essential to the existence of others. The camel, the hare, the zebra, the giraffe, and many of the antelopes could not exist in a forest country any more than could the jerboas or the prairie marmots. There are other animals which are confined to mountains, and could not extend their range into lowlands or forests. The goats and the sheep are the most striking group of this kind, inhabiting many of the highest mountains of the globe, of which the European ibex and moufflon are striking examples. Rivers are equally necessary to the existence of others, as the beaver and the otter, and to such animals high mountain ranges or deserts must form an absolutely impassable barrier.

Very few mammals can swim over any considerable extent of sea, although many can swim well for short distances. The jaguar traverses the widest streams in South America, and the bear and bison cross the Mississippi, and there can be no doubt that they could swim over equal widths of salt-water, and if accidentally carried out to sea, might sometimes succeed in reaching islands many miles distant. Contrary to the common notion, pigs can swim remarkably well. Sir Charles Lyell tells us in his *Principles of Geology* that during the floods in Scotland in 1829 some pigs only six months old that were carried out to sea swam five miles and got on shore again. He also states, on the authority of the late Edward Forbes, that a pig jumped overboard to escape from a terrier in the Grecian Archipelago, and swam safely to shore, many miles distant. These facts render it probable that wild pigs, from their greater strength and activity, might under favorable circumstances cross arms of the sea twenty or thirty miles wide; and there are facts in the distribution of this tribe of animals which seem to indicate that they have sometimes done so. Deer take boldly to the water, and can swim considerable distances, but we have no evidence to show how long they could live at sea or how many miles they could traverse. Squirrels, rats, and lemmings often migrate from Northern countries in bands of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and pass over rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea, but they generally perish in the salt-water. Admitting, however, the powers of most mammals to swim considerable distances, we have no reason to believe that any of them could traverse without help straits of upward of twenty miles in width, while in most cases a channel of half that distance would prove an effectual barrier.

It would seem at first sight that no barriers could limit the range of birds, and that they ought to be the most ubiquitous of living things. This, however, is far from being the case; many groups of birds are almost as strictly limited by barriers as the mammalia. The petrels and the gulls are among the greatest wanderers; but most of the species are confined to one or other of the great oceans, or to the arctic or antarctic seas. The sandpipers and plovers wander along the shores as far as do the petrels over the ocean. Great numbers of them breed in the arctic regions and migrate as far as India and Australia, or down to Chili and Brazil; the species of the Old and New Worlds, however, being generally distinct. In striking contrast to these wide ranges we find many of the smaller perching birds, with some of the parrots and pigeons, confined to small islands of a few square miles in extent, or to single valleys or mountains on the main-land. Those groups of birds which possess no powers of flight, such as the ostrich, cassowary, and apteryx, are in exactly the same position as the mammalia as regards their means of dispersal, or are perhaps even inferior to them; since, although they are able to cross rivers by swimming, it is doubtful if they could remain so long in the water as most land quadrupeds. A large number of short-winged birds, such as toucans, pittas, and wrens, are perhaps worse off, for they can fly very few miles at a time, and on falling into the water would soon be drowned. It is only the strong-flying species that can venture to cross any great width of sea, and even these rarely do so unless compelled by necessity to migrate in search of food, or to a more genial climate. Small and weak birds are, however, often carried accident-

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ally across great widths of ocean by violent gales. This is well exemplified by the large numbers of stragglers from North America which annually reach the Bermudas. No less than sixty-nine species of American birds have occurred in Europe, most of them in Britain and Heligoland. They consist chiefly of migratory birds which in autumn return along the eastern coasts of the United States, and often fly from point to point across bays and inlets. They are then liable to be blown out to sea by storms; and it is almost always at this time of the year that their occurrence has been noted on the shores of Europe. Birds which frequent forests and thickets are secure from such accidents, and are restricted in their range by the extent of the forests they inhabit. Mountain chains, and even large rivers like the Amazon, limit the range of many birds.

The indirect effects of changes in physical geography, climate, and vegetation on the distribution of animals are often very singular and interesting. Every change becomes the centre of an ever-widening circle of effects. The different members of the organic world are so bound together by complex relations that any one change involves numerous other changes, often of the most unexpected kind. The introduction of goats into St. Helena utterly destroyed a whole flora of forest trees, and with them all the insects, mollusca, and perhaps birds directly or indirectly dependent on them. Swine, which ran wild in Mauritius, exterminated the dodo. Cattle will, in many districts, wholly prevent the growth of trees; and with the trees the numerous insects dependent on those trees, and the birds which fed upon the insects, must disappear, as well as the small mammalia which feed on the fruits, seeds, leaves, or roots. Insects, again, have the most wonderful influence on the range of mammalia. In Paraguay a certain species of fly abounds which destroys new-born cattle and horses; and thus neither of these animals have run wild in that country, although they abound both north and south of it. This inevitably leads to a great difference in the vegetation of Paraguay, and through that to a difference in its insects, birds, reptiles, and wild mammalia. On what causes the existence of the fly depends we do not know, but it is not improbable that some comparatively slight changes in the temperature or humidity of the air at a particular season, or the introduction of some enemy, might lead to its extinction or banishment. The whole face of the country would then soon be changed: new species would come in, while many others would be unable to live there; and the immediate cause of this great alteration would probably be quite imperceptible to us, even if we could watch it in progress year by year. So long as the celebrated tsetse fly inhabits certain districts of South Africa, neither horses, dogs, nor cattle can live there; the existence of this insect is a living barrier to the entrance of these animals within the infested region, quite as effectual as a lofty mountain range or a wide arm of the sea.

The complex relations of one form of life with others are perhaps nowhere more clearly illustrated than in Mr. Darwin's celebrated case of the cats and clover, given in his work on the *Origin of Species*. He has observed that both wild heart's-ease and red clover are fertilized in England by humble-bees only, so that the production of seed depends upon the visits of these insects. A gentleman who has especially studied humble-bees finds that they are largely kept down by field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests. Field-mice in their turn are kept down by cats, and probably also by owls; so that these carnivorous animals are really the agents in rendering possible the continued existence of red clover and wild heart's-ease. For, if they were absent, the field-mice, having no enemies, would multiply to such an extent as to destroy all the humble-bees, and these two plants would then produce no seed, and soon become extinct.

Many curious examples are given in Mr. Wallace's book of the manner in which species have been modified after migrating to new districts, or under new conditions of climate or surface. Thus, the dodo became wingless in Madagascar and the Mascarene Islands when those regions were separated from the continent of Africa. There were no carnivora to be feared, and wings were not required. The dodo, not counting on the future introduction of swine, degenerated from a species of pigeon into an unwieldy creature incapable of flight. A remarkable feature of the coleoptera of Madeira is the unusual prevalence of wingless insects, many of which have wings on the continent of Europe, while, on the other hand, those species which possess wings in Madeira have them rather larger than their continental allies. Mr. Darwin has suggested that flying insects are much more exposed to be blown out to sea and lost than those which do not fly; so that the most frequent flyers would be constantly weeded out, while the more sluggish individuals remained to continue the race. This process, going on from generation to generation, would in time lead, as in the case of the dodo, to the entire loss of wings by those insects to which they were not a necessity. But those whose wings were essential to their existence would be acted upon in another way. All these must fly to obtain their food or provide for their offspring, and those that flew best would be best able to battle with the storms and keep themselves safe, and thus those with the longest and most powerful wings would be preserved. If, however, all the individuals

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of the species were too weak on the wing to resist the storms, they would soon become extinct. Almost all the insects found in Kerguelen Island are either wingless or nearly so. As this island is subject to violent and almost perpetual gales, even in the finest season, the meaning of this extraordinary loss of wings can hardly be misunderstood.

We have attempted in this article to do no more than draw attention to an interesting and important subject, which Mr. Wallace has fully developed in a work which comprises the results of many years of scientific research and investigation. The work is not designed for the professed naturalist alone; it abounds in most interesting information for the general reader, and no one need be deterred from opening its pages by the fear of finding it too technically scientific for his entertainment.



A MALAYAN FOREST, WITH SOME OF ITS PECULIAR BIRDS.

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A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next morning Vizard carried Lord Uxmoor away to a magistrates' meeting, and left the road clear to Severne; but Zoe gave him no opportunity until just before luncheon, and then she put on her bonnet and came down stairs; but Fanny was with her.

Severne, who was seated patiently in his bedroom with the door ajar, came out to join them, feeling sure Fanny would openly side with him, or slip away and give him his opportunity.

But, as the young ladies stood on the broad flight of steps at the hall door, an antique figure drew nigh—an old lady, the shape of an egg, so short and stout was she. On her head she wore a black silk bonnet constructed many years ago, with a droll design, viz., to keep off sun, rain, and wind; it was like an iron coal-scuttle, slightly shortened; yet have I seen some very pretty faces very prettily framed in such a bonnet. She had an old black silk gown that only reached to her ankle, and over it a scarlet cloak of superfine cloth, fine as any colonel or queen's outrider ever wore, and looking splendid, though she had used it forty years, at odd times. This dame had escaped the village ill, rheumatics, and could toddle along without a staff at a great and, indeed, a fearful pace; for, owing to her build, she yawed so from side to side at every step that, to them who knew her not, a capsize appeared inevitable.

"Mrs. Judge, I declare," cried Zoe.

"Ay, miss, Hannah Judge it is. Your sarvant, ma'am;" and she dropped two courtesies, one for each lady.

Mrs. Judge was Harrington's old nurse. Zoe often paid a visit to her cottage, but she never came to Vizard Court except on Harrington's birthday, when the servants entertained all the old pensioners and retainers at supper. Her sudden appearance, therefore, and in gala costume, astonished Zoe. Probably her face betrayed this, for the old lady began, "You wonder to see me here, now, doan't ye?"

"Well, Mrs. Judge," said Zoe, diplomatically, "nobody has a better right to come."

"You be very good, miss. I don't doubt my welcome nohow."

"But," said Zoe, playfully, "you seldom do us the honor; so I *am* a little surprised. What can I do for you?"

"You does enough for me, miss, you and young squire. I bain't come to ask no favors. I ain't one o' that sort. I'll tell ye why I be come. 'Tis to warn you all up here."

"This is alarming," said Zoe to Fanny.

"That is as may be," said Mrs. Judge; "forewarned, fore-armed, the by-word sayeth. There is a young 'oman a-prowling about this here parish as don't belong to *hus*."

"La," said Fanny, "mustn't we visit your parish if we were not born there?"

"Don't you take me up before I be down, miss," said the old nurse, a little severely. "'Tain't for the likes of you I speak, which you are a lady, and visits the Court by permission of squire; but what I objects to is—hinterlopers." She paused to see the effect of so big a word, and then resumed, graciously, "You see, most of our hills comes from that there Hillstoke. If there's a poacher, or a thief, he is Hillstoke. They harbors the gypsies as ravages the whole country, mostly; and now they have let loose this here young 'oman on to us. She is a POLL PRY: goes about the town a-sarching: pries into their housen and their vittels, and their very beds. Old Marks have got a muck heap at his door; for his garden, ye know. Well, miss, she sticks her parasole into this here, and turns it about, as if she was a-going to spread it: says she, 'I must know the de-com-po-sition of this 'ere, as you keeps under the noses of your young folk.' Well, I seed her a-going her rounds, and the folk had told me her ways; so I did set me down to my knitting and wait for her, and when she came to me I offered her a seat; so she sat down, and says she, 'This is the one clean house in the village,' says she: 'you might eat your dinner off the floor, let alone the chairs and tables.' 'You are very good, miss,' says I. Says she, 'I wonder whether up stairs is as nice as this?' 'Well,' says I, 'them as keeps it down stairs keeps it hup; I don't drop cleanliness on the stairs, you may be sure.' 'I suppose not,' says she, 'but I should like to see.' That was what I was a-waiting for, you know, so I said to her, 'Curiosity do breed curiosity,' says I. 'Afore you sarches this here house from top to bottom, I should like to see the warrant.' 'What warrant?' says she. 'I've no warrant. Don't take me for an enemy,' says she. 'I'm your best friend,' says she. 'I'm the new doctor.' I told her I had heard a whisper of that too; but we had got a parish doctor already, and one was enough. 'Not when he never comes anigh you,' says she, 'and lets you go halfway to meet your diseases.' 'I don't know for that,' says I, and indeed I haan't a notion what she meant, for my part; but says I, 'I don't want no women folk to come here a-doctoring o' me, that's sartain.' So she said, 'But suppose you were very ill, and the he-doctor three miles off, and fifty others to visit afore you?' 'That is no odds,' says

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I; 'I would not be doctored by a woman.' Then she says to me, says she, 'Now you look me in the face.' 'I can do that,' says I; 'you, or any body else. I'm an honest woman, *I* am;' so I up and looked her in the face as bold as brass. 'Then,' says she, 'am I to understand that, if you was to be ill to-morrow, you would rather die than be doctored by a woman?' She thought to daant me, you see, so I says, 'Well, I don't know as I oodn't.' You do laugh, miss. Well, that is what she did. 'All right,' says she. 'Make haste and die, my good soul,' says she, 'for, while you live, you'll be a hobelisk to reform.' So she went off, but I made to the door, and called after her I should die when God pleased, and I had seen a good many young folk laid out, that looked as like to make old bones as ever she does—chalk-faced—skinny—to-a-d! And I called after her she was no lady. No more she ain't, to come into my own house and call a decent woman 'a hobelisk!' Oh! oh! Which I never *was*, not even in my giddy days, but did work hard in my youth, and arn respect for my old age."

"Yes, nurse, yes; who doubts it?"

"And nursed young squire, and, Lord bless your heart, a was a poor puny child when I took him to my breast, and in six months the finest, chubbiest boy in all the parish; and his dry-nurse for years arter, and always at his heels a-keeping him out of the stable and the ponds, and consorting with the village boys; and a proper resolute child he was, and hard to manage: and my own man that is gone, and my son 'that's not so clever as some,'* I always done justice by them both, and arter all to be called a hobelisk—oh! oh! oh!"

Then behold the gentle Zoe with her arm round nurse's neck, and her handkerchief to nurse's eyes, murmuring, "There—there—don't cry, nurse; every body esteems you, and that lady did not mean to affront you; she did not say 'obelisk,' she said 'obstacle.' That only means that you stand in the way of her improvements; there was not much harm in that, you know. And, nurse, please give that lady her way, to oblige me; for it is by my brother's invitation she is here."

"Ye doan't say so. What, does he hold with female she-doctoresses?"

"He wishes to *try* one. She has his authority."

"Ye doan't say so."

"Indeed I do."

"Con—sarn the wench; why couldn't she say so, 'stead o' hargefying?"

"She is a stranger, and means well; so she did not think it necessary. You must take my word for it."

"La, miss, I'll take your'n before hers, you *may* be sure," said Mrs. Judge, with a decided remnant of hostility.

And now a proverbial incident happened. Miss Rhoda Gale came in sight, and walked rapidly into the group.

After greeting the ladies, and ignoring Severne, who took off his hat to her, with deep respect, in the background, she turned to Mrs. Judge. "Well, old lady," said she, cheerfully, "and how do you do?"

Mrs. Judge replied, in fawning accents, "Thank you, miss, I be well enough to get about. I was a-telling 'em about you—and, to be sure, it is uncommon good of a lady like you to trouble so much about poor folk."

"Don't mention it; it is my duty and my inclination. You see, my good woman, it is not so easy to cure diseases as people think; therefore it is a part of medicine to prevent them: and to prevent them you must remove the predisposing causes, and to find out all those causes you must have eyes, and use them."

"You are right, miss," said La Judge, obsequiously. "Prevention is better nor cure, and they say 'a stitch in time saves nine.'"

"That is capital good sense, Mrs. Judge; and pray tell the villagers that, and make them as full of 'the wisdom of nations' as you seem to be, and their houses as clean—if you can."

"I'll do my best, miss," said Mrs. Judge, obsequiously; "it is the least we can all do for a young lady like you that leaves the pomps and vanities, and gives her mind to bettering the condishing of poor folk."

Having once taken this cue, and entered upon a vein of flattery, she would have been extremely voluble—for villages can vie with cities in adulation as well as in detraction—but she was interrupted by a footman announcing luncheon.

Zoe handed Mrs. Judge over to the man, with a request that he would be kind to her, and have her to dine with the servants.

Yellowplush saw the gentlefolks away, and then, parting his legs, and putting his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, delivered himself thus: "Well, old girl, am I to give you my harm round to the kitchen, or do you know the way by yourself?"

"Young chap," said Mrs. Judge, and turned a glittering eye, "I did know the way afore you was born, and I should know it all one if so be you was to be hung, or sent to Botany Bay—to larn manners."

Having delivered this shot, she rolled away in the direction of Roast Beef.

The little party had hardly settled at the table when they were joined by Vizard and Uxmoor; both gentlemen welcomed Miss Gale more heartily than the ladies had done, and before luncheon ended Vizard asked her if her report was ready. She said it was.

"Have you got it with you?"

* Paraphrase for the noun substantive "idiot." It is also a specimen of the Greek figure "Litotes."

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"Yes."

"Then please hand it to me."

"Oh! it is in my head. I don't write much down; that weakens the memory. If you would give me half an hour after luncheon—" She hesitated a little.

Zoe jealoused a *tête-à-tête*, and parried it skillfully. "Oh," said she, "but we are all much interested: are not you, Lord Uxmoor?"

"Indeed I am," said Uxmoor.

"So am I," said Fanny, who didn't care a button.

"Yes, but," said Rhoda, "truths are not always agreeable, and there are some that I don't like—" She hesitated again, and this time actually blushed a little.

The acute Mr. Severne, who had been watching her slyly, came to her assistance.

"Look here, old fellow," said he to Vizard, "don't you see that Miss Gale has discovered some spots in your paradise? but, out of delicacy, does not want to publish them, but to confide them to your own ear. Then you can mend them or not."

Miss Gale turned her eyes full on Severne. "You are very keen at reading people, Sir," said she, dryly.

"Of course he is," said Vizard. "He has given great attention to your sex. Well, if that is all, Miss Gale, pray speak out and gratify their curiosity. You and I shall never quarrel over the truth."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Miss Gale. "However, I suppose I must risk it. I never do get my own way; that's a fact."

After this little ebullition of spleen, she opened her budget. "First of all, I find that these villages all belong to one person; so does the soil. Nobody can build cottages on a better model, nor make any other improvement. You are an absolute monarch. This is a piece of Russia, not England. They are all serfs, and you are the Czar."

"It is true," said Vizard, "and it sounds horrid, but it works benignly. Every snob who can grind the poor does grind them; but a gentleman never, and he hinders others. Now, for instance, an English farmer is generally a tyrant; but my power limits his tyranny. He may discharge his laborer, but he can't drive him out of the village, nor rob him of parish relief, for poor Hodge is *my* tenant, not a snob's. Nobody can build a beer-shop in Islip. That is true. But if they could, they would sell bad beer, give credit in the ardor of competition, poison the villagers, and demoralize them. Believe me, republican institutions are beautiful on paper; but they would not work well in Barfordshire villages. However, you profess to go by experience in every thing. There are open villages within five miles. I'll give you a list. Visit them. You will find that liberty can be the father of tyranny. Petty tradesmen have come in and built cottages, and ground the poor down with rents unknown in Islip; farmers have built cottages, and turned their laborers into slaves. Drunkenness, dissipation, poverty, disaffection, and misery—that is what you will find in the open villages. Now in Islip you have an omnipotent squire, and that is an abomination in theory, a mediæval monster, a blot on modern civilization; but practically the poor monster is a softener of poverty, an incarnate buffer between the poor and tyranny, the poor and misery."

"I'll inspect the open villages, and suspend my opinion till then," said Miss Gale, heartily; "but, in the mean time, you must admit that where there is great power there is great responsibility."

"Oh, of course."

"Well, then, your little outlying province of Hillstoke is full of rheumatic adults and putty-faced children. The two phenomena arise from one cause—the water. No lime in it, and too many reptiles. It was the children gave me the clew. I suspected the cherry-stones at first: but when I came to look into it, I found they eat just as many cherry-stones in the valley, and are as rosy as apples; but then there is well-water in the valleys. So I put this and that together, and I examined the water they drink at Hillstoke. Sir, it is full of animalcula. Some of these can not withstand the heat of the human stomach; but others can, for I tried them in mud artificially heated. [A giggle from Fanny Dover.] Thanks to your microscope, I have made sketches of several amphibia who live in those boys' stomachs, and irritate their membranes, and share their scanty nourishment, besides other injuries." Thereupon she produced some drawings. They were handed round, and struck terror in gentle bosoms. "Oh, gracious!" cried Fanny, "one ought to drink nothing but Champagne." Uxmoor looked grave. Vizard affected to doubt their authenticity. He said, "You may not know it, but I am a zoologist, and these are antediluvian eccentricities that have long ceased to embellish the world we live in. Fie! Miss Gale. Down with anachronisms."

Miss Gale smiled, and admitted that one or two of the prodigies resembled antediluvian monsters, but said oracularly that nature was fond of producing the same thing on a large scale and a small scale, and it was quite possible the small type of antediluvian monster might have survived the large.

"That is most ingenious," said Vizard; "but it does not account for this fellow. He is not an antediluvian; he is a barefaced modern, for he is A STEAM-ENGINE."

This caused a laugh, for the creature had a perpendicular neck, like a funnel, that rose out of a body like a horizontal cylinder.

"At any rate," said Miss Gale, "the little

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monster was in the world first: so he is not an imitation of man's work."

"Well," said Vizard, "after all, we have had enough of the monsters of the deep. Now we can vary the monotony, and say the monsters of the shallow. But I don't see how they can cause rheumatism."

"I never said they did," retorted Miss Gale, sharply: "but the water which contains them is soft water. There is no lime in it, and that is bad for the bones in every way. Only the children drink it as it is: the wives boil it, and so drink soft water and dead reptiles in their tea. The men instinctively avoid it, and drink nothing but beer. Thus, for want of a pure diluent with lime in solution, an acid is created in the blood which produces gout in the rich, and rheumatism in the poor, thanks to their meagre food and exposure to the weather."

"Poor things!" said womanly Zoe. "What is to be done?"

"La!" said Fanny, "throw lime into the ponds: that will kill the monsters, and cure the old people's bones into the bargain."

This compendious scheme struck the imagination, but did not satisfy the judgment, of the assembly.

"Fanny!" said Zoe, reproachfully.

"That *would* be killing two birds with one stone," suggested Uxmoor, satirically.

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," explained Vizard, composedly.

Zoe reiterated her question, what was to be done?

Miss Gale turned to her with a smile. "*We* have got nothing to do but to point out these abominations. The person to act is the Russian autocrat, the paternal dictator, the monarch of all he surveys, and advocate of monarchical institutions. He is the buffer between the poor and all their ills, especially poison: he must dig a well."

Every eye being turned on Vizard to see how he took this, he said, a little satirically, "What! does Science bid me bore for water at the top of a hill?"

"She does *so*," said the virago. "Now look here, good people."

And although they were not all good people, yet they all did look there, she shone so with intelligence, being now quite on her metal.

"Half-civilized man makes blunders that both the savage and the civilized avoid. The savage builds his hut by a running stream. The civilized man draws good water to his door, though he must lay down pipes from a highland lake to a lowland city. It is only half-civilized man that builds a village on a hill, and drinks worms, and snakes, and efts, and antediluvian monsters in limeless water. Then I say, if great but half-civilized monarchs would consult Science *before* they built their serf huts, Science would say, 'Don't you go and put down human habitations far from pure water—the universal diluent, the only cheap diluent, and the only liquid which does not require digestion, and therefore must always assist and never chemically resist the digestion of solids.' 'But when the mischief is done, and the cottages are built on a hill three miles from water, then all that Science can do is to show the remedy, and the remedy is—boring."

"Then the remedy is like the discussion," said Fanny Dover, very pertly.

Zoe was amused, but shocked. Miss Gale turned her head on the offender as sharp as a bird. "Of course it is, to *children*," said she; "and that is why I wished to confine it to mature minds. It is to you I speak, Sir. Are your subjects to drink poison, or will you bore me a well?—Oh, please!"

"Do you hear that?" said Vizard, piteously, to Uxmoor. "Threatened and cajoled in one breath. Who can resist this fatal sex? —Miss Gale, I will bore a well on Hillstoke common. Any idea how deep we must go—to the antipodes, or only to the centre?"

"Three hundred and thirty feet, or thereabouts."

"No more? Any idea what it will cost?"

"Of course I have. The well, the double windlass, the iron chain, the two buckets, a cupola over the well, and twenty-three keys —one for every head of a house in the hamlet—will cost you about £315."

"Why, this is Detail made woman. How do you know all this?"

"From Tom Wilder."

"Who is he?"

"What, don't you know? He is the eldest son of the Islip blacksmith, and a man that will make his mark. He casts every Thursday night. He is the only village blacksmith in all the county who *casts*. You know that, I suppose."

"No. I had not the honor."

"Well, he is, then: and I thought you would consent, because you are so good: and so I thought there could be no harm in sounding Tom Wilder. He offers to take the whole contract, if squire's agreeable; bore the well; brick it fifty yards down: he says that ought to be done, if she is to have justice. 'She' is the well: and he will also construct the gear; he says there must be two iron chains and two buckets going together; so then the empty bucket descending will help the man or woman at the windlass to draw the full bucket up. £315: one week's income, your Majesty."

"She has inspected our rent-roll, now," said Vizard, pathetically: "and knows nothing about the matter."

"Except that it is a mere flea-bite to you to bore through a hill for water. For all that, I hope you will leave me to battle it with Tom Wilder. Then you won't be cheated, for once. *You always are*, and it is abom-

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inable. It would have been five hundred if you had opened the business."

"I am sure that is true," said Zoe. She added this would please Mrs. Judge: she was full of the superiority of Islip to Hillstoke.

"Stop a bit," said Vizard. "Miss Gale has not reported on Islip yet."

"No, dear; but she has looked into every thing, for Mrs. Judge told me. You have been into the cottages?"

"Yes."

"Into Marks's?"

"Yes, I have been into Marks's."

She did not seem inclined to be very communicative; so Fanny, out of mischief, said, pertly, "And what did you see there, with your Argus eye?"

"I saw—three generations."

"Ha! ha! La! did you now? And what were they all doing?"

"They were all living together, night and day, in one room."

This conveyed no very distinct idea to the ladies; but Vizard, for the first time, turned red at this revelation before Uxmoor, improver of cottage life. "Confound the brutes," said he. "Why, I built them a new room; a larger one: didn't you see it?"

"Yes. They stack their potatoes in it."

"Just like my people," said Uxmoor. "That is the worst of it: they resist their own improvement."

"Yes, but," said the doctress, "with monarchical power we can trample on them for their good. Outside Marks's door at the back there is a muck heap, as he calls it; all the refuse of the house is thrown there; it is a horrible mélange of organic matter and decaying vegetables, a hot-bed of fever and malaria. Suffocated and poisoned with the breath of a dozen persons, they open the window for fresh air, and in rushes typhoid from the stronghold its victims have built. Two children were buried from that house last year. They were both killed by the domestic arrangements as certainly as if they had been shot with a double-barreled pistol. The outside roses you admire so are as delusive as flattery; their sweetness covers a foul, unwholesome den."

"Marks's cottage! The show place of the village!" Zoe Vizard flushed with indignation at the bold hand of truth so rudely applied to a pleasant and cherished illusion.

Vizard, more candid and open to new truths, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "What can I do more than I have done?"

"Oh, it is not your fault," said the doctress, graciously. "It is theirs. Only, as you are their superior in intelligence and power, you might do something to put down indecency, immorality, and disease."

"May I ask what?"

"Well, you might build a granary for the poor people's potatoes. No room can keep them dry; but you build your granary upon four pillars: then that is like a room over a cellar."

"Well, I'll build it so—if I build it at all," said Vizard, dryly. "What next?"

"Then you could make them stack their potatoes in the granary, and use the spare room, and so divide their families, and give morality a chance. The muck heap you should disperse at once with the strong hand of power."

At this last proposal, Squire Vizard—the truth must be told—delivered a long, plowman's whistle at the head of his own table.

"Pheugh!" said he; "for a lady that is more than half republican, you seem to be taking very kindly to monarchical tyranny."

"Well, now, I'll tell you the truth," said she. "You have converted me. Ever since you promised me the well, I have discovered that the best form of government is a good-hearted tyrant."

"With a female viceroy over him, eh?"

"Only in these little domestic matters," said Rhoda, deprecatingly. "Women are good advisers in such things. The male physician relies on drugs. Medical women are wanted to moderate that delusion; to prevent disease by domestic vigilance, and cure it by well-selected esculents and pure air. These will cure fifty for one that medicine can; besides, drugs kill ever so many: these never killed a creature. You will give me the granary, won't you? Oh, and there's a black pond in the centre of the village. Your tenant Pickett, who is a fool—begging his pardon—lets all his liquid manure run out of his yard into the village till it accumulates in a pond right opposite the five cottages they call New Town, and its exhalations taint the air. There are as many fevers in Islip as in the back slums of a town. You might fill the pond up with chalk, and compel Pickett to sink a tank in his yard, and cover it; then an agricultural treasure would be preserved for its proper use, instead of being perverted into a source of infection."

Vizard listened civilly, and, as she stopped, requested her to go on.

"I think we have had enough," said Zoe, bitterly.

Rhoda, who was in love with Zoe, hung her head, and said, "Yes; I have been very bold."

"Fiddle-stick!" said Vizard. "Never mind those girls. *You* speak out like a man: a stranger's eye always discovers things that escape the natives. Proceed."

"No; I won't proceed till I have explained to Miss Vizard."

"You may spare yourself the trouble. Miss Vizard thought Islip was a paradise. You have dispelled the illusion, and she will never forgive you. Miss Dover will; because she is like Gallio—she careth for none of these things."

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"Not a pin," said Fanny, with admirable frankness.

"Well, but," said Rhoda, naïvely, "I can't bear Miss Vizard to be angry with me; I admire her so. Please let me explain. Islip is no paradise—quite the reverse; but the faults of Islip are not *your* faults. The children are ignorant; but you pay for a school. The people are poor from insufficient wages; but you are not paymaster. *Your* gardeners, *your* hinds, and all your out-door people have enough. You give them houses. You let cottages and gardens to the rest at half their value; and very often they don't pay that, but make excuses; and you accept them, though they are all stories; for they can pay every body but you, and their one good bargain is with you. Miss Vizard has carried a basket all her life with things from your table for the poor."

Miss Vizard blushed crimson at this sudden revelation.

"If a man or a woman has served your house long, there's a pension for life. You are easy, kind, and charitable. It is the faults of others I ask you to cure, because you have such power. Now, for instance, if the boys at Hillstoke are putty-faced, the boys at Islip have no calves to their legs. That is a sure sign of a deteriorating species. The lower type of savage has next to no calf. The calf is a sign of civilization and due nourishment. This single phenomenon was my clew, and led me to others; and I have examined the mothers and the people of all ages, and I tell you it is a village of starvelings. Here a child begins life a starveling, and ends as he began. The nursing mother has not food enough for one, far less for two. The man's wages are insufficient, and the diet is not only insufficient, but injudicious. The race has declined. There are only five really big, strong men—Josh Grace, Will Hudson, David Wilder, Absalom Green, and Jack Greenaway; and they are all over fifty—men of another generation. I have questioned these men how they were bred, and they all say milk was common when they were boys. Many poor people kept a cow; squire doled it; the farmers gave it or sold it cheap; but nowadays it is scarcely to be had. Now that is not your fault, but you are the man who can mend it. New milk is meat and drink, especially to young and growing people. You have a large meadow at the back of the village. If you could be persuaded to start four or five cows, and let somebody sell their new milk to the poor at cost price—say, five farthings the quart. You must not give it, or they will water their muck heaps with it. With those cows alone you will get rid, in the next generation, of the half-grown, slouching men, the hollow-eyed, narrow-chested, round-backed women, and the calfless boys one sees all over Islip, and restore the stalwart race that filled the little village under your sires, and have left proofs of their wholesome food on the tombstones: for I have read every inscription, and far more people reached eighty-five between 1750 and 1800 than between 1820 and 1870. Ah, how I envy you to be able to do such great things so easily! Water to poisoned Hillstoke with one hand; milk to starved Islip with the other. This is to be indeed a king!"

The enthusiast rose from the table in her excitement, and her face was transfigured; she looked beautiful for the moment.

"I'll do it," shouted Vizard; "and you are a trump."

Miss Gale sat down, and the color left her cheek entirely.

Fanny Dover, who had a very quick eye for passing events, cried out, "Oh dear! she is going to faint *now*." The tone implied, what a plague she is!

Thereupon Severne rushed to her, and was going to sprinkle her face; but she faltered, "No! no! a glass of wine." He gave her one with all the hurry and empressement in the world. She fixed him with a strange look as she took it from him: she sipped it; one tear ran into it. She said she had excited herself. But she was all right now. Elastic Rhoda!

"I am very glad of it," said Vizard. "You are quite strong enough, without fainting. For Heaven's sake, don't add woman's weakness to your artillery, or you will be irresistible; and I shall have to divide Vizard Court among the villagers. At present I get off cheap, and Science on the Rampage: let me see—only a granary, a well, and six cows."

"They'll give as much milk as twelve cows without the well," said Fanny: it was her day for wit.

This time she was rewarded with a general laugh.

It subsided, as such things will, and then Vizard said, solemnly, "New ideas are suggested to me by this charming interview; and permit me to give them a form, which will doubtless be new to these accomplished ladies:

> "Gin there's a hole in a' your coats,
> I rede ye tent it;
> A chiel's amang ye taking notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it."

Zoe looked puzzled, and Fanny inquired what language that was.

"Very good language."

"Then perhaps you will translate it into language one can understand."

"The English of the day, eh?"

"Yes."

"You think that would improve it, do you? Well, then:

> 'If there is a defect in any one of your habiliments,
> Let me earnestly impress on you the expediency of
> repairing it;

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An individual is among you with singular powers of observation,
Which will infallibly result in printing and publication.'

Zoe, you are an affectionate sister, take this too observant lady into the garden, poison her with raw fruit, and bury her under a pear-tree."

Zoe said she would carry out part of the programme, if Miss Gale would come.

Then the ladies rose and rustled away, and the rivals would have followed, but Vizard detained them on the pretense of consulting them about the well; but, when the ladies had gone, he owned he had done it out of his hatred to the sex. He said he was sure both girls disliked his virago in their hearts, so he had compelled them to spend an hour together, without any man to soften their asperity.

This malicious experiment was tolerably successful. The three ladies strolled together, dismal as souls in purgatory. One or two little attempts at conversation were made, but died out for want of sympathy. Then Fanny tried personalities, the natural topic of the sex in general.

"Miss Gale, which do you admire most, Lord Uxmoor or Mr. Severne?"

"For their looks?"

"Oh, of course."

"Mr. Severne."

"You don't admire beards, then?"

"That depends. Where the mouth is well shaped and expressive, the beard spoils it. Where it is commonplace, the beard hides its defect, and gives a manly character. As a general rule, I think the male bird looks well with his crest and feathers."

"And so do I," said Fanny, warmly; "and yet I should not like Mr. Severne to have a beard. Don't you think he is very handsome?"

"He is something more," said Rhoda. "He is beautiful. If he was dressed as a woman, the gentlemen would all run after him. I think his is the most perfect oval face I ever saw."

"But you must not fall in love with him," said Fanny.

"I do not mean to," said Rhoda. "Falling in love is not my business: and if it was, I should not select Mr. Severne."

"Why not, pray?" inquired Zoe, haughtily. Her manner was so menacing that Rhoda did not like to say too much just then. She felt her way.

"I am a physiognomist," said she, "and I don't think he can be very truthful. He is old of his age, and there are premature marks under his eyes that reveal craft, and perhaps dissipation. These are hardly visible in the room, but they are in the open air, when you get the full light of day. To be sure, just now his face is marked with care and anxiety; that young man has a good deal on his mind."

Here the observer discovered that even this was a great deal too much. Zoe was displeased, and felt affronted by her remarks, though she did not condescend to notice them, so Rhoda broke off and said, "It is not fair of you, Miss Dover, to set me giving my opinion of people you must know better than I do. Oh, what a garden!" And she was off directly on a tour of inspection. "Come along," said she, "and I will tell you their names and properties."

They could hardly keep up with her, she was so eager. The fruits did not interest her, but only the simples. She was downright learned in these, and found a surprising number. But the fact is, Mr. Lucas had a respect for his predecessors. What they had planted he seldom uprooted—at least he always left a specimen. Miss Gale approved his system highly, until she came to a row of green leaves like small horse-radish, which was planted by the side of another row that really was horse-radish.

"This is too bad, even for Islip," said Miss Gale. "Here is one of our deadliest poisons planted by the very side of an esculent herb, which it resembles. You don't happen to have hired the devil for gardener at any time, do you? Just fancy! any cook might come out here for horse-radish, and gather this plant, and lay you all dead at your own table. It is the Aconitum of medicine, the Monk's-hood or Wolf's-bane of our ancestors. Call the gardener, please, and have every bit of it pulled up by the roots. None of your lives are safe while poisons and esculents are planted together like this."

And she would not budge till Zoe directed a gardener to dig up all the Aconite. A couple of them went to work and soon uprooted it. The gardeners then asked if they should burn it.

"Not for all the world," said Miss Gale. "Make a bundle of it for me to take home. It is only poison in the hands of ignoramuses. It is most sovereign medicine. I shall make tinctures, and check many a sharp ill with it. Given in time, it cuts down fever wonderfully; and when you check the fever, you check the disease."

Soon after this Miss Gale said she had not come to stop; she was on her way to Taddington to buy lint and German styptics, and many things useful in domestic surgery. "For," said she, "the people at Hillstoke are relenting; at least, they run to me with their cut fingers and black eyes, though they won't trust me with their sacred rheumatics. I must also supply myself with vermifuges till the well is dug, and so mitigate puerile puttiness and internal torments.

The other ladies were not sorry to get rid of an irrelevant zealot, who talked neither

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love nor dress, nor any thing that reaches the soul.

So Zoe said, "What, going already?" and having paid that tax to politeness, returned to the house with alacrity.

But the doctress would not go without her Wolf's-bane, Aconite ycleped.

The irrelevant zealot being gone, the true business of the mind was resumed; and that is love-making, or novelists give us false pictures of life, and that is impossible.

As the doctress drove from the front-door, Lord Uxmoor emerged from the library—a coincidence that made both girls smile; he hoped Miss Vizard was not too tired to take another turn.

"Oh no!" said Zoe: "are you, Fanny?"

At the first step they took, Severne came round an angle of the building and joined them. He had watched from the balcony of his bedroom.

Both men looked black at each other, and made up to Zoe. She felt uncomfortable, and hardly knew what to do. However, she would not seem to observe, and was polite, but a little stiff, to both.

However, at last Severne, having asserted his rights, as he thought, gave way, but not without a sufficient motive, as may be gathered from his first word to Fanny.

"My dear friend, for Heaven's sake, what is the matter? She is angry with me about something. What is it? has she told you?"

"Not a word. But I see she is in a fury with you; and really it is too ridiculous. You told a fib: that is the mighty matter, I do believe. No, it isn't, for you have told her a hundred, no doubt, and she liked you all the better; but this time you have been naughty enough to be found out, and she is romantic, and thinks her lover ought to be the soul of truth."

"Well, and so he ought," said Ned.

"He isn't, then;" and Fanny burst out laughing so loud that Zoe turned round and enveloped them both in one haughty glance, as the exaggerating Gaul would say.

"La! there was a look for you," said Fanny, pertly: "as if I cared for her black brows."

"I do, though: pray remember that."

"Then tell no more fibs. Such a fuss about nothing! What is a fib?" and she turned up her little nose very contemptuously at all such trivial souls as minded a little mendacity.

Indeed, she disclaimed the importance of veracity so imperiously that Severne was betrayed into saying, "Well, not much, between you and me; and I'll be bound I can explain it."

"Explain it to me, then."

"Well, but I don't know—"

"Which of your fibs it was."

Another silver burst of laughter. But Zoe only vouchsafed a slightly contemptuous movement of her shoulders.

"Well, no," said Severne, half laughing himself at the sprightly jade's smartness.

"Well, then, that friend of yours that called at luncheon."

Severne turned grave directly. "Yes," said he.

"You said he was your lawyer, and came about a lease."

"So he did."

"And his name was Jackson."

"So it was."

"This won't do. You mustn't fib to *me!* It was Poikilus, a Secret Inquiry; and they all know it: now tell me, without a fib—if you can—what ever did you want with Poikilus?"

Severne looked aghast. He faltered out, "Why, how could they know?"

"Why, he advertises, stupid; and Lord Uxmoor and Harrington had seen it. Gentlemen *read* advertisements. That is one of their peculiarities."

"Of course he advertises: that is not what I mean. I did not drop his card, did I? No, I am sure I pocketed it directly. What mischief-making villain told them it was Poikilus?"

Fanny colored a little, but said, hastily, "Ah, that I could not tell you."

"The footman, perhaps?"

"I should not wonder." (What is a fib?)

"Curse him."

"Oh, don't swear at the servants; that is bad taste."

"Not when he has ruined me."

"Ruined you?—nonsense! Make up some other fib, and excuse the first."

"I can't. I don't know what to do; and before my rival, too! This accounts for the air of triumph he has worn ever since, and her glances of scorn and pity. She is an angel, and I have lost her."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Fanny Dover. "Be a man, and tell me the truth."

"Well, I will," said he; "for I am in despair. It is all that cursed money at Homburg. I could not clear my estate without it. I dare not go for it. She forbade me; and indeed I can't bear to leave her for any thing; so I employed Poikilus to try and learn whether that lady has the money still, and whether she means to rob me of it or not."

Fanny Dover reflected a moment, then delivered herself thus: "You were wrong to tell a fib about it. What you must do now—brazen it out. Tell her you love her, but have got your pride, and will not come into her family a pauper. Defy her, to be sure: we like to be defied now and then, when we are fond of the fellow."

"I will do it," said he; "but she shuns me. I can't get a word with her."

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Fanny said she would try and manage that for him; and as the rest of their talk might not interest the reader, and certainly would not edify him, I pass on to the fact that she did, that very afternoon, go into Zoe's room, and tell her Severne was very unhappy; he had told a fib; but it was not intended to deceive her, and he wished to explain the whole thing.

"Did he explain it to you?" asked Zoe, rather sharply.

"No; but he said enough to make me think you are using him very hardly. To be sure, you have another string to your bow."

"Oh, that is the interpretation you put."

"It is the true one. Do you think you can make *me* believe you would have shied him so long if Lord Uxmoor had not been in the house?"

Zoe bridled, but made no reply, and Fanny went to her own room, laughing.

Zoe was much disturbed. She secretly longed to hear Severne justify himself. She could not forgive a lie, nor esteem a liar. She was one of those who could pardon certain things in a woman she would not forgive in a man. Under a calm exterior, she had suffered a noble distress; but her pride would not let her show it. Yet now that he had appealed to her for a hearing, and Fanny knew he had appealed, she began to falter.

Still Fanny was not altogether wrong: the presence of a man incapable of a falsehood, and that man devoted to her, was a little damaging to Severne, though not so much as Miss Artful thought.

However, this very afternoon Lord Uxmoor had told her he must leave Vizard Court to-morrow morning.

So Zoe said to herself, "I need not make opportunities; after to-morrow he will find plenty."

She had an instinctive fear he would tell more falsehoods to cover those he had told; and then she should despise him, and they would both be miserable; for she felt for a moment a horrible dread that she might both love and despise the same person, if it was Edward Severne.

There were several people to dinner, and, as hostess, she managed not to think too much of either of her admirers.

However, a stolen glance showed her they were both out of spirits.

She felt sorry. Her nature was very pitiful. She asked herself was it her fault, and did not quite acquit herself. Perhaps she ought to have been more open, and declared her sentiments. Yet would that have been modest in a lady who was not formally engaged? She was puzzled. She had no experience to guide her: only her high breeding and her virginal instincts.

She was glad when the night ended.

She caught herself wishing the next day was gone too.

When she retired, Uxmoor was already gone, and Severne opened the door to her. He fixed his eyes on her so imploringly it made her heart melt; but she only blushed high, and went away sad and silent.

As her maid was undressing her she caught sight of a letter on her table. "What is that?" said she.

"It is a letter," said Rosa, very demurely.

Zoe divined that the girl had been asked to put it there.

Her bosom heaved, but she would not encourage such proceedings, nor let Rosa see how eager she was to hear those very excuses she had evaded.

But, for all that, Rosa knew she was going to read it, for she only had her gown taken off and a peignoir substituted, and her hair let down and brushed a little. Then she dismissed Rosa, locked the door, and pounced on the letter. It lay on her table with the seal uppermost. She turned it round. It was not from *him:* was from Lord Uxmoor.

She sat down and read it.

"DEAR MISS VIZARD,—I have had no opportunities of telling you all I feel for you, without attracting an attention that might have been unpleasant to you; but I am sure you must have seen that I admired you at first sight. That was admiration of your beauty and grace, though even then you showed me a gentle heart and a sympathy that made me grateful. But now I have had the privilege of being under the same roof with you, it is admiration no longer—it is deep and ardent love; and I see that my happiness depends on you. Will you confide *your* happiness to me? I don't know that I could make you as proud and happy as I should be myself; but I should try very hard, out of gratitude as well as love. We have also certain sentiments in common. That would be one bond more.

"But indeed I feel I can not make my love a good bargain to you, for you are peerless, and deserve a much better lot in every way than I can offer. I can only kneel to you and say, 'Zoe Vizard, if your heart is your own to give, pray be my lover, my queen, my wife.'

"Your faithful servant and devoted admirer, UXMOOR."

"Poor fellow!" said Zoe, and her eyes filled. She sat quite quiet, with the letter open in her hand.

She looked at it, and murmured, "A pearl is offered me here: wealth, title, all that some women sigh for, and—what I value above all—a noble nature, a true heart, and a soul above all meanness. No; Uxmoor will never tell a falsehood. He *could* not."

She sighed deeply, and closed her eyes.

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All was still. The light was faint; yet she closed her eyes, like a true woman, to see the future clearer.

Then, in the sober and deep calm, there seemed to be faint peeps of coming things: it appeared a troubled sea, and Uxmoor's strong hand stretched out to rescue her. If she married him, she knew the worst—an honest man she esteemed, and had almost an affection for—but no love.

As some have an impulse to fling themselves from a height, she had one to give herself to Uxmoor, quietly, irrevocably, by three written words dispatched that night.

But it was only an impulse. If she had written it, she would have torn it up.

Presently a light thrill passed through her; she wore a sort of half-furtive, guilty look, and opened the window.

Ay, there he stood in the moonlight, waiting to be heard.

She did not start nor utter any exclamation. Somehow or other she almost *knew* he was there before she opened the window.

"Well?" said she, with a world of meaning.

"You grant me a hearing at last."

"I do. But it is no use. You can not explain away a falsehood."

"Of course not. I am here to confess that I told a falsehood. But it was not you I wished to deceive. I was going to explain the whole thing to you, and tell you all; but there is no getting a word with you since that lord came."

"He had nothing to do with it. I should have been just as much shocked."

"But it would only have been for five minutes. Zoe!"

"Well?"

"Just put yourself in my place. A detective, who ought to have written to me in reply to my note, surprises me with a call. I was ashamed that such a visitor should enter your brother's house to see me. There sat my rival—an aristocrat. I was surprised into disowning the unwelcome visitor, and calling him my solicitor."

Now if Zoe had been an Old Bailey counsel, she would have kept him to the point, reminded him that his visitor was unseen, and fixed a voluntary falsehood on him; but she was not an experienced cross-examiner, and perhaps she was at heart as indignant at the detective as at the falsehood: so she missed her advantage, and said, indignantly, "And what business had you with a detective? Your having one at all, and then calling him your solicitor, makes one think all manner of things."

"I should have told you all about it that afternoon, only our intercourse is broken off to please a rival. Suppose I gave you a rival, and used you for her sake as you use me for his, what would you say? That would be a worse infidelity than sending for a detective, would it not?"

Zoe replied, haughtily, "You have no right to say you have a rival; how dare you? Besides," said she, a little ruefully, "it is you who are on your defense, not me."

"True; I forgot that. Recrimination is not convenient, is it?"

"I can escape it by shutting the window," said Zoe, coldly.

"Oh, don't do that. Let me have the bliss of seeing you, and I will submit to a good deal of injustice without a murmur."

"The detective?" said Zoe, sternly.

"I sent for him, and gave him his instructions, and he is gone for me to Homburg."

"Ah! I thought so. What for?"

"About my money. To try and find out whether they mean to keep it."

"Would you really take it if they would give it you?"

"Of course I would."

"Yet you know my mind about it."

"I know you forbade me to go for it in person: and I obeyed you, did I not?"

"Yes, you did—at the time."

"I do now. You object to my going in person to Homburg. You know I was once acquainted with that lady, and you feel about her a little of what I feel about Lord Uxmoor; about a tenth part of what I feel, I suppose, and with not one-tenth so much reason. Well, I know what the pangs of jealousy are: I will never inflict them on you, as you have on me. But I *will* have my money, whether you like or not."

Zoe looked amazed at being defied. It was new to her. She drew up, but said nothing.

Severne went on: "And I will tell you why: because without money I can not have you. My circumstances have lately improved; with my money that lies in Homburg I can now clear my family estate of all encumbrance, and come to your brother for your hand. Oh, I shall be a very bad match even then, but I shall not be a pauper, nor a man in debt. I shall be one of your own class, as I was born, a small landed gentleman with an unencumbered estate."

"That is not the way to my affection. I do not care for money."

"But other people do. Dear Zoe, you have plenty of pride yourself; you must let me have a little. Deeply as I love you, I could not come to your brother and say, 'Give me your sister, and maintain us both.' No, Zoe, I can not ask your hand till I have cleared my estate: and I can not clear it without that money. For once I must resist you, and take my chance. There is wealth and a title offered you. I won't ask you to dismiss them and take a pauper. If you don't like me to try for my own money, give your hand to Lord Uxmoor; then I shall recall my detective, and let all go; for poverty or wealth will matter nothing to me: I shall have lost the angel I love; and she once loved me."

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He faltered, and the sad cadence of his voice melted her. She began to cry. He turned his head away and cried too.

There was a silence. Zoe broke it first.

"Edward," said she, softly.

"Zoe!"

"You need not defy me. I would not humiliate you for all the world. Will it comfort you to know that I have been very unhappy ever since you lowered yourself so? I will try and accept your explanation."

He clasped his hands with gratitude.

"Edward, will you grant me a favor?"

"Can you ask?"

"It is to have a little more confidence in one who— Now you must obey me implicitly, and perhaps we may both be happier to-morrow night than we are to-night. Directly after breakfast, take your hat, and walk to Hillstoke. You can call on Miss Gale, if you like, and say something civil."

"What! go and leave you alone with Lord Uxmoor?"

"Yes."

"Ah, Zoe, you know your power. Have a little mercy."

"Perhaps I may have a great deal—if you obey me."

"I *will* obey you."

"Then go to bed this minute."

She gave him a heavenly smile, and closed the window.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Ned Severne said, "Any messages for Hillstoke? I am going to walk up there this morning."

"Embrace my virago for me," said Vizard.

Severne begged to be excused.

He hurried off, and Lord Uxmoor felt a certain relief.

The Master of Arts asked himself what he could do to propitiate the female M.D. He went to the gardener and got him to cut a huge bouquet, choice and fragrant, and he carried it all the way to Hillstoke. Miss Gale was at home. As he was introduced rather suddenly, she started and changed color, and said, sharply, "What do you want?" Never asked him to sit down, rude Thing.

He stood hanging his head like a culprit, and said, with well-feigned timidity, that he came, by desire of Miss Vizard, to inquire how she was getting on, and to hope the people were beginning to appreciate her.

"Oh! that alters the case; any messenger from Miss Vizard is welcome. Did she send me these flowers too? They are beautiful."

"No. I gathered them myself. I have always understood ladies love flowers."

"It is only by report you know that, eh? Let me add something to your information: a good deal depends on the giver; and you may fling these out of the window." She tossed them to him.

The Master of Arts gave a humble, patient sigh, and threw the flowers out of the window, which was open. He then sank into a chair, and hid his face in his hands.

Miss Gale colored, and bit her lip. She did not think he would have done that, and it vexed her economical soul. She cast a piercing glance at him, then resumed her studies, and ignored his presence.

But his patience exhausted hers. He sat there twenty minutes, at least, in a state of collapse that bade fair to last forever.

So presently she looked up, and affected to start. "What! are you there still?" said she.

"Yes," said he; "you did not dismiss me; only my poor flowers."

"Well," said she, apologetically, "the truth is, I'm not strong enough to dismiss you by the same road."

"It is not necessary. You have only to say, 'Go.'"

"Oh, that would be rude. Could not you go without being told right out?"

"No, I could not. Miss Gale, I can't account for it, but there is some strange attraction. You hate me, and I fear you, yet I could follow you about like a dog. Let me sit here a little longer and see you work."

Miss Gale leaned her head upon her hand, and contemplated him at great length. Finally she adopted a cat-like course. "No," said she at last; "I am going my rounds: you can come with me, if I am so attractive."

He said he should be proud, and she put on her hat in thirty seconds.

They walked together in silence. He felt as if he was promenading a tiger-cat, that might stop any moment to fall upon him.

She walked him into a cottage: there was a little dead wood burning on that portion of the brick floor called the hearth. A pale old man sat close to the fire, in a wooden arm-chair. She felt his pulse, and wrote him a prescription:

"To Mr. Vizard's housekeeper, Vizard Court:

"Please give the bearer two pounds of good roast beef, or mutton, not salted, and one pint port-wine. RHODA GALE, M.D."

"Here, Jenny," she said to a sharp little girl, the man's grandniece, "take this down to Vizard Court, and if the housekeeper objects, go to the front-door and demand in my name to see the squire or Miss Vizard, and give *them* the paper. Don't you give it up without the meat. Take this basket on your arm."

Then she walked out of the cottage, and Severne followed her; he ventured to say that was a novel prescription.

She explained. "Physicians are obliged to send the rich to the chemist, or else the fools would think they were slighted. But

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we need not be so nice with the poor; we can prescribe to do them good. When you inflicted your company on me, I was sketching out a treatise, to be entitled, 'Cure of Disorders by Esculents.' That old man is nearly exsanguis. There is not a drug in creation that could do him an atom of good. Nourishing food may. If not, why, he is booked for the long journey. Well, he has had his innings. He is fourscore. Do you think *you* will ever see fourscore—you and your vices?"

"Oh no. But I think *you* will; and I hope so: for you go about doing good."

"And some people one could name go about doing mischief?"

Severne made no reply.

Soon after they discovered a little group, principally women and children. These were inspecting something on the ground, and chattering excitedly. The words of dire import, "She have possessed him with a devil," struck their ear. But soon they caught sight of Miss Gale, and were dead silent. She said, "What is the matter? Oh, I see, the vermifuge has acted."

It was so: a putty-faced boy had been unable to eat his breakfast; had suffered malaise for hours afterward, and at last had been seized with a sort of dry retching, and had restored to the world they so adorn a number of amphibia, which now wriggled in a heap, and no doubt bitterly regretted the reckless impatience with which they had fled from an unpleasant medicine to a cold-hearted world.

"Well, good people," said Miss Gale, "what are you making a fuss about? Are they better in the boy or out of him?"

The women could not find their candor at a moment's notice, but old Giles replied, heartily, "Why, hout! better an empty house than a bad tenant."

"That is true," said half a dozen voices at once. They could resist common-sense in its liquid form, but not when solidified into a proverb.

"Catch me the boy," said Miss Gale, severely.

Habitual culpability destroys self-confidence; so the boy suspected himself of crime, and instantly took to flight. His companions loved hunting; so three swifter boys followed him with a cheerful yell, secured him, and brought him up for sentence.

"Don't be frightened, Jacob," said the doctress. "I only want to know whether you feel better or worse."

His mother put in her word: "He was ever so bad all the morning."

"Hold your jaw," said old Giles, "and let the boy tell his own tale."

"Well, then," said Jacob, "I was mortal bad, but now I do feel like a feather; wust on't is, I be so blessed hungry now. Dall'd if I couldn't eat the devil—stuffed with thunder and lightning."

"I'll prescribe accordingly," said Miss Gale, and wrote in pencil an order on a beefsteak pie they had sent her from the Court.

The boy's companions put their heads together over this order, and offered their services to escort him.

"No, thank you," said the doctress. "He will go alone, you young monkeys. Your turn will come."

Then she proceeded on her rounds, with Mr. Severne at her heels, until it was past one o'clock.

Then she turned round and faced him. "We will part here," said she, "and I will explain my conduct to you, as you seem in the dark. I have been co-operating with Miss Vizard all this time. I reckon she sent you out of the way to give Lord Uxmoor his opportunity, so I have detained you. While you have been studying medicine, he has been popping the question, of course. Good-by, Mr. Villain."

Her words went through the man like cold steel. It was one woman reading another. He turned very white, and put his hand to his heart. But he recovered himself, and said, "If she prefers another to me, I must submit. It is not my absence for a few hours that will make the difference. You can not make me regret the hours I have passed in your company. Good-by," and he seemed to leave her very reluctantly.

"One word," said she, softening a little. "I'm not proof against your charm. Unless I see Zoe Vizard in danger, you have nothing to fear from me. But I love *her*, you understand."

He returned to her directly, and said, in most earnest, supplicating tones, "But will you ever forgive me?"

"I will try."

And so they parted.

He went home at a great rate; for Miss Gale's insinuations had raised some fear in his breast.

Meantime this is what had really passed between Zoe and Lord Uxmoor. Vizard went to his study, and Fanny retired at a signal from Zoe. She rose, but did not go; she walked slowly toward the window; Uxmoor joined her: for he saw he was to have his answer from her mouth.

Her bosom heaved a little, and her cheeks flushed. "Lord Uxmoor," she said, "you have done me the greatest honor any man can pay a woman, and from you it is indeed an honor. I could not write such an answer as I could wish; and, besides, I wish to spare you all the mortification I can."

"Ah!" said Uxmoor, piteously.

"You are worthy of any lady's love: but I have only my esteem to give you, and that was given long ago."

Uxmoor, who had been gradually turning

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very white, faltered, "I had my fears. Good-by."

She gave him her hand. He put it respectfully to his lips: then turned and left her, sick at heart, but too brave to let it be seen. He preferred her esteem to her pity.

By this means he got both. She put her handkerchief to her eyes without disguise. But he only turned at the door to say, in a pretty firm voice, "God bless you!"

In less than an hour he drove his team from the door, sitting heart-broken and desolate, but firm and unflinching as a rock.

So then, on his return from Hillstoke, Severne found them all at luncheon except Uxmoor. He detailed his visit to Miss Gale, and, while he talked, observed. Zoe was beaming with love and kindness. He felt sure she had not deceived him. He learned, by merely listening, that Lord Uxmoor was gone, and he exulted inwardly.

After luncheon, elysium. He walked with the two girls, and Fanny lagged behind; and Zoe proved herself no coquette. A coquette would have been a little cross, and shown him she had made a sacrifice. Not so Zoe Vizard. She never told him, nor even Fanny, she had refused Lord Uxmoor. She esteemed the great sacrifice she had made for him as a little one, and so loved him a little more that he had cost her an earl's coronet and a large fortune.

The party resumed their habits that Uxmoor had interrupted, and no warning voice was raised.

The boring commenced at Hillstoke, and Doctress Gale hovered over the work. The various strata and their fossil deposits were an endless study, and kept her microscope employed. With this, and her treatise on "Cure by Esculents," she was so employed that she did not visit the Court for some days: then came an invitation from Lord Uxmoor to stay a week with him, and inspect his village. She accepted it, and drove herself in the bailiff's gig, all alone. She found her host attending to his duties, but dejected; so then she suspected, and turned the conversation to Zoe Vizard, and soon satisfied herself he had no hopes in that quarter. Yet he spoke of her with undisguised and tender admiration. Then she said to herself, "This is a man, and he shall have her."

She sat down and wrote a letter to Vizard, telling him all she knew, and what she thought, viz., that another woman, and a respectable one, had a claim on Mr. Severne, which ought to be closely inquired into, and *the lady's version heard.* "Think of it," said she. "He disowned the woman who had saved his life, he was so afraid I should tell Miss Vizard under what circumstances I first saw him."

She folded and addressed the letter.

But having relieved her mind in some degree by this, she asked herself whether it would not be kinder to all parties to try and save Zoe without an exposure. Probably Severne benefited by his grace and his disarming qualities; for her ultimate resolution was to give him a chance, offer him an alternative: he must either quietly retire, or be openly exposed.

So then she put the letter in her desk, made out her visit, of which no further particulars can be given at present, returned home, and walked down to the Court next morning to have it out with Edward Severne.

But, unfortunately, from the very day she offered him terms up at Hillstoke, the tide began to run in Severne's favor with great rapidity.

A letter came from the detective. Severne received it at breakfast, and laid it before Zoe, which had a favorable effect on her mind to begin.

Poikilus reported that the money was in good hands. He had seen the lady. She made no secret of the thing—the sum was £4900, and she said half belonged to her and half to a gentleman. She did not know him, but her agent, Ashmead, did. Poikilus added that he had asked her would she honor that gentleman's draft? She had replied she should be afraid to do that; but Mr. Ashmead should hand it to him on demand. Poikilus summed up that the lady was evidently respectable, and the whole thing square.

Severne posted this letter to his cousin, under cover, to show him he was really going to clear his estate, but begged him to return it immediately and lend him £50. The accommodating cousin sent him £50, to aid him in wooing his heiress. He bought her a hoop ring, apologized for its small value, and expressed his regret that all he could offer her was on as small a scale, except his love.

She blushed, and smiled on him, like heaven opening. "Small and great, I take them," said she; and her lovely head rested on his shoulder.

They were engaged.

From that hour he could command a *tête-à-tête* with her whenever he chose, and his infernal passion began to suggest all manner of wild, wicked, and unreasonable hopes.

Meantime there was no stopping. He soon found he must speak seriously to Vizard. He went into his study and began to open the subject. Vizard stopped him. "Fetch the other culprit," said he; and when Zoe came, blushing, he said, "Now I am going to make shorter work of this than you have done. Zoe has ten thousand pounds. What have you got?"

"Only a small estate, worth eight thousand pounds, that I hope to clear of all incumbrances, if I can get my money."

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"Fond of each other? Well, don't strike me dead with your eyes. I have watched you, and I own a prettier pair of turtle-doves I never saw. Well, you have got love and I have got money. I'll take care of you both. But you must live with me. I promise never to marry."

This brought Zoe round his neck, with tears and kisses of pure affection. He returned them and parted her hair paternally.

"This is a beautiful world, isn't it?" said he, with more tenderness than cynicism this time.

"Ah, that it is!" cried Zoe, earnestly. "But I can't have you say you will never be as happy as I am. There are true hearts in this heavenly world; for I have found one."

"I have not, and don't mean to try again. I am going in for the paternal now. You two are my children. I have a talisman to keep me from marrying. I'll show it you." He drew a photograph from his drawer, set round with gold and pearls. He showed it them suddenly. They both started. A fine photograph of Ina Klosking. She was dressed as plainly as at the gambling table, but without a bonnet, and only one rose in her hair. Her noble forehead was shown, and her face, a model of intelligence, womanliness, and serene dignity.

He gazed at it, and they at him and it.

He kissed it. "Here is my Fate," said he. "Now mark the ingenuity of a parent. I keep out of my Fate's way. But I use her to keep off any other little Fates that may be about. No other humbug can ever catch me while I have such a noble humbug as this to contemplate. Ah! and here she is as Siebel. What a goddess! Just look at her! Adorable! There, this shall stand upon my table, and the other shall be hung in my bedroom. Then, my dear Zoe, you will be safe from a step-mother. For I am your father now. Please understand that."

This brought poor Zoe round his neck again with such an effusion that at last he handed her to Severne, and he led her from the room, quite overcome, and to avoid all conversation about what had just passed, gave her over to Fanny, while he retired to compose himself.

By dinner-time he was as happy as a prince again, and relieved of all compunction.

He heard afterward from Fanny that Zoe and she had discussed the incident and Vizard's infatuation, Fanny being especially wroth at Vizard's abuse of pearls; but she told him she had advised Zoe not to mention that lady's name, but let her die out.

And, in point of fact, Zoe did avoid the subject.

There came an eventful day. Vizard got a letter, at breakfast, from his bankers, that made him stare, and then knit his brows. It was about Edward Severne's acceptances. He said nothing, but ordered his horse and rode into Taddington.

The day was keen but sunny, and, seeing him afoot so early, Zoe said she should like a drive before luncheon. She would show Severne and Fanny some ruins on Pagnell Hill. They could leave the trap at the village inn and walk up the hill. Fanny begged off, and Severne was very glad. The prospect of a long walk up a hill with Zoe, and then a day spent in utter seclusion with her, fired his imagination and made his heart beat. Here was one of the opportunities he had long sighed for of making passionate love to innocence and inexperience.

Zoe herself was eager for the drive, and came down, followed by Rosa with some wraps, and waited in the morning-room for the dog-cart. It was behind time for once, because the careful coachman had insisted on the axle being oiled. At last the sound of wheels was heard. A carriage drew up at the door.

"Tell Mr. Severne," said Zoe. "He is in the dining-room, I think."

But it was not the dog-cart.

A vigilant footman came hastily out and opened the hall door. A lady was on the steps, and spoke to him, but, in speaking, she caught sight of Zoe in the hall. She instantly slipped past the man and stood within the great door.

"Miss Vizard?" said she.

Zoe took a step toward her and said, with astonishment, "Mademoiselle Klosking!"

The ladies looked at each other, and Zoe saw something strange was coming, for the Klosking was very pale, yet firm, and fixed her eyes upon her as if there was nothing else in sight.

"You have a visitor—Mr. Severne?"

"Yes," said Zoe, drawing up.

"Can I speak with him?"

"He will answer for himself. EDWARD!"

At her call Severne came out hastily behind Ina Klosking.

She turned, and they faced each other.

"Ah!" she cried; and in spite of all, there was more of joy than any other passion in the exclamation.

Not so he. He uttered a scream of dismay, and staggered, white as a ghost, but still glared at Ina Klosking.

Zoe's voice fell on him like a clap of thunder: "What!—Edward!—Mr. Severne!—Has this lady still any right—"

"No, none whatever!" he cried; "it is all past and gone."

"What is past?" said Ina Klosking, grandly. "Are you out of your senses?"

Then she was close to him in a moment, by one grand movement, and took him by

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both lapels of his coat, and held him firmly. "Speak before this lady," she cried. "Have —I—no—rights—over you?" and her voice was majestic, and her Danish eyes gleamed lightning.

The wretch's knees gave way a moment, and he shook in her hands. Then, suddenly, he turned wild. "Fiend! you have ruined me!" he yelled; and then, with his natural strength, which was great, and the superhuman power of mad excitement, he whirled her right round and flung her from him, and dashed out of the door, uttering cries of rage and despair.

The unfortunate lady, thus taken by surprise, fell heavily, and, by cruel ill luck, struck her temple, in falling, against the sharp corner of a marble table. It gashed her forehead fearfully, and she lay senseless, with the blood spurting in jets from her white temple.

Zoe screamed violently, and the hall and the hall staircase seemed to fill by magic.

In the terror and confusion, Harrington Vizard strode into the hall, from Taddington. "What is the matter?" he cried. "A woman killed?"

Some one cried out she had fallen.

"Water, fools—a sponge—don't stand gaping!" and he flung himself on his knees, and raised the woman's head from the floor. One eager look into her white face—one wild cry—"Great God! it is—" He had recognized her.

ESTRANGED.

SOME day she will come back, my poor lost Dove—
My Dove with the warm breast and eager eyes!
How did it fail toward her, my passionate love?
Where was the flaw? since flawed it must have been,
Or surely she had staid with me, my Queen.
Her heart was full of inarticulate cries
Which my heart failed to catch; and yet she strove
To cleave to me. Ah, how she must have striven,
Praying, perchance, ofttimes for strength from Heaven!
But no strength came: and so, one fatal day,
Despairing of all help, she went away.

And there her half-completed portrait stands—
The fresh young face, and gray eyes brimmed with light.
I painted her with flowers in her hands,
Because she always seemed so bright and good.
I never thought the studio's solitude
Would hurt her, anyway. I thought the sight
Of painted forms and unfamiliar lands
Would be enough for her. She was too mild,
Too patient with my painter's life. Poor child!
Had she complained at all, by look or tone,
Had she but said, "I seem too much alone;

"I grow half fearful of these painted eyes
That never change, but, full of sad reproof,
Haunt me and watch me; and these Southern skies
Reflected in deep streams; and that dark boat
From which a girl with bare sweet breast and throat
Droops willow-like, and dreams of life and love;
And that youth's dying face, which never dies;
And then, again, that picture of Christ there,
Christ fallen in an agony of prayer,
And His disciples near him, stern and dumb,
Like men who know the fated hour is come:"

Had she said thus, and added, "Take me, dear,
Outside of these sad faces; let me stand

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Once more within life's shallows, and there hear
Light laughter of the surf upon the beach,
For here the very sea is without speech,
So still it is, and far away from land:
I want life's little joys; this atmosphere
Oppresses me; I can not breathe in it;
The light that lights your life leaves mine unlit"—
I should have answered tenderly, and sought
To carry out in all her slightest thought.

She knew I loved her, through those winter days:
Did it not comfort her at all, my love?
It was such joy to look upon her face,
I sat for hours, content to be quite still,
Feeling her warm bright beauty fill
My soul and brain; fearful lest she should move,
And speak, or go; but when she met my gaze
I turned away, as if I had done wrong
In looking on her loveliness so long.
I rarely kissed her, rarely took her hand;
And now, I think, she did not understand.

Perchance she thought my love was passionless,
Wanted what I withheld yet longed to give;
She did not know my silence a caress—
All passion was by reverence controlled—
And so she deemed my ways of love were cold.
Ah me! the lonely life she had to live!
And I knew nothing of its loneliness.
Hers was a nature quick to give and take,
A nature to be broken and to break;
She loved confiding valleys, sun-kissed rills,
But saddened at the solemn peace of hills.

All things had been so different had I known
Her nature then as now; and yet, and yet,
If she came in, as I sit here alone,
The April twilight failing through the room,
And all the pictures lapsing into gloom—
Came in, knelt down, and prayed me to forget,
Forgive her, and reclaim her for my own,
I should be glad, and draw her to my heart,
And kiss the rising tears away, and part
The sweet hair back, and fold her to my side,
Yet leave, perchance, the want unsatisfied.

But here she comes not. I must wait and bear;
Live on, and serve my art as best I may.
If I can catch the color of her hair
And the neck's poise, and set beneath her name,
Shall not her loveliness have deathless fame?
Now lights shine out along the London square.
O dreary place! where no joy comes at all.
There! I must turn the easel to the wall!
I can not bear her face as yet—O Love!
O, wounded of my hands! my wounded Dove!

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LOVE'S VOYAGE.



As once I sat upon the shore,
There came to me a fairy boat—
A bark I never saw before,
Whose coming I had failed to note,
So wrapped was I in books whose rules I learned by rote.

The stern was fashioned like a heart,
The curving sides like Cupid's bow,
And from the mast, straight as a dart,
And winged above and barbed below,
A pennon like an airy stream of blood did flow.

Upon the prow, on either side,
Was carved a snowy Paphian dove;
Between, reflected in the tide,
An arching swan's neck rose above
The deck, o'erspread with broidered tapestries of Love.

Against the mast the idle sail
Flapped like a lace-edged valentine;
It seemed a canvas all too frail,
Should winds arouse the sleeping brine.
"Behold," I said, "a toy for sport in weather fine."

And so I stepped, in idle mood,
Aboard the bark—when suddenly
A breeze sprang up, and while I stood
Uncertain, thinking I was free
To make retreat, the vessel bore me out to sea.

Silent and swift, away from land
It cut the waves. No pilot steered,
No voice of captain gave command;
Yet to and fro it tacked and veered.
All day it flew. At eve a distant land appeared.

An island in the restless seas,
With rosy cliffs, and gold and green
Of dappled fields, and tropic trees
With trailing vines and flowers between,
Across the purple waves through amber skies was seen.

And music floating from afar
I heard, of voice and instrument,
As the sun sank, and star by star
Throbbed in the living firmament;
And all kind Fates seemed pledged to cheer me as I went.

Till in a deep and shadowy bay
The little argosy, self-furled,
Self-anchored, in the silence lay,
And landed me upon a world
By other stars and moons endiamonded, impearled.

A region to my student's nooks
Unknown, where first I learned to see
That love is never conned from books,
Nor passion taught by fantasy,
But in the living, loving heart alone can be.

For on that shore a maiden stood,
Who smiled with coy and bashful glance;
And when I pressed her hand and wooed,
Turned not her truthful eyes askance,
And proved my voyage was no idle sport of chance.

Ah, from this island if I veer
Into the seas of worldly strife,
Give me the boat that brought me here,
Where now the tried and faithful wife
Year after year renews the lover's lease of life!

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A SUMMER CRUISE AMONG THE ATLANTIC ISLANDS.

I.—THE AZORES.

THE student of geography, at his first glance at the map of the world, can not fail to observe the marked difference in physical aspect of the two great bodies of water which separate the continents. While the larger ocean is every where thickly studded with islands, the Atlantic is a broad, almost unbroken expanse of water. Five small widely distant rocks are scattered over that portion south of the equator; and, excluding the West Indies, which lie clustered by themselves far to the westward, within an indentation of the continental line, only the Bermudas, near our own coast, four extensive groups and two islets, in the eastern third beyond the half million square miles of floating weed of the Sargaçao or Sargasso Sea, comprise all the islands of the North Atlantic.

These groups, the Azores, Madeiras, Canaries, and Cape Verds, and the little Salvages, are comparatively near each other, and are regarded by geologists as the exposed summits of submerged mountain ranges, continuous with the highlands of the continent of Africa. These islands are compensated for their isolation by climates that have made them "isles of the blest." On the neighboring continent are only barren rocks and burning sands, scorching winds and searing skies: the islands are clothed with perpetual verdure, the air fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and the eye every where delighted with forms of beauty. The influences of the Gulf Stream and of the trade-winds, of the surrounding waste of waters and the unbroken belt of adjacent land, have produced these results, and established conditions which, in this latitude probably better than in any other, have made their climates the most delightful and salubrious on earth. In recent years they have become the resort of wealthy invalids, who here breathe an air so balmy and invigorating that their burden of pain has been greatly lightened, and their feeble lives many years prolonged.

The Azores (*As Ilhas Açores* of the Portuguese), Western Islands, Flamingos, or Flemish Islands, lie between the thirty-sixth and fortieth parallels of north latitude and the twenty-fifth and thirty-first meridians of longitude west from Greenwich. They are nine in number, and are arranged in three groups, Flores, the westernmost, and Corvo, the most northern, forming one; one hundred and fourteen miles southeast of which is the central, consisting of Fayal, Pico, Sao Jorge, Graciosa, and Terceira; and seventy miles farther to the southward and eastward are Sao Miguel and Santa Maria, the third. In 1431 Joshua Vanderberg, a Flemish merchant, on a voyage to Lisbon, was driven by stress of weather to their coasts, and communicating his discovery on his arrival at Lisbon, the Portuguese government, then entering on that wonderful career of adventure which carried its flag, ere the close of the century, to the other hemisphere, fitted out an expedition, which the same year discovered the rocky islets called Formigas (ants), twenty miles from Santa Maria, which was visited a few months later.

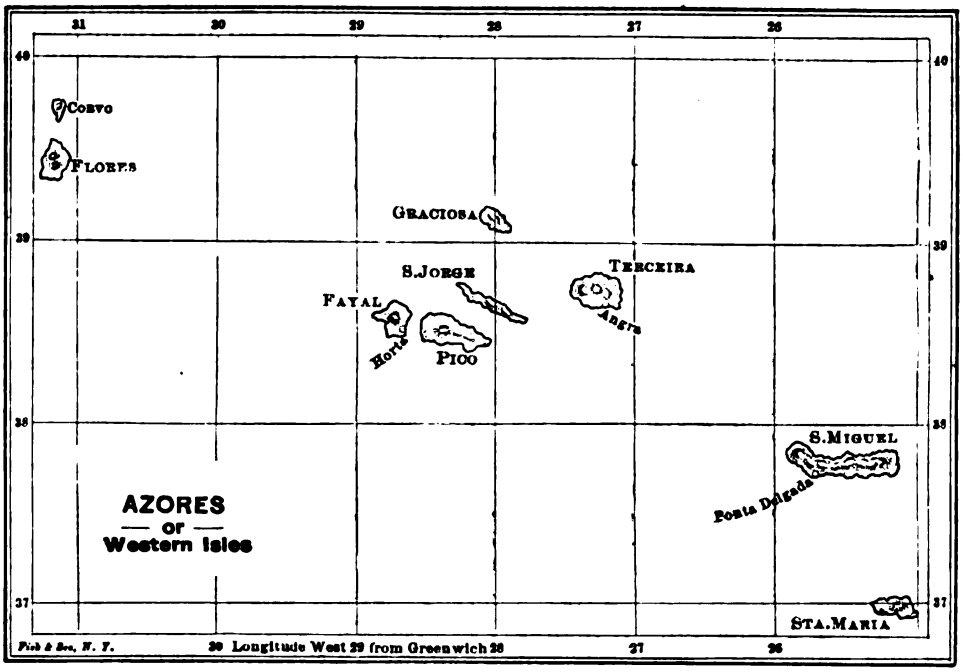
Flores, standing as an outpost on the great ocean, serves to satisfy many a wanderer on the trackless highway how far his chronometer or his arithmetic may have led him astray, and enables him to make a fresh start for the balance of his voyage. Though so pretty in appearance as to merit its floral appellation, and possessing some interesting sulphur springs—relics of the great volcanic drama in which, with its sisters, it once took part—it is seldom visited save by some American whaling captain, who pulls into its little open harbor to purchase supplies he can get more cheaply here than elsewhere. Its six by three mile neighbor, Corvo, through lack of other interest, has a legend that, when it was first visited, an equestrian statue in marble was found on its summit, the hand of the rider pointing to the westward, whence the island was called Ilha do Marco, since it seemed to direct the navigator to that great western world as yet undreamed of save by such adventurous spirits as Cristobal Colon.

Under favorable circumstances the run from Boston to Fayal, 2000 miles, occupies from ten days to a fortnight, and for many years regular communication between the two places has been maintained by a packet, poetically termed by the islanders "Dabney's Bridge." Though not the most extensive, nor the most populous, nor the most productive of the group, Fayal possesses greater interest for Americans than any of the others. It is the central rendezvous of the large fleet of American whalers which fish in these waters, and is the seat of our consulate, which has been for three generations vested in a family whose talents, virtues, and enterprise have so highly graced the position they have filled, and whose genuine devotion to republican institutions has demonstrated that such consulships do not inevitably tend to the denationalization of their incumbents.

Fayal (the name is a derivative from *faya*, beech-tree) is nearly round in shape, its diameter averaging from twelve to fifteen miles. The population of the island falls short of thirty thousand people, of whom perhaps one-third reside within Horta, the capital, while the remainder are scattered in rudely constructed huts, in isolated estan-

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cias, and among nine or ten other villages, of which Flamingos, a mile or so inland from Horta, is the most attractive. Flamingo is Portuguese for Fleming, and used here denotes what is better seen so frequently in the blue-eyed, fair-haired, round-faced islanders, its early settlement by colonists from Flanders, who have not only left their Saxon imprint upon the features of their descendants, but have as well tinctured their



welcomed, while behind the rough Venetian blinds peer out on a summer evening more pretty faces than are ordinarily the portion of a city of less than ten thousand inhabitants. Nor are their eyes and thick tresses the only charms of the fair Hortenses. They have made the most of their limited educational opportunities, and few young ladies speak less than two foreign languages with fluency. A little island place can scarcely

minds with that love of liberty that makes them remarkable among the subjects of Portugal for their sturdy resistance to those oppressive burdens by which decaying monarchies seek to sustain themselves. The very women of Fayal revolted, not many years ago, at a fresh exhibition of tyranny, when the Portuguese government increased the already onerous taxes, and swore their husbands should not pay them. Snatching the king's proclamation from the hands of the Governor, they tore it up before his face. The soldiers were called out, but gallantly discharged their muskets in the air, hoping to intimidate the enraged matrons, but were astonished to find themselves quickly disarmed and thrashed.

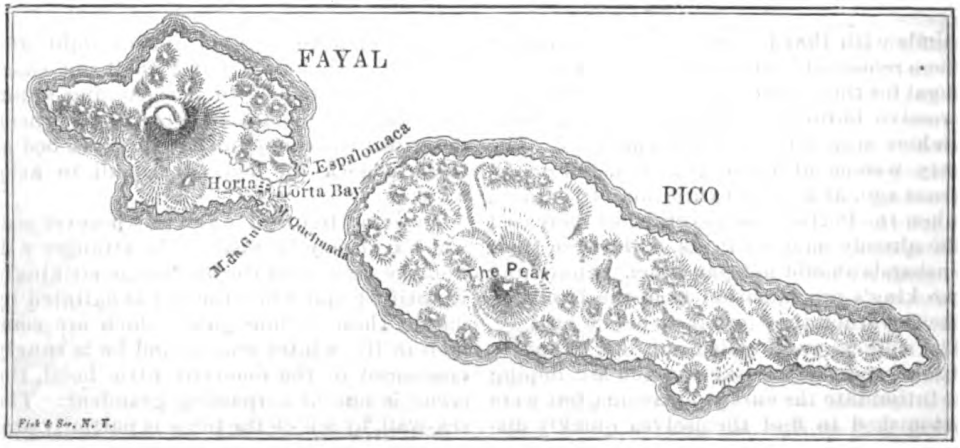
Horta is a neat little city, its modest arrangement of blocks of quiet houses drawn out to the southward in one narrow street of interminable length, wherein centres all the business. The houses are small, of plain stone, with tiled roofs and unornamental cornice, and lintels lavish with green and yellow paint. Huge, clumsy, iron-bound doors admit to many a cheerful family circle, where strangers are always hospitably

be expected to be ablaze with light and echoing with bustle, but I shall not share the odium attached to that visiting stranger who, writing of his sojourn among them, described the community as going to bed at eight o'clock for lack of stimuli to keep awake.

However frequently and at whatever season Fayal may be visited, the stranger will find the view from the anchorage strikingly beautiful; and when the bay is agitated by one of those furious gales which are common in the winter season, and he is snugly ensconced in the domestic little hotel, the scene is one of surpassing grandeur. The sea-wall, by which the town is partially protected from the fury of the ocean, is sometimes demolished by the waves, and vessels remaining in port are driven to pieces on the beach. Her fretful mood over, nature smiles nowhere more sweetly than here. The clean little houses of the town border the bay, and are scattered irregularly among thick and varied foliage over the hills, which rise toward the centre of the island, where they generally lose themselves in the clouds. On the one hand the view is bounded by

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the almost perpendicular face of Cape Espalomaca, far adown which sure-footed women clamber, hunting herbs or gathering fuel, at the risk of falling a hundred feet upon the rocks beneath. To the southward are the bold outlines of Monte da Guia, whose excavated summit, hedged into little cultivated plats by tall canes, looks like a pretty piece of patchwork, and the blackened sides of Monte Queimada (burnt mountain), only a huger cinder than those which in the streets and on the roads and hill-sides remind us of the vicinity to one of the great furnaces wherein nature prepares the solid metal cladding for this world of ours. That those fires are not extinct was evident to all the dwellers on the island in the fall of 1862, when the daily frequency of violent earthquakes, and philosophic calculations that the centre of action was directly beneath the capital, made them feel as though they were living on a surface of slag, which might crack at any moment and drop them into the fused mass below. To avoid the minor danger of falling walls and roofs, those who could do so moved into tents, where they slept secure from destruction, at least from above, while the lower orders followed the numerous religious processions which escorted from place to place tinsel-decked and barbarously carved wooden saints and Madonnas, whose intercession was frantically implored to stay the calamity which had so often desolated the other islands of the group. The calamity was stayed, and the poor simple souls religiously accorded the praise and thanksgiving, if not to the red-



cheeked marionettes, at least to the mysterious power which they can not disassociate from his or her wooden representative. These street displays are very numerous here, and supply the place of other public parades. They are reverently witnessed by all except the performers, who, from the frequency with which they have seen

> "The temple and its holy rites profaned
> By mummeries,"

like the choir boys and sacristans of the church, lose all veneration for even the holiest of holies.

The chief natural attraction of Fayal is its Caldeira, which, signifying caldron or pot, is not inappropriately applied to the great crater of the extinct volcano which this island once constituted. There are many larger and more wonderful craters in the world, but none more beautiful than this. It is five miles in circumference, almost circular, and its sides, which from the ages of its silence are thickly covered with herbage, slope steeply and symmetrically 1700 feet to the bottom, where there is a beautiful little lake surrounding a small conical hill whose hollow summit is the orifice proper of the subterranean fires.

Horta is not only the sea-port of Fayal, but of the opposite island of Pico, which derives its name from its lofty peak, the rival in beauty, though not in altitude, of the Peak of Tenerife. Pico's mountain towers 7613 feet toward the skies, rising gradually and symmetrically from the water until it loses itself as a mere point. Numbers of hillocks about its base and sides indicate the site of former eruptions. It is covered with snow for a considerable distance during the winter season, but loses all but a patch or two as the summer approaches. Though no longer eruptive, a cloud of condensed steam or smoke may always be seen floating off from its summit. The peak is the most striking feature in this part of the Atlantic, and in clear weather may be seen many miles. It is the great barometer of Fayal, the character of the cloud caps obscuring its summit infallibly presaging fair or foul weather, and the force, direction, and duration of gales are so surely predicted by residents that vessels in port are warned when it is unsafe to remain at anchor. The island of Pico is twice the area of Fayal, more largely peopled, and is the source of most of the Western Island wine, which still finds a way into the market as

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Pico Madeira or simply Pico. The blight that twenty years ago swept over the south of Spain and the Madeiras and Canaries, also visited the Azores, and almost paralyzed the wine trade. A Pico vineyard has none of the features it might be supposed to possess. The vines are not trailed over arbors nor twined around poles, but the ground is subdivided into little plots separated by low walls made of masses of black lava loosely heaped up, over which the vines are allowed to creep. Seen at a distance, before the leaves are thick, the walls appear so close together that the intervening land is hidden, and nothing can be distinguished but a field of blackened stones, through which a feeble-looking leaf occasionally shows itself. Since the decline of the wine trade, oranges have been the principal production for exportation. Large quantities of oil are brought here by our whaling fleet for shipment to the United States, as many as one hundred and seventy vessels having anchored in the course of a year in the roadstead of Horta for this purpose. When Semmes was at the height of his piratical fame, this was the chosen scene of his depredations; and the embarrassment he experienced in coaling his vessel, through the influence of our consul, made the latter an especial object of his vindictiveness.

The American whale-fishery has employed a large proportion of the natives of these islands, who have found their way to the United States, where they have subsequently removed their families. At New Bedford they are in sufficient numbers to have given their settlement the name of New Fayal. Every packet comes full of emigrants—thrifty, industrious, abstemious people—with whom the Portuguese government so dislikes to part that it throws every obstacle in the way of their leaving. I was told of an instance where a worthy family were occasioned great distress by the refusal of the authorities to allow the departure of an infant, for whom its parents had neglected to procure a passport (perhaps it had not then seen the light), on the ground that the complement of passengers allowed the vessel was not to be exceeded even by a little suckling. The number of absentees is indicated, in a measure, by the heavy mail brought by the packets from America.



HOSPITAL OF VILLA FRANCA DO CAMPO.

The domestic industry of the Fayalenses finds employment in basket-making, the manufacture of lace-wear from the fibre of the aloe leaf, and fine needle-work. The wages of seamstresses being only from four to fifteen cents a day, sewing-machines could not compete with them, particularly when the excellence of the work is taken into account. Labor of all kinds is poorly paid, house-servants receiving less by the month than they exact per week in our own country. An annual income of one hundred and

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fifty dollars is sufficient to support a Portuguese family and enable them to keep two servants.

The long lean island of Sao Jorge (St. George), thirty miles long by five wide, separated from Pico by a narrow strait, is uninteresting save for the evidences of the quite recent eruption of 1808, which lasted six days, and furnished a spectacle of appalling sublimity to the inhabitants of the other islands, who, feeling secure that their own homes were in no danger while the volcanic fires had this outlet, gazed on it with mingled feelings of gratitude for their own safety and admiration of its grandeur.

Graciosa, notwithstanding its appellation of pretty, has no particular attraction for the tourist. It is somewhat more level than others of the group, but its isolated condition condemns it, like Corvo and Flores, to undisturbed solitude.

Terceira, the remaining island of the central subdivision of the group, is so named because it was the third discovered by Portuguese navigators, having been visited in 1450, and bestowed by that great patron and instigator of early navigation, the Infante Dom Henriques, third son of the bastard King Joao I., on Jacomo de Bruges. Somewhat larger than Fayal (twenty by thirty miles), it resembles it in many respects, its rocky promontory of Monte Brazil, joined to the main-land by a narrow sandy isthmus, being the analogue of Monte da Guia, and, like the latter, assisting to form the principal anchorage of the island. Angra, situated on the southern coast, is a much larger city than Horta, having a population of over ten thousand—about one-fourth of all the inhabitants of the island. It is the finest of all the Atlantic insular cities, being well built, regularly laid out with wide paved streets, and, what is uncommon in Portuguese and Spanish towns, has sidewalks wide enough for two abreast. Its landing is excellent, and its market-place beautiful enough for a private garden. The roads leading into the country are lined with comfortable estancias, resorted to when the summer heat is unbearable in the city. Here, as elsewhere, suppressed convents furnish accommodations for the municipal chambers, prisons, schools, and hospitals.

The little Santa Maria, in the southeastern group, will only interest geologists, since it is asserted not to be, like the rest of the Azores, of volcanic origin. Some consider it the remains of a great submerged island, though the beds of marine shells on its surface indicate its elevation from the sea. Its little neighbors, the Formigas, where broken water was first seen by Cabral in 1431, are regarded as the exposed summit of a submarine crater.

Sao Miguel (St. Michael) was not discovered until thirteen years after Santa Maria, though almost within sight of it. It is the largest of the Azores, being fifty miles long, and averaging from five to twelve in breadth, and is in many respects the finest island of the group, though its proximity to the probable centre of submarine action makes it rather an uncertain place of residence. Its surface and neighborhood have been unquiet ever since it has been known. When Cabral first landed upon it, in 1444, he discovered a beautiful grassy plain, covered with trees and luxuriant foliage. A year later he returned to find a mountain rearing its head on the site of his projected settlement, and carrying with it trees and plain nearly two thousand feet into the air. The mountain, called Lagao das Sete Cidades (the place of the seven cities), in allusion to those contemplated, still remains, and constitutes the largest of the three great craters of the island. Small vents and solfataras are innumerable, dotting the superficies of the island with warty hillocks. The surface of this crater of the seven cities, which has an extent of three and a half miles in one direction by two in the other, is occupied by two large lakes, named, from their difference of color, Lago Azul and Lago Verde, fourteen fathoms deep, and abundantly supplied with fish. The other craters likewise have lakelets filling their brims, that of the Agua das Furnas being situated in a region of great interest. The Furnas (furnaces) hot sulphur springs have a local repute for their efficiency in relieving chronic rheumatic complaints, and there is no doubt that many invalids of this class have been permanently benefited. Though they deservedly occupy an exalted rank among famous sulphur springs, there has been little attempt to prepare accommodations for visitors. Residents of the island and the few strangers who have heard of their fame are in sufficient numbers to occupy uncomfortably every apartment to be had. The healthy visitor will be well rewarded for his ride of twenty-eight miles hither, the entire locality being peculiarly interesting. Amidst the wildest scenery, intensely cold and boiling waters issue side by side from the earth, and mingle their tides, sulphurous vapors float continually from the mouths of the hot wells, and the not inaptly termed Boca d'Inferno (mouth of hell), or mud crater, tosses its semi-solid contents, which seldom overflow, about a circle of forty-five feet diameter.

Besides these unceasing evidences of igneous activity in the realms below, Sao Miguel has in modern times been the theatre of volcanic manifestations on a much greater scale. The elevation of the Sete Cidades in 1444 was succeeded by an earthquake in 1522, which destroyed the city of Villa Franca do Campo, on the northern coast, and

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again in 1591, by one of twelve days' duration, which a second time leveled the unfortunate city. In 1638, and again in 1711, submarine volcanoes disturbed the waters between this island and Terceira; and in 1811 a new island appeared off its western coast, which, though but half a league from the shore, was landed upon, named Sabrina, and taken possession of (in utter contempt of international law or usage), in the name of British majesty, by the commander of an English ship of war. Old Neptune, however, asserted his prior claim, and ere many weeks Sabrina disappeared beneath the waters whence it came, carrying with it the emblem of usurpation.

Sao Miguel is the most populous island of the nine, and its capital, Ponta Delgada, seventy-five miles from Angra, is, in importance and population (estimated as high as fifty thousand), the third city within the Portuguese dominions, but, with all the other sea-ports, suffering the disadvantage of an insecure harbor, which has been partially overcome by the construction of extensive moles of masonry. Once famous for its vineyards and olive groves, and still for its oranges, it annually attracts a large fleet of fruiterers, which are always anchored with a spring on their cables, that they may slip their moorings and escape to sea. "A pretty sight," said a fair Miguelian, "to see thirty or forty vessels hastily making sail" when the falling barometer and darkening horizon warn them of approaching danger; though had she been one of the unfortunate crews, admiration of its beauty would have been the last sentiment occasioned by the manœuvre. Despite every precaution, many vessels are wrecked on the rocky shore, and a sad story is told of a captain's wife, who, safe herself, had to be the witness of the sacrifice of her husband's ship and life.

Ponta Delgada presents the usual features of Portuguese cities, and its inhabitants the characteristic traits of the islands. There are quiet, cobble-paved streets, widening at places, where noisy groups chatter around the public fountains; narrow sidewalks, or oftener none at all; clean whitewashed houses, with dark stone lintels and wretched wood-work; numbers of old churches and monasteries; and little stores, with rude signs, showing where the humble wants of the people, *vinho-pao* (wine-bread), may be obtained. The women have their own fashion of capote, and the men wear a havelock-like cape hanging down from their peculiar head-covering. The wealthier classes live in great style, and have surrounded their princely residences with magnificent gardens of great extent. That of Senhor Joao do Canto contained at the time of my visit about four thousand exotics, and boasted of two hundred and fifty varieties of magnolia; the Vizconde de Praya had accumulated nearly a hundred varieties of camellia; and Prince Napoleon remarked of the garden of Botelho, the property of the Barao de Fontebello, that he had seen many larger, but none more handsome. The fertile soil of St. Michael rests upon streams of scoriaceous lava, which have cooled on their exterior, while the central mass has flowed out and left large caverns, one of which, within the city limits, may be explored for more than a mile through wide and lofty chambers and tortuous passages, with arched roofs and channeled floors, from which spring walls and columns which look as though they had been shaped by hand.

The Azores collectively form a province of the Portuguese kingdom, subdivided, according to geographical location, into three districts, Occidental, Central, and Oriental, these again into comarcas, and finally into ecclesiastical parishes.

They comprise an area of over two thousand square miles of *terra firma*, and include a population of about three hundred thousand people, who are represented in the Chamber of Deputies, where they are distinguished for their liberal and progressive views. They are oppressed by heavy burdens of taxation, which benefit themselves but little, but are chiefly swallowed up in the support of royalty and its attendants. With few educational opportunities, they present an unusual proportion of intelligent members. Newspapers are published in all the principal towns, but the information they convey of the progress of events in the great world is very meagre.

The climate of the Azores, however delightful—and few visitors from our own country who experience it for the first time would ask for one more mild—still can not enter into competition as a home for invalids, excepting such special cases as may be benefited by the sulphur springs of St. Michael, with those more favored islands, Madeira and Tenerife. Their winters, in comparison with that season in the latter, are colder and less equable from their more northern latitude, and objectionably damp from their location within the current of the Gulf Stream, which is shown by the drifting of logwood from the West Indies on their shores, and they are all visited by violent gales, which render all communication with the shore impossible. The people are kind and hospitable, with as many virtues and as few vices as characterize humanity elsewhere. One feature in their social system, probably the result of their isolation, would certainly shock an American community, and seems incredible in a Roman Catholic country—the lamentable frequency of intermarriage within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. Aunts wed their nephews and uncles their nieces, sometimes designedly to preserve the integrity of family estates;

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at others, where the difference of age is slight, from the absence of other opportunities for marriage, the increased facilities for travel to busier fields having, as in many of the smaller New England towns, established a disproportionate drain of the masculine element. The practice, however, is not strictly limited to these islands, for a notable instance occurred in the Portuguese royal family, and the Miguelite revolution would have been averted had Dom Miguel consented to consummate the projected union with his brother's daughter, Maria da Gloria.

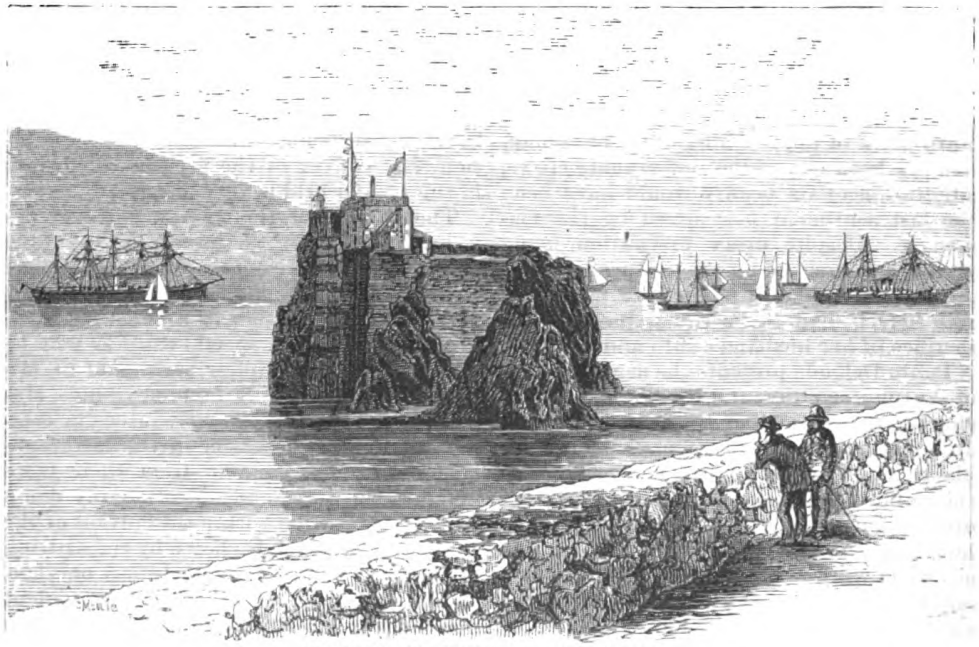
II.—THE MADEIRAS.

Less than five hundred miles separate the Azores from that other group of islands, the Madeiras, named from its principal member, that most lovely and best known of the Portuguese possessions. It comprises the islands of Porto Santo and Madeira, and three uninhabited islets, appropriately named Desertas.

Porto Santo enjoyed the priority of discovery, having been first visited by Bartolomeo Perestrello in 1418, six years after Dom Henriques, the Great Infante, inaugurated that bold search for the unknown which raised Portugal to the foremost rank of nations. Begun by pursuing the Moors, who had been routed from the Peninsula, into their own country, it was through the accidental drifting of an expedition from the west coast of Africa that these islands, which are only three hundred miles from Morocco, were discovered. The whole group was known by the Romans, and termed Insulæ Pupurariæ.

Porto Santo, though only eight by three miles in dimensions, is the home of six thousand people. Its little town of Villa Baleira is scarcely known by name; yet, notwithstanding its unimportance, it has its own historical boast that it was the home of Columbus, who here found his wife, and here dreamed of the undiscovered world to which it was to be his mission to show the way.

Porto Santo having been settled, Madeira, the sister island, thirty-five miles distant, could not long remain unknown. The great black cloud to be seen always hanging on the southwestern horizon, never changing in form or position, but altering in hue with the setting sun, had already attracted attention, and accordingly Joao Gonçalves Zarco and Tristao Vaz Teixeira, the following year, sailed for it, and had their eyes gladdened by the sight of lofty hills covered so luxuriantly with forest trees that they named the island Madeira (the island of wood). It has its tradition of an earlier discovery. All the many works that have been written descriptive of it narrate the story of Robert Machin and Anne d'Arfet, who, fleeing from the wrath of the lady's family to the shores of France in the year 1344, were driven by opposing winds to this lovely spot, where they lived and died, and in the little church of Machico, which has derived its name from the English lover, a portion of the cross is shown which indicated their graves on its rediscovery.



LOO ROCK AND FUNCHAL ROADS, MADEIRA.

Two years after its final settlement by the Portuguese, the vine was imported into Madeira from the island of Candia or Crete, and found so congenial a soil that its wine

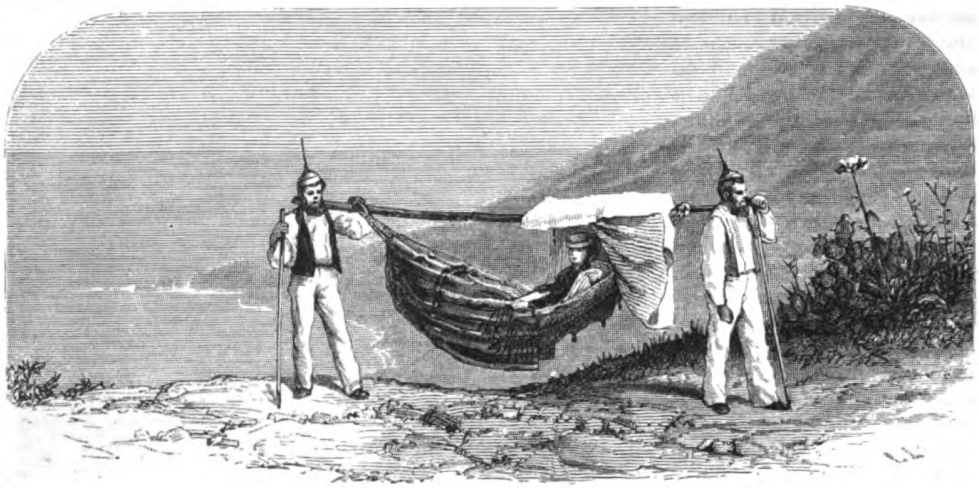
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became renowned as the most delicious beverage it has been granted man to taste. Madeira has been a household word in every language of Europe, but in 1860 there were only four hundred pipes remaining on the island; and though Madeira is still offered for sale in every city of the United States at reasonable rates, it is not difficult to imagine its source. The Madeira wine of commerce was itself a compound of the various productions of the island, known by special names as Bual, Sercial, etc., each possessing a distinctive character. At one time the production amounted to twenty-five thousand pipes a year, but in 1852 the same terrible disease which spread over the other Atlantic islands appeared among the vineyards, and destroyed its culture, taking from the island its fair name, ruining thousands of wretched people, and depriving man of a blessing; for since man will yield to the craving nature has implanted in him, and every where furnished him the means of gratifying, it is a blessing when he can drink of wine like this rather than some vile substitute. Fortunately the *oidium* appears to have been destroyed or to have disappeared, and new plants introduced from the United States and Europe are thriving, with every promise of restoring to the island its former celebrity among wine-producing countries. The mildew which attacked the vine has not impaired the fertility of the island in any other respect. Its lofty mountain-sides are covered with valuable timber. Pines are of extraordinarily quick growth. The *Juglans regia*—the fruit of which is termed by some the Persian and by others the English walnut, and better known as the Madeira nut—here attains its highest development. Spice trees flourish, the red pepper excelling in flavor the product of Cayenne. Oranges and other tropical fruits thrive without care, and strawberries ripen in February in the open air. The temperature varies from an average summer heat of 72° to a winter of 60°, giving an annual mean of 66°, which has made it the favorite resort of consumptive invalids from all parts of Europe. Whether it is the best in the world will appear when Tenerife is considered. It is enough to say at present that the humidity of the Madeira winter, due to a longer prevalence of rain, and the excessive discomfort occasioned at other times by the dry, noxious, and almost insufferable *l'este*, or east wind, which blows from the coast of Africa, where it is known as the *harmattan*, and equally dreaded, are not experienced on the Spanish island, but are, in a measure, compensated for by the greater comforts that are at the command of the wealthy invalid in Madeira. The island is easily reached in four or five days by steamers from England and Portugal. The English language is spoken as commonly as the vernacular, and private hotels are numerous, where extensive suits of apartments, excellent attendance, and the most delicate *cuisinerie* are obtainable. Hammock-bearers accustomed to the business tenderly carry the consumptive for daily exercise, and the number of these during the season when the island is most frequented is not a pleasant spectacle for the robust and healthy visitor. At every step are met slowly passing hammocks with their pale-faced burdens; but all the hammocks do not contain invalids. Some are stretched to their utmost by



WESTERN SUBURBS OF FUNCHAL.

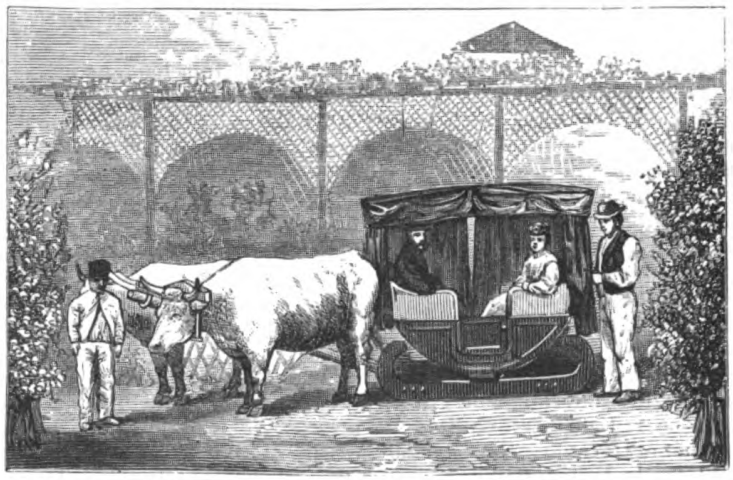
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HAMMOCK-RIDING IN MADEIRA.

the portly forms of residents of the island, who, particularly the ladies, find this a not uncomfortable, and in certain cases the only possible, means of progression.

Though the mountains of Madeira do not rise to any very great height, its loftiest elevation, Pico Ruivo, scarcely exceeding 6000 feet, the ascent begins near the sea-shore. Funchal, the capital, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, stands partly on a narrow level place facing a small roadstead on the southern coast, where it is compactly built. White handsome dwellings are scattered in more desirable sites over the rising hills, some adventurous foreigners living on their very summits. The houses of foreign residents possess all the conveniences taste and refinement can suggest; those of the natives generally are like Portuguese dwellings elsewhere, except that each has a little *torrinha*, or turret addition, serving as a look-out; they are scrupulously clean, and those on the road-side generally surrounded by gardens. The country people live in rude thatched huts. The streets are wide, without sidewalks, and, like the more frequented roads leading up the mountain-side, paved with small round cobble-stones. The great declivity of the streets in the very town is such that wheeled vehicles can not be used. Carriages are replaced by *carros*, or carts on runners, drawn by oxen. Sleds are usually associated with ice or snow, but here, where the thermometer seldom falls below 60°, and ice is only seen on the mountain-tops or dinner table, the tinkling bells and gliding runners of the buey cart are heard all day long. The bravest coaster down a New England hill-side performs an insignificant exploit beside the slide of 2000 feet over a road that bends in places at right angles, and is so steep that steps have to be cut in the sides to enable pedestrians to ascend. The descent is performed in a little sled of basket-work, with a seat wide enough for two or three, which is accompanied by a pair of



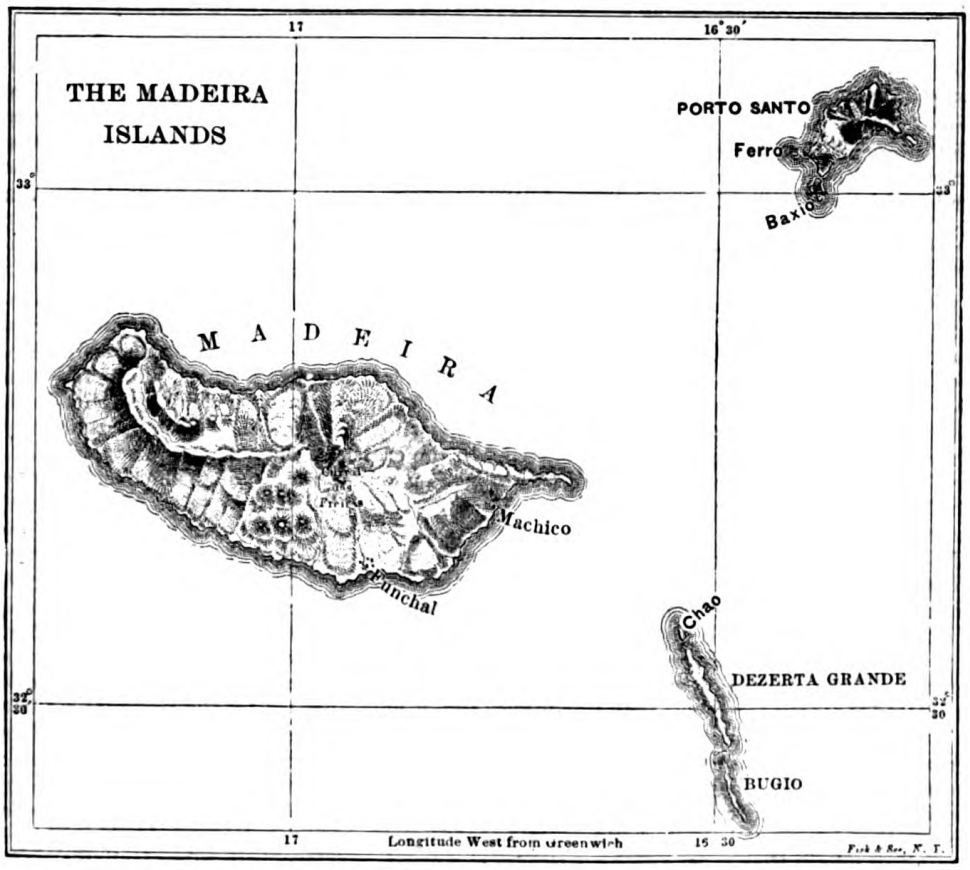
THE BUEY CART.

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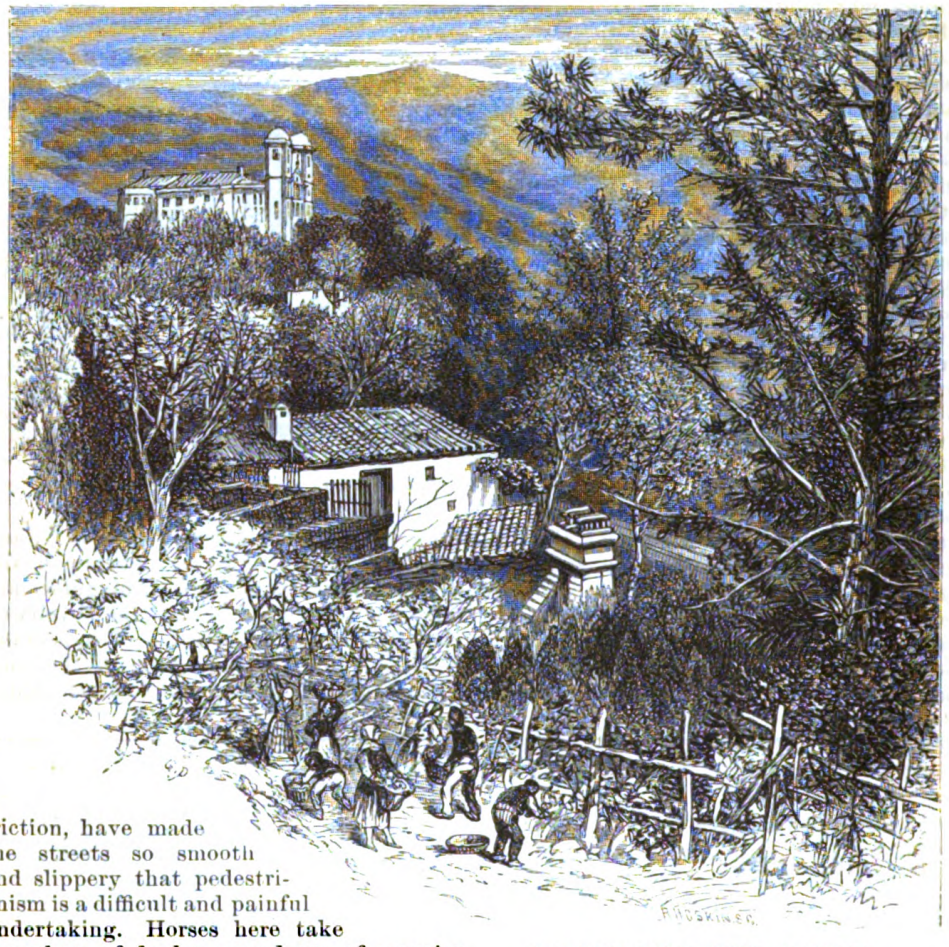
guides, who, holding check-strings attached to the forward end of the runner in their hands, follow on foot and restrain the velocity of the sled at the steepest parts of the road. The performance is not without danger to the rider in the event of the guides losing control, or to pedestrians who may be unable to avoid the swiftly descending sled; and children not infrequently purposely throw themselves in its course, even at the risk of injury, to excite compassion and loose the purse-strings of the affrighted stranger. The height which has been reached after an hour or more of toilsome ride on horseback, is thus descended in eight or ten minutes. At night it is full of excitement, the sled being preceded by a third guide carrying a blazing torch, which throws a lurid light in the faces of the party, and renders dimly visible the dangers of the road, while the loud cries of the guides announcing the coming vehicle, the novelty of the situation, and the sense of impending peril, add to the exhilaration of the ride. The use of sleds and ox-carts, and the habit of throwing greased or wetted cloths under the runners every few minutes to lessen the



THE MOUNTAIN SLED.



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CHURCH OF NOSSA SENHORA DO MONTE.

friction, have made the streets so smooth and slippery that pedestrianism is a difficult and painful undertaking. Horses here take the place of donkeys, and are of superior kind, and to be hired at cheap rates.

Every stranger in Madeira of course visits the Church of Nossa Senhora do Monte (Our Lady of the Mount), built on the summit of one of the hills overlooking the harbor, 2000 feet high, its black-bordered walls being visible far out at sea. Every parish in Spain and Portugal has its appropriate *festa*, when the altars of the church are gayly decorated, and the parishioners flock in their best attire to attend the services and indulge in recreation. The festival week of Our Lady of the Mount occurs in August, when the villagers from every quarter of the island congregate at the church in honor of the Virgin, camping out at night in the woods, much in the camp-meeting style of our own country. The plateau on which the church is erected is reached from the road by a flight of one hundred stone steps, and it is a favorite self-imposed penance for both men and women to ascend them on their knees, crawling in the same manner across the open space before the church and through the nave to the altar, where they offer a lighted candle in gratitude for their own or some dear one's recovery from serious illness, or in expiation of some mortal sin. The crowds are so great that sleds are not allowed to descend the roads, which are full of cleanly attired women and children. The peculiarity in the costume of the women is their fondness for large red and blue flannel capes, while the men delight in wearing a ridiculous little skull-cap, which adheres in some mysterious way to the crown of the head, and has a long appendage like a rat-tail. The festival day of St. Peter, the patron saint of the fisherman, is observed much more merrily by pleasure-sailing in the bay, which is covered with gayly decorated boats, illuminated at night, by tournaments and mimic bull-fights, and by dances and songs. The people are fond of music, and every night collect around the doors of their huts to listen to native love songs, accompanied by the national *machete*—a little guitar-shaped instrument of four strings, tuned in the minor key, and struck with a steel thumb-shield.

The bigotry and superstition of the people of Madeira are proportionate to their abject ignorance. The officers of an Italian squadron at one time in the harbor suggested Madeira as the most congenial refuge for his Holiness, when he should cease to find one in

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Rome. Notwithstanding the secularization of the ecclesiastical establishments throughout Portugal, the people are still governed by the priests. The confessor rules in every cottage, and his name is one of the ten or eleven bestowed on the new-born, sharing the distinction with the king, the saint on whose day the birth occurred and who is thenceforth the protector of the child, and the various relatives and friends whom the parents desire to compliment, the father, godfather, and both grandfathers never being omitted.

Since the failure of the vine the condition of the peasants has been one of extreme poverty. They are patient and industrious. Many of the men earn a scanty living by the manufacture of inlaid-work, etc., which has attained some celebrity abroad, and the women by needle-work and embroidery, which rival the French in fineness, beauty, and durability. They have been visited by famine, and cherish grateful recollections of the charitable contributions of food they received from the United States. Here, as in Fayal, our country for many years had the good fortune to be represented by a gentleman, Mr. March, whose personal worth, princely charities, and eminent patriotism endeared him to the whole island.

Madeira, from having been once the favorite rendezvous of our African squadron, and the source of the delicious beverage to which it has given name, is better known to Americans than any other island in the Atlantic. Several lines of steamers bring it prominently into European notice. Its harbor is a mere roadstead, sheltered only to the northward, and liable to the occurrence of furious gales. A singular fortified islet, named Loo Rock, faces the city and controls it. The gravelly beach shelves out to such a distance that it is customary to disembark into native surf-boats, which are hauled upon rollers far beyond the long ocean swell constantly setting in.

Besides comfortable hotel, boarding-house, and hospital accommodations for every class, more numerous than on any other of the islands, there are reading-rooms and promenades open to the sea, which beguile the hours of the invalid visitor. Seated under the lofty trees of the Praça Academica, watching the ceaseless roll of the ocean, breathing the balmy air of this charming climate, and soothed by a thousand other delightful influences, mind as well as body at rest, he accustoms himself to that self-denial so difficult amidst the bustle and turmoil surrounding and tempting him in his own northern home, and often forgetting that he is ill, he gains that cheerfulness and animation which sometimes prelude his complete recovery. Often the invalid comes hither so late that no restoration is possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT DOLLY.

DOLLY was a goose. Not a real bird, white and pompous, with red bill and self-sufficient eyes, but that kindly, silly, pleasant little creature that men call "a goose," in tones that soften as they utter the epithet.

She was very pretty; her great innocent light brown eyes had the wistful look of a spaniel's when any thing troubled her, but never any thing of that doggish and dumb sadness which makes a spaniel's eyes painful, for Dolly could speak. Her fluffy, wavy brown hair was always out of order, because no comb or pins could hold its bright willfulness down in proper shape. Either it floated on her shoulders in a half-curled, wandering mass that caught the sunshine in every wave and then lost it in rich darkness, only to rise on the next bright crest and glitter again; or, if she tried to knot it, it rose up in rebellion and made a halo about her graceful little head, curled about the shell-pink ears as if it loved them, wandered in stray tendrils over her round white throat, and misbehaved itself generally in the most bewitching and picturesque fashion. Dolly's hair was the despair of all the other girls, and while she admired with a certain sentiment of respect their smooth coils and classic braids, impossible to achieve in her own coiffure, they admired with envy the soft light puffs that rolled from her fingers and took their places in rank, with only the aid of one long hair-pin, all over the top of her head, and then hung in loose long curls from that pile of curving billows down to her shoulders behind.

"She looks just like a fashion plate," snapped Lucy Demars, whose heavy black tresses were made for braids of satin sheen, and refused forever to be rolled into fashionable style, or curled by any means known to mortal man—or woman.

"I'm sure she hasn't got a straight nose," whined "Lew"-cretia Black, as the village people called her—a being of evident dough, unbaked and unrisen, with coarse hair, reddest of all hair reds.

It is too true. Dolly had a nose "tip-tilted like a flower," a veritable *nez retroussé*, if Tom Thorne did call it a little turnip, or turn-up, as he willfully pronounced it. Blessed be Mr. Tennyson for giving poetry even to a turned-up nose! But if ever one deserved it, it was Dolly's; for that delicate, piquant, baby-like organ, its soft plastic lines curving in the same fluent moulding with that of the peach-tinted cheek, the pink, pointed chin, the full scarlet lips, gave a certain character to a face otherwise too infantile, too inexpressive, to be interesting, unless in the infantile surroundings of cambric and cradle, and Dolly was too tall for any bassinet. She was tall, slender,

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graceful, with the idle, swaying, dependent grace of a willow bough or a smoke wreath. Nobody could say she was straight, or lithe, or erect, for she was always leaning on something or somebody; either her arms were clasped round "dear papa's" neck, or one hand clinging to brother Will's shoulder, or she was hanging like a climbing rose to the piazza lattices, or resting in the arms of some luxurious chair as if she had been thrown there like a scarf, pliant and helpless. But, as all the young men and most of the maidens about Basset frankly avowed, Dolly was "awful pretty."

And in spite of all the old saws about the "skin-deep" nature of beauty, the "handsome does" of plainness, the grace of goodness, tell me, dear and honest reader, speaking in all that frankness which you can freely use in an inaudible answer, is there any thing in all this world as beautiful, as enchanting, as exquisite, as a really beautiful girl? You and I know very well there are no such tints and sparkle and delicate life in any other thing the Lord ever made. Did He not make them in His own image? And because we are old and sallow and worn, are we going to say that the only real beauty is in expression? that a lovely soul, and so on—you know it all. It is bosh, to use the language of the Turks, and the pretty creatures who read such moralities look in the glass and laugh at us. Bless them! they have a right to; but

"Wait till you come to forty year,"

my dears; you will feel it still more deeply then, and, if you are honest, own it.

Poor little Dolly! she had no mother. Mrs. Vane died when her child was only five years old, and Dolly could carry into her future life but a faint shadow of the dear dead mother who had left her with such bitter tears. But Mr. Vane had never married again. There was Will, a big boy, who could be sent to school. Roxy Keep, the housekeeper, a kindly, fussy, snuffy old soul, could see to Dolly's physical well-being; and when the little creature grew and blossomed up toward girlhood, Katy Preston, the minister's daughter, came and taught her every day.

Katy was a good girl, very good, with a thick nose and lips, small green eyes, plenty of dull brown hair, and a very thorough education. Mr. Vane gave her a large salary for educating Dolly, but he preferred to have her live at home. Will said she was too plain to have at the table, but Mr. Vane never offered any reason: he was a lazy man, but he was a gentleman. That he chose to remain unmarried after his beautiful wife left him was his own affair, he thought, so he never explained it. But for all Katy's honest and painful endeavor, Dolly could not learn any thing to speak of. Lessons literally went in at one ear and out of the other: if she bounded Pennsylvania correctly to-day, just having sing-songed the task over to herself for half an hour, she was quite as likely to put Texas on the east and Georgia on the north of it to-morrow. She never could remember any date, not even the two that are supposed to be inborn with American children, for she insisted to Will, even with tears, that the Pilgrims came over in 1492, and shocked her father at a dinner party by exclaiming, "Oh, I do know about Columbus, Mr. Taylor: he discovered America in 1620." And this to a man who had written a history himself! Poor Dolly! Arithmetic, grammar, philosophy, every sort of ology, alike slipped through her lovely head, and were dispersed in empty air. Natural history she did like, because she loved all kinds of animals with a certain enthusiasm curious to see; and music, too, found a lodgment in her slight brain. But neither of these pursuits was linked to any system. She played by ear, and her taper fingers touched the keys like a flight of summer moths hovering over a flower bed. There was no strength in those delicate dawn-tipped bits of snow to evoke the awful soul of music; its light laughter and fleeting tears alone followed the dance of her fairy fingers. And she knew no more about the classification of her birds and flowers than she did about the precession of the equinoxes; it was enough that her pets loved her and the flowers were bright and sweet, for, as I said to begin with, Dolly was a goose.

Nevertheless, her father and Will loved her dearly; so did Katy Preston, though Dolly vexed her conscientious soul all the time. Katy was paid, generously paid, for teaching her, and yet she learned nothing; and Katy confessed, with hot tears in her eyes, to Mr. Vane, that her efforts were all useless, that she could do no more. Dolly must be sent to school.

"Never!" thundered Mr. Vane. "Send my rose-bud into a mud-puddle! Katy Preston, what are you thinking about? Besides, I promised—" Here he turned away and choked. "I promised she should never go. Try a little longer, Katy; it's no matter if she doesn't learn; what use is it? She's good as gold, and pretty as a flower. Stuff and nonsense! She sha'n't learn if she don't want to; but stay with her, Katy, and try at least another year. Teach her to sew."

Katy's green eyes opened with dismay. Had not she been taught, in open defiance of the Shorter Catechism, that woman's chief end was to be educated and to work? Had not she been dragged through a course of every thing at the famous Gooseyoke Seminary, where even the feathers in the pillows are laid straight every day, and the very pins straightened out of their crooks as evening entertainment? It would have

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pleased Katy's correct New England soul to see the lilies of the field tied up to straight sticks and set in parallel rows. The vagrant habits of cats and chickens distressed her; dust was materialized evil, and dirt the daily embodiment of Satan himself; while she believed, in common with a good many excellent people, that

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

as firmly as if it were a Bible announcement, and not the dictum of a solemn Puritanic old prig, who made earth so uncomfortable to those about him that it is the merest justice to write him down an ignoramus concerning heaven. But, having freed her conscience, Katy staid on till dear Dolly was actually seventeen. Seventeen! At that age her mother had married; and when Mr. Vane, startled by Dolly's sudden announcement that it was her birthday tomorrow, began to count up her years as a sort of gauge for the present she always expected him to give her, he looked at his little girl in dumb amazement. Seventeen! There came to him out of the long dead past a vision of his bride; delicate, gentle, lovely, with those same brown eyes, those clouds of bronze hair, those rose-leaf cheeks —but not that baby face. Oh no! Dorothea Vernon had the sad pure outlines of Guido's Madonnas, the dove-like look of their eyes, the long oval face, and the delicate lips of faint scarlet: hers was a mature beauty in childhood, and on her deathbed even, long years after, its spiritual loveliness shone unimpaired; but Dolly's was, and would ever be, the visage of a child, with inexpressive glory in the bright eyes and parting lips, such as only cherubs and babies wear. Still, she was seventeen, and he could not buy her a doll or a picture-book. He looked at her again, having paid on her warm and rosy cheeks the just debt of seventeen kisses which she demanded in advance: she was a very pretty creature. She had that instinct for dress which some women own, and her quaint and delicate costumes always possessed a certain picturesque element, whatever was their conformity to fashion. And Dolly was never out of fashion, for her dresses, though ordered and planned by herself, were made by the best of city dress-makers, and the greatest *artiste* in bonnets of Paris kept her tinted photograph and the measure of her head, and crowned her accordingly with creations of genius that made her the envy of all the Basset girls. To-day she was wonderfully lovely: a long dress of soft purple woolen stuff fell about her in graceful folds, its various outlines and borders defined and edged with full-fringed ruches of glittering silk a shade darker; a long bib of delicate old lace covered all the waist down to her wide silken sash, and rose about her throat into a full ruff of ivory frost-work; her hair was tucked away into a gold-thread net, and frills of lace hid her little hands half-way to the dimpled fingers, while the fringed sash ends, floating to the hem of her dress, swayed and glittered with every motion. She was a lovely picture: the delicate shade of misty lilac brought out all the rays and tints of gold in her hair and long curled eyelashes, and the infantile look of her lace garnitures suited her sweet child-face wonderfully. It was one of Dolly's notions always to wear white to dinner; in the morning colors had their reign—always of the softest woolen fabric, delicate cambric, or pliant foreign silks, thin and lustreless, but wonderful in shades of coloring as only Eastern fabrications are; but at night she always appeared in the dull ivory white of thick embroidered cloth, or pearly silk with jacket of frost-white velvet; or, in summer, in cobweb draperies of filmy lace and muslin, fashioned like the fringed petals of a flower, in whose unfolding bosom she seemed to shine

"A central rose of dawn."

But she never wore any ornaments, for the best of reasons—she never had them, being held still as the household baby, a creature by no means "too bright and good" for paint-boxes, illustrated books, and gay pictures, but quite too young for trinkets.

To-day, however, her father began to think of something proper for this damsel of seventeen; the eternal fitness of things pursued him with that fact, and he remembered that Will, who had betaken himself to China in this past summer—it being now October—had left in his hands a certain commission to this end.

"Buy Dolly something stunning for her birthday, Sir, and take the spoils out of my allowance. Tell her I left it for her. I'm late for the steamer, or I'd buy it myself."

So Mr. Vane took the next train for the city, and when the birthday came, Dolly found on her plate a wonderful morocco box "from Will," bearing on its snowy satin lining a necklace and armlets of turquoises set in dead gold; but her dimples and blushes over the charming toys deepened into speechless delight when, before dinner, papa hung over her cream-white corded silk jacket a slender but sparkling chain of deep-tinted rubies, to which hung a great sapphire set in milky pearls.

Oh, Dolly! was it because that little head was so child-like, so simple, that these jewels were only pretty toys, and did not set thee up in thine own conceit? For what are jewels to a goose? Nevertheless, Dolly liked the shining things. She liked their lustre and their hue, the bit of color added to her colorless attire, and their unfading splendors; for her flowers died in her hands

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and her hair before they had done more than scant service, and it pained her foolish little soul to see them droop and pale so soon. If Katy had still been by, her common-sense might have curbed Dolly's delight. She would have priced the trinkets and watched over them with careful eye, and done her best to impress their owner with their value and the terror of their loss; but this vigilant monitress was gone. Parson Preston was laid up in his bed with rheumatic fever, and the mother could not do without

from Mr. Vane's cellar. All these the servants carried. But it was Dolly who arranged and carried the flowers, sheltered safely from wind and rain under her long cloak of gentian blue, whose rose-lined hood, half slipping from her gold-brown coronet of hair, made her a living picture, a delight to the eyes. Not to Mr. Preston's eyes, for he was as cross as fever and rheumatism can make any tortured mortal, and if the host of seraphim had appeared before him, he would probably have growled at their light in his



"HE WAS AWFULLY SHOCKED, GRIEVED, AMUSED."—[SEE PAGE 564.]

Katy, all the more that at the rectory there now sojourned a young minister from New York, come to take Mr. Preston's place, and it was impossible for one woman to look after a sick man and a well one too; so Katy went home.

Parson Preston was ill a long time, very ill, and Mr. Vane and Dolly had the kindest hearts in the world, and ample powers of expressing them; so the road from one house to the other was traversed often by the bearers of kindly messages and offerings: fruit, dainties from Roxy's skillful hands, old wine

eyes; but to this temporary pastor, this youth from New York, this elegant being whose broadcloth, eyeglass, manners, and customs were the theme of every Basset tea table already—to the Reverend Augustus Rycker, Dolly appeared as a vision in the desert. Now it would be according to general usage if I were to present this young man, who was always well dressed, fastidious, elegant of manner, and charming of aspect, as a piteous idiot, who always said, "Aw, yaas," "Really, now," and also an accomplished and heartless male flirt. It is

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true, these traits are not really compatible; it takes a certain acute quality of mind to flirt successfully, either in man or woman; the most desperate characters of that sort I have ever known relied neither on beauty nor youth to beguile their captives, for they had neither. Still, in novels and stories one meets so often the impossible in fact that I must take the risk of being natural at my own cost. So I must say that Mr. Rycker was really an intelligent, well-educated young man, thoroughly a gentleman, honorable and good. If he was a little conceited, tolerably dogmatic, and a very High Churchman, what of that? These are bagatelles necessary to humanity. How we should all hate a perfect man, even Dolly! But Dolly did not hate Mr. Rycker. She incautiously told Katy that she thought he was "a duck," at which the little preceptress turned pale directly, and was about to give Dolly a large apple from the tree of knowledge at once, and force her to eat it, had not the duck himself opportunely entered and begun a gentle ministerial quack about Christmas decorations, which distracted Katy's mind, till her father impatiently called her, and Dolly left, having escaped, ignorantly, a sharp lesson, and perhaps a useful one. But if Dolly liked the young minister, what was the harm, so long as she staid at liking? He was very different from the youths of Basset, who ignored grammar and talked broad Yankee, who were honest, hard-handed sons of toil, or simpering creatures behind a counter—Basset, like most New England towns, being depopulated by that dragon the Great West. In fact, if Dolly, brought up from her youth in refined and fastidious retirement, had ever met these beings in society, they would have regarded her either as a lily of the field, lovely, adorable, indeed, but quite useless, or as an unattainable angel from a fashion plate; or even if her simple soul had accepted them calmly, as a botanist does fungi, with some curiosity but no surprise, they would have gone no further—the farmers repelled by the uselessness of the blossom, the mercantile youths by its expense. However, she never met them. She did not know how to sew, and therefore never went to the weekly "circle" of the village, and Mr. Rycker, handsome, intelligent, polished, was really the first gentleman into whose society she had ever fallen. Moreover, he was her minister, and Dolly was a pious little soul, who said her prayers, as a bird sings, from a heavenward impulse of grateful joy, and who went to church as a happy duty, lifting up her voice in chant and psalm with a clear childish treble that was shrill for want of soul or sorrow. Are these convertible terms? She always listened to Mr. Preston's nasal and monotonous homilies with patience and perseverance; she fixed her eyes on his pasty countenance and round head, with its red fringe of hair, with perfect politeness and attention. But here was the head of a young saint, with dark sad eyes and clustering raven hair, with lips from whose tranquil curves flowed words of picturesque splendor, ardent faith, pure devotion; whose flowing snowy robes, tinged by the rose light of a painted window, seemed to be typical wings flushed with heavenly dawn. She forgot how ugly those pink shadows had seemed to her, cast against Mr. Preston's frantically disheveled locks.

Here was where Dolly needed a mother. Had hers lived, my tale never would have been told; and yet it might not have ended as happily. Mr. Rycker was not of the impressionable type. He was the son of a wealthy family, well known and respected. He had been born and brought up in New York, and knew his own value quite well. Hosts of mammas had petted and encouraged him in behalf of numerous daughters since he was a little child, some of them being of a thrifty and forecasting turn, and he was somewhat surfeited with girlish society. But while he could not, having the common perceptions of humanity, be ignorant of these things, he had, thanks to being the son of a lady in the fullest sense of the word, never plumed himself on the distinction, but even at times felt it a certain drawback on his ideal of life, and wished it were possible to play Lord Burleigh, and be sure of some gentle heart that was unaware of his surroundings. He was a little vain, of course; but he had seen so many and such various styles of girls that he cared for none really, and therefore at twenty-eight he was still unmarried and with an untouched heart, altogether devoted to his work. He certainly admired Dolly very much: children he always loved—if they were clean, well-bred, and pretty (it is only a woman who can love dirty and naughty children); and here was a peculiarly lovely child, elegant of aspect and attire, dainty, smiling, charming, coming up the little yard like a fashionable Flora, with bunches of late rich roses, clusters of velvet pansies, crowded chrysanthemums with disks of garnet, gold, and snow, or mystic passion-flowers and dusk heliotrope that lingered still in the conservatory. Sometimes in a dainty basket she brought fragrant peaches, pears of gilded russet, grapes of various tints struck through with October sunshine till they glowed like jewels against the odorous leaves on which she laid them; and thus, shaded sometimes with a wide black hat that made her face sparkle out of its shelter, or hooded with that rose-edged mantle of darkest blue from the soft morning mist that set every straying lock to curl about her glowing face like the moss calyx about a rose-bud, or with a bit of lace tied round

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her head like a baby cap, its delicate tracery against the pearly outlines of cheek and chin making a human cherub of her sweetest face, and suggesting cloud or cradle as its fit framing, she offered to this admiring young man a series of beautiful pictures that were a real godsend in the dingy surroundings of the parsonage; and when he became a frequent visitor at Mr. Vane's house, not only in his official quality, but often invited as a genial and cultivated gentleman whom Mr. Vane enjoyed as a companion rarely vouchsafed to him in his retirement, he found Dolly interesting and delightful as the baby nieces he had left behind him in New York, and innocently wished she were not so tall and so overgrown, that he might pet and fondle her as he did Annetje and Hilda. Nor did Mr. Vane look at him in the light that a mother would have looked: Dolly was a child still to him, despite her seventeen years and her womanish trinkets, which, indeed, seemed no more mature or gorgeous than her baby corals, she wore them with such careless amusement and played with them so childishly. Alas! it was Dolly's very childishness that brought matters to a crisis. In her heart she was innocent as they all thought her, but not so ignorant. She had found, in her researches on rainy days, an old shelf of books in the garret, and plunged into the volumes of *Sir Charles Grandison* with a certain delight in her simple soul at a real story-book, unknown to most modern girls who live on novels from earliest youth. So Dolly had her ideal of a man and of marriage, while her father and Katy supposed her yet absorbed in Hans Andersen and Grimm, and here arose before her the beaming image of which long since she dreamed, and she turned toward it as simply, as directly, as unconsciously as a daisy in the meadow turns its innocent yellow eye and candid rays toward the journeying sun. Without a shade of coquetry, or passion, or consideration, but at once, simply and without hesitation, Dolly loved this man, and knowing it, knew or thought of no reason why he should not love her—in fact, took it for granted that he would, if ever she thought about it; but now, like the baby—or the woman—that she was, only knew that she loved him, and that was life and wisdom enough for her.

So the winter went on, like a lovely dream to this pretty creature, like a long tedium to Mr. Rycker, except for his visits at Mr. Vane's house and his Sunday and saint-day services. He found the parsonage more and more intolerable, for Mr. Preston was at once too ill and too irritable to be socially useful, and poor Katy and her mother were too busy to do more than attend to the young parson's material wants: a blessed thing, no doubt, for Katy, since she was a woman, and propinquity lent its mighty aid to the spells which Satan finds for idle hearts as well as idle hands. But hard work is armor of proof against Satan and Cupid both; so the old parson's daughter went her way absorbed in the savory pottages and unsavory tempers of the sick-room, while pretty, idle Dolly, with nothing more to occupy her than her daily walk to vespers, when she floated through snow and ice like a Christmas fairy in ermine and velvet to say her prayers and sing her psalms, or her occasional drive through the aisles of scented pine woods or over the shining fields, when her heart kept glad time to the sleigh-bells and her thoughts flew faster and further than the swift feet of the horses her father loved to drive—pretty Dolly fell into those golden meshes that gods and men are 'ware of, nor even fluttered, dove that she was, in that glittering captivity. So the year wore on, past its death and renewal, into the first days of February—it is those days about me now that have recalled Dolly's simple story—and one afternoon, as the little girl, crouched in a corner of the deep luxurious lounge her father had wheeled into the sunshine for her, was absorbed in a pretty book of poems that came among her Christmas presents, she fell on a valentine therein: tinkling of cadence, gay with quips and conceits, roses and posies, doves and loves—a fanciful love poem in fact, but mysterious of title to Dolly.

"Papa," she said to her dozing father, who started from a half dream to answer—"papa, what is a valentine?"

Now when a man just wakes up, in answering the question that wakes him he is sometimes unnecessarily and unintentionally honest. It had been Mr. Vane's plan, when he made a theory of education, years ago, for his baby girl, never to let her talk, or hear talk, of love and lovers; but here was he taken all unawares and half awake, so he answered, concisely:

"A sort of love-letter, little girl, that is sent on St. Valentine's Day. I'm sure I don't know why. Ask Katy next time you see her."

"A real in earnest love-letter, papa?"

"Why, no, child, by no means—just a custom. I suppose sometimes people take that opportunity to be earnest." And with a half laugh that merged in a yawn, he fell off again into a doze.

He had driven twenty miles in the keen wind that morning, and taken soup and sherry at lunch—unusual practice for him; but he was tired and chilled. No wonder he slept. So has many a guardian slept before, and while sleeping an angel, good or evil, has come and loosed the seal above his treasure, to his loss.

"How nice it would be to have a valentine!" said Dolly that evening after dinner,

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when her father had given himself over to the evening paper, and Mr. Rycker, who had dined with them, was playing a stupid game of jack-straws with her, just as he had done forty times with six-year-old Hilda, only Hilda had not such pink and taper fingers, being Dutch-blooded for six generations, and sturdy as a small Delft jar.

"Did you never have a valentine, Miss Dolly?" asked the young man, with a pleasant, fond sort of look at her, inspired, if truth must out, by the remembrance of Annetje's delight at a certain red and gold missive he had sent her last year.

"No, Sir; I never did in the world," pathetically answered Dolly, looking at him full with those wistful gold-brown eyes.

"What a pity!" he said, coolly, resolving then and there to send her one the very next week, but not to give her the least idea of it beforehand, or, indeed, ever, simply intending to give her a pleasure without being impertinent or even suggestive.

Forgive him for his caution. He had seen so much of conventional girls, and he did not even yet know Dolly. If he had— But according to the last and profanest punctuation of Shakspeare,

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough,
> Hew them how we will;"

and our dear young parson

> "Builded better than he knew"

when he devised this pleasant surprise for his pretty parishioner. It was useless for him to try to find the valentine of the period in Basset; no shops there dabbled in the elegancies of life; and he did not quite like to send on to New York to a stationer, and run a doubtful chance of procuring the delicate, graceful sheet he would prefer to inscribe to Dolly. But being well drilled in all churchly ordinances and modern floriations of the good old establishment, he had in the theological seminary cultivated a native talent for drawing and a quick sense of color, for the purpose of illuminating prayer and psalm books and designing memorial windows. With a sort of meek contempt at his own folly, and a certain doubt if it were not bordering on sacrilege, he recalled his knowledge and betook himself to his study, hunted out paints, brushes, and gilding, locked the door, and sat down to illuminate with floral emblems a valentine.

Heaven save the mark! Had he been a mediæval saint, he would have suspected a present and mocking spirit guided his essaying hand, it would so persistently drift into ecclesiastical symbolism. Crosses, lambs, lilies, perked up at him at every turn, not because he was thinking of Dolly, for he was not, being repossessed for the time by an old-time effort to design a stained window for the seminary chapel. But at last the window retired into the past, and he presently achieved on a sheet of cream-white paper a fit frame for some little verses, which seemed to him impersonal and vague enough, but rather pretty for the purpose. Taking it for granted, carelessly enough, that Dolly had never seen his handwriting, he inscribed the verses, without any attempt at disguise, in his own clear and elegant script, and sealing the thick, smooth envelope with wax after the good old respectful fashion, stamped the vermilion surface with a seal that had belonged to him in college, and was the motto of a secret society, the device being a rose on its stalk, and "Sub" cut beneath it in old English letters.

Things work together in this world more strangely than we know: the wind brings us hidden influences, the shower that keeps us from our way turns our life into a new channel, the very pebble on which we slip in the road may be the beginning of life or death to us, and the fact that Miss Alvira Peck sent home some linen she had been making up for Dolly in an old religious newspaper had in it an element of our little girl's fate. She was lonely that day. Papa had gone to New York for a week, and Dolly was an idle little thing. When Roxy brought up the bundle of garments, she put them down in a chair, and being in a great hurry, for it was Monday, she did not see Dolly behind the long window-curtain, idly noting the industrious skips and chirps of a pair of chickadees on the near woodpile. Presently mademoiselle turned her head to see what Roxy had left; then she wanted to examine the work; and having approved its dainty perfection, she took up the paper to fold and dispose of it, when her eye fell on the title of a story in the "secular" department. It was a valentine story, and in it the hero, being a shy youth, took the good saint for a patron and excuse, and told his love in earnest under cover of flowers and rhyme. Dolly was charmed with the bright little tale, and said to herself, with a long-drawn sigh, "I wonder—I wish—" and then a gentle bloom stole over the baby face; but words came no more; some flitting dream wrapped her in silvery mists, and possibilities floated about her like the saffron-tinged cloudlets that forebode dawn. It was the 12th of February to-day: one day more and it would be St. Valentine's. What if—

Let us stop here: a maiden's dreams are her own; we will not intrude. But at last that morning came, and Dolly's heart beat faster than ever as she went down to her solitary breakfast; her eyes were star-bright, her half-open lips scarlet with eagerness, and her soft cheeks deeper of hue than the roseate gown she wore, that shone under its translucent frillings and flutings of white with the "celestial rosy red" becoming the hour. But there was no missive be-

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side her plate except the daily note from papa, and it interested her less than ever before that he was to come back to-morrow. Now she must wait till John went again to the office. How long and tedious were those hours! She decked the house with flowers from the greenhouse, she read and re-read the old newspaper story, she fed her cats and her chickens, made one rose-bud on her bit of embroidery, and watched the clocks, undoubting that the next mail would bring her the love-lorn epistle she had hoped and dreamed about so long it had become a fact, and its arrival a certainty. And at three John really brought it. There it was—a thick white cover guarded with its vermilion seal and mystic device.

Dolly shut herself into the library; glowing, trembling, blushing, she tore apart the envelope, and unfolded a creamy sheet bordered with narrow Greek tracery in rose and black and gold; across the top of the page was flung a branch of wild roses, innocent open blooms, delicate pointed buds, graceful foliage, and thorn-guarded stems, so perfectly drawn and tinted that they seemed almost odorous with summer's forest breath; while at the very foot of the same page, creeping from the spaces and angles of the border, and crowding upward with baby faces, thick forget-me-nots, their sky-deep azure lit with golden eyes, seemed to sign, with artless assent, the three verses inscribed between them and the rose branch in a hand Dolly knew by heart, for had she not looked over Katy's shoulder one day as the good creature read aloud to Parson Preston one of his colleague's sermons? And these are the verses:

Sweets to the sweet, and roses to the rose.
Dear bud, infolded in serene repose,
Fair maiden flower, that dost so shyly stand
Waiting thy fate at some too venturous hand,

Keep thy still sweetness from the rifling bee;
Let not the winds too rudely wanton thee;
Bloom safe and slowly in the summer air;
Unfold to love alone thy petals rare;

Perfume some breast that offers shelter sweet,
That life-long clasps thee in a safe retreat:
Nay, in my heart discern that sacred shrine;
Breathe soft assent to thy first Valentine.

Perhaps if Augustus had not entered at that moment, half curious to know the effect of his missive, which he naturally supposed had reached Dolly in the morning—perhaps if she had had time to calm down the sudden passion of delight and gratitude and fondness—but why do I say perhaps? it is a delusive form of speech, with possibilities that stretch far back into Eden, for perhaps if Eve had not eaten that apple!—But he did enter, just as the third reading of his verses was ended, and Dolly, turning from the beatitude of the writing, perceived the writer. Pretty little innocent! witless as a new-fledged bird, she trembled and flew to him; her head was on his shoulder, her perfumy, silken, floating tresses crowded against his cheek, her little tender hands upon his breast, before the astonished young parson could peep or mutter.

He was awfully shocked, grieved, amused (though he never would have owned this last emotion), and touched in spite of himself. Involuntarily his arms folded around her. I suppose there are people who would say it was an automatic action of the unconscious nervous centres. I don't think it was. But, dear, proper, right-minded reader, just think of it! what could he do? He certainly had a quick intellect: so much the worse for him just now! for while Dolly for one minute's space nestled close to his heart, as if she had just got home and was *so* glad, at least three pages of thoughts fled pell-mell through our dear young minister's brain. He saw, like a drowning man, all the past—at least of his Basset life—in array before him, and quite innocent he was, as regarded Dolly, in intention; but she—why, she was a child! Only a child could have been so pure of impulse, so thoughtless in action. But now—now she had bloomed into a woman, and what was he to do? Surely one thing only could be done to save Dolly, to satisfy her father.

It can not be said that two short minutes ago the Reverend Augustus Rycker would have married Dolly Vane at the point of the bayonet, for he was not the least in love with her, or had ever expected to be; but now, with all this sweet caressing warmth in his arms, this tender trust and simple passion thrown on him like a shower of blossoms, this sudden storming of the very citadel, there was but one thing to do—he must accept the situation; and he did.

He left that house in an hour not only an engaged man, but a man meshed in so sweet a dream, so kindled into sudden emotion, so surprised at his own possibilities, that I think one might fairly say he was in love.

But the nature of man is complex. In the very midst of his discreet and voluntary ardor, Mr. Rycker had not forgotten to charge Dolly not to show any body her valentine. He was careful both for her and himself in this matter; for he would not for a world have betrayed to her father the surprise that had beset and bewitched him, the unconscious and innocent mistake Dolly had made, to so good an ending. Indeed—I am sorry to say it of a young minister, but it is true, and shall we not let the sky fall?—he proved himself the next day, in an interview with Mr. Vane, solemnly asked and accorded, as accomplished a master of fiction as ever wrote a dime novel. He expatiated on the fascinating presence and society of Miss Vane, on his deep attachment, and his suddenly being overcome by her loveliness into a premature avowal of his sentiments, apologizing with deep humility

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for giving way to his emotion instead of proceeding in proper form by approaching her father first. I think he really believed all this himself before he got through; and Mr. Vane believes it to this day; so does Dolly.

There was nothing to interfere. Will wrote that he was coming home in May from China, with a wife—not a Chinese wife, but a charming English girl—so there was somebody to take care of dear papa, as Dolly fondly fancied she had done. As to dear papa's feelings at losing his treasure, nobody seemed to care much about it. A daughter well married! That is the accomplished success of life. Step aside, O useless progenitors! here is a new reign, and you may abdicate. If you weep, do it decently and in seclusion: you must not damp this new happiness.

So in Easter-week Dolly was married, and in trailing robes of India muslin, and a cloud of tulle about her beautiful head, looked more child-like than ever, till she raised her lovely eyes. In their sweet, troubled depths shone the clouds of a dawn no childhood knows—the dimness of a tender doubt, a wistful prophecy, that was her transition into womanhood. Mr. Preston hobbled into the chancel to perform the service, being just able to go through with it; and Katy looked on from a side pew, wondering in her heart why some people had every thing and some nothing. It is the riddle of the Sphinx, Katy, and God alone can answer it when time shall be no more.

Dolly is flourishing now, stout, rosy, beautiful, the wife of a New York clergyman in high standing. Her children cluster about her like a group of cherubs, and she placidly pets or scolds them as the case demands. Augustus blesses the day he sent that fateful valentine, and thereby endowed his home with such a creature of down and sunshine to come back to from the frets of life—for life has frets even for him; and Dolly keeps the sacred missive laid away in a sandal-wood box, her first and last piece of sentiment.

POPULAR EXPOSITION OF SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

PART I.—ABOUT RED-HOT BODIES.

ANY solid substance heated to a certain degree emits light. It becomes incandescent, ignited, red-hot.

In some cases, however, this effect is complicated with another. A piece of charcoal taken out of the midst of a fire shines, partly because it is ignited, and partly because it is burning on its surface. That burning is accompanied by the wasting away or disappearance of a portion of the substance, an effect which we speak of as Combustion; but a fragment of stone that has been submitted to similar treatment shines without any loss. This we designate as Ignition. Combustion implies that chemical changes are going on. Ignition is only a physical phenomenon. The substance gives forth light without any loss of its weight until its temperature has descended to a certain degree; then its light disappears, it becomes extinct.

Many interesting questions present themselves when we consider this incandescent state of bodies. Is the temperature necessary to produce it always the same for the same substance? Does it vary with the nature of the body? What is the degree of the thermometer at which it takes place? and what is the succession of colored lights as the heat of the ignited body becomes more and more elevated? What is the relation that subsists at different moments of incandescence between the radiations of heat and light coming from the shining body?

Though this phenomenon of the emission of light by all solid bodies when their temperature is raised to a certain degree is one of the most familiar, no one previously to 1844 had attempted a critical investigation of it. The difficulties of the inquiry are so great that even among the most eminent authorities a difference of opinion prevailed respecting some of the leading facts. Thus Sir I. Newton thought that the temperature at which bodies became self-luminous is 635°; Sir Humphry Davy, 812°; Wedgwood, 947°; Daniel, 980°. As respects the nature of the light emitted there were similar contradictions. In some works of considerable repute it was stated that when a solid begins to shine it first emits red and then white rays; in others it was asserted that a mixture of blue and red light is the first that appears.

Such was the uncertain condition of the subject when, at the date mentioned, I undertook an examination of it. The results arrived at were published in *Silliman's American Journal of Arts and Sciences*, Second Series, Vol. IV., and in the *Philosophical Magazine*, May, 1847.

With the intention of ascertaining whether different substances become self-luminous at the same or at different temperatures, a gun-barrel was provided, the vent of which had been closed by driving in a nail. Into this barrel any substance intended to be examined was dropped, and the closed end placed in a fire.

In Fig. 1, *a b* is the gun-barrel passing through a hole, *c*, of suitable size in the side of a stove. At the bottom of the barrel, *b*, the substances to be examined are placed.

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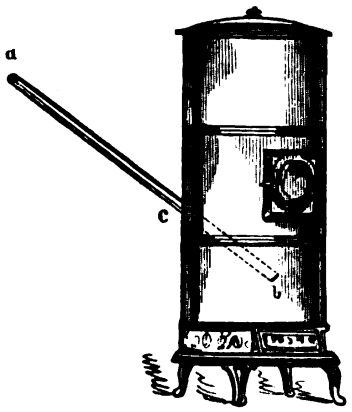


FIG. 1.

Their ignition is observed by looking in at the projecting end, *a*.

Now it is clear that when the temperature was thus raised, any difference in the degree at which incandescence takes place could be detected by the eye. Thus, if platinum required for its ignition a higher degree than iron, on looking down the barrel as the temperature was rising the platinum would remain dark, while the barrel itself was beginning to shine, or if the platinum became incandescent first, it should be seen glowing while the barrel remained dark; and these results might be corroborated by observing what took place when the barrel was removed from the fire and suffered to cool.

In this manner I examined many different metals, such as platinum, gold, silver, copper, antimony, lead. They all became incandescent at the same moment as the iron barrel itself. There did not seem to be the slightest difference between them either in heating or in cooling. They began to glow simultaneously, and simultaneously they ceased to shine. It is important to remark that some of the substances examined were, under the circumstances, in the liquid condition. Such was the case, for instance, with lead, which had melted long before it began to shine.

Not only metals but many mineral substances were in like manner tried. Some seemed to offer an apparent, but none furnished a true, exception. Thus, chalk and marble were visible before the gun-barrel was red-hot; they emitted a faint white light, and fluor-spar still more strikingly so, its light being of a beautiful blue; even when the barrel had become bright red, the spar, which had decrepitated to a coarse powder, could still be seen by its faint blue rays. In these cases, however, it was not incandescence but phosphorescence that was taking place. If such specimens were first strongly heated, so as to expel their phosphorescent radiations, and then after cooling were exposed in the gun-barrel, they acted as other solids would have done, and showed the same point of incandescence.

When phosphorescent substances are to be examined, they must be first exposed to a high temperature and carefully guarded from the access of light until they are placed in the gun-barrel. A diamond which, among other bodies, had been thus tried would recover its quality of phosphorescing by a very short access of light after it had been cooled, but if that had been carefully avoided, it began to shine at the same time as other specimens with which it was placed in the barrel.

It may therefore be concluded that all solids, and probably liquids, become red-hot at the same thermometric degree.

Next, what is that thermometric degree? what is the temperature to which a substance must be heated to become red-hot?

When a current from a voltaic battery is passed through a slender wire or thin strip of metal, the temperature of the metal rises, and may be brought to any point by suitably increasing the force of the current.

An instrument was therefore constructed consisting of a thin strip of platinum, the length of which was one inch and one-third, its width one-twentieth of an inch, so arranged as to be brought to any required temperature by a voltaic current. Platinum was selected from its indisposition to oxidize and its power of resisting a high temperature without fusion.

The strip of platinum thus to be brought to different temperatures by an electric current of the proper force was fastened at one end to an inflexible support, and at the other was connected with a delicate lever index, which enabled me to determine its expansion, and thereby its temperature. For this purpose the co-efficient of dilatation of Dulong and Petit was used. The temperatures were calculated upon the invariability of that co-efficient at all thermometric degrees, and were, therefore, to a small extent in error.

In Fig. 2, *a b* represents the strip of platinum, the upper end of which is soldered to a stout and short copper pin, *a*, firmly sunk in a block of wood, *c*, which is immovably fastened to the basis, *d d*, of the instrument. A cavity, *e*,

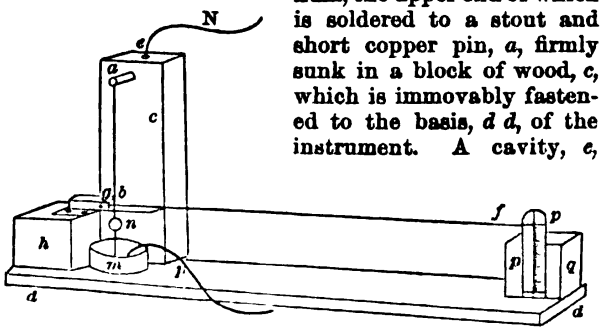


FIG. 2.

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half an inch in diameter is sunk in the block *c*, and into this cavity the pin *a* projects, so that when the cavity is filled with mercury a voltaic current may be passed through the pin and down the platinum. The other extremity of the platinum, *b*, is fastened to a delicate lever, *b f*, which plays on an axis at *g*, the axis working in brass holes supported on a block, *h*. Immediately beneath the platinum strip, and in metallic communication with it, a straight copper wire dips down into the mercury cup *m*; on this wire there is a metal ball, *n*, weighing about 100 grains. The further end of the index plays over a graduated ivory scale, *p p*, supported on a block, *q*, and can be moved a little up and down, so as to bring its zero to coincide with the index at common temperatures.

The action of the instrument is readily understood. In the mercury cup *e* let there dip one of the wires, N, of a Grove's battery of three or four pairs, the other wire, P, being dipped into the cup *m*. The current passes through the platinum, which immediately expands, the weight *n* lightly stretching it. The index *f* moves promptly over the scale, indicating the amount of expansion, and therefore the degree of heat. If the wire N be removed out of its mercury cup *e*, the platinum instantly becomes cold, and pulls the lever to the zero point.

By the aid of resisting wires of different lengths and a rheostat, the force of the current in the platinum could be varied, and therefore its temperature. The first attempt was, of course, to discover the point at which the metal began to emit light.

The platinum and the voltaic battery were placed in a dark room, the temperature of which was 60° F.; and after I had remained therein a sufficient length of time to enable my eyes to become sensible to feeble impressions of light, I caused the current to pass, gradually increasing its force until the platinum was visible. In several repetitions of this experiment it was uniformly found that the index to which the platinum was attached marked a temperature of 917° when this took place. This, added to the temperature of the room, 60°, gave for the temperature of incandescence 977° F.

To the correctness of this number it might be objected that, owing to the narrowness of the metallic strip, it was not well calculated to make an impression on the eye when the light emitted was feeble, and that we ought not to take the dilatations given by the index as representing the uniform temperature of the whole platinum, which must necessarily be colder near its points of support, on account of the conducting power of the metals to which it was attached.

Physiological considerations might also lead to a suspicion that the self-luminous temperature must vary as estimated by different eyes. The experiments of Bouguer, hereafter to be referred to, indisputably show that some persons are much more sensitive to the impressions of light than others. But though on this occasion the matter was pretty thoroughly tried, no appreciable differences in the estimate of the temperature of incandescence could be detected. Different individuals, critically observing the platinum, uniformly perceived it at the same time, and this no matter what might be the color or other peculiarities of their eyes.

The temperature of incandescence seems to be a natural fixed point for the thermometer. It is interesting to remark how nearly it coincides with 1000° of the Fahrenheit thermometer, when Laplace's co-efficient for the dilatation of platinum is used in the calculation. Upon that co-efficient the point at which substances become red-hot is 1006° F.

In view of these considerations, I believe that 977° is not very far from the true temperature at which bodies begin to shine. It is to be understood, of course, that this is in a very dark room.

The next point was to determine the color of the light emitted by self-luminous bodies at different temperatures. This was to be done by the only reliable method—analysis by the prism.

To effect this, the rays emitted by the incandescent platinum strip were received on a flint-glass prism, placed so as to give the minimum deviation, and, after dispersion, viewed in a small telescope. A movement could be given to the telescope, which was read off on a graduated circle. However, instead of bringing the parts of the spectrum under measurement to coincide with the cross wires in the field of the instrument, it was found more satisfactory to determine them by bringing them to one or other of the edges of the field—a process by which the extreme rays could be better ascertained, their faint light being thus more easily perceived in the darkness by which it was surrounded. It would scarcely be possible to see them accurately while the rest of a bright spectrum was in view.

In Fig. 3, *a b* is the ignited platinum strip, *c* the prism, *d e* the telescope, moving upon the centre of a graduated circular table, *f f*.

It was absolutely necessary to have fixed points of reference, that all the observations might be brought to a common standard of comparison. I expected to use the Fraunhofer lines for this purpose, and was not a little surprised to find that they are not to be seen in the spectrum of ignited solid bodies. Thus was discovered one of the fundamental facts in spectrum analysis, a fact that has become of the highest importance in astronomy, as furnishing a means for determining the physical condition of the

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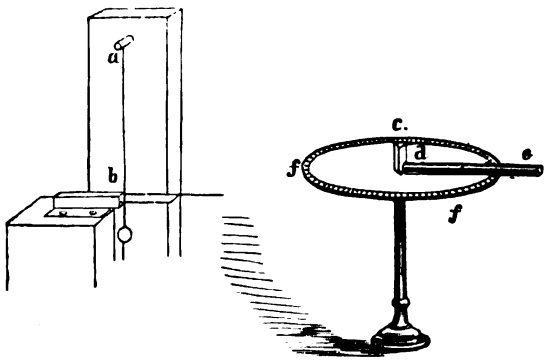


FIG. 3.

heavenly bodies, and a test for the nebular hypothesis. An ignited solid will give a continuous spectrum, or one devoid of fixed lines; an ignited gas will give a discontinuous spectrum, one broken up by lines, or bands, or spaces.

About twenty years subsequently to this discovery, Mr. Huggins (1864) made an examination of a nebula in the constellation of Draco. It proved to be gaseous. Subsequently, of sixty nebulæ examined, nineteen gave discontinuous or gaseous spectra, the remainder continuous ones.

It may therefore be admitted that physical evidence has through this means been obtained demonstrating the existence of vast masses of matter in a gaseous condition, and at a temperature of incandescence. The nebular hypothesis of Laplace and Herschel has thus a firm basis.

Since there are thus no fixed lines in the light of incandescent solids, such as there are in the sunshine and daylight, I therefore previously determined the position of the fixed lines in a spectrum formed by a ray of reflected daylight, which passed through a slender fissure, occupying exactly the position subsequently to be occupied by the incandescent platinum. The reference spectrum thus introduced is now adopted in all spectroscopic observations. Fig. 4, (1) represents the result it gives, the solar fixed lines being designated by the letters then in use.

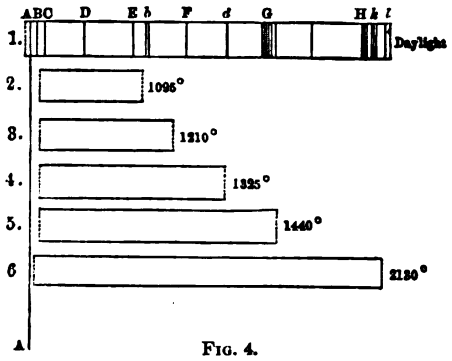


FIG. 4.

The strip of platinum was now placed in the position of the slit which had given the spectrum represented at (1), and its temperature was raised by the passage of a voltaic current. Though the metal could be distinctly seen by the naked eye when the temperature had reached about 1000° F., yet the loss of light in passing the prism and telescope was so great that it was necessary to carry the temperature to 1210° before a satisfactory observation could be made. At this degree the spectrum extended from the position of the fixed line B in the red almost as far as the line F in the green, the colors present being red, orange, and a tint which may be designated as gray. There was nothing answering to yellow. The rays first visible through this apparatus may therefore be designated as red and greenish-gray; the former commencing at the line B, and the latter continuing to F.

The voltaic current was now increased, and the temperature rose to 1325°. The red end of the spectrum remained nearly as before, but the more refrangible extremity reached the position of the little fixed line *d*. Traces of yellow were now visible, and, with a certain degree of distinctness, the red, orange, yellow, green, and a fringe of blue could be seen; (4) shows the result.

The temperature was now carried to 1440°. The red extremity appeared to be advancing toward the line A, the blue had undergone a well-marked increase. It reached considerably beyond the line G, as shown at (5).

On bringing the platinum to 2130°, all the colors were present, and exhibited considerable brilliancy. Their extent was somewhat shorter than that of the daylight spectrum as seen at (6).

Having thus by repeated experiments ascertained the continued extension of the more refrangible end as the temperature rose, it became necessary to obtain observations for degrees below 1210°, the limit of visibility through the telescope. I therefore carried the prism nearer to the platinum, and looking with the unassisted eye directly through it at the refracted image, found that it could be distinctly seen at a temperature as low as 1095°. Under these circumstances, the total length could not be compared by direct measurement with the other observations, and the result given at (2) is as correct as could be obtained. The colors were red and greenish-gray.

The gray rays emitted by platinum just beginning to shine appear to be more intense than the red; at all events, the wires in the field of the telescope are more distinctly seen upon them than upon the other color. The designation of gray may be given them, for they appear to approach that tint more closely than any other, and yet

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it is to be remarked that they are occupying the position of the yellow and green regions.

Already we have encountered a fact of considerable importance. The conclusion that as the temperature of a body rises it emits rays of increasing refrangibility has obviously to be taken with a certain restriction. Instead of first the red, then the orange, then the yellow rays, etc., in succession making their appearance, in which case the spectrum should regularly increase in length as the temperature rises, we here find at the very first moment it is visible to the eye that it reaches from the fixed line B to nearly F, that is to say, equal to about two-thirds of the whole length of the diffraction spectrum, and almost one-half of the prismatic.

It is to be remarked that while the more refrangible end undergoes a great expansion, the other extremity exhibits a corresponding though a less change. As very important theoretical conclusions depend on the proper interpretation of this fact, it must not be forgotten that to a certain extent it may be an optical deception, arising from the increased brilliancy of the light. While the rays are yet feeble, the extreme terminations may be so faint that the eye can not detect them, but as the intensity rises they become better marked, and an apparent elongation of the spectrum is the consequence.

It is agreed among optical writers that to the human eye the yellow is the brightest of the rays. In the prismatic spectrum the true relationship of the colors is not perceived, because the less refrangible are crowded together, and the more refrangible unduly spread out. But in the diffraction spectrum, where the colors are arranged side by side in the order of their wavelengths, the centre is occupied by the most luminous portion of the yellow, and from this point the light declines away on one side in the red, and on the other in the violet, the terminations being equidistant from the centre of the yellow space.

Now if the rays coming from shining platinum were passed through a piece of glass on which parallel lines had been ruled with a diamond point, so as to give a diffraction spectrum, even admitting the general results of the foregoing experiments to be true, viz., that as the temperature rises, rays of a higher refrangibility are emitted, it is obvious that it by no means follows that the ray first visible should be the extreme red. Our power of seeing that depends on its having a certain intensity. Even when it has assumed the utmost brilliancy which it has in a solar beam, it is barely visible. We ought, therefore, to expect that rays of a higher refrangibility should be first seen, because they act more energetically on our organ of vision; and as the temperature rises, the spectrum should undergo a partial elongation in the direction of its red extremity.

In view of the foregoing facts, I concluded that *as the temperature of an incandescent body rises, it emits rays of light of an increasing refrangibility*, and that the apparent departure from this law, discovered by an accurate prismatic analysis, is due to the special action of the eye in performing the function of vision. And as the luminous effects are undoubtedly owing to a vibratory movement executed by the molecules of the platinum, it seems from the foregoing facts to follow that *the frequency of those vibrations increases with the temperature.*

I next pass to the third branch of this investigation—to examine the relation between the temperatures of self-luminous bodies and the intensity of the light they emit, premising it with the following considerations:

The close analogy which has been traced between the phenomena of light and radiant heat lends countenance to the supposition that the law which regulates the escape of heat from a body will also determine its rate of emission of light. Sir Isaac Newton supposed that while the temperature of a body rose in an arithmetrical progression, the amount of heat escaping from it increased in a geometrical progression. The error of this was subsequently shown by Martin, Erxleben, and Delaroche, and finally Dulong and Petit gave the true law: "When a hot body cools *in vacuo*, surrounded by a medium the temperature of which is constant, the velocity of cooling for excess of temperature in arithmetrical progression increases as the terms of a geometrical progression, diminished by a constant quantity." The introduction of this constant depends on the operation of the theory of the exchanges of heat; for a body when cooling under the circumstances here supposed is simultaneously receiving back a constant amount of heat from the medium of constant temperature.

While Newton's law represents the rate of cooling of bodies, and therefore the quantities of heat they emit when the range of temperature is limited, and the law of Dulong and Petit holds to a wider extent, there are in the present inquiry certain circumstances to be taken into account not contemplated by those philosophers. Dulong and Petit, throughout their memoir, regard radiant heat as a homogeneous agent, and look upon the theory of exchanges, which is indeed their starting-point and guide, as a very simple affair. But the progress of this department of knowledge since their time has shown that precisely the same modifications found in the colors of light

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occur also for heat; and, further, that the wave length of the heat emitted depends upon the temperature of the radiating source. It is one thing to investigate the phenomena of the exchanges of heat rays of the same color, and another when the colors are different. A perfect theory of the exchanges of heat must include this principle, and, of course, so too must a law of cooling applicable to any temperature.

There is another fact to some extent considered by Dulong and Petit, but not of such weight in their investigations, where the range of temperature was small, as in these where it rises as high as nearly 3000° F. This is the difference of specific heat of the same body at different temperatures. At the high temperatures herein employed, there can not be a doubt that the capacity of platinum for heat is far greater than that at a low point. This, therefore, must affect its rate of calorific emission, and probably that for light also.

From these and similar considerations we should be led to expect that as the temperature of an incandescent solid rises, the intensity of the light emitted increases very rapidly. The experimental proofs now to be related substantiate the foregoing reasoning.

The apparatus employed as the source of the light and measure of the temperature was the same as in the preceding experiments—a strip of platinum brought to a known temperature by the passage of a voltaic current of the proper force, and connected with an index which measured its expansion.

The principle upon which the intensities of the light were determined was that originally described by Bouguer, and subsequently used by Masson. After many experiments, I found that it is the most accurate method known.

Any one who will endeavor to determine the intensities of light by Rumford's method of contrasting shadows, or by that of equally illuminated surfaces, will find, when every precaution has been used, that the results of repeated experiments do not accord. There is, moreover, the great defect that when the lights differ in color, it is impossible to obtain reliable results except by resorting to special contrivances.

Bouguer's method is far more exact, and where the lights differ in color, that difference actually tends to make the result more correct. It may be described as follows:

Let there be placed at a certain distance from a sheet of white paper a candle, so arranged as to throw the shadow of an opaque body, such as a rod of metal, on the sheet. If a second candle be placed also in front of the paper and nearer than the former, there is a certain distance at which its light completely obliterates all traces of the shadow. This distance is readily found, for the disappearance of the shadow can be determined with considerable exactness. When the lights are equal, Bouguer ascertained that the relative distances were as 1 : 8, and therefore inferred correctly that in the case of his eye the effect of a given light was imperceptible when it was in presence of another sixty-four times as intense. The precise number differs according to the sensibility of different eyes, but for the same organ it is constant.

Upon a paper screen I threw the shadow of a rod of copper, which intercepted the rays of the incandescent platinum; then taking an Argand lamp, surrounded by a cylindrical metal shade, through an aperture in which the light passed, and the flame of which I had found by previous trial would continue for an hour of almost the same intensity, I approached it to the paper sheet, until the shadow cast by the copper disappeared. The distance at which this took place was then measured, and the temperature of the platinum determined.

The temperature of the platinum was now raised, the shadow became more intense, and it was necessary to bring the Argand lamp nearer before it was effaced. When this took place, the distance of the lamp was again measured, and the temperature of the platinum again determined.

In Fig. 5, *a b* is the strip of ignited platinum. It casts a shadow, *h*, of the metal rod

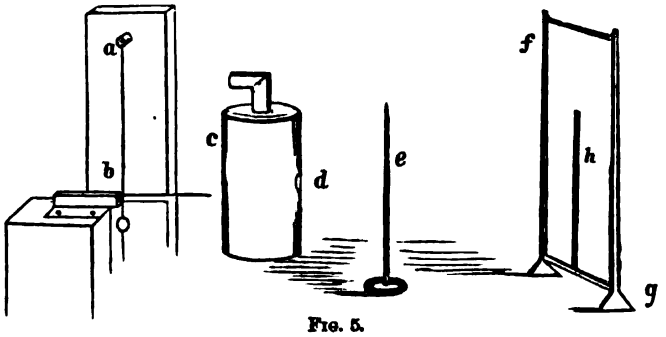


FIG. 5.

e on the white screen *f g*; *c* is a metallic box containing an Argand lamp, the light of which issues through an aperture, *d*, and extinguishes the shadow on the screen.

In this manner I obtained several series of results. They exhibited a more perfect accordance among each other than I had anticipated. I published a table of them in the original memoir. The intensity of the light emitted by the platinum is, of course, inversely proportional to the square

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of the distance of the Argand lamp at the moment of the obliteration of the shadow.

The results thus obtained proved that the increase in the intensity of the light of the ignited platinum, though slow at first, became very rapid as the temperature rose. At 2590° the brilliancy of the light was more than thirty-six times as great as it was at 1900°.

Thus, therefore, the theoretical anticipation founded on the analogy of light and heat was completely verified, the emission of light by a self-luminous solid as its temperature rises being in greater proportion than would correspond to mere difference of temperature.

To place this in a more striking point of view, I made some corresponding experiments in relation to the heat emitted. No one thus far had published results for high temperatures, or had endeavored to establish through an extensive scale the principle of Delaroche, that "the quantity of heat which a hot body gives off in a given time, by way of radiation to a cold body situated at a distance, increases, other things being equal, in a progression more rapid than the excess of the temperature of the first above that of the second."

As the object thus proposed was mainly to illustrate the remarkable analogy between light and heat, the experiments now to be related were arranged so as to resemble the foregoing; that is to say, as in determining the intensities of light emitted by a shining body at different temperatures I had received the rays upon a screen placed at an invariable distance, and then determined their value by photometric methods, so in this case I received the rays of heat upon a screen placed at an invariable distance, and measured their intensity by thermometric methods. In this instance the screen employed was, in fact, the blackened surface of a thermo-electric pile. It was arranged at a distance of about one inch from the strip of ignited platinum, a distance sufficient to keep it from any disturbance from the stream of hot air arising from the metal; care was also taken that the multiplier itself was placed so far from the rest of the apparatus that its astatic needles could not be affected by the voltaic current igniting the platinum, or the electro-magnetic action of the wires or rheostat used to modify the degrees of heat.

In Fig. 6, *a b* is the ignited platinum strip, *c* the thermo-electric pile, *d d* the multiplier.

The experiments were conducted as follows: The needles of the thermo-multiplier standing at the zero of their scale, the voltaic current was passed through the platinum, which immediately rose to the corresponding temperature, and radiated its heat to the face of the pile. The instant this current passed, the needles of the multiplier moved, and kept steadily advancing on the scale. At the close of one minute the deviation of the needle and the temperature of the platinum were simultaneously noted, and then the voltaic current was stopped.

Sufficient time was now given for the needles of the multiplier to come back to zero. This time varied in the different cases, according to the intensity of the heat to which the pile had been exposed; in no instance, however, did it exceed six minutes, and in most cases was much less. A little consideration will show that the usual artifice employed to drive the needles back to zero by warming the opposite face of the pile was not admissible in these experiments.

The needles having regained their zero, the platinum was brought again to a given temperature, and the experiment conducted as before.

The result of many such experiments showed that if the quantity of heat radiated by platinum at 980° be taken as unity, it will have increased at 1440° to 2.5, at 1900° to 7.8, and at 2360° to 17.8, nearly. The rate of increase is, therefore, very rapid. Further, it may be remarked, as illustrative of the same fact, that the quantity of heat radiated by a mass of platinum in passing from 1000° to 1300° is nearly equal to the amount it gives out in passing from common temperatures up to 1000°.

These results furnish a remarkable analogy between light and heat. The rapid increase of effect as the temperature rises is common to both.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that in the case of light we necessarily measure its effects by an apparatus which possesses special peculiarities. The eye is insensible

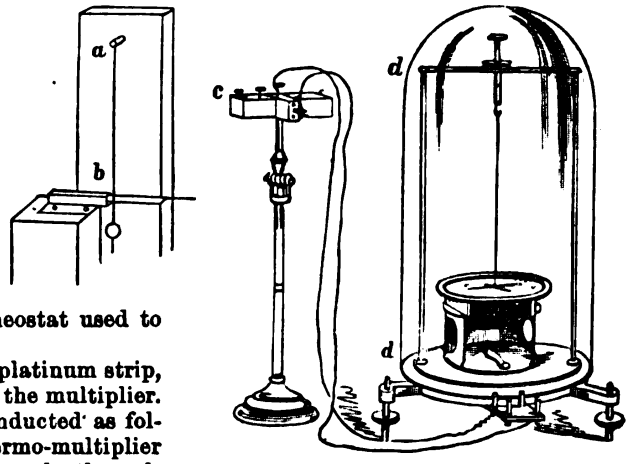


FIG. 6.

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to rays not comprehended within certain limits of refrangibility. In these experiments it is requisite to raise the temperature of the platinum almost to 1000° before we can discover the first traces of light. Measures obtained under such circumstances are dependent on the physiological action of the visual organ itself, and hence their analogy with those obtained by the thermometer becomes more striking, because we should scarcely have anticipated that it could be so complete.

The experiments related in the foregoing pages were made by me between 1844 and 1847. They were published in May in the latter year.

In the following July, M. Melloni, who was at that time recognized as the chief authority on the subject of radiant heat, read before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples a memoir entitled "Researches on the Radiations of Incandescent Bodies and on the Elementary Colors of the Solar Spectrum." This was translated into French from the Italian, and published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva. It was also translated into English, and published both in England and America.

M. Melloni commences his memoir as follows: "Among the more recent scientific publications will be found a memoir by the American professor J. W. Draper 'On the Production of Light by Heat,' which appears to me to merit the attentive consideration of those who interest themselves in the progress of the natural sciences. The author treats in a very ingenious manner some questions allied to my own researches on light and radiant heat. In reading this interesting work, several ideas have presented themselves to me, which I have submitted to the test of experiment. I believe that an analysis of the memoir of M. Draper, accompanied with a brief account of what I have done, will not be without interest.

"Every one knows that heat, when it accumulates in bodies, at last renders them *incandescent*, that is to say, more or less luminous and visible in the dark. Is the temperature necessary to produce this state of incandescence always the same, or does it vary with the nature of the body? In either case, what is its degree, and what is the succession of colored lights emitted by a given substance when brought to temperatures more and more elevated? Finally, what is the relation that subsists at different periods of incandescence between the temperature and the quantity of light and of heat emitted by a body?"

Melloni then describes the apparatus and the processes I had used to determine the thermometric degree of incandescence and its uniformity for different substances. He dwells on the fact that melted metals, such as lead, have the same point of ignition. He agrees in excepting the phenomena of phosphorescence, and those in which light is developed in chemical combinations. He remarks that "some philosophers of the highest eminence, among them M. Biot, suppose that the first light disengaged by incandescent bodies is blue, and they have accounted for this on the principle of a theory now universally abandoned. But these cases," he adds, "ought to be carefully distinguished from incandescence properly speaking, which arises directly and solely from an elevation of temperature in the body, and which always commences with a red light.

"As to the exact degree of this temperature, the objections which might be raised against the mode employed by M. Draper are of very little importance. If we compare the results at which he arrives with those that have been obtained by Wedgwood and Daniel, the difference is only 30° in excess in the first case, and 3° too little in the second. The differences are much greater when compared with the deductions of Davy and Sir I. Newton, which gave 812° and 635° respectively. But those numbers, and especially the latter, were obtained by methods too imperfect to be trustworthy. Consequently the number 977° F., given by M. Draper, must approach very closely the degree of heat which produces the first incandescence of bodies."

Melloni then describes the method I had resorted to for investigating the nature of the colors which are developed by an ignited body as its temperature is increased.

He dwells on the employment of a reference spectrum, which was resorted to in consequence of the spectrum of a solid having no fixed lines—a discovery which has become of the utmost value in astronomical spectrum analysis. He states the results given in the foregoing pages, and adds: "In other words, the spectrum of the strip of platinum which corresponds to the red extremity of the prismatic spectrum is at first very short, and contains only the less refrangible colors; but as the temperature rises, the spectrum of incandescence extends toward the violet extremity, obtaining the more refrangible tints, and at last acquiring all the colors and all the extent of the solar spectrum, except the terminal rays at the two extremities, which escape the observer evidently on account of their extreme feebleness. The same cause (insensibility due to a want of luminous energy) makes the first spectrum appear at the red end a little shorter than the last, because the less refrangible rays of that color are, as is well known, so feeble even in the solar spectrum that we are unable to perceive them, unless they are isolated in a place that is

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totally dark. Much more, therefore, ought they to remain invisible to the observer when the spectrum arises from luminous agencies so little energetic as are those of the first periods of incandescence.

"To a perfectly sensitive eye the variations of length would evidently have taken place in the direction of the more refrangible rays only, and all the spectra would have commenced at the extreme limit of the red rays.

"It results from all these observations that when the incandescence of a body becomes more and more vivid and brilliant by the elevation of its temperature, there is not only an augmentation in the intensity of the resulting light, but also in the variety of elementary colors which compose it; there is, too, an addition of rays so much the more refrangible as the temperature of the incandescent body is higher. In this there is, therefore, established an intimate analogy between the progressive development of light and that of heat. Indeed," M. Melloni adds, "as soon as I had convinced myself of the immediate transmission of every variety of radiant heat through rock-salt, I availed myself of that valuable property to study the refraction of heat from various sources, and I discovered that radiations coming from those of a high temperature contain elements more refrangible than those which are derived from sources that are not so hot."

M. Melloni then passes to a criticism of the methods I had used in investigating the law of the increase of the luminous and calorific radiations, according as the temperature of the source of heat is elevated.

He adds: "The method invented by Bouguer to determine the relative intensities of different luminous sources, and employed by Draper to measure the quantities of light emitted by a strip of platinum brought to different degrees of incandescence, is the only one by which we could hope for a successful result. The method of the equality of shadows, well known under the name of Rumford's method, would have furnished in the researches of the learned American uncertain data, on account of the difficulty of establishing an exact comparison between the accidental green tint introduced into the shadow enlightened by the yellow rays of the lamp and the red light emitted by the ignited metal. As to the measures of the radiant heat, they were determined by the aid of the thermo-multiplier, that admirable instrument which has revealed to science so many new properties of calorific radiations, and which still is rendering eminent services in the hands of able chemists far beyond the Alps.

"The numbers obtained by M. Draper show evidently that the augmentations of both light and heat, though feeble at first, become very rapid at last, from which it results that the radiations both of light and heat follow in the *progression of quantity* the same analogy that we have just observed in the *progression of quality*. These researches then conduct, as do others heretofore known on light and radiant heat, to a perfect analogy between the general laws which govern these two great agents of nature."

I have quoted Melloni's memoir somewhat at length, being desirous of showing that the facts I had discovered in relation to the ignition of bodies, and had published in 1847, had been made known in many different languages, and were easily accessible to any one interested in the subject.

Thirteen years subsequently (1860), M. Kirchoff, in a memoir regarded at that time as the origin of spectrum analysis, and entitled, "On the Relation between the Radiating and Absorbing Powers of different Bodies for Light and Heat," published, under the guise of mathematical deductions, many of these facts as discoveries of his own. This memoir appeared in German in Poggendorff's *Annalen*, Vol. CIX., p. 275, and was translated into English in the *Philosophical Magazine*, July, 1860.

Among these deductions are the following. I quote M. Kirchoff's own language:

"If a body (a platinum wire, for example) be gradually heated up to a certain temperature, it only emits rays consisting of waves longer than those of the visible rays. Beyond that point waves of the length of the extreme red begin to appear, and as the temperature rises, shorter and shorter waves are added, so that, for every temperature, rays of a corresponding length of wave are originated, while the intensity of the rays of greater wave length is increased.

"Whence, applying the same proposition to other bodies, it follows that all bodies, when their temperature is gradually raised, begin to emit waves of the same length at the same temperature," etc. (Draper, *Phil. Mag.*, Vol. XXX., p. 345. Berl., 1847.)

"For the same temperature the magnitude (I) is a continuous function of the wave length, except for such values of the latter as render (I) evanescent. The truth of this assertion may be concluded from the continuity of the spectrum of a red-hot platinum wire, provided it be admitted that the power of absorption of such a body is a continuous function of the length of the waves of the incident rays."

These, together with other facts, were presented by M. Kirchoff not as experimental but as mathematical results. No allusion was made to the fact that the whole subject had been extensively investigated, as shown in the preceding pages, many years before, the only reference to such investigation being that contained, as shown above,

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in a parenthesis, which in the original is in a foot-note, and even this was omitted in a historical memoir on the subject shortly afterward published by M. Kirchoff.

As an example of the effect of this, I may quote from the *Cours de Physique de l'École Polytechnique*, of Paris, by Professor Jamin:

"M. Kirchoff has deduced the following important consequences:

"Black bodies begin to emit at 977° F. red radiations, to which are added successively and continuously other rays of refrangibility increasing as the temperature rises.

"All substances begin to be red-hot at the same temperature in the same inclosure.

"The spectrum of solids and liquids contains no fixed lines."

Subsequently, in the *Philosophical Magazine* (April, 1863), a memoir appeared, under the title of "Contributions toward the History of Spectrum Analysis and of the Analysis of the Solar Atmosphere," by M. Kirchoff. In this no allusion whatever is made to my researches.

To complete this historical reference to the investigations that have been made respecting the radiations of incandescence, I may draw attention to what has been done in France.

M. Edmond Becquerel published in 1867 a treatise on Light, its Causes and Effects (*La Lumière, ses Causes et ses Effets*). This was twenty years after the publication of my original memoir.

In Vol. I., Chapter II., of that work he presents the subject of the radiations of ignited bodies as follows:

"When the incandescence of a solid opaque body, such as platinum or lime, is produced, it is necessary to examine what are the luminous effects manifested as the temperature rises and varies by determinate degrees. Since the ignited body emits at a given instant radiations of every wave length, but the more refrangible do not exceed a certain limit of refrangibility, depending on the degree of temperature, we may inquire:

"(1) Do different bodies begin to emit light by incandescence at the same temperature?

"(2) What is the increase in the intensity of the light emitted by a given body as its temperature is raised, not only for each ray of determinate refrangibility, but also for the totality of light emitted?

"(3) How does the refrangibility of the most refrangible rays emitted at a given temperature increase as that temperature is raised?"

These are identically the questions proposed and solved in my memoir of 1847.

M. Becquerel states that for their solution he resorted to the use of a tube of porcelain, in which he placed the substances to be tried, and exposed them in a furnace, by which their temperature was gradually raised. He inspected them, as the temperature rose, through the open end of the tube. To ascertain the temperature, he resorted to the use of a thermo-electric couple, and not to the direct expansion of a metal (platinum), as I had done.

He found that at 950° F. an excessively feeble trace of light could be detected, if the observation was made in complete darkness; that as the temperature was made to rise, all the colored rays increased in refrangibility; and that as that rise went forward, not only did the intensity of each existing ray increase, but there were added new ones of greater refrangibility than those already given forth. Platinum, palladium, lime, and other solids begin to shine at the same degree.

M. Becquerel invented a photometer for the measurement of the intensity of the emitted light, and thus far presented his results as original. He, however, in conclusion of this portion of his subject, mentions that I had sought to compare the intensity of the light emitted by an incandescent platinum wire placed in the air, and also the intensity of the radiant heat emitted from the degree at which the wire became red-hot to the most elevated temperatures. In a table which he annexes he gives a condensed statement of the temperature of the incandescent platinum as measured by its dilatation; of the intensity of the heat emitted; of the intensity of the light emitted; and of the increase of the spectrum in its more refrangible direction as the temperature was raised. But he depreciates the credit of these results by the criticism that when the ignition of a platinum wire takes place in the air, that medium cools it rapidly, and one can not be certain that the surface of the wire and its central parts are at the same instant at the same temperature.

To this I reply that it was not a wire, but a thin strip of platinum, that I used. It was only one-twentieth of an inch in width, and about as thick as tissue-paper. I doubt if there was any appreciable difference of temperature between its surface and its interior parts.

The law of the radiation of heat, as illustrated by the foregoing experiments with an ignited strip of platinum, has been applied in recent discussions respecting the age of the earth. Geological evidence has satisfactorily established that the temperature of the earth was formerly much higher than now, and the decline that has happened could only have taken place by radiation into space. Considering how slow the cooling now is—a scarcely perceptible fraction of a degree in the course of many centuries—it would seem that to accomplish the

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whole descent, if even we go no further back than the paleozoic era, an amazing lapse of time would be required. And if we accept the nebular hypothesis, since the original temperature must have been at least that of the surface of the sun, the time must be correspondingly extended. Even if numbers could be given, the imagination would altogether fail to appreciate them.

But we have here experimental proof that the higher the temperature of a body, the more rapidly it cools. A descent through a given number of degrees is more quickly made when a body is at a high than when it is at a low temperature. Anciently the cooling of the earth was more rapid than it is now. Not that there was any change or breach in the general law under which the operation was taking place, for the same mathematical expression applies to all temperatures, no matter how high or how low they may be. Mr. Croll, in his recent researches on the distribution of heat over the globe, points out the bearing of these experiments.

Our estimate of the age of the earth, as deduced from the cooling she has undergone, must therefore, in view of these considerations, be diminished—a result insisted upon by many recent authors. Too much weight must, however, not be given to this conclusion, since it ought to be borne in mind that the cooling was not taking place by radiation into space from the earth alone as a solitary body. She was in presence of a high extraneous temperature, which diminished her speed of cooling, and correspondingly increased the time.

Though the problem of the age of the earth, as investigated through the changes of her temperature, may not at present be capable of exact solution, it must be admitted that the time required to bring her heat to its present degree must have been inconceivably long.

IDEALS.

CHAPTER I.

IN ACCOUNT.

I HAVE a little circle of friends, among all my other friends quite distinct, though of them. They are four men and four women; the husbands more in love with their wives than on the days when they married them, and the wives with their husbands. These people live for the good of the world, to a fair extent, but much, very much, of their lives is passed together. Perhaps the happiest period they ever knew was when, in different subordinate capacities, they were all on the staff of the same magazine. Then they met daily at the office, lunched together perforce, and could make arrangements for the evening. But, to say true, things differ little with them now, though that magazine long since took wings and went to a better world.

Their names are Felix and Fausta Carter, Frederic and Mary Ingham, George and Anna Haliburton, George and Julia Hackmatack.

I get the children's names wrong to their faces—except that in general their name is Legion, for they are many—so I will not attempt them here.

These people live in very different houses, with very different "advantages," as the world says. Haliburton has grown very rich in the rag and paper business, rich enough to discard rag money and believe in gold. He even spits at silver, which I am glad to get when I can. Frederic Ingham will never be rich. His regular income consists in his half-pay as a retired brevet officer in the patriot service of Garibaldi of the year 1859. For the rest, he invested his money in the Brick Moon, and, as I need hardly add, insured his life in the late Continental Insurance Company. But the Inghams find just as much in life as the Haliburtons, and Anna Haliburton consults Polly Ingham about the shade of a flounce just as readily and as eagerly as Polly consults her about the children's dentistry. They are all very fond of each other.

They get a great deal out of life, these eight, partly because they are so closely allied together. Just two whist parties, you see; or, if they go to ride, they just fill two carriages. Eight is such a good number—makes such a nice dinner party. Perhaps they see a little too much of each other. That we shall never know.

They got a great deal of life, and yet they were not satisfied. They found that out very queerly. They have not many standards. Ingham does take the *Spectator;* Hackmatack condescends to read the *Evening Post;* Haliburton, who used to be in the insurance business, and keeps his old extravagant habits, reads the *Advertiser* and the *Transcript;* all of them have the *Christian Union,* and all of them buy *Harper's Weekly.* Every separate week of their lives they buy of the boys, instead of subscribing; they think they may not want the next number, but they always do. Not one of them has read the *Nation* for five years, for they like to keep good-natured. In fact, they do not take much stock in the general organs of opinion, and the only standard books you find about are scandalously few. The Bible, Shakspeare, John Milton; Polly has Dante; Julia has *Barclay's Apology,* with ever so many marks in it; one George has *Owen Felltham,* and the other is strong on Marcus Aurelius. Well, no matter about these separate things; the uniform books besides those I named, in different editions but in every house, are the *Arabian Nights* and Rob-

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INSON CRUSOE. Hackmatack has the priceless first edition. Haliburton has Grandville's (the English Grandville). Ingham has a proof copy of the Stothard. Carter has a good copy of the Cruikshank.

If you ask me which of these four I should like best, I should say as the Laureate did when they gave him his choice of two kinds of cake:

"Both's as good as one."

Well, *Robinson Crusoe* being their lay gospel and creed, not to say epistle and psalter, it was not queer that one night, when the election had gone awfully, and the men were as blue as that little porcelain Osiris of mine yonder, who is so blue that he can not stand on his feet—it was not queer, I say, that they turned instinctively to *Robinson Crusoe* for relief.

Now, Robinson Crusoe was once in a very bad box indeed, and to comfort himself as well as he could, and to set the good against the evil, that he might have something to distinguish his case from worse, he stated impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts and miseries, thus:

EVIL.	GOOD.
I am cast upon a horrible desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.	But I am alive, and not drowned as all my ship's company were.
I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world, to be miserable.	But I am singled out, too, from the ship's crew to be spared from death.

And so the debtor and creditor account goes on.

Julia Hackmatack read this aloud to them—the whole of it—and they agreed, as Robinson says, not so much for their posterity as to keep their thoughts from daily poring on their trials, that for each family they would make such a balance. What might not come of it? Perhaps a partial—nay, perhaps a perfect cure!

So they determined that on the instant they would go to work, and two in the smoking-room, two in the dining-room, two in George's study, and two in the parlor, they should in the next half hour make up their lists of good and evil. Here are the results:

FREDERIC AND MARY INGHAM.

GOOD.	EVIL.
We have three nice boys and three nice girls.	But the door-bell rings all the time.
We have enough to eat, drink, and wear.	But the coal bill is awful, and the Larrabee furnace has given out. The firm that made it has gone up, and no castings can be got to mend it.
We have more books than we can read, and do not care to read many newspapers.	But our friends borrow our books, and only return odd volumes.
We have many very dear friends—enough.	But we are behindhand 143 names on our lists of calls.
We have health in our family.	But the children may be sick. The Lowndes children are.
We seem to be of some use in the world.	But Mrs. Hogarth has left Fred $900 for the poor, and he is afraid he shall spend it wrong.
	The country has gone to the dogs.

GEORGE AND ANNA HALIBURTON.

GOOD.	EVIL.
We have a nice home in town, and one in Sharon, and a sea-shore place at Little Gau, and we have friends enough to fill them.	You can not give a cup of coffee to a beggar but he sends five hundred million tramps to the door.
We have some of the nicest children in the world.	A great many people call whose names we have forgotten.
We have enough to do, and not too much.	We have to give a party to all our acquaintance every year, which is horrid.
Business is good enough, though complaining.	We do not do any thing we want to do, and we do a great deal that we do not want to do. George had added, "And there is no help in us." But Anna marked that out as wicked.
The children are all well.	People vote as if they were possessed.

GEORGE AND JULIA HACKMATACK.

GOOD.	EVIL.
We have eight splendid children.	The plumbers' work always gives way at the wrong time, and the plumbers' bills are awful.
We have money enough, though we know what to do with more.	The furnace will not heat the house unless the wind is at the southwest. None of the chimneys draw well.
George will not have to go to Bahia next year.	We hate the Kydd School. The master drinks and the first assistant lies. But we live in that district; so the boys have to go there.
Tom got through with scarlet fever without being deaf.	Lucy said "commence" yesterday, Jane said "gent," Walter said "Bully for you," and Alice said "nobby." And what is coming we do not know.
Dr. Witherspoon has accepted the presidency of Tiberias College in Alaska.	How long any man can live under this government I do not know.

FELIX AND FAUSTA CARTER.

GOOD.	EVIL.
Governments are stronger every year. Money goes farther than it did.	But as the children grow bigger, their clothes cost more.
All the boys are good and well. So are the girls. They are splendid children.	But the children get no good at school, except measles, whooping-cough, and scarlet fever.

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GOOD.	EVIL.
Old Mr. Porter died last week, and Felix gets promotion in the office.	But the gas-meter lies; and the gas company wants to have it lie.
The lost volume of Fichte was left on the door-step last night by some one who rang the bell and ran away. It is rather wet, but when it is bound will look nicely.	But the Athenæum is always calling in its books to examine them, and making us say where Mr. Fred Curtis's books are. As if we cared.
The mistress of the Arabella School is dead.	But our drains smell awfully, though the Board of Health says they do not.
	We have to go to evening parties among our friends, or seem stuck up. We hate to go, and wish there were none. We had rather come here.
	The increasing worthlessness of the franchise.

With these papers they gathered all in the study just as the clock struck nine, and, in good old Boston fashion, Silas was bringing in some hot oysters. They ate the oysters, which were good—trust Anna for that—and then the women read the papers, while the smoking men smoked and pondered.

They all recognized the gravity of the situation. Still, as Julia said, they felt better already. It was like having the doctor come: you knew the worst, and could make ready for it.

They did not discuss the statements much. They had discussed them too much in severalty. They did agree that they should be left to Felix to report upon the next evening. He was, so to speak, to post them, to strike out from each side the quantities which could be eliminated, and leave the equations so simplified that the eight might determine what they should do about it—indeed, what they could do about it.

The visitors put on their "things"—how strange that that word should once have meant "parliaments!"—kissed good-by so far as they were womanly, and went home. George Haliburton screwed down the gas, and they went to bed.

CHAPTER II.

STRIKING THE BALANCE.

THE next night they went to see Warren at the Museum. That probably helped them. After the play they met by appointment at the Carters'. Felix read his

REPORT.

1. NUMBER.—There are twenty-one reasons for congratulation, twenty-four for regret. But of the twenty-four, four are the same, namely, the cursed political prospect of the country. Counting that as one only, there are twenty-one on each side.

2. EVIL.—The twenty-one evils may be classified thus: political, 1; social, 12; physical, 5; terrors, 3.

All the physical evils would be relieved by living in a temperate climate, instead of this abomination, which is not a climate, to which our ancestors were sold by the cupidity of the Dutch.

The political evil would be ended by leaving the jurisdiction of the United States.

The social evils, which are a majority of all, would be reduced by residence in any place where there were not so many people.

The terrors properly belong to all the classes. In a decent climate, in a country not governed by its vices, and a community not crowded, the three terrors would be materially abated, if not put to an end.

Respectfully submitted, FELIX CARTER.

How they discussed it now! Talk? I think so! They all talked a while, and no one listened. But they had to stop when Phenice brought in the Welsh rare-bit (good before bed, but a little indigestible, unless your conscience is stainless), and Felix then put in a word.

"Now I tell you, this is not nonsense. Why not do what Winslow and Standish and those fellows thought they were doing when they sailed? Why not go to a climate like France, with milder winters and cooler summers than here? You want some winter, you want some summer."

"I hate centipedes and scorpions," said Anna.

"There's no need of them. There's a place in Mexico, not a hundred miles from the sea, where you can have your temperature just as you like."

"Stuff!"

"No, it is not stuff at all," said poor Felix, eagerly. "I do not mean just one spot. But you live in this valley, you know. If you find it is growing hot, you move about a quarter of a mile to another place higher up. If you find that hot, why you have another house a little higher. Don't you see? Then, when winter comes, you move down."

"Are there many people there?" asked Haliburton; "and do they make many calls?"

"There are a good many people, but they are a gentle set. They never quarrel. They are a little too high up for the revolutions, and there is something tranquilizing about the place, they seldom die, none are sick, need no aguardiente, do what the head of the village tells them to do—only he never has any occasion to tell them. They never make calls."

"I like that," said Ingham. "That patriarchal system is the true system of government."

"Where is this place?" said Anna, incredulously.

"I have been trying to remember all day, but I can't. It is in Mexico, I know. It is on this side of Mexico. It tells all about it in an old *Harper*—oh, a good many years ago—but I never bound mine; there are always one or two missing every year. I asked Fausta to look for it, but she was

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busy. I thought," continued poor Felix, a little crest-fallen, "one of you might remember."

No, nobody remembered; and nobody felt much like going to the public library to look, on Carter's rather vague indications. In fact, it was a suggestion of Haliburton's that proved more popular.

Haliburton said he had not laid in his coal. They all said the same. "Now," said he, "the coal of this crowd for this winter will cost a thousand dollars, if you add in the kindling and the matches, and patching the furnace pots and sweeping the chimneys."

To this they agreed.

"It is now Wednesday. Let us start Saturday for Memphis, take a cheap boat to New Orleans, go thence to Vera Cruz by steamer, explore the ground, buy the houses if we like, and return by the time we can do without fires next spring. Our board will cost less than it would here, for it is there the beef comes from. And the thousand dollars will pay the fares both ways."

The women, with one voice, cried, "And the children?"

"Oh yes," cried the eager adventurer. "I had forgotten the children. Well, they are all well, are they not?"

Yes; all were well.

"Then we will take them with us as far as Yellow Springs, in Ohio, and leave them for the fall and winter terms at Antioch College. They will be enough better taught than they are at the Kydd School, and they will get no scarlet fever. Nobody is ever sick there. They will be better cared for than my children are when they are left to me, and they will be seven hundred miles nearer to us than if they were here. The little ones can go to the Model Schools, the middling ones to the Academy, and the oldest can go to college. How many are there, Felix?"

Felix said there were twenty-nine.

"Well," said the arithmetical George, "it is the cheapest place I ever knew. Why, their Seniors get along for three hundred dollars a year, and squeeze more out of life than I do out of twenty thousand. The little ones won't cost at that rate. A hundred and fifty dollars for twenty-nine children; how much is that, Polly?"

"Forty-three hundred and fifty dollars, of course," said she.

"I thought so. Well, don't you see, we shall save that in wages to these servants we are boarding here, of whom there are eleven, who cost us, say, six dollars a week; that is, sixty-six dollars for twenty weeks is thirteen hundred and twenty dollars. We won't buy any clothes, but live on the old ones, and make the children wear their big brothers' and sisters'. There's a saving of thirty-seven hundred dollars for thirty-seven of us. Why, we shall make money! I tell you what, if you'll do it, I'll pay all the bills till we come home. If you like, you shall then each pay me three-quarters of your last winter's accounts, and I'll charge any difference to profit and loss. But I shall make by the bargain."

The women doubted if they could be ready. But it proved they could. Still they did not start Saturday; they started Monday, in two palace-cars. They left the children, all delighted with the change, at Antioch on Wednesday—a little tempted to spend the winter there themselves; but, this temptation well resisted, they sped on to Mexico.

CHAPTER III.

FULFILLMENT.

SUCH a tranquil three days on the Mississippi, which was as an autumn flood, and revealed himself as indeed King of Waters! Such delightful three days in hospitable New Orleans! Might it not be possible to tarry even here? "No," cried the inexorable George. "We have put our hand to the plow. Who will turn back?" Two days of abject wretchedness on the Gulf of Mexico. "Why were we born? Why did we not die before we left solid land?" And then the light-house at Vera Cruz.

"Lo, land! and all was well."

What a splendid city! Why had nobody told them of this queen on the sea-shore? Red and white towers, cupolas, battlements! It was all like a story-book. When they landed, to be sure, it was not quite so big a place as they had fancied from all this show; but for this they did not care. To land—that was enough. Had they landed on a sand spit they would have been in heaven. No more swaying to and fro as they lay in bed; no more stumbling to and fro as they walked. They refused the amazed Mexicans who wanted them to ride to the hotel. To walk steadily was in itself a luxury.

And then it was not long before the men had selected the little caravan of horses and mules which were to carry them on their expedition of discovery. Some valley of paradise, where a man could change his climate from midwinter to midsummer by a journey of a mile. Did the consul happen to have heard of any such valley?

Had he heard of them? He had heard of fifty. He had not, indeed, heard of much else. How could he help hearing of them?

Could the consul, then, recommend one or two valleys which might be for sale? Or was it, perhaps, impossible to buy a foothold in such an Eden?

For sale! There was nothing in the country, so far as the friend knew to whom the

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consul presented them, which was not for sale. Any where in Queretaro; or why should they not go to the Baxio? No; that was too flat and too far off. There were pretty places round Xalapa. Oh, plenty of plantations for sale. But they need not go so far. Any where on the rise of Chiquihiti.

Was the friend quite sure that there were no plumbers in the regions he named?

"Never a plumber in Mexico."

Any life-insurance men?

"Not one." The prudent friend did not add, "Risk too high."

Were the public schools graded schools or district schools?

"Not a public school in six provinces."

"Would the neighbors be offended if we do not call?"

"Cut your throats if you did."

Did the friend think there would be many tramps?

The friend seemed more doubtful here, but suggested that the occasional use of a six-shooter reduced the number, and gave a certain reputation to the premises where it was employed which diminished much tramping afterward, and said that the law did not object to this method.

They returned to a dinner of fish, for which Vera Cruz is celebrated. "If what the man says be true," said Ingham, "we must be very near heaven."

It was now in November. Oh, the glory of that ride, as they left Vera Cruz and, through a wilderness of color, jogged slowly on to their new paradise!

"Through Eden four glad couples took their way."

Higher and higher. This wonder and that. Not a blade of grass such as they ever saw before, not a chirping cricket such as they ever heard before, a hundred bright-winged birds, and not one that they had ever seen before. Higher and higher. Trees, skies, clouds, flowers, beasts, birds, insects, all new and all lovely.

The final purchase was of one small plantation, with a house large enough for a little army, yet without a stair. Oranges, lemons, pomegranates, mangoes, bananas, pine-apples, coffee, sugar—what did not ripen in those perennial gardens? Half a mile above there were two smaller houses belonging to the same estate; half a mile above, another was purchased easily. This was too cold to stay in in November, but in June and July and August the temperature would be sixty-six, without change.

They sent back the mules. A telegram from Vera Cruz brought from Boston, in fifteen days, the best books in the world, the best piano in the world, a few boxes of colors for the artists, a few reams of paper, and a few dozen of pencils for the men. And then began four months of blessed life. Never a gas bill nor a water leak, never a crack in the furnace nor a man to put in coal, never a request to speak for the benefit of the Fenians, never the necessity of attending at a primary meeting. The ladies found in their walks these gentle Mexican children, simple, happy, civil, and with the strange idea that the object for which life is given is that men may live. They came home with new wealth untold every day—of ipomœa, convolvulus, passion-flowers, and orchids. The gentlemen brought back every day a new species, even a new genus—a new illustration of evolution or a new mystery to be accounted for by the law of natural selection. Night was all sleep; day was all life. Digestion waited upon appetite; appetite waited upon exercise; exercise waited upon study; study waited upon conversation; conversation waited upon love. Could it be that November was over? Can life run by so fast? Can it be that Christmas has come? Can we let life go by so fast? Is it possible that it is the end of January? We can not let life go so fast. Really, is this St. Valentine's Day? When ever did life go so fast?

And with the 1st of March the mules were ordered, and they moved to the next higher level. The men and women walked. And there, on the grade of a new climate, they began on a new botany, on new discoveries, and happy life found new forms as they began again.

So sped April and so sped May. Life had its battles—oh yes, because it was life. But they were not the pettiest of battles. They were not the battles of prisoners shut up, to keep out the weather, in cells fifteen feet square. They fought, if they fought, with God's air in their veins and God's warm sunshine around them and God's blue sky above them. So they did what they could, as they wrote and read and drew and painted, as they walked and ran and swam and rode and drove, as they encouraged this peon boy and taught that peon girl, smoothed this old woman's pillow and listened to that old man's story, as they analyzed these wonderful flowers, as they tasted these wonderful fruits, as they climbed these wonderful mountains, or, at night, as they pointed the telescope through this cloudless and stainless sky.

With all their might they lived. And they were so many, and there were so many round them to whom their coming was a new being, that they lived in love, and every day drank in of the infinite elixir.

But June came. The mules are sent for again. Again they walked a quarter of a mile. And here in the little whitewashed cottage, with only a selection from the books below, with two guitars and a flute in place of the piano—here they made ready for three weeks of June. Only three weeks; for on the 29th was the Commencement at Antioch,

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and Jane and Walter and Florence were to take their degrees. There would need five days from Vera Cruz to reach them. And so this summer was to be spent in the North with them, before October should bring all the children and the parents to the land of the open sky. Three busy weeks between the 1st and the 22d, in which all the pictures must be finished, Ingham's novel must be revised, Haliburton's articles completed, the new invention for measuring power must be gauged and tested, the dried flowers must be mounted and packed, the preserved fruits must be divided for the Northern friends. Three happy weeks of life eventful, but life without crowding and, above all, without interruption. "Think of it," cried Felix, as they took their last walk among the lava crags, "the door-bell has not rung all this last winter!"

"'This happy old king
On his gate he did swing,
Because there was never a door-bell to ring.'"

This was Julia's impromptu reply.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME AGAIN.

So came one more journey. Why can we not go and come without this musty steamer, these odious smells, this food for dogs, and this surge—ah, how remorseless!—of the cruel sea?

But even this will end. Once more the Stars and Stripes! A land of furnaces and of water-pipes, a land of beggars and of caucuses, a land of gas-meters and of liars, a land of pasteboard and of cards, a land of etiquettes and of bad spelling, but still their country! A land of telegraphs, which told in an instant, as they landed on the levee, that all the twenty-nine were well, and begged them to be at the college on Tuesday evening, so as to see *Much Ado about Nothing*. For at Antioch they act a play the night before Commencement. A land of Pullman's palace-cars. And lo! they secured sections 5 and 6, 7 and 8, in the "Mayflower." Just time to kiss the baby of one friend, and to give a basket of guavas to another, and then whir for Cincinnati and Xenia and Yellow Springs!

How beautiful were the live-oaks and the magnolias! How fresh the green of the cotton! How black the faces of the little negroes, and how beyond dispute the perfume of the baked pea-nuts at the stations where sometimes they had to stop for wood and water! Even the heavy pile of smoke above Cincinnati was golden with the hopes of a new-born day as they rushed up to the Ohio River, and as they crossed it. And then, the land of happy homes! It was Kapnist who said to me that the most favored places in the world were the larger villages in Ohio. He had gone every where, too. Xenia, and a perfect breakfast at the station, then the towers of Antioch, then the twenty-nine children waving their handkerchiefs as the train rushes in!

How much there was to tell, to show, to ask for, and to see! How much pleasure they gave with their cochineal, their mangoes, their bananas, their hat-bands for the boys, and their fans for the girls! Yes; and how much more they took from nut-brown faces, from smiles beaming from ear to ear, from the boy so tall that he looked down upon his father, from the girl so womanly that you asked if her mother were not masquerading. "You rascal Ozro, you do not pretend that those trowsers were made for you? Why, my boy, you disgrace the family." "I hope not, papa; I had ninety-eight in the botany examination, passed with honors in Greek, and we beat the Buckeye Club to nothing in the return match yesterday." "You did, you little beggar!" the proud papa replied. "You ran all the better, I suppose, because you had nothing to trip you." And so on, and so on. The children did not live in paradise, perhaps, but this seems very like the kingdom come!

And after commencements and the president's party, up to the Yellow Springs platform came two unusual palaces, specially engaged. And one was named the "Valparaiso," and the other, as it happened, the "Bethlehem." And they took all the children, and by good luck Mrs. Tucker was going also, and three or four of the college girls, and they took them. So there were forty-two in all. And they sped and sped, without change of cars, save as Bethlehem visited Paradise and Paradise visited Bethlehem, till they came to New Salem, which is the station men buy tickets for when they would go to the beach below Quonochontaug, where the eight and the twenty-nine were to make their summer home before the final emigration.

They do not live at Quonochontaug, but to that post-office are their letters sent. They live in a hamlet of their own, known to the neighbors as the Little Gan. Four large houses, whitewashed without and within, with deep piazzas all around, the roofs of which join the roofs of the houses themselves, and run up on all sides to one point above the centre. In each house a hall some twenty feet by fifty, and in the hall—what is not in the hall?—maybe a piano, maybe a fish-rod, maybe a rifle or a telescope, a volume of sermons or a volume of songs, a spinning-wheel, or a guitar, or a battledore. You might ask widely for what you needed, for study or for play, and you would find it, though it were a deep divan of Osiût or a chibouque from

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Stamboul—you would find it in one of these simple whitewashed halls.

Little Gau is so near the sea-shore that every day they go down to the beach to bathe, and the beach is so near the Gulf Stream that the swim is—well, perfection. Still, the first day the ladies would not swim. They had the trunks to open, they said, and the closets to arrange. And the four men and the fourteen boys went to that bath of baths alone. And as Felix, the cynic grumbler, ran races naked on the beach with his boy and the boy beat him, even Felix was heard to say, "How little man needs here below to be perfectly happy!"

And at the Little Gau they spent the months from the Fourth of July to the 13th of October—two great days in history—getting ready for Mexico. New sewing-machines were bought, and the fall of the stream from the lake was taught to run the treadles. No end of clothing was got ready for a country which needs none; no end of memoranda made for the last purchases; no end of lists of books prepared, which they could read in that land of leisure. And on the 14th of October, with a passing sigh, they bade good-by to boats and dogs and cows and horses and neighbors and beaches—almost to sun and moon, which had smiled on so much happiness, and went back to Boston to make the last bargains, to pay the last bills, and to say the last good-byes.

After one day of bill-paying and house-advertising and farewelling, they met at Ingham's to "tell their times." And Julia told of her farewell call on dear Mrs. Blake.

"The saint!" said she; "she does not see as well as she did. But it was just lovely there. There was the great bronze Japanese stork, which seemed so friendly, and the great vases, and her flowers as fresh as ever, and her books every where. She found something for Tom and Maud to play with, just as she used to for Ben and Horace. And we sat and talked of Mexico and Antioch and every thing. I asked her if her eyes troubled her, and I was delighted because it seems they do not trouble her at all. She told all about Swampscot and her grandchildren. I asked her if the dust never troubled them on Gladstone Street, but she says it does not at all; and she told all about her son's family in Hong-Kong. I asked her if the failure of Rupee and Lac annoyed them, and she said not at all, and I was so glad, for I had been so afraid for them; and then she told about how much they were enjoying Macaulay. Then I asked her if the new anvil factory on the other side of the street did not trouble her, and she said not at all. And when I said, 'How can that be?' she said, 'Why, Julia dear, we do not let these things trouble us, don't you see. If I were you, I would not let such things trouble me.'"

George Haliburton laid down his knife as Julia told the story. "Do you remember Rabia at Mecca?"

Yes, they all remembered Rabia at Mecca:

> "O heart, weak follower of the weak,
> That thou shouldst traverse land and sea;
> In this far place that God to seek
> Who long ago had come to thee!"

"Why should we not stay here, and not let these things trouble us?"

Why not, indeed?

And they staid.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARD AND SOFT.

BEFORE very long it was manifest enough that Mr. Gundry looked down upon Miss Sylvester with a large contempt. But while this raised my opinion of his judgment, it almost deprived me of a great relief—the relief of supposing that he wished his grandson to marry this Pennsylvania. For although her father, with his pigs and cattle, and a low sort of hostelry which he kept, could settle "a good pile of dollars" upon her, and had kept her at the "learnedest ladies' college" even in San Francisco till he himself trembled at her erudition, still it was scarcely to be believed that a man of the Sawyer's strong common-sense and disregard of finery would ever accept for his grandchild a girl made of affectation, vulgarity, and conceit. And one day, quite in the early spring, he was so much vexed with the fine lady's airs that he left no doubt about his meaning.

Miss Sylvester was very proud of the figure she made on horseback; and having been brought up, perhaps as a child, to ride after pigs and so on, she must have had fine opportunities of acquiring a graceful style of horsemanship. And now she dashed through thick and thin in a most commanding manner, caring no more for a snow-drift than ladies do for a scraping of the road. No one with the least observation could doubt that this young woman was extremely anxious to attract Firm Gundry's notice; and therefore, on the day above spoken of, once more she rode over, with her poor father in waiting upon her as usual.

Now I know very well how many faults I have, and to deny them has never been my practice; but this is the honest and earnest truth, that no smallness of mind, or narrowness of feeling, or want of large or fine senti-

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ments made me bolt my door when that girl was in the house. I simply refused, after seeing her once, to have any thing more to say to her; by no means because of my birth and breeding (which are things that can be most easily waived when the difference is acknowledged), nor yet on account of my being brought up in the company of ladies, nor even by reason of any dislike which her bold brown eyes put into me. My cause was sufficient and just and wise. I felt myself here as a very young girl, in safe and pure and honest hands, yet thrown on my own discretion, without any feminine guidance whatever. And I had learned enough from the wise French sisters to know at a glance that Miss Sylvester was not a young woman who would do me good.

Even Uncle Sam, who was full of thought and delicate care about me, so far as a man can understand, and so far as his simple shrewdness went, in spite of all his hospitable ways and open universal welcome, though he said not a word (as on such a point he was quite right in doing)—even he, as I knew by his manner, was quite content with my decision. But Firm, being young and in many ways stupid, made a little grievance of it. And, of course, Miss Sylvester made a great one.

"Oh, I do declare, I am going away," through my open window I heard her exclaim in her sweetly affected tone, at the end of that long visit, "without even having the honor of saying a kind word to your young visitor. Do not wait for me, papa; I must pay my devoirs. Such a distinguished and travelled person can hardly be afflicted with *mauvaise honte*. Why does she not rush to embrace me? All the French people do; and she is so French! Let me see her, for the sake of my accent."

"We don't want no French here, ma'am," replied Uncle Sam, as Sylvester rode off, "and the young lady wants no Doctor Hunt. Her health is as good as your own, and you never catch no French actions from her. If she wanted to see you, she would 'a come down."

"Oh, now, this is too barbarous! Colonel Gundry, you are the most tyrannous man; in your own dominions an autocrat. Every body says so, but I never would believe it. Oh, don't let me go away with that impression. And you do look so good-natured!"

"And so I mean to look, Miss Penny, until you are out of sight."

The voice of the Sawyer was more dry than that of his oldest and rustiest saw. The fashionable and highly finished girl had no idea what to make of him; but gave her young horse a sharp cut, to show her figure as she reined him; and then galloping off, she kissed her tan gauntlet with crimson net-work down it, and left Uncle Sam to revolve his rudeness, with the dash of the wet road scattered in the air.

"I wouldn't 'a spoke to her so coarse," he said to Firm, who now returned from opening the gate and delivering his farewell, "if she wasn't herself so extra particular, gild me, and sky-blue my mouldings fine. How my mother would 'a stared at the sight of such a gal! Keep free of her, my lad, keep free of her. But no harm to put her on, to keep our missy alive and awake, my boy."

Immediately I withdrew from ear-shot, more deeply mortified than I can tell, and perhaps doing Firm an injustice by not waiting for his answer. I knew not then how lightly men will speak of such delicate subjects; and it set me more against all thoughts of Firm than a month's reflection could have done. When I came to know more of the world, I saw that I had been very foolish. At the time, however, I was firmly set in a strong resolve to do that which alone seemed right, or even possible—to quit with all speed a place which could no longer be suited for me.

For several days I feared to say a single word about it, while equally I condemned myself for having so little courage. But it was not as if there were any body to help me, or tell me what to do; sometimes I was bold with a surety of right, and then again I shook with the fear of being wrong. Because, through the whole of it, I felt how wonderfully well I had been treated, and what a great debt I owed of kindness; and it seemed to be only a nasty little pride which made me so particular. And being so unable to settle for myself, I waited for something to settle it.

Something came, in a way which I had not by any means expected. I had told Suan Isco how glad I was that Firm had fixed his liking steadily upon Miss Sylvester. If any woman on earth could be trusted not to say a thing again, that one was this good Indian. Not only because of her provident habits, but also in right of the difficulty which encompassed her in our language. But she managed to get over both of these, and to let Mr. Ephraim know, as cleverly as if she had lived in drawing-rooms, whatever I had said about him. She did it for the best; but it put him in a rage, which he came at once to have out with me.

"And so, Miss Erema," he said, throwing down his hat upon the table of the little parlor, where I sat with an old book of Norman ballads, "I have your best wishes, then, have I, for a happy marriage with Miss Sylvester?"

I was greatly surprised at the tone of his voice, while the flush on his cheeks and the flash of his eyes, and even his quick heavy tread, showed plainly that his mind was a little out of balance. He deserved it, however, and I could not grieve.

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"You have my best wishes," I replied, demurely, "for any state of life to which you may be called. You could scarcely expect any less of me than that."

"How kind you are! But do you really wish that I should marry old Sylvester's girl?"

Firm, as he asked this question, looked so bitterly reproachful (as if he were saying, "Do you wish to see me hanged?"), while his eyes took a form which reminded me so of the Sawyer in a furious puzzle, that it was impossible for me to answer as lightly as I meant to do.

"No, I can not say, Firm, that I wish it at all; unless your heart is set on it—"

"Don't you know, then, where my heart is set?" he asked me, in a deep voice, coming nearer, and taking the ballad-book from my hands. "Why will you feign not to know, Erema, who is the only one I can ever think of twice? Above me, I know, in every possible way—birth and education and mind and appearance, and now far above me in money as well. But what are all these things? Try to think if only you could like me. Liking gets over every thing, and without it nothing is any thing. Why do I like you so, Erema? Is it because of your birth, and teaching, and manners, and sweet looks, and all that, or even because of your troubles?"

"How can I tell, Firm—how can I tell? Perhaps it is just because of myself. And why do you do it at all, Firm?"

"Ah, why do I do it? How I wish I knew! Perhaps then I might cure it. To begin with, what is there, after all, so very wonderful about you?"

"Oh, nothing, I should hope. Most surely nothing. It would grieve me to be at all wonderful. That I leave for American ladies."

"Now you don't understand me. I mean, of course, that you are wonderfully good and kind and clever; and your eyes, I am sure, and your lips and smile, and all your other features—there is nothing about them that can be called any thing else but wonderful."

"Now, Firm, how exceedingly foolish you are! I did hope that you knew better."

"Erema, I never shall know better. I never can swerve or change, if I live to be a hundred and fifty. You think me presumptuous, no doubt, from what you are brought up to. And you are so young that to seek to bind you, even if you loved me, would be an unmanly thing. But now you are old enough, and you know your own mind surely well enough, just to say whether you feel as if you could ever love me as I love you."

He turned away, as if he felt that he had no right to press me so, and blamed himself for selfishness; and I liked him better for doing that than for any thing he had done before. Yet I knew that I ought to speak clearly, and though my voice was full of tears, I tried.

"Dear Firm," I said, as I took his hand and strove to look at him steadily, "I like and admire you very much; and by-and-by—by-and-by, I might, that is, if you did not hurry me. Of all the obstacles you have mentioned, none is worth considering. I am nothing but a poor castaway, owing my life to Uncle Sam and you. But one thing there is which could never be got over, even if I felt as you feel toward me. Never can I think of little matters, or of turning my thoughts to—to any such things as you speak of, as long as a vile reproach and wicked imputation lies on me. And before even that, I have to think of my father, who gave his life for me. Firm, I have been here too long delaying, and wasting my time in trifles. I ought to have been in Europe long ago. If I am old enough for what you talk of, I am old enough to do my duty. If I am old enough for love, as it is called, I am old enough for hate. I have more to do with hate than love, I think."

"Erema," cried Firm, "what a puzzle you are! I never even dreamed that you could be so fierce. You are enough to frighten Uncle Sam himself."

"If I frighten you, Firm, that is quite enough. You see now how vain it is to say another word."

"I do not see any thing of the sort. Come back, and look at me quite calmly."

Being frightened at the way in which I had spoken, and having passed the prime of it, I obeyed him in a moment, and came up gently and let him look at me to his liking. For little as I thought of such things till now, I seemed already to know more about them, or at least to wonder—which is the stir of the curtain of knowledge. I did not say any thing, but labored to think nothing and to look up with unconscious eyes. But Firm put me out altogether by his warmth, and made me flutter like a stupid little bird.

"My darling," he said, smoothing back my hair with a kindness such as I could not resent, and quieting me with his clear blue eyes, "you are not fit for the stormy life to which your high spirit is devoting you. You have not the hardness and bitterness of mind, the cold self-possession and contempt of others, the power of dissembling and the iron will—in a word, the fundamental nastiness, without which you never could get through such a job. Why, you can not be contemptuous even to me!"

"I should hope not. I should earn your contempt, if I could."

"There, you are ready to cry at the thought. Erema, do not mistake yourself. Remember that your father would never

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have wished it—would have given his life ten thousand times over to prevent it. Why did he bring you to this remote, inaccessible part of the world except to save you from further thought of evil? He knew that we listen to no rumors here, no social scandals, or malignant lies; but we value people as we find them. He meant this to be a haven for you; and so it shall be if you will only rest; and you shall be the queen of it. Instead of redressing his memory now, you would only distress his spirit. What does he care for the world's gossip now? But he does care for your happiness. I am not old enough to tell you things as I should like to tell them. I wish I could—how I wish I could! It would make all the difference to me."

"It would make no difference, Firm, to me; because I should know it was selfishness. Not selfishness of yours, I mean, for you never could be selfish; but the vilest selfishness of mine, the same as starved my father. You can not see things as I see them, or else you would not talk so. When you know that a thing is right, you do it. Can you tell me otherwise? If you did, I should despise you."

"If you put it so, I can say no more. You will leave us forever, Erema?"

"No, not forever. If the good God wills it, I will come back when my work is done. Forgive me, dear Firm, and forget me."

"There is nothing to forgive, Erema; but a great deal I never can hope to forget."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUT OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

LITTLE things, or what we call little, always will come in among great ones, or at least among those which we call great. Before I passed the Golden Gate in the clipper ship *Bridal Veil* (so called from one of the Yosemite cascades) I found out what I had long wished to know—why Firm had a crooked nose. At least, it could hardly be called crooked if any body looked aright at it; but still it departed from the bold straight line which nature must have meant for it, every thing else about him being as straight as could be required. This subject had troubled me more than once, though of course it had nothing whatever to do with the point of view whence I regarded him.

Suan Isco could not tell me, neither could Martin of the mill; I certainly could not ask Firm himself, as the Sawyer told me to do when once I put the question, in despair, to him. But now, as we stood on the wharf exchanging farewells, perhaps forever, and tears of anguish were in my eyes, and my heart was both full and empty, ample and unexpected light was thrown on the curvature of Firm's nose.

For a beautiful girl, of about my own age, and very nicely dressed, came up and spoke to the Sawyer (who stood at my side), and then, with a blush, took his grandson's hand. Firm took off his hat to her very politely, but allowed her to see perhaps by his manner that he was particularly engaged just now; and the young lady, with a quick glance at me, walked off to rejoin her party. But a garrulous old negro servant, who seemed to be in attendance upon her, ran up and caught Firm by his coat, and peered up curiously at his face.

"How young massa's poor nose dis long time? How him feel, spose now again?" he inquired, with a deferential grin. "Young massa ebber able take a pinch of good snuff? He! he! missy berry heavy den? Missy no learn to dance de nose polka den?"

"What on earth does he mean?" I could not help asking, in spite of our sorrowful farewell, as the negro went on with sundry other jokes and cackles at his own facetiousness. And then Uncle Sam, to divert my thoughts, while I waited for signal to say good-by, told me how Firm got a slight twist to his nose.

Ephraim Gundry had been well taught, in all the common things a man should learn, at a good quiet school at Frisco, which distinguished itself from all other schools by not calling itself a college. And when he was leaving to begin home life, with as much put into him as he could manage—for his nature was not bookish—when he was just seventeen years old, and tall and straight and upright, but not set into great bodily strength, which could not yet be expected, a terrible fire broke out in a great block of houses newly occupied, over against the school-house front. Without waiting for master's leave or matron's, the boys, in the Californian style, jumped over the fencing and went to help. And they found a great crowd collected, and flames flaring out of the top of the house. At the top of the house, according to a stupid and therefore general practice, was the nursery, made of more nurses than children, as often happens with rich people. The nurses had run away for their lives, taking two of the children with them; but the third, a fine little girl of ten, had been left behind, and now ran to the window with red hot flames behind her. The window was open, and barbs of fire, like serpents' tongues, played over it.

"Jump, child, jump! for God's sake, jump!" cried half a hundred people, while the poor scared creature quivered on the ledge, and shrank from the frightful depth below. At last, stung by a scorching volley, she gathered her night-gown tight, and leaped, trusting to the many faces and many arms raised toward her. But though many gallant men were there, only one stood fast just where she fell, and that one was the youth, Firm

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Gundry. Upon him she fell, like a stone from heaven, and though he held up his arms in the smoky glare, she came down badly: badly, at least, for him, but, as her father said, providentially; for one of her soles, or heels, alighted on the bridge of Ephraim's young nose. He caught her on his chest, and forgetful of himself, he bore her to her friends triumphantly, unharmed, and almost smiling. But the symmetry of an important part of his face was spoiled forever.

When I heard of this noble affair, and thought of my own pusillanimous rendering—for verily I had been low enough, from rumors of Firm's pugnacity, to attribute these little defects of line to some fisticuffs with some miner—I looked at Firm's nose through the tears in my eyes, and had a great mind not to go away at all. For what is the noblest of all things in man—as I bitterly learned thereafter, and already had some guesses? Not the power of moving multitudes with eloquence or by orders; not the elevation of one tribe through the lowering of others, nor even the imaginary lift of all by sentiments as yet above them: there may be glory in all of these, but the greatness is not with them. It remains with those who behave like Firm, and get their noses broken.

However, I did not know those things at that time of life, though I thought it right for every man to be brave and good; and I could not help asking who the young lady was, as if that were part of the heroism. The Sawyer, who never was unready for a joke, of however ancient quality, gave a great wink at Firm (which I failed to understand), and asked him how much the young lady was worth. He expected that Firm would say, "Five hundred thousand dollars"—which was about her value, I believe—and Uncle Sam wanted me to hear it; not that he cared a single cent himself, but to let me know what Firm could do.

Firm, however, was not to be led into any trap of that sort. He knew me better than the old man did, and that nothing would stir me to jealousy, and he quite disappointed the Sawyer.

"I have never asked what she is worth," he said, with a glance of contempt at money; "but she scarcely seems worth looking at, compared—compared with certain others."

In the distance I saw the young lady again, attempting no attraction, but walking along quite harmlessly, with the talkative negro after her. It would have been below me to pursue the subject, and I waited for others to re-open it; but I heard no more about her until I had been for more than a week at sea, and was able again to feel interest. Then I heard that her name was Annie Banks, of the firm of Heniker, Banks, and Co., who owned the ship I sailed in.

But now it was nothing to me who she was, or how beautiful, or how wealthy, when I clung for the last time to Uncle Sam, and implored him not to forget me. Over and over again he promised to be full of thoughts of me, even when the new mill was started, which would be a most trying time. He bowed his tall white head into my sheveled hair, and blessed and kissed me, although I never deserved it, and a number of people were looking on. Then I laid my hand in Firm's, and he did not lift it to his lips, or sigh, but pressed it long and softly, and looked into my eyes without a word. And I knew that there would be none to love like them, wherever I might go.

But the last of all to say "good-by" was my beloved Jowler. He jumped into the boat after me (for we were obliged to have a boat, the ship having laden further down), and he put his fore-paws on my shoulders, and whined and drooped his under-jaw. And when he looked at me as he used, to know whether I was in fun or earnest, with more expression in his bright brown eyes than any human being has, I fell back under his weight and sobbed, and could not look at any one.

We had beautiful weather, and the view was glorious, as we passed the Golden Gate, the entrance to what will one day be the capital of the world, perhaps. For, as our captain said, all power and human energy and strength are always going westward, and when they come here they must stop, or else they would be going eastward again, which they never yet have done. His argument may have been right or wrong—and, indeed, it must have been one or the other—but who could think of such things now, with a grander thing than human power—human love fading away behind? I could not even bear to see the glorious mountains sinking, but ran below and cried for hours, until all was dark and calm.

The reason for my sailing by this particular ship, and, indeed, rather suddenly, was that an old friend and Cornish cousin of Mr. Gundry, who had spent some years in California, was now returning to England by the *Bridal Veil*. This was Major Hockin, an officer of the British army, now on half-pay, and getting on in years. His wife was going home with him; for their children were married and settled in England, all but one, now in San Francisco. And that one being well placed in the firm of Heniker, Banks, and Co., had obtained for his father and mother passage upon favorable terms, which was, as we say, "an object to them."

For the Major, though admirably connected (as his kinship to Colonel Gundry showed), and having a baronet not far off (if the

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twists of the world were set aside), also having served his country, and received a furrow on the top of his head, which made him brush his hair up, nevertheless, or all the more for that, was as poor as a British officer must be without official sesame. How he managed to feed and teach a large and not clever family, and train them all to fight their way in a battle worse than any of his own, and make gentlemen and ladies of them, whatever they did or wherever they went, he only knew, and his faithful wife, and the Lord who helps brave poverty. Of such things he never spoke, unless his temper was aroused by luxury and self-indulgence and laziness.

But now he was a little better off, through having his children off his hands, and by means of a little property left him by a distant relative. He was on his way home to see to this; and a better man never returned to England, after always standing up for her.

Being a child in the ways of the world, and accustomed to large people, I could not make out Major Hockin at first, and thought him no more than a little man with many peculiarities. For he was not so tall as myself, until he put his high-heeled boots on, and he made such a stir about trifles at which Uncle Sam would have only grunted, that I took him to be nothing more than a fidgety old campaigner. He wore a black-rimmed double eyeglass with blue side-lights at his temples, and his hat, from the shape of his forehead, hung back; he had narrow white wiry whiskers, and a Roman nose, and most prominent chin, and keen gray eyes with gingery brows, which contracted, like sharp little gables over them, whenever any thing displeased him. Rosy cheeks, tight-drawn, close-shaven, and gleaming with friction of yellow soap, added vigor to the general expression of his face, which was firm and quick and straightforward. The weather being warm, and the tropics close at hand, Major Hockin was dressed in a fine suit of Nankin, spruce and trim, and beautifully made, setting off his spare and active figure, which, though he was sixty-two years of age, seemed always to be ready for a game of leap-frog.

We were three days out of the Golden Gate, and the hills of the coast ridge were faint and small, and the spires of the lower Nevada could only be caught when the hot haze lifted; and every body lay about in our ship where it seemed to afford the least smell and heat, and nobody for a moment dreamed—for we really all were dreaming—of any body with energy enough to be disturbed about any thing, when Major Hockin burst in upon us all (who were trying not to be red-hot in the feeble shade of poop awnings), leading by the hand an ancient woman, scarcely dressed with decency, and howling in a tone very sad to hear.

"This lady has been robbed!" cried the Major; "robbed, not fifteen feet below us. Robbed, ladies and gentlemen, of the most cherished treasures of her life, the portrait of her only son, the savings of a life of honest toil, her poor dead husband's tobacco-box, and a fine cut of Colorado cheese."

"Ten pounds and a quarter, gospel true!" cried the poor woman, wringing her hands, and searching for any kind face among us.

"Go to the captain," muttered one sleepy gentleman. "Go to the devil," said another sleepy man: "what have we to do with it?"

"I will neither go to the captain," replied the Major, very distinctly, "nor yet to the devil, as a fellow who is not a man has dared to suggest to me—"

"All tied in my own pocket-handkerchief!" the poor old woman began to scream; "the one with the three-cornered spots upon 'un. Only two have I ever owned in all my life, and this was the very best of 'em. Oh dear! oh dear! that ever I should come to this exposing of my things!"

"Madam, you shall have justice done, as sure as my name is Hockin. Gentlemen and ladies, if you are not all asleep, how would you like to be treated so? Because the weather is a trifle warm, there you lie like a parcel of Mexicans. If any body picked your pockets, would you have life enough to roll over?"

"I don't think I should," said a fat young Briton, with a very good-natured face; "but for a poor woman I can stand upright. Major Hockin, here is a guinea for her. Perhaps more of us will give a trifle."

"Well done!" cried the Major; "but not so much as that. Let us first ascertain all the rights of the case. Perhaps half a crown apiece would reach it."

Half a crown apiece would have gone beyond it, as we discovered afterward, for the old lady's handkerchief was in her box, lost under some more of her property; and the tide of sleepy charity taking this direction under such vehement impulse, several other steerage passengers lost their goods, but found themselves too late in doing so. But the Major was satisfied, and the rude man who had told him to go amiss, begged his pardon, and thus we sailed on slowly and peaceably.

CHAPTER XIX.

INSIDE THE CHANNEL.

THAT little incident threw some light upon Major Hockin's character. It was not for himself alone that he was so particular, or, as many would call it, fidgety, to have every thing done properly; for if any thing came to his knowledge which he thought unfair to any one, it concerned him almost

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as much as if the wrong had been done to his own home self. Through this he had fallen into many troubles, for his impressions were not always accurate; but they taught him nothing, or rather, as his wife said, "the Major could not help it." The leading journals of the various places in which Major Hockin sojourned had published his letters of grievances sometimes, in the absence of the chief editor, and had suffered in purse by doing so. But the Major always said, "Ventilate it, ventilate the subject, my dear Sir; bring public opinion to bear on it." And Mrs. Hockin always said that it was her husband to whom belonged the whole credit of this new and spirited use of the fine word "ventilation."

As betwixt this faithful pair, it is scarcely needful perhaps to say that the Major was the master. His sense of justice dictated that, as well as his general briskness. Though he was not at all like Mr. Gundry in undervaluing female mind, his larger experience and more frequent intercourse with our sex had taught him to do justice to us; and it was pleasant to hear him often defer to the judgment of ladies. But this he did more, perhaps, in theory than in practice; yet it made all the ladies declare to one another that he was a perfect gentleman. And so he was, though he had his faults; but his faults were such as we approve of.

But Mrs. Hockin had no fault in any way worth speaking of. And whatever she had was her husband's doing, through her desire to keep up with him. She was pretty, even now in her sixtieth year, and a great deal prettier because she never tried to look younger. Silver hair, and gentle eyes, and a forehead in which all the cares of eight children had scarcely imprinted a wrinkle, also a kind expression of interest in whatever was spoken of, with a quiet voice and smile, and a power of not saying too much at a time, combined to make this lady pleasant.

Without any fuss or declaration, she took me immediately under her care; and I doubt not that, after two years passed in the society of Suan Isco and the gentle Sawyer, she found many things in me to amend, which she did by example and without reproof. She shielded me also in the cleverest way from the curiosity of the saloon, which at first was very trying. For the *Bridal Veil* being a well-known ship both for swift passages and for equipment, almost every berth was taken, and when the weather was calm, quite a large assembly sat down to dinner. Among these, of course, were some ill-bred people, and my youth and reserve and self-consciousness, and so on, made my reluctant face the mark for many a long and searching gaze. My own wish had been not to dine thus in public; but hearing that my absence would only afford fresh grounds for curiosity, I took my seat between the Major and his wife, the former having pledged himself to the latter to leave every thing to her management. His temper was tried more than once to its utmost—which was not a very great distance—but he kept his word, and did not interfere; and I having had some experience with Firm, eschewed all perception of glances. And as for all words, Mrs. Hockin met them with an obtuse obliqueness; so that after a day or two it was settled that nothing could be done about "Miss Wood."

It had been a very sore point to come to, and cost an unparalleled shed of pride, that I should be shorn of two-thirds of my name, and called "Miss Wood," like almost any body else. I refused to entertain such a very poor idea, and clung to the name which had always been mine—for my father would never depart from it—and I even burst into tears, which would, I suppose, be called "sentimental;" but still the stern fact stared me in the face—I must go as "Miss Wood," or not go at all. Upon this Major Hockin had insisted; and even Colonel Gundry could not move him from his resolution.

Uncle Sam had done his utmost, as was said before, to stop me from wishing to go at all; but when he found my whole heart bent upon it, and even my soul imperiled by the sense of neglecting life's chief duty, his own stern sense of right came in and sided with my prayers to him. And so it was that he let me go, with pity for my youth and sex, but a knowledge that I was in good hands, and an inborn, perhaps "Puritanical" faith, that the Lord of all right would see to me.

The Major, on the other hand, had none of this. He differed from Uncle Sam as much as a trim-cut and highly cultured garden tree differs from a great spreading king of the woods. He was not without a strict sense of religion, especially when he had to march men to church; and he never even used a bad word, except when wicked facts compelled him. When properly let alone, and allowed to nurse his own opinions, he had a respectable idea that all things were certain to be ordered for the best; but nothing enraged him so much as to tell him that when things went against him, or even against his predictions.

It was lucky for me, then, that Major Hockin had taken a most adverse view of my case. He formed his opinions with the greatest haste, and with the greatest perseverance stuck to them; for he was the most generous of mankind, if generous means one quite full of his genus. And in my little case he had made up his mind that the whole of the facts were against me. "Fact" was his favorite word, and one which he always used with great effect, for nobody knows very well what it means, as it does

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not belong to our language. And so when he said that the facts were against me, who was there to answer that facts are not truth?

This fast-set conclusion of his was known to me not through himself, but through his wife. For I could not yet bring myself to speak of the things that lay close at my heart to him, though I knew that he must be aware of them. And he, like a gentleman, left me to begin. I could often see that he was ready and quite eager to give me the benefit of his opinion, which would only have turned me against him, and irritated him, perhaps, with me. And having no home in England, or, indeed, I might say, any where, I was to live with the Major and his wife, supposing that they could arrange it so, until I should discover relatives.

We had a long and stormy voyage, although we set sail so fairly; and I thought that we never should round Cape Horn in the teeth of the furious northeast winds; and after that we lay becalmed, I have no idea in what latitude, though the passengers now talked quite like seamen, at least till the sea got up again. However, at last we made the English Channel, in the dreary days of November, and after more peril there than any where else, we were safely docked at Southampton. Here the Major was met by two dutiful daughters, bringing their husbands and children, and I saw more of family life (at a distance) than had fallen to my lot to observe before; and although there were many little jars and brawls and cuts at one another, I was sadly inclined to wish sometimes for some brothers and sisters to quarrel with.

But having none to quarrel with, and none to love, except good Mrs. Hockin, who went away by train immediately, I spent such a wretched time in that town that I longed to be back in the *Bridal Veil* in the very worst of weather. The ooze of the shore and the reek of the water, and the dreary flatness of the land around (after the glorious heaven-clad heights, which made me ashamed of littleness), also the rough, stupid stare of the men, when I went about as an American lady may freely do in America, and the sharpness of every body's voice (instead of the genial tones which those who can not produce them call "nasal," but which from a higher view are cordial)—taken one after other, or all together, these things made me think, in the first flush of thought, that England was not a nice country. After a little while I found that I had been a great deal too quick, as foreigners are with things which require quiet comprehension. For instance, I was annoyed at having a stupid woman put over me, as if I could not mind myself—a cook, or a nurse, or housekeeper, or something very useful in the Hockin family, but to me a mere incumbrance, and (as I thought in my wrath sometimes) a spy. What was I likely to do, or what was any one likely to do to me, in a thoroughly civilized country, that I could not even stay in private lodgings, where I had a great deal to think of, without this dull creature being forced upon me? But the Major so ordered it, and I gave in.

There I must have staid for the slowest three months ever passed without slow starvation finishing my growth, but not knowing how to "form my mind," as I was told to do. Major Hockin came down once or twice to see me, and though I did not like him, yet it was almost enough to make me do so to see a little liveliness. But I could not and would not put up with a frightful German baron of music, with a polished card like a toast-rack, whom the Major tried to impress on me. As if I could stop to take music lessons!

"Miss Wood," said Major Hockin, in his strongest manner, the last time he came to see me, "I stand to you *in loco parentis*. That means, with the duties, relationships, responsibilities, and what not, of the unfortunate—I should say rather of the beloved—parent deceased. I wish to be more careful of you than of a daughter of my own—a great deal more careful, ten times, Miss Wood; I may say a thousand times more careful, because you have not had the discipline which a daughter of mine would have enjoyed. And you are so impulsive when you take an idea! You judge every body by your likings. That leads to error, error, error."

"My name is not Miss Wood," I answered; "my name is 'Erema Castlewood.' Whatever need may have been on board ship for nobody knowing who I am, surely I may have my own name now."

When any body says "surely," at once up springs a question; nothing being sure, and the word itself at heart quite interrogative. The Major knew all those little things which manage women so manfully. So he took me by the hand and led me to the light and looked at me.

I had not one atom of Russian twist or dyed China grass in my hair, nor even the ubiquitous aid of horse and cow; neither in my face or figure was I conscious of false presentment. The Major was welcome to lead me to the light and to throw up all his spectacles and gaze with all his eyes. My only vexation was with myself, because I could not keep the weakness—which a stranger should not see—out of my eyes, upon sudden remembrance who it was that used to have the right to do such things to me. This it was, and nothing else, that made me drop my eyes, perhaps.

"There, there, my dear!" said Major Hockin, in a softer voice than usual. "Pretty fit

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you are to combat with the world, and defy the world, and brave the world, and abolish the world—or at least the world's opinion! 'Bo to a goose,' you can say, my dear; but no 'bo' to a gander. No, no; do quietly what I advise—by-the-bye, you have never asked my advice."

I can not have been hypocritical, for of all things I detest that most; but in good faith I said, being conquered by the Major's relaxation of his eyes,

"Oh, why have you never offered it to me? You knew that I never could ask for it."

For the moment he looked surprised, as if our ideas had gone crosswise; and then he remembered many little symptoms of my faith in his opinions; which was now growing inevitable, with his wife and daughters, and many grandchildren—all certain that he was a Solomon.

"Erema," he said, "you are a dear good girl, though sadly, sadly romantic. I had no idea that you had so much sense. I will talk with you, Erema, when we both have leisure."

"I am quite at leisure, Major Hockin," I replied, "and only too happy to listen to you."

"Yes, yes, I dare say. You are in lodgings. You can do exactly as you please. But I have a basin of ox-tail soup, a cutlet, and a woodcock waiting for me at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Bless me! I am five minutes late already. I will come and have a talk with you afterward."

"Thank you," I said; "we had better leave it. It seems of no importance, compared—compared with—"

"My dinner!" said the Major; but he was offended, and so was I a little, though neither of us meant to vex the other.

CHAPTER XX.

BRUNTSEA.

It would be unfair to Major Hockin to take him for an extravagant man or a self-indulgent one because of the good dinner he had ordered, and his eagerness to sit down to it. Through all the best years of his life he had been most frugal, abstemious, and self-denying, grudging every penny of his own expense, but sparing none for his family. And now, when he found himself so much better off, with more income and less outlay, he could not be blamed for enjoying good things with the wholesome zest of abstinence.

For, coming to the point, and going well into the matter, the Major had discovered that the "little property" left to him, and which he was come to see to, really was quite a fine estate for any one who knew how to manage it, and would not spare courage and diligence. And of these two qualities he had such abundance that, without any outlet, they might have turned him sour.

The property lately devised to him by his cousin, Sir Rufus Hockin, had long been far more plague than profit to that idle baronet. Sir Rufus hated all exertion, yet could not comfortably put up with the only alternative—extortion. Having no knowledge of his cousin Nick (except that he was indefatigable), and knowing his own son to be lazier even than himself had been, longing also to inflict even posthumous justice upon the land agent, with the glad consent of his heir he left this distant, fretful, and naked spur of land to his beloved cousin Major Nicholas Hockin.

The Major first heard of this unexpected increase of his belongings while he was hovering, in the land of gold, between his desire to speculate and his dread of speculation. At once he consulted our Colonel Gundry, who met him by appointment at Sacramento; and Uncle Sam having a vast idea of the value of land in England, which the Major naturally made the most of, now being an English land-owner, they spent a most pleasant evening, and agreed upon the line marked out by Providence.

Thus it was that he came home, bringing (by kind arrangement) me, who was much more trouble than comfort to him, and at first disposed to be cold and curt. And thus it was that I was left so long in that wretched Southampton, under the care of a very kind person who never could understand me. And all this while (as I ought to have known, without any one to tell me) Major Hockin was testing the value and beating the bounds of his new estate, and prolonging his dinner from one to two courses, or three if he had been travelling. His property was large enough to afford him many dinners, and rich enough (when rightly treated) to insure their quality.

Bruntsea is a quiet little village on the southeast coast of England, in Kent or in Sussex, I am not sure which, for it has a constitution of its own, and says that it belongs to neither. It used to be a place of size and valor, furnishing ships, and finding money for patriotic purposes. And great people both embarked and landed, one doing this and the other that, though nobody seems to have ever done both, if history is to be relied upon. The glory of the place is still preserved in a seal and an immemorial stick, each of which is blessed with marks as incomprehensible as could be wished, though both are to be seen for sixpence. The name of the place is written in more than forty different ways, they say; and the oldest inhabitant is less positive than the youngest how to spell it.

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This village lies in the mouth, or rather at the eastern end of the mouth, of a long and wide depression among the hills, through which a sluggish river wins its muddy consummation. This river once went far along the sea-brink, without entering (like a child who is afraid to bathe), as the Adur does at Shoreham, and as many other rivers do. And in those days the mouth and harbor were under the cliff at Bruntsea, whence its seal and corporation, stick, and other blessings. But three or four centuries ago the river was drawn by a violent storm, like a badger from his barrel, and forced to come straight out and face the sea, without any three miles of dalliance. The time-serving water made the best of this, forsook its ancient bed (as classic nymphs and fountains used to do), and left poor Bruntsea with a dry bank, and no haven for a cockle-shell. A new port, such as it is, incrusted the fickle jaw of the river; piles were driven and earth-works formed, lest the water should return to its old love; and Bruntsea, as concerned her traffic, became but a mark of memory. Her noble corporation never demanded their old channel, but regarded the whole as the will of the Lord, and had the good sense to insist upon nothing except their time-honored ceremonies.

In spite of all these and their importance, land became of no value there. The owner of the Eastern Manor and of many ancient rights, having no means of getting at them, sold them for an "old song," which they were; and the buyer was one of the Hockin race, a shipwrecked mariner from Cornwall, who had been kindly treated there, and took a fancy accordingly. He sold his share in some mine to pay for it, settled here, and died here; and his son, getting on in the world, built a house, and took to serious smuggling. In the chalk cliffs eastward he found holes of honest value to him, capable of cheap enlargement (which the Cornish holes were not), and much more accessible from France. Becoming a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant, he had the duty and privilege of inquiring into his own deeds, which enabled him to check those few who otherwise might have competed with him. He flourished, and bought more secure estates; and his son, for activity against smugglers, was made a gentle baronet.

These things now had passed away, and the first fee-simple of the Hockin family became a mere load and incumbrance. Sir George and Sir Robert and Sir Rufus, one after another, did not like the hints about contraband dealings which met them whenever they deigned to come down there, till at last the estate (being left to an agent) cost a great deal more than he ever paid in. And thus—as should have been more briefly told—the owner was our Major Hockin.

No wonder that this gentleman, with so many cares to attend to, had no time at first to send for me. And no wonder that when he came down to see me, he was obliged to have good dinners. For the work done by him in those three months surprised every body except himself, and made in old Bruntsea a stir unknown since the time of the Spanish Armada. For he owned the house under the eastern cliff, and the warren, and the dairy-farm inland, and the slope of the ground where the sea used to come, and fields where the people grew potatoes gratis, and all the eastern village, where the tenants paid their rents whenever they found it rational.

A hot young man, in a place like this, would have done a great deal of mischief. Either he would have accepted large views, and applauded this fine communism (if he could afford it, and had no wife), or else he would have rushed at every body headlong, and butted them back to their abutments. Neither course would have created half the excitement which the Major's did. At least, there might have been more talk at first, but not a quarter so much in sum total. Of those things, however, there is time enough to speak, if I dare to say any thing about them.

The things more to my mind (and therefore more likely to be made plain to another mind) are not the petty flickering phantoms of the shadow we call human, and which alone we realize, and dwell inside it and upon it, as if it were all creation; but the infinitely nobler things of ever-changing but perpetual beauty, and no selfishness. These, without deigning to us even sense to be aware of them, shape our little minds and bodies and our large self-importance, and fail to know when the lord or king who owns is buried under them. To have perception of such mighty truths is good for all of us; and I never had keener perception of them than when I sat down on the Major's camp-stool, and saw all his land around me, and even the sea—where all the fish were his, as soon as he could catch them—and largely reflected that not a square foot of the whole world would ever belong to me.

"Bruntlands," as the house was called, perhaps from standing well above the sea, was sheltered by the curve of the eastern cliff, which looked down over Bruntsea. The cliff was of chalk, very steep toward the sea, and showing a prominent headland toward the south, but prettily rising in grassy curves from the inland and from the westward. And then, where it suddenly chined away from land-slope into sea-front, a long bar of shingle began at right angles to it, and, as level as a railroad, went to the river's mouth, a league or so now to the westward. And beyond that another line of white cliffs rose, and looked well till

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they came to their headland. Inside this bank of shingle, from end to end, might be traced the old course of the river, and to landward of that trough at the hither end stood, or lay, the calm old village.

Forsaken as it was by the river, this village stuck to its ancient site and home, and instead of migrating, contracted itself, and cast off needless members. Shrunken Bruntsea clung about the oldest of its churches, while the four others fell to rack and ruin, and settled into cow-yards and barns, and places where old men might sit and sigh. But Bruntsea distinctly and trenchantly kept the old town's division into east and west.

East Bruntsea was wholly in the Major's manor, which had a special charter; and most of the houses belonged to him. This ownership hitherto had meant only that the landlord should do all the tumble-down repairs (when the agent reported that they must be done), but never must enter the door for his rent. The borough had been disfranchised, though the snuggest of the snug for generations; and the freemen, thus being robbed of their rights, had no power to discharge their duties. And to complicate matters yet further, for the few who wished to simplify them, the custom of "borough-English" prevailed, and governed the descent of dilapidations, making nice niceties for clever men of law.

"You see a fine property here, Miss Wood," Major Hockin said to me, as we sat, on the day after I was allowed to come, enjoying the fresh breeze from the sea and the newness of the February air, and looking abroad very generally: "a very fine property, but neglected—shamefully, horribly, atrociously neglected—but capable of noble things, of grand things, of magnificent, with a trifle of judicious outlay."

"Oh, please not to talk of outlay, my dear," said good Mrs. Hockin, gently; "it is such an odious word; and where in the world is it to come from?"

"Leave that to me. When I was a boy my favorite copy in my copy-book was, 'Where there's a will there's a way.' Miss Wood, what is your opinion? But wait, you must have time to understand the subject. First we bring a railway—always the first step; why, the line is already made for it by the course of the old river, and the distance from Newport three miles and a half. It ought not to cost quite £200 a mile—the mere outlay for rails and sleepers. The land is all mine, and—and of course other landed proprietors'. Very well: these would all unite, of course; so that not a farthing need be paid for land, which is the best half of the battle. We have the station here—not too near my house; that would never do; I could not bear the noise—but in a fine central place where nobody on earth could object to it—lively, and close at hand for all of them. Unluckily I was just too late. We have lost a Parliamentary year through that execrable calm—you remember all about it. Otherwise we would have had Billy Puff stabled at Bruntsea by the first of May. But never mind; we shall do it all the better and cheaper by taking our time about it. Very well: we have the railway opened and the trade of the place developed. We build a fine terrace of elegant villas, a crescent also, and a large hotel replete with every luxury; and we form the finest sea-parade in England by simply assisting nature. Half London comes down here to bathe, to catch shrimps, to flirt, and to do the rest of it. We become a select, salubrious, influential, and yet economical place; and then what do we do, Mrs. Hockin?"

"My dear, how can I tell? But I hope that we should rest and be thankful."

"Not a bit of it. I should hope not, indeed. Erema, what do we do then?"

"It is useless to ask me. Well, then, perhaps you set up a handsome saw-mill!"

"A saw-mill! What a notion of Paradise! No; this is what we do—but remember that I speak in the strictest confidence; dishonest antagonism might arise, if we ventilated our ideas too soon—Mrs. Hockin and Miss Wood, we demand the restoration of our river!—the return of our river to its ancient course."

"I see," said his wife; "oh, how grand that would be! and how beautiful from our windows! That really, now, is a noble thought!"

"A just one—simply a just one. Justice ought not to be noble, my dear, however rare it may be. Generosity, magnanimity, heroism, and so on—those are the things we call noble, my dear."

"And the founding of cities. Oh, my dear, I remember, when I was at school, it was always said, in what we called our histories, that the founders of cities had honors paid them, and altars built, and divinities done, and holidays held in their honor."

"To that I object," cried the Major, sternly. "If I founded fifty cities, I would never allow one holiday. The Sabbath is enough; one day in seven—fifteen per cent. of one's whole time; and twenty per cent. of your Sunday goes in church. Very right, of course, and loyal, and truly edifying—Mrs. Hockin's father was a clergyman, Miss Wood; and the last thing I would ever allow on my manor would be a Dissenting chapel; but still I will have no new churches here, and a man who might go against me. They all want to pick their own religious views, instead of reflecting who supports them! It never used to be so; and such things shall never occur on my manor. A good hotel, attendance included, and a sound and moderate *table d'hôte;*

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but no church, with a popish bag sent round, and money to pay, without any thing to eat."

"My dear! my dear!" cried Mrs. Hockin, "I never like you to talk like that. You quite forget who my father was, and your own second son such a very sound priest!"

"A priest! Don't let him come here," cried the Major, "or I'll let him know what tonsure is, and read him the order of Melchisedec. A priest! After going round the world three times, to come home and be hailed as the father of a priest! Don't let him come near me, or I'll sacrifice him."

"Now, Major, you are very proud of him," his good wife answered, as he shook his stick. "How could he help taking orders when he was under orders to do so? And his views are sound to the last degree, most strictly correct and practical—at least except as to celibacy."

"He holds that his own mother ought never to have been born! Miss Wood, do you call that practical?"

"I have no acquaintance with such things," I replied; "we had none of them in California. But is it practical, Major Hockin—of course you know best in your engineering—I mean, would it not require something like a tunnel for the river and the railway to run on the same ground?"

"Why, bless me! That seems to have escaped my notice. You have not been with old Uncle Sam for nothing. We shall have to appoint you our chief engineer."

CHAPTER XXI.

LISTLESS.

It seemed an unfortunate thing for me, and unfavorable to my purpose, that my host, and even my hostess too, should be so engrossed with their new estate, its beauties and capabilities. Mrs. Hockin devoted herself at once to fowls and pigs and the like extravagant economies, having bought, at some ill-starred moment, a book which proved that hens ought to lay eggs in a manner to support themselves, their families, and the family they belonged to, at the price of one penny a dozen. Eggs being two shillings a dozen in Bruntsea, here was a margin for profit—no less than two thousand per cent. to be made, allowing for all accidents. The lady also found another book, divulging for a shilling the author's purely invaluable secret—how to work an acre of ground, pay house rent, supply the house grandly, and give away a barrow-load of vegetables every day to the poor of the parish, by keeping a pig—if that pig were kept properly. And after that, pork and ham and bacon came of him, while another golden pig went on.

Mrs. Hockin was very soft-hearted, and said that she never could make bacon of a pig like that; and I answered that if she ever got him it would be unwise to do so. However, the law was laid down in both books that golden fowls and diamondic pigs must die the death before they begin to overeat production; and the Major said, "To be sure. Yes, yes. Let them come to good meat, and then off with their heads." And his wife said that she was sure she could do it. When it comes to a question of tare and tret, false sentiment must be excluded.

At the moment, these things went by me as trifles, yet made me more impatient. Being older now, and beholding what happens with tolerance and complacence, I am only surprised that my good friends were so tolerant of me and so complacent. For I must have been a great annoyance to them, with my hurry and my one idea. Happily they made allowance for me, which I was not old enough to make for them.

"Go to London, indeed! Go to London by yourself!" cried the Major, with a red face, and his glasses up, when I told him one morning that I could stop no longer without doing something. "Mary, my dear, when you have done out there, will you come in and reason—if you can—with Miss Wood. She vows that she is going to London, all alone."

"Oh, Major Hockin—oh, Nicholas dear, such a thing has happened!" Mrs. Hockin had scarcely any breath to tell us, as she came in through the window. "You know that they have only had three bushels, or, at any rate, not more than five, almost ever since they came. Erema, you know as well as I do."

"Seven and three-quarter bushels of barley, at five and ninepence a bushel, Mary," said the Major, pulling out a pocket-book; "besides Indian corn, chopped meat, and potatoes."

"And fourteen pounds of paddy," I said—which was a paltry thing of me; "not to mention a cake of graves, three sacks of brewers' grains, and then—I forget what next."

"You are too bad, all of you. Erema, I never thought you would turn against me so. And you made me get nearly all of it. But please to look here. What do you call this? Is this no reward? Is this not enough? Major, if you please, what do you call this? What a pity you have had your breakfast!"

"A blessing—if this was to be my breakfast. I call that, my dear, the very smallest egg I have seen since I took sparrows' nests. No wonder they sell them at twelve a penny. I congratulate you upon your first egg, my dear Mary."

"Well, I don't care," replied Mrs. Hockin, who had the sweetest temper in the world.

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"Small beginnings make large endings; and an egg must be always small at one end. You scorn my first egg, and Erema should have had it if she had been good. But she was very wicked, and I know not what to do with it."

"Blow it!" cried the Major. "I mean no harm, ladies. I never use low language. What I mean is, make a pinhole at each end, give a puff, and away goes two pennyworth, and you have a cabinet specimen, which your egg is quite fitted by its cost to be. But now, Mary, talk to Miss Wood, if you please. It is useless for me to say any thing, and I have three appointments in the town"—he always called it "the town" now —"three appointments, if not four; yes, I may certainly say four. Talk to Miss Wood, my dear, if you please. She wants to go to London, which would be absurd. Ladies seem to enter into ladies' logic. They seem to be able to appreciate it better, to see all the turns, and the ins and outs, which no man has intellect enough to see, or at least to make head or tail of. Good-by for the present; I had better be off."

"I should think you had," exclaimed Mrs. Hockin, as her husband marched off, with his side-lights on, and his short, quick step, and well-satisfied glance at the hill which belonged to him, and the beach, over which he had rights of plunder—or, at least, Uncle Sam would have called them so, strictly as he stood up for his own.

"Now come and talk quietly to me, my dear," Mrs. Hockin began, most kindly, forgetting all the marvel of her first-born egg. "I have noticed how restless you are, and devoid of all healthy interest in any thing. 'Listless' is the word. 'Listless' is exactly what I mean, Erema. When I was at your time of life, I could never have gone about caring for nothing. I wonder that you knew that I even had a fowl; much more how much they had eaten!"

"I really do try to do all I can, and that is a proof of it," I said. "I am not quite so listless as you think. But those things do seem so little to me."

"My dear, if you were happy, they would seem quite large, as, after all the anxieties of my life, I am able now to think them. It is a power to be thankful for, or, at least, I often think so. Look at my husband! He has outlived and outlasted more trouble than any one but myself could reckon up to him; and yet he is as brisk, as full of life, as ready to begin a new thing to-morrow—when, at our age, there may be no to-morrow, except in that better world, my dear, of which it is high time for him and me to think, as I truly hope we may spare the time to do."

"Oh, don't talk like that," I cried. "Please, Mrs. Hockin, to talk of your hens and chicks —at least there will be chicks by-and-by. I am almost sure there will, if you only persevere. It seems unfair to set our minds on any other world till justice has been done in this."

"You are very young, my child, or you would know that in that case we never should think of it at all. But I don't want to preach you a sermon, Erema, even if I could do so. I only just want you to tell me what you think, what good you imagine that you can do."

"It is no imagination. I am sure that I can right my father's wrongs. And I never shall rest till I do so."

"Are you sure that there is any wrong to right?" she asked, in the warmth of the moment; and then, seeing perhaps how my color changed, she looked at me sadly, and kissed my forehead.

"Oh, if you had only once seen him," I said; "without any exaggeration, you would have been satisfied at once. That he could ever have done any harm was impossible—utterly impossible. I am not as I was. I can listen to almost any thing now quite calmly. But never let me hear such a wicked thing again."

"You must not go on like that, Erema, unless you wish to lose all your friends. No one can help being sorry for you. Very few girls have been placed as you are. I am sure when I think of my own daughters I can never be too thankful. But the very first thing you have to learn, above all things, is to control yourself."

"I know it—I know it, of course," I said; "and I keep on trying my very best. I am thoroughly ashamed of what I said, and I hope you will try to forgive me."

"A very slight exertion is enough for that. But now, my dear, what I want to know is this—and you will excuse me if I ask too much—what good do you expect to get by going thus to London? Have you any friend there, any body to trust, any thing settled as to what you are to do?"

"Yes, every thing is settled in my own mind," I answered, very bravely: "I have the address of a very good woman, found among my father's papers, who nursed his children and understood his nature, and always kept her faith in him. There must be a great many more who do the same, and she will be sure to know them and introduce me to them; and I shall be guided by their advice."

"But suppose that this excellent woman is dead, or not to be found, or has changed her opinion?"

"Her opinion she never could change. But if she is not to be found, I shall find her husband, or her children, or somebody; and besides that, I have a hundred things to do. I have the address of the agent through whom my father drew his income, though Uncle Sam let me know as little as he could.

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And I know who his bankers were (when he had a bank), and he may have left important papers there."

"Come, that looks a little more sensible, my dear; bankers may always be relied upon. And there may be some valuable plate, Erema. But why not let the Major go with you? His advice is so invaluable."

"I know that it is, in all ordinary things. But I can not have him now, for a very simple reason. He has made up his mind about my dear father—horribly, horribly; I can't speak of it. And he never changes his mind; and sometimes when I look at him I hate him."

"Erema, you are quite a violent girl, although you so seldom show it. Is the whole world divided, then, into two camps—those who think as you wish and those who are led by their judgment to think otherwise? And are you to hate all who do not think as you wish?"

"No, because I do not hate you," I said; "I love you, though you do not think as I wish. But that is only because you think your husband must be right of course. But I can not like those who have made up their minds according to their own coldness."

"Major Hockin is not cold at all. On the contrary, he is a warm-hearted man—I might almost say hot-hearted."

"Yes, I know he is. And that makes it ten times worse. He takes up every body's case—but mine."

"Sad as it is, you almost make me smile," my hostess answered, gravely; "and yet it must be very bitter for you, knowing how just and kind my husband is. I am sure that you will give him credit for at least desiring to take your part. And doing so, at least you might let him go with you, if only as a good protection."

"I have no fear of any one; and I might take him into society that he would not like. In a good cause he would go any where, I know. But in my cause, of course he would be scrupulous. Your kindness I always can rely upon, and I hope in the end to earn his as well."

"My dear, he has never been unkind to you. I am certain that you never can say that of him. Major Hockin unkind to a poor girl like you!"

"The last thing I wish to claim is any body's pity," I answered, less humbly than I should have spoken, though the pride was only in my tone, perhaps. "If people choose to pity me, they are very good, and I am not at all offended, because—because they can not help it, perhaps, from not knowing any thing about me. I have nothing whatever to be pitied for, except that I have lost my father, and have nobody left to care for me, except Uncle Sam in America."

"Your Uncle Sam, as you call him, seems to be a very wonderful man, Erema," said Mrs. Hockin, craftily, so far as there could be any craft in her; "I never saw him—a great loss on my part. But the Major went up to meet him somewhere, and came home with the stock of his best tie broken, and two buttons gone from his waistcoat. Does Uncle Sam make people laugh so much? or is it that he has some extraordinary gift of inducing people to taste whiskey? My husband is a very—most abstemious man, as you must be well aware, Miss Wood, or we never should have been as we are, I am sure. But, for the first time in all my life, I doubted his discretion on the following day, when he had—what shall I say?—when he had been exchanging sentiments with Uncle Sam."

"Uncle Sam never takes too much in any way," I replied to this new attack; "he knows what he ought to take, and then he stops. Do you think that it may have been his 'sentiments,' perhaps, that were too strong and large for the Major?"

"Erema!" cried Mrs. Hockin, with amazement, as if I had no right to think or express my thoughts on life so early; "if you can talk politics at eighteen, you are quite fit to go any where. I have heard a great deal of American ladies, and seen not a little of them, as you know. But I thought that you called yourself an English girl, and insisted particularly upon it."

"Yes, that I do; and I have good reason. I am born of an old English family, and I hope to be no disgrace to it. But being brought up in a number of ways, as I have been without thinking of it, and being quite different from the fashionable girls Major Hockin likes to walk with—"

"My dear, he never walks with any body but myself!"

"Oh yes, I remember! I was thinking of the deck. There are no fashionable girls here yet. Till the terrace is built, and the esplanade—"

"There shall be neither terrace nor esplanade if the Major is to do such things upon them."

"I am sure that he never would," I replied; "it was only their dresses that he liked at all, and that very, to my mind, extraordinary style, as well as unbecoming. You know what I mean, Mrs. Hockin, that wonderful—what shall I call it?—way of looping up."

"Call me 'Aunt Mary,' my dear, as you did when the waves were so dreadful. You mean that hideous Mexican poncho, as they called it, stuck up here, and going down there. Erema, what observation you have! Nothing ever seems to escape you. Did you ever see any thing so indecorous?"

"It made me feel just as if I ought not to look at them," I answered, with perfect truth, for so it did; "I have never been accustomed to such things. But seeing how the Major approved of them, and liked to be

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walking up and down between them, I knew that they must be not only decorous, but attractive. There is no appeal from his judgment, is there?"

"I agree with him upon every point, my dear child; but I have always longed to say a few words about that. For I can not help thinking that he went too far."

WEBSTER AND THE CONSTITUTION.

IT is more than twenty years since we stood in the presence of Daniel Webster. We may now look at the great American with a steady gaze, and see him in his true proportions. He stands out against the sky of the past like Mont Blanc among the Alps. Not comprehended, not appreciated by the country in his time, we can observe him now through the serene light of intervening years, and study the elements that constituted his greatness. His fame will never be less than it is to-day. It must endure as long as the government which he upheld while he lived.

A paper recently appeared in a contemporary periodical reviewing Mr. Webster's course in regard to the Compromise measures of 1850. Its object is to re-instate the great Senator in the public sentiment of the North. It does not exhibit him in his full-orbed glory. He ought now to be known to the whole country. He is too great to be appropriated by a section; he belongs to America. He who in that great speech of March 7, 1850, compared the country washed by the two great oceans of the world to the shield of Achilles, bounded by waves of living silver, belongs to every part of it. It is time to assign him his place in the firmament of history, that the world may see him, and coming generations know where to find him among the constellations that glow there forever. His speech on the Compromise measures was delivered when an angry cloud hung along the whole Northern sky. But it did not fling its shadow on him; he dared its thunders, and its lightnings only illumined the noble brow that they could not intimidate. It was a great speech on a momentous occasion, but the question did not involve the principles of the government. It was not on that occasion that he achieved his highest triumph; it was not on that field that he won his noblest fame. The greatest speech of Demosthenes was made for the Crown; the greatest speech of Webster was made for the Constitution.

Upon the election of General Jackson to the Presidency, the conflict as to the authority of the government over questions affecting the rights of the States had reached a perilous height. The Constitution, like its old-namesake, was on a lee shore; neither the sun nor the stars could be seen for many days, and the roar of the breakers sounded in the ears of all men. South Carolina was about to test the strength of the government. The Tariff Act was believed by the leading statesmen of the South to be unconstitutional. Overlooking the great object of providing a sufficient revenue for the use of the government by a tax upon imports, Congress had arranged a system for the protection of certain interests in our own country. It was denounced as a scheme for protection rather than a measure for revenue. The statesmen of South Carolina insisted upon the right of the State to nullify an unconstitutional act of Congress, and measures were on foot to protect the people of that State from the operation of the tariff by the interposition of their sovereign authority. The character of General Jackson was well known, and his purpose to maintain the authority of the government had been uttered with emphasis. Mr. Calhoun was the Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate. His opinions and the inflexibility of his character were well known. At this momentous period a debate sprang up in the Senate, which was as grand, as exciting, and as important as one of those great battles which decide the fortunes of an empire. It settled questions that affected the character of the government and involved its existence. Up to that time it was not at all certain that the government could stand. It was asserted that it was not a government in the true and high sense, comprising the authentic powers of a government—a sovereign government that might use its own strength in maintaining its authority and enforcing its supremacy. It was a league powerless to bring opposing commonwealths into obedience to its authority, a compact that might be dissolved at any time at the will of the parties that entered into it. Some weeks previously Mr. Foot, a Senator from Connecticut, had moved a resolution of inquiry in regard to the sale of public lands. Unexpectedly it gave rise to a debate that took a wide range. Benton, the great Senator from Missouri, spoke for the West, and delivered a speech of much political significance. Other Senators took part in the debate, and it grew in importance, as it advanced, for months, until it brought within its ample compass the largest questions that affected the country, and arrayed parties in fierce conflict contending for the supremacy and assured mastery in the great issue made by the general government with the several States of the Union as to its powers under the Constitution.

There sat at that time as a Senator from South Carolina a gentleman yet young who had entered the Senate some years before, when barely eligible to a seat in that body, but whose reputation, already brilliant at

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home, had steadily increased in splendor with every successive year of public service —Robert Y. Hayne. Still one of the youngest members of that illustrious body, he was so conspicuous as to attract not only the eyes of his own people, who were justly proud of him, but of the people of the whole country. He was of that class of public men which South Carolina at that time bore and nurtured and honored—men worthy of trust as well as of distinction, noble, of high culture, of integrity, of unsullied purity, and of dauntless courage; men who shed a glory upon their native State, and who would have illustrated any commonwealth at any period of the world's history. He believed in the doctrine of State rights as held by Mr. Calhoun and other gentlemen of that school. Never was a doctrine asserted and defended by nobler advocates; strong, brave, earnest, of the highest personal character, they gave to the debates of the period an impassioned tone that had not been heard in the country since the Revolution.

Mr. Webster sat as a Senator from Massachusetts. He was in the plenitude of his strength, mental and bodily; his reputation already won shone with a steady lustre; he looked the great man; he was the impersonation of power; seated in the Senate, it seemed that the whole weight of the government might rest on his shoulders; one might call him Jupiter Stator. Men flocked to hear him speak; even the Supreme Court chamber was crowded when it was known he was to argue a great cause; and when he rose to speak in the Senate, galleries and aisles and doorways were thronged: he was a power. As the debate on Foot's resolution advanced, Webster had not given it any attention; he was much engaged in the Supreme Court. But entering the Senate-chamber one day after leaving the Supreme Court, he found Hayne on the floor. The Senator from South Carolina had departed from the appropriate line of discussion on the resolution; he delivered a speech on the political situation of the country, and had made some remarks which seemed to threaten an invasion of the North. This was on the 19th of January, 1830. Several Senators suggested to Mr. Webster that he ought to reply to the speech that had just been made by Mr. Hayne. He rose when Mr. Hayne took his seat, but in accordance with the usages of the Senate, gave way to a motion for adjournment from Mr. Benton. He appeared in the Senate the next morning, and when the resolution was called up, he proceeded with the debate. Mr. Hayne's speech had been directed against the North, and the position of parties gave it great significance. General Jackson had led the combined forces opposed to the administration of John Quincy Adams to complete victory. Mr. Calhoun was in accord with the new power. Mr. Hayne and the great body of Southern statesmen gave it their support. Mr. Webster stood confronted with it, its most formidable antagonist, as conspicuous as Hector in the presence of the Greeks. Mr. Benton had preceded Mr. Hayne with a speech of much power, and had denounced the resolution as hostile to the interests of the West. "It is an offer of battle to the West. I accept the offer. I am fighting the battle. Some are crying out and *hauling* off, but I am standing to it, and mean to stand to it. I call upon the adversary to come on and lay on, and I tell him,

"'Damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough!'"

His battle was directed against New England.

Mr. Hayne's speech was brilliant and on the same line. He assured the Senator from Missouri that the West might always count on the sympathies of the South. He attacked the system of industry in New England, and denounced the policy of that section in conducting the government as tending to consolidation. Webster felt when he rose to speak on the resolution that it was proper to do something more than state his views of the policy of the government in disposing of the public lands; he must defend the section which he represented from the assaults that had been made against it. He did both. He described the rapid growth of the West in wealth and power under the system that the government had directed; he presented in glowing terms a picture of the transformation that had taken place within a few years—the unbroken forests had given way before the march of a splendid civilization. He said, in reply to the attack upon the policy of New England in regard to the public lands, "If you look to the votes on any one of those measures, and strike out from the list of ayes and noes the names of New England members, it will be found that in every case the South would then have voted down the West, and the measure would have failed." This clear, direct statement was too impressive to be disregarded. In the course of his speech he replied to the remarks of the Senator from South Carolina in regard to consolidation, and declared that the phrase, when properly used, meant only the union of the States. "This is the true constitutional consolidation. I wish to see no new powers drawn to the general government, but I confess I rejoice in whatever tends to strengthen the bond that unites us and encourages the hope that our Union may be perpetual." He spoke too of the exclusion of slavery from the Northwestern States by the celebrated Ordinance of 1787, and bestowed high praise on Nathan Dane, who had drawn the instrument. "It fixed forever the character of the population in the vast regions north-

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west of the Ohio, by excluding from them involuntary servitude. It impressed on the soil itself, while it was yet a wilderness, an incapacity to sustain any other than free men."

In speaking, too, of the measures that had tended to develop the West, he referred to certain works of internal improvement which could not have been accomplished without the aid of New England: "Sir, at what period beyond the Greek Calends could these measures, or measures like these, have been accomplished had they depended on the votes of Southern gentlemen? Why, Sir, we know that we must have waited till the constitutional notions of those gentlemen had undergone an entire change."

He apologized for alluding to the opinions and policy of different portions of the country—a course which, he said, had been forced on him by charges against the character and conduct of the State which he represented. When he took his seat, Mr. Benton rose immediately and commenced a reply to the speech which had just been delivered, but did not conclude his argument before the adjournment of the Senate. The next day (Thursday) the subject again came up, and Mr. Chambers, a Senator from Maryland, proposed that the further consideration of the resolution should, by the consent of the Senate, be postponed till the following Monday, as Mr. Webster, who had engaged in the discussion, and wished to be present when it was resumed, had pressing engagements elsewhere, and could not well give his attendance in the Senate before that day. It was known that the Senator from Massachusetts was engaged in the argument of a cause of great importance before the Supreme Court. Mr. Hayne objected, saying "he saw the gentleman from Massachusetts in his seat, and presumed he could make an arrangement which would enable him to be present here during the discussion to-day. He was unwilling that this subject should be postponed before he had an opportunity of replying to some of the observations which had fallen from the gentleman yesterday. He would not deny that some things had fallen from him which rankled here [touching his breast], from which he would desire at once to relieve himself. The gentleman had discharged his fire in the presence of the Senate; he hoped he would now afford him the opportunity of returning the shot." Mr. Hayne's manner revealed the excitement under which he spoke. All the fire of his nature was aroused. With much dignity Mr. Webster said, "Let the discussion proceed; I am ready *now* to receive the gentleman's fire."

Mr. Benton then rose and proceeded with his speech commenced the day before, which he concluded in the course of an hour. Senator Bell, of New Hampshire, immediately moved that the further consideration of the subject be postponed till Monday. The motion was negatived.

Then Mr. Hayne took the floor and commenced his speech. It was a brilliant and powerful assault upon Mr. Webster, and uttered in the glowing style which made the young Senator from South Carolina so impressive when he was roused. He declared that he had not sought to array one section of the country against the other. He was surprised at the assault made upon him by the Senator from Massachusetts. The Senator from Missouri had, indeed, charged upon the Northern States steady hostility toward the West, but after deliberating a whole night, the gentleman from Massachusetts had come into the Senate to vindicate New England, and instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri in the charges which he had preferred, he chose to consider him as the author of those charges. He selected him as his adversary, and poured out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon his devoted head. "Nor does he stop there," continued Mr. Hayne. "Has he discovered, in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is overmatched by that Senator, and does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has his distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of the 'new alliances to be formed' at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered coalition come back, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, to 'sear the eyeballs' of the gentleman, and will it not 'down' at his bidding? Are dark visions of broken hopes and honors lost forever still floating before his heated imagination?" He then proceeded to reply to Mr. Webster's argument as to the effect of the policy of the government on the growth of the West, ridiculed the author of the Ordinance of 1787 excluding slavery from that region—"a certain Nathan Dane, of Beverly, Massachusetts, known only to the South as a member of a celebrated assembly, called the Hartford Convention." He declared that the internal improvement policy of the North toward the West had been governed by political considerations plainly disclosed in 1825, when the Presidential election was pending in the House of Representatives. "There it was," he said, that "a happy union between the members of the celebrated *coalition* was consummated, whose immediate issue was a President from one quarter of the Union, with the succession, as it was supposed, to another." He construed Mr. Webster's remarks upon the effect of the Ordinance of 1787 as an attack upon slavery in the South—a system of servitude which he vindicated as beneficent and elevating in its influence upon society. He denounced consolidation, and insisted that the Union

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was designed to be federal, not national. He controverted Mr. Webster's views on the tariff, and charged him with gross inconsistency. He then spoke of the charge of *disunion* brought against the South by Mr. Webster's reference to the celebrated expression of Dr. Cooper, president of the South Carolina College, that "it was time to calculate the value of the Union," and characterized it as a controversy not of his seeking, and that not one word had been uttered by him in disparagement of New England, nor of Massachusetts, nor the Senator who represented that State. "But, Sir," he said, "that gentleman has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself, to strike the South through me, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I must meet him at the threshold. I will struggle while I have life for our altars and our firesides, and if God gives me strength, I shall drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provokes the war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemy's territory, and not consent to lay down my arms until I have obtained indemnity for the past and security for the future. It is with unfeigned reluctance, Mr. President, that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty. I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, Sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty. Be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me the necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to a homely adage, that he 'lives in a glass house,' on his head be the consequences."

At this point, having spoken for an hour, Mr. Hayne gave way to a motion for adjournment until Monday. It was but the exordium of a great speech to be delivered on that day. Mr. Hayne had made a great impression; he received the warmest congratulations, and the press extolled the effort in terms so full of glowing praise and exultation that the attention of the country was widely awakened, so that an unprecedented number of visitors thronged the city to witness the progress of the great debate.

Monday came, and Mr. Hayne rose to continue his speech. He paid a splendid tribute to South Carolina: he recounted her glorious services in the Revolution, the patriotism, the sufferings, the heroic endurance of her people; her loyalty to the principles of free government in the political crisis of 1798, and her powerful support of the cause of the country in the war of 1812; and he then directed all the power that he could command against New England; he exhibited the course of Massachusetts in the contest with Great Britain, and boldly declared that she had taken sides with the enemy and against their own country. The Federal newspapers, speeches made in opposition to the war by heated political declaimers, pamphlets written to prove the ruinous tendency of the war, and discourses from the pulpit denouncing the course of the government, supplied him with authorities for his accusations. Then he entered upon an argument in vindication of the doctrines held in South Carolina and largely at the South as to the character, the structure, and the powers of the Federal government, and asserted the rights of the States in the strongest terms. He supported his argument by quoting the opinions of Jefferson, of Madison, and brought to view the construction given by the Legislatures of several States of the powers delegated to the general government in the Constitution. He charged that Mr. Webster's opinions were those held by the Federalists, and must result in consolidation if they prevailed. His peroration was very fine, and delivered with much grace and power: "South Carolina is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance to unauthorized taxation. Sir, if acting on these high motives, if animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait of the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, 'You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty?'"

Mr. Webster immediately rose to reply, but gave way to a motion to adjourn until the next morning, as the day was far advanced.

No language can properly describe the effect of Mr. Hayne's speech. The faces of his friends were radiant. Many asserted it to be the most powerful and effective speech ever delivered in a parliamentary body. Some believed that the fate of the government was settled. The advocates of the State-rights doctrine pronounced the argument unanswerable. The excitement could not have been higher if a great battle had been suspended, that the combat might be renewed with the light of the next day.

Mr. Webster was conscious of the responsibility that bore upon him with so much weight. When he appeared in the Senate-chamber the next morning, Tuesday, January 26, 1830, he saw himself, as others saw,

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the full magnitude of the occasion. The scene was most impressive. The multitudes that had been attracted to the city thronged the Capitol at an early hour. The Senate-chamber was full; not a seat vacant; the lobbies crowded with chairs; the galleries packed; the stairways blocked with men; the improvised seats on the floor occupied by ladies, and some of the relatives of Senators in the privileged seats of members; the very approaches to the place swarmed with those who were unable to gain admission; it was such an audience as recalled the days when Warren Hastings was on trial in Westminster Hall. Members of the House crowded into the lobby behind the Vice-President's chair. Among these was a gentleman distinguished both for his enormous size and his great abilities—Dixon H. Lewis, a Representative from Alabama. He was a leader in the State-rights school, a personal friend of Mr. Hayne, and a power in the large and brilliant class of gentlemen who followed Mr. Calhoun. He was seated behind the painted glass frame that separated the lobby from the floor of the chamber, and, unable to see Mr. Webster, he removed the obstructing paint on the glass with his knife. The incident gave so much historical interest to the object that the frame of glass was never repaired, but was allowed to remain until the chamber was reconstructed for the use of the Supreme Court.

The appearance of Mr. Webster was striking. He was in the maturity of his manhood; full of power; without the first sign of declining strength; his imperial brow shaded with dark locks; and his large, cavernous eyes ready to flame with expression when his intellect should be roused to the energy of action. His dress was at all times carefully regarded. To-day it was observed that he had bestowed unusual attention on it; it was in harmony with the occasion. He appeared in a blue dress-coat and buff vest, with a white cravat, appropriate and becoming to him, with his very dark complexion. Some one remarked he wore the colors of the Revolution.

The Vice-President—Mr. Calhoun—entered the chamber and assumed the chair. A motion was made, and agreed to unanimously, to postpone the ordinary business of the day, and proceed immediately to the consideration of the resolution.

In proceeding to deliver his great speech, Mr. Webster first noticed the assault made upon himself; and he, with supreme dignity, replied to the taunt of Mr. Hayne as to his evading the arm of Mr. Benton: "Matches and overmatches! These terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate, a Senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion, not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, Sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet..... Sir, I shall not allow myself on this occasion—I hope on no occasion—to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination or recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find that in that contest there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant at least as his own; and that his impunity may possibly demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources."

After this vigorous passage Mr. Webster took up the allusion to the coalition—"the murdered coalition"—and denounced the charge in terms of vehement scorn. He turned Mr. Hayne's quotation from *Macbeth* so powerfully against him as to carry with him both friends and foes. The political significance of the allusion, designed to be so damaging to the Senator from Massachusetts, was shown to be altogether appropriate in its application to the Senator from South Carolina and his allies. It is one of the finest passages in forensic debate ever uttered, and its prophetic tone gave it indescribable force.

"But, Sir, the honorable member was not, for other reasons, entirely happy in his allusion to the story of Banquo's murder and Banquo's ghost. It was not, I think, the friends, but the enemies, of the murdered Banquo at whose bidding his spirit would not *down*. The honorable gentleman is fresh in his reading of the English classics, and can put me right if I am wrong; but, according to my poor recollection, it was at those who had begun with caresses and ended with foul and treacherous murder that the gory locks were shaken. The ghost of Banquo, like that of Hamlet, was an honest ghost. It disturbed no innocent man; it knew where its appearance would strike terror, and who would cry out, 'A ghost!' It made itself visible in the right quarter, and compelled the guilty and the conscience-smitten, and none others, to start with,

> "'Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!....
> If I stand here, I saw him.'

"*Their* eyeballs were seared (was it not so, Sir?) who had thought to shield themselves by concealing their own hand, and laying the imputation of the crime on a low and hireling agency in wickedness; who had vainly attempted to stifle the workings of their own coward consciences by ejacu-

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lating through white lips and chattering teeth, 'Thou canst not say I did it!' I have misread the great poet if those who had no way partaken in the deed of the death, either found that they were, or *feared that they should be*, pushed from their stools by the ghost of the slain, or exclaimed to a spectre created by their own fears and their own remorse, 'Avaunt! and quit our sight!'

"There is another particular, Sir, in which the honorable member's quick perception of resemblances might, I should think, have seen something in the story of Banquo making it not altogether a subject of the most pleasant contemplation. Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it? Substantial good? Permanent power? Or disappointment, rather, and sore mortification, dust and ashes, the common fate of vaulting ambition overleaping itself? Did not even-handed justice ere long commend the poisoned chalice to their own lips? Did they not soon find that for another they had 'filed their mind?' that their ambition, though apparently for the moment successful, had but put a barren sceptre in their grasp? Ay, Sir,

> "'A barren sceptre in their gripe,
> *Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,*
> No son of theirs succeeding.'

"Sir, I need pursue the allusion no further. I leave the honorable gentleman to run it out at his leisure, and to derive from it all the gratification it is calculated to administer. If he finds himself pleased with the associations, and prepared to be quite satisfied, though the parallel should be entirely completed, I had almost said I am satisfied also; but that I shall think of—yes, Sir, I will think of that."

A profound impression was made by this splendid passage. The shaded lines of prophecy were soon to be luminous in historical fulfillment. The *entente cordiale* then existing between General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun was destined soon to be broken, and the sceptre, in the course of a few years, passed into the grasp of an unlineal hand. Mr. Calhoun's glowing eyes were fixed upon Mr. Webster, and he at once comprehended the whole force and far-reaching significance of the construction given by the Senator from Massachusetts to the passage from *Macbeth*.

Mr. Webster proceeded to reply to the accusations brought by the Senator from South Carolina against Massachusetts and New England. His vindication of Massachusetts and his splendid tribute to the State not only made a great impression at the time, but will ever hold a place in the annals of parliamentary eloquence. It afforded him the occasion for a noble appeal to the patriotism of the whole country. He rebuked with just severity the spirit which would array one section against another, and reminded Mr. Hayne of the ancient friendship that existed between Massachusetts and South Carolina.

"Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood around the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation, and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that great arm never scattered."

Then Mr. Webster entered upon the great task before him—the constitutional argument. He undertook to demolish the structure so elaborately reared by the Senator from South Carolina, and so powerfully supported by the class of gentlemen who followed Mr. Calhoun as a political leader. He undertook to show that our political system was a *government* established by the people of the United States, and not a mere *compact* between the States. He aimed to exhibit the *Constitution*, which defined the powers of the government, and to annihilate the theory that any one State or any number of States could, by a right reserved when our political system was organized, arrest the course of the government or overturn it. He at the same time admitted the right of revolution on the part of the people—a right higher than the Constitution and supreme over all governments. Never at any period of the world's history had a statesman undertaken to perform a greater task. It is not too much to say that upon that debate depended the stability of the government, the destiny of the republic.

Mr. Webster was profoundly conscious of the importance of the occasion. He rose to the full height of its grandeur; he advanced in his great argument with a bearing nothing less than majestic. His eye swept the whole field of controversy. He disdained all the little arts of debate; he stated the propositions of his adversary, which he meant to combat, with the most perfect fairness; and he struck the shield of the formidable champion of the opposing party as it hung in front of his tent with the point of his lance. The tournament, upon which the eyes of the vast assemblage representing the whole country were fixed, was to him not a field for display, but a real field of battle. Not only did he hold in hand the lance with which to unhorse the powerful man who opposed him in the lists, but the battle-axe which none but his great arm could wield was within his reach, with

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which he would crush all comers, until the field was yielded to him. He proceeded, before entering upon the constitutional argument, to state the opinions and the principles of the party of which the Senator from South Carolina was the chosen representative:

That it is the right of the State Legislatures to interfere whenever, in their judgment, this government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its laws.

That this right exists *under* the Constitution, not as a right to overthrow it on the ground of extreme necessity, such as would justify violent revolution.

That the States have authority thus to interfere for correcting the exercise of power by the general government, of checking it, and of compelling it to conform to their own opinion of the extent of its powers.

That the ultimate power of judging of the constitutional extent of our own authority is not lodged exclusively in the general government, or any branch of it; but that, on the contrary, the States may lawfully decide for themselves, and each State for itself, whether, in a given case, the act of the general government transcends its power.

That if the exigency of the case, in the opinion of any State government, require it, such State government may, by its own sovereign authority, annul an act of the general government which it deems plainly and palpably unconstitutional.

The sum of these propositions is to be found in the sentiment: "The sovereignty of the State—never to be controlled, construed, or decided on, but by her own feelings of honorable justice."

Mr. Webster then stated his own view of the structure of the government. He did not deny the inherent right in the people to reform their government, nor to resist unconstitutional laws without overturning the government. It was not his doctrine that unconstitutional laws were binding on the people. "The great question is, Whose prerogative is it to decide on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws? On that the main debate hinges. The proposition that, in case of a supposed violation of the Constitution by Congress, the States have a constitutional right to interfere and annul the law of Congress, is the proposition of the gentleman. I do not admit it. If the gentleman had intended no more than to assert the right of revolution for justifiable cause, he would have said only what all agree to. But I can not conceive that there can be a middle course between submission to the laws, when regularly pronounced constitutional, on the one hand, and open resistance—which is revolution or rebellion—on the other."

He then proceeded to state the origin of the government and the nature of its power. It was not the creature of the several States; it had been established by the whole people of the United States.

"It is, Sir, the people's Constitution, the people's government; made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people. The people of the United States have declared that this Constitution shall be the supreme law. We must either admit the proposition or dispute their authority. The States are unquestionably sovereign so far as their sovereignty is not affected by this supreme law. But the State Legislatures, as political bodies, however sovereign, are yet not sovereign over the people. So far as the people have given power to the general government, so far the grant is unquestionably good, and the government holds of the people, and not of the State governments. We are all agents of the same supreme power—the people. The general government and the State governments derive their authority from the same source."

This philosophical view of the origin and authority of the government was of the highest importance. Mr. Webster supported his propositions in the course of his great argument with resistless power. He stated, in clear and comprehensive terms, the theory of the complex system. The people had provided a tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law. There were in the Constitution grants of power to Congress, and restrictions on those powers. There were also prohibitions on the States. Some authority must therefore exist having the ultimate jurisdiction to fix and ascertain the interpretation of these grants, restrictions, and prohibitions. The Constitution has itself pointed out, ordained, and established that authority. It declares: "*The Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, any thing in the constitution and laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.*"

That made it plain that the Constitution and laws of the United States are supreme. As to who shall decide the question when a State law comes in conflict with the Constitution or any law of Congress in pursuance of it, that is also settled.

The Constitution declares "*that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States.*"

These two provisions, said Mr. Webster, cover the whole ground. They are, in truth, the key-stone of the arch. With these, it is a government; without them, it is a confederation.

Such are the principles stated and maintained in that great constitutional argument. The importance of the argument can not be overrated. Without attempting to

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show its influence upon the course of the government since it was delivered, I quote Mr. March's description of the appearance and manner of the great Senator as he uttered that splendid peroration which will thrill the hearts of the American people until the republic falls into utter and irretrievable ruin: "The exulting rush of feeling with which he went through the peroration threw a glow over his countenance like inspiration. Eye, brow, each feature, every line of the face, seemed touched as with a celestial fire. The swell and roll of his voice struck upon the ears of the spell-bound audience as waves upon the shore of the far-resounding sea. The Miltonic grandeur of his words was the fit expression of his thought, and raised his hearers up to his theme. His voice, exerted to its utmost power, penetrated every recess and corner of the Senate—penetrated even the anterooms and the stairways—as he pronounced in deepest tones of pathos those words of solemn significance: 'I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies beyond! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward," but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

It is impossible to overestimate the service rendered by Mr. Webster to the Constitution and to the country. The influence of his great argument in behalf of the supremacy of the Constitution, and of the laws of Congress passed in pursuance of its authority, is immeasurable. Not only did it settle the opinions of men at that time, but it has ever since given to the national government a moral power which makes it at once irresistible and indestructible. The American flag was flying over the Senate-chamber when he delivered his immortal speech, and through the glass dome its folds might be seen floating in the breeze. While the effect upon the audience which thronged every spot within the reach of his voice was overwhelming, the words still ring in our ears, and will be heard by every succeeding generation. History and painting will preserve the scene as one of the most memorable and impressive which has occurred in the fortunes of the republic. Some appropriate spot in the Capitol of the United States should be chosen, where a monument may be reared to the honor of the great Senator who saved the Constitution. He was a man

"Not for an age,
But for all time."

TO ——.*

Once more among those rich and golden strings
Wander with thy warm arm, dear girl, so pale;
And when at last from thy sweet discord springs
The aerial music, like the dreams which veil
Earth's shadows with diviner thoughts and things,
O, let the passions and the time prevail,
And bid thy spirit through the mazes run;
For Music is like Love, and must be won!

O, wake the rich chords with thy delicate fingers!
O, loose the enchanted music from mute sleep!
Methinks the fine phantasma near thee lingers,
Yet will not come, unless tones strong and deep
Compel him. Ah! methinks (as love-avengers
Requite upon the heads of those who weep
The sorrows which they gave) the sullen thing
Deserts thee, as *thou* left'st the vanquished string.

No, no; it comes: sweeter than death or life,
Sweeter than hope or joy (beneath the moon),
Sweeter than all is that harmonious strife,
From whose embrace is born a perfect tune
Where every passionate note with thought is rife.
Come, then; with golden speech enchant us soon,
Soon as thou wilt—with airs of hope, with fears,
The rage of passion, or the strength of tears!

* These lines, never before published, were addressed by Barry Cornwall to the lady who became Mrs. Procter. See Moore's Diary, edited by Lord John Russell.

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MY GREAT-AUNT'S WILL.

I AM a clerk in a country store, and sometimes I wish I'd been a martyr in those days when they stretched people on beds of spikes or roasted them on a gridiron. Then I think I could have taken a little comfort in life.

This is the way of it: I am behind the counter on the side where we keep prints, and there trots up to the opposite side, where we keep flannels, a customer neither young nor beautiful; I hurry around and across, and she asks for calicoes; then I turn her about and make my way back, and I pull down half a dozen pieces, but she just gazes at the shelves, says she'd like to look at the under piece on the top shelf; I climb up, at the risk of breaking my neck, and get the under piece out, and she concludes 'tisn't what she thought it was. Then she says she'd like to look "at that stripe;" I blunder on to every other stripe before I get her particular stripe. Then she says she wants a little figure, and I get all the little figures out for her. She wants to know how much 'tis a yard; I say six cents, and she says she can get better in Springfield for five, and she looks at me suspiciously, as if I was a cheating youth. She wants to know if it 'll wash, and I say I presume so, most calico does wash, and she looks at me indignantly, as if I was a saucy youth. Then she asks me if we take eggs, and I say we do, and we pay twenty-eight cents, and she says they're paying thirty at the other store; and off she goes, and I put up the prints, and am down at the farther end of the room turning fragments out of a cracker barrel, when back she comes and wants samples.

We keep the post-office, and by the time I get back to my cracker barrel, in comes a man who wants to know if he hasn't a letter. He never had a letter in his life, and he knows it, and I know it; but it is one of those facts that both parties ignore, and I go and look, and give him the consoling assurance that he hasn't any, and he departs in peace of mind.

Then there is a lady who wants to match a confounded bit of silk braid, drab bordering on the lilac. It takes me five minutes to find one box of silk braids, and five more to find we haven't drab bordering on the lilac. Then she wants sewing silk the same shade, and I hunt through all the sewing silks, and there's drab bordering on every thing else under the sun excepting lilac; but I know by the way her flounces sweep out that a mercantile house not keeping drab bordering on the lilac stands very low.

I get down to the farther end of the store again, and there comes a man to the front-door, and yelps out loud enough for every customer to hear that he's brought back that barrel of flour; says the bread was black and all dough in the middle. Now that man understood, when he had that flour, that it was inferior quality, not recommended, and he had it cheap, and took it because it was cheap. I help him roll the flour in, and I can see that he thinks he has circumvented a villain.

That's the way it goes day after day, week after week, and I hate tea, detest saleratus, abhor cod-fish, and wish calico, cotton cloth, drilling, hooks and eyes, and all the rest of the wretched necessities of an artificial civilization were at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. I long to be a savage more than I do to be an angel, and I shall be, one of these days, though I do wear cloth suits, and have a shaving mug at the barber's marked in gilt letters, S. O. Haynes. I wonder that all self-respect and sentiment of humanity hasn't long ago perished from out my bosom.

Such were my reflections one fine morning just after train time, while I was weighing out half a pound of black tea, when my fellow-sufferer in the dry-goods and grocery infliction called out,

"Here's a lady inquiring for you, Sam."

In distinct outline before the door stood a little woman, her skirts spread out by a triangular hoop like the skirts of the female figures we used to draw on our slates at school. I came up to make my bow, and saw she had deposited a brown willow basket on the show-case and dropped a black glazed bag at her side. She wore a stringy kind of shawl, with fearfully long fringe, and seemed to be afflicted with numb palsy.

"Are you my nephew Sam'wel?" asked she.

"My name is Samuel Haynes, ma'am."

"I'm your father's aunt, Loueezer Haynes."

"I'm glad to see you, Aunt Louisa."

She looked at me sharply, as if I was making fun of her. I suppose it is because the corners of my mouth turn up, people are always suspecting me of making fun of them. I wish those corners would sink, and wonder they don't.

"I'm your only living female relative on the father's side," said she.

My business experience with females had been so imbittering, I was glad to learn she was the only one on the father's side.

"As you've no mother, I feel it my duty to help make a home for you."

Instantly I remembered that Aunt Louisa was worth seventy-five thousand. I think I learned that fact in early years at the parental knee, along with who made me, and what State I lived in. I know it always stood to my infantile consciousness in the relation of a primary truth. My father, all his life, courted poverty through the medium of dry-goods and groceries, and went through bankruptcy as often as the law would allow. During the periodic seasons, before calling the creditors and making an

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assignment, he used to clasp his hands to his head and ejaculate, "Louisa might help me if she only would!"

But Louisa wouldn't, or at least didn't, and whatever may be thought of her filial affection, mature observations on the oscillations in the molasses and ginger market have convinced me of the soundness of her judgment.

"I'm delighted to see you, Aunt Louisa. I'll go right down to my boarding place with you."

Hence, with a brown willow basket in one hand and a shiny leather bag in the other, and my great-aunt trotting behind—why under heaven she didn't walk by my side I couldn't see!—we meandered down the street.

We met Evelina Angelia Plimpton. I was engaged to Evelina Angelia. I had enjoyed that honor ever since one July evening when there came up a sudden thunder-shower, and she clasped my arm and ejaculated she was "so *tim*-id." An engagement was an annual episode with Evelina. When I solemnly asked Pa Plimpton's consent, he didn't remove his pipe from his mouth, but just nodded and pursued his previous train of thought. Evelina smiled patronizingly upon me. Deference to the aged I knew she considered beautiful.

My aunt didn't like my boarding place, and wasn't pleased with my boarding mistress. She thought we'd better keep house, and I spent the next fortnight house-hunting with her. The great *desideratum* seemed to be the right kind of a "buttery:" one would have supposed butter was to be the staff of life with us. We at last found a "buttery" on the northwest corner, opening into both kitchen and dining-room, having the requisite number of cupboards, having shelves that admitted of being taken out in house-cleaning time, painted a bewitching cream-color; and we engaged that buttery, regardless of cost or the character of the neighbors.

The next momentous step was to get my aunt's "things" moved. Were I writing a scientific essay on psychological distinctions of sex, I should make one strong point the tenacious attachment of the feminine mind to "things." Ten thousand dollars in stocks and bonds at stake in an unsettled estate have been known to excite less interest and create less jealousy than the disposition of an odd table-cloth.

My aunt was for some days in a harrowing state of indecision as to whether she had better have her things invoiced as freight or to hire a car. By virtue of the handsome figures I learned to make at Commercial College, I proved to her it would be cheapest to hire the car. I had to go to her former place of abode to see about getting the things *en route*, and I had to "meet them with a carriage" at our dépôt. I felt like a collector of antiquities just getting an assortment over from Egypt. I shall ever feel grateful to the small boys of our village for their self-restraint on this tempting occasion. I don't recollect a single opprobrious epithet. They treated my loads with a respect to which nothing but hoary hairs could entitle them.

There was a cheese-press, and I don't know but a cider mill; there was something, with four tremendously heavy legs, I always believed to be something in disguise of a bedstead. There were seven bandboxes (four large and three small), five feather-beds, seventeen comfortables, and a great deal of crockery which evidently came over in the *Mayflower*, but had much better have put back to land in the *Speedwell*.

I need not say that our residence when furnished was neat but not gaudy. I slept under a "rising-sun" bed-quilt, and had a round braided mat to put my feet on when I got out in the morning. I sighed for my former cozy quarters, but I remembered my aunt's valuation, and reasoned that if she was my only living female relative on the father's side, I must of necessity be her only living male relative on the mother's side.

Soon after we were domesticated, I found that my aunt was subject to mysterious attacks, which attacks invariably seized her in the night-time, and made it imperative that I should run for the doctor. Liability to these attacks precluded the possibility of my being away from home evenings, excepting Sunday and Thursday evenings, when I was expected to see my aunt to prayer-meetings and attend her home, though Evelina went off in an opposite direction with another fellow. I didn't know but justice both to myself and Evelina demanded that I should have a conversation with my aunt, and set before her, in language which even a child might understand, my views of the duties and privileges of an engaged man; but I felt extremely doubtful of her sympathy, and seventy-five thousand was a good deal to risk.

We kept one servant, whose wages my aunt thought it right I should pay, because, as she said, if there was no one but herself, she shouldn't keep a girl. Our *cuisine* was managed with strictest regard to economy. We lived largely upon soup, which consisted principally of broth. My aunt highly esteemed marrow-bones. I wonder if it is generally known among physiologists how long a healthy person can subsist on a persistently boiled marrow-bone?

For two or three years I had been in the habit of smoking a single cigar at the close of the day's labors. One evening I was sitting on the piazza indulging in this luxury, when out came my aunt.

"*Sam'wel!*" cried she, "*are you smoking?*"

"Yes'm," very meekly.

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"Well," said she, calmly but firmly, "none of my money shall ever go up in cigar smoke." Then again, "How much do you pay for cigars?"

"Ten cents."

"Now, Sam'wel, I want you to take your pencil and calculate how much ten cents a day will amount to in a year, then how much in fifty years, then I want you to put this sum at compound interest, and see how much it will amount to by the time you are seventy-five years of age."

It struck me that I had somehow, during my lifetime, met with similar problems, but I conscientiously made the calculation.

"Aunt," cried I, "I'm perfectly appalled. Never did I dream of this. Of what mad extravagance have I been guilty!" and wildly I hurled my cigar into the camomile bed.

It became generally known throughout our village that my aunt was wealthy and I was heir-expectant, and I soon perceived that whether or not I ever obtained the gold, I was going to have the glory. At a town-meeting, legally called, and with the Moderator in the chair, I was elected one of nine prudential committee-men: duty—"to see about getting the wood." Our Sabbath-school appointed me delegate to a Conference at Cummingford: privileges—lose my time, pay my own fare, change cars twice, stage it five miles over a country road and through a November landscape: prospects—address by Deacon Thomas Jones; music, that rare and intricate composition, "Shall we gather at the river?"

I secured the position of watchman at our store every other Sunday night. Aunt asked me if I expected extra pay for this service, and I said I did. Evelina had talked of green reps for our parlor, but I found that calculations had now ascended to some kind of rose-colored something, value about treble that of the reps.

Aunt was at length seized with an "attack" of more than ordinary violence. I called three physicians, for I shrunk from exposing myself to the irresponsible village gossip which might accuse me of not employing every effort for the prolongation of her life. With three doctors in attendance, she not unreasonably felt that this attack would prove final, and sent for a lawyer. I was in a state of great nervous trepidation.

"Is there any thing I can do for you, aunt?"

"Nothing now."

"Has your nurse arranged your pillows quite comfortable?"

"Perfectly comfortable."

Solemn scenes have no place in this narrative, and I pass on to the time when we were assembled for the reading of the will—the lawyer, the doctor, the minister, and myself. That instrument ran as follows:

"After paying my just dues and my funeral expenses, and providing a suitable monument, I give and bequeath to my beloved nephew, Samuel O. Haynes, his heirs and assigns, for their use and behoof forever, all my wearing apparel and personal ornaments, with the exception of my gold beads, which I bequeath to my namesake, Louisa Haynes, of St. Joseph, Missouri; all my beds and bedding, household utensils and furniture, with the exception of my great arm-chair, which, as it came in on the Jones side, I wish to go to some deserving member of that family. I also give my nephew Samuel five dollars, with which to buy a reference Bible in my remembrance, and also the sealed paper of instructions accompanying this instrument, which I wish him to read a year hence in the presence of the witnesses now assembled for the reading of this my will.

"The remainder of my property, both real and personal, with the exception of the legacies hereinafter named, I bequeath to the American Missionary Society, neither legacies nor bequests to be paid until a year and a day hence."

When the lawyer was through reading, I had no clear idea to whom these legacies were devised, but I remarked that the American Missionary Society was a most worthy organization.

The nature of the will was soon made public. Popular sentiment was that of resignation, not to say of satisfaction, on my account. My companions, who had never seen why deserving merit in my case should meet such disproportionate reward, while their own plodded along on a weekly stipend with no great-aunt's estate in prospective, naturally experienced a revival of confidence in the equitable government of the universe. Elderly friends in church and Sabbath-school felt that I had cause for rejoicing in being spared the snares and temptations which accompany wealth. My employer privately expressed the opinion that I had been getting above my business, and he was glad to see me taken down a peg. Evelina said, "Never mind; we don't care for money." But not many days after, Evelina told me she had begun to realize what a solemn ordinance was matrimony; she and I were both young, and had our way to make, and she thought perhaps, for the present, it would be better for us to consider ourselves only friends.

I said, "Very well," and felt that I was a lonely bark tossed on a wild and watery waste.

I had read of instances similar to mine where the sealed packet or the old Bible proved to contain bank-notes; but finger the paper left me as I would, I could make nothing of it but paper.

For a year I went calmly but hopelessly forward in the dry-goods and grocery way, and we then assembled for the opening of my sealed orders—the lawyer, the doctor, the minister, and myself. The first words that met my eyes as I unfolded the paper were, "And all former wills by me made I do hereby revoke," etc. With palpitating heart I passed the document to the lawyer. After provisions and legacies similar to those

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in the first instrument, this latter document proceeded as follows:

"To the American Missionary Society I give and bequeath the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"To my beloved nephew Samuel O. Haynes, who I hope may have learned, during the year that has elapsed, lessons of wisdom more valuable than money, I bequeath the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, which I direct my executor to pay over to said Haynes as soon as may be convenient. I farther direct my executor to annually pay to said Haynes the income from the remainder of my property, both real and personal, and to pay from the principal to said Haynes on his thirtieth birthday, if he be living, or to his heirs or assigns if deceased, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, and to pay to said Haynes on his thirty-fifth birthday the remainder of my property, be it more or less."

I went down to the store just as usual the next morning, for I wished to show people that I had too good sense to have my head turned. When I filled our best customer's molasses jug with kerosene, I knew I had demonstrated my coolness.

The chairman of the Board of Selectmen wanted to know what I should advise in regard to rebuilding the Piper stone bridge; the doctor asked what my candid opinion was concerning the comparative merits of muriate of ammonia and iodide of potassium in a case of pleuritis where egophony denotes slight effusion, but with strong indications of adhesion of the mediastinum; and the minister said there was an article on "Semi-Pelagianism in the fourteenth Century" in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* he thought I would enjoy perusing. As I stood on the hall door-step after singing-school that evening, Evelina came out back of me, and said she, with a little shiver, "Oh, how *da-ark* it is!"

It flashed across me, as I offered my arm for escort home, that to the feminine imagination matrimony on the income of seventy-five thousand is naturally a less "solemn ordinance" than on a precarious salary of eight dollars a week, and nothing found but peppermint drops.

Presently Evelina remarked, "Aren't you very *lonely* since your aunt died?"—tender emphasis on the lonely. My aunt had been dead a year, and Evelina "engaged" at least once in the mean time.

"Not at all; my time and attention are likely to be entirely absorbed in business."

"No one can rejoice more sincerely in your good fortune than do I, Samuel."

"I don't doubt it, Evelina; I shall always feel confident of your friendship."

I leave Evelina at her cottage gate, and I feel that,

Of all the glad words of tongue or of pen,
The gladdest are these—"It wasn't to have been."

The next afternoon my employer invited me to be seated behind the railing that fenced in our office, and said he, laying his hand on my shoulder with a confidential, a parental, a sacrificial air:

"Samuel, I have been reflecting upon my duty to you. You are a young man just starting in life, and starting in some respects under favorable circumstances, but every thing depends upon your starting *right*. You have always been faithful to my interests, and I have determined to show my appreciation of that faithfulness. I have decided to *sell out to you!*"

A glance at the door showed me that the way of escape was not cut off.

"With all the varied interests of the business you are already familiar; we are yearly drawing in more of the trade from surrounding towns; we have the confidence of our customers; we have the confidence of wholesale dealers; we can buy to the best advantage. To all these privileges you will succeed. Rarely is there such an opening for a young man. Consult our books, consider our profits, reflect upon the income from the post-office—"

"Sir," interrupted I, in thunderous tones, "by the blessing of Providence and the benevolence of my aunt, who is to have a monument that will bring a glow to the bosom of the president of our Cemetery Association, I am now the recipient of a modest competence; and shall I squander more years of precious life on vulgar, soul-wearying dry-goods and groceries, subject ever to the fluctuations of Amoskeags and Pepperells, or shall I live on my income and avail myself of the humanizing influences of leisure and culture? Conscience and the voice of Reason within my soul cry, 'Live on your income!' Never more will I lift my aching eyeballs to scan yon top shelf for cotton batting and Agawam mixed; never shall my trembling fingers seek to fit on warped pasteboard box covers; never shall my wearied ears be greeted by the ceaseless tinkle of the money-drawer bell, or my sated nostrils by the odors of the grinding coffee! No more shall the brown paper bag and the white cotton string mingle in all my dreams! Sir, I hate tea, detest saleratus, abhor cod-fish, and *loathe* that post-office and three-cent stamps!"

I was done, and I knew by the hush that fell upon that store that whatever else I might be, I was an—orator.

MY VALENTINE.

If you would be my valentine,
I should not heed though skies were gray—
What time the sun forgot to shine,
What time the shuddering frosts delay.

I should not heed the pinching cold,
Nor yet the wind's unkindly touch;
And fortune's frowns, though manifold,
Would wound nor vex me overmuch.

If you would be my valentine,
My love, while sense and soul endure,
You'd make to-day a thing divine,
And heaven on earth insure!

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GARTH:*

A Novel.

CHAPTER XX.

NIKOMIS, although able to preserve so impassive a front in the presence of her degenerate grandson, was not unmoved by what had passed between them. Her heart was bitter with its unsunned wrath, and she hobbled down the garret stairs in a mood to revenge her disappointment upon friend and foe alike. As I have already hinted, it was, perhaps, fortunate that she met Elinor instead of Mrs. Tenterden. The latter had never been able to understand why Indians should exist; not on account of their color, for, so far as that was concerned, they might have made very good slaves, but because they were sulky, treacherous, and untamable, and apt to give Mrs. Tenterden what she called a turn. Nikomis had not been so fortunate as to overcome this prejudice of the good lady's; and had these two come into collision at this juncture, Mrs. Tenterden's constitutional timidity and want of tact, acting upon the Indian's exasperated and sardonic temper, might easily have brought on a catastrophe. But Elinor's passionate determination had averted the danger, and after her brief and vehement altercation with Nikomis, the old witch had withdrawn herself in a state of comparative quiescence, such as may often result from the meeting of one strenuous mental atmosphere with another. The storm, however, was rather postponed than dissipated, since the exciting causes remained unaltered. Nikomis would yet find occasion to relieve her soul.

Madge, after her confabulation with Sam Kineo in the small hours of the morning, had returned to her chamber, glowing with pleasurable excitement. She laid herself upon her bed, and with her hands beneath her cheek upon the pillow, and her dark sparkling eyes looking into the darkness, she meditated silently and almost motionlessly until dawn. She came down early, left the house, and walked swiftly through the woodland paths to Urmhurst. Entering by the kitchen door without noise, she passed through to the hall, and stood listening for a minute or two with one hand resting on the balusters of the staircase. Though fancying that she could detect an indistinct murmur as of voices proceeding from the upper part of the house, no sound was audible from the first floor, and presently she ascended thither with light foot and animated bearing. Cuthbert's door was open, and Madge walked in and stood, as Sam had done two or three hours before, and as Elinor and Selwyn did not long afterward, by the bedside.

"He looks as if he were dead," thought she to herself. "What if Garth and he were dead!" She shook her head. "I shouldn't like it. I don't want it to end so. Death is disgusting. Besides, then every thing would happen because there was no help for it, and there would be no chance for changing one's mind, nor for having one's way in spite of all sorts of difficulty and opposition. I like every thing to be exciting and uncertain. I never would murder any body, unless I were ever so much afraid of him, and then I'd get some man to do it, and make him promise never to tell me whether it were done or not. Death is hateful. If it were not for death, all the world would be good, because they'd have time enough to get all the fun they wanted out of life. Nobody is really wicked; it's only their having more to do in order to enjoy themselves than the good people have, and so little time to do it in, that make them seem so. Mr. Urmson is good, for instance; but if he wanted to do all that I mean to, he'd be a great deal more wicked than I ever expect to be. But he cares for nothing except to sit still and read and write and say clever things—and do them. He is the only man that ever came near understanding me. If my poor Garth were half as sharp—"

These thoughts were not formed into speech, but the substance of them passed through her mind. Pausing upon the idea of Garth, she turned slowly away from Mr. Urmson, and moved toward the former's room. She opened the closed door brusquely and looked in. The face upon the pillow rested with its hollow, half-opened eyes turned toward her, while the gaunt grim lips moved in unintelligible mutterings. Madge's warm, brilliant visage at first expressed aversion tinged with contempt; but after a few moments this was modified, and curiosity seemed to become the dominant sentiment. She drew near and laid her firm white hand, strong and tenacious despite its softness and its dimples, upon Garth's bony and hairy wrist, and tried to fix his unrecognizing glance with her own.

"What an unfortunate fellow he is!" ran her thoughts. "I wish he were not. That has always been the trouble with him; he was made from the beginning to be unlucky. If I were like some girls, I suppose I should like him all the better for that.

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But I should never get along with unfortunate people, because I do not mean to be unfortunate myself. What a pity, though, that disagreeable people should not be the only unfortunate ones, and all the pleasant ones fortunate! See what a man Garth is, for all his sickness and bad luck! Most men would look effeminate and silly after such a time as he has had; but he only looks older and more manly. I like that great bony face and the coarse black beard. I believe, really, that I love him, in a sort of way, better than almost any thing else. He suits me—Garth dear, you suit me, on the whole, better than any body else does or can. Why won't you do what I want you to, and be such as I am? Then it would be perfect. But you never will; and if you did, I suppose it would spoil you. How provoking! I love him for not being just what he must be if I'm to marry him. Dear me, I wonder what 'll become of me! I wish I knew what became of some woman who was like me, and had felt as I do when she was a girl. People here will be surprised when they hear of me, years from now—and shocked, I suppose." She laughed a little under her breath, leaning against the side of the bed, and stroking Garth's irresponsive hand with hers. "What will you think, my Garth?" she whispered, bending down her face to his. "Oh, Garth, you mustn't die; if you did, I shouldn't half enjoy any thing afterward; I should always be thinking that I might have been happier with you. Well, perhaps I should be. I know I could be happy with him—if there were not so many ways of being happy. I would like to try them all, and then come back to him. But then perhaps he wouldn't take me—yes, he would, though, for I should be as beautiful as ever, and more fascinating. But then I'm afraid—dear me! —I wouldn't take him, for he wouldn't be so fascinating as he is now even. I don't believe I know what I do want—that's the worst of it. I don't want that cunning old fool of a Golightley, though I don't intend any one else shall have him; and who else is there? Sam—" She rested her forefinger on her smooth cheek, and was lost in reverie for several minutes. Suddenly she roused herself, drawing a long breath, and glancing toward the door. She took a few steps away from the bedside, but then turned, under a new impulse, and crouched down so that her face was upon a level with her lover's, and his feverish breath mingled with hers. "Never mind about Sam, Garth dear," she whispered. "You are the best, no matter what happens. They think I don't love you, because I haven't visited you. But feel this, dear!" She pressed her lips slowly to his parched and haggard mouth, and more than one heartbeat passed ere she removed them. "I would not have done that for Sam if he had been here," she said. "Have you poisoned me, my Garth?" Again she kissed him, deliberately as before, and afterward yet a third time. "Are my lips poisonous now? Shall I have the fever and die? I'm not afraid. Let them say I didn't love you now, if they dare!" She sprang to her feet and went quickly to the door. "Good-by, Garth," she said, waving her hand, her face and figure all radiant and alert with vivid life. "If I have poison on my lips, Sam shall be poisoned too! and you won't be jealous, will you? Good-by, my Garth."

To all this Garth made no response, nor did he seem at all aware that this lovely young woman had been with him. Nevertheless, it was an article of belief with him long afterward that he had heard her words and felt her kisses, and had been made dreamily happy by them; and he fancied that he had seen his way to a life of brilliance and enjoyment with her, such as she desired; that he looked upon the world through her eyes, and reviewed with contempt and amazement the aims and actions that had heretofore been his. A dangerous, reckless warmth had seemed to glow in his heart; a sense of irresponsible, irreverent power had throbbed in his brain. But when she bade him farewell and left him, all the lurid inspiration had departed with her, and he had lain cold and blank and helpless, oppressed with an ugly shadow of guilt and fear. A chilly sky seemed slowly darkening over him; the high ambitions and honorable purposes which had lightened his path thus far now sparkled unattainably in the distance, because, in grasping after earthlier fires, he had forfeited their heavenly protection. Madge had deserted him, who had deserted every thing for her, and he was alone. He slipped gradually down into an awful void, clutching ineffectually at ragged edges of rock, which tore his hands. But ere the last fall came, a faint new dawn, cold and penetrating, yet sweet and freshly fragrant, spread its pure young light above the blackness. The downward slipping was arrested, and Garth felt his spirit gently upborne by fine-spun melodies of music. Life came tingling back to him; for the first time, as it seemed, in many ages his brain grew clear and wholesome; he opened his eyes, and knew his familiar room, and saw a face that soothed and re-assured him. A stifling bond that long had galled his neck fell away and left him free. He heard and spoke a few sane words, and anon fell peacefully and profoundly asleep; but he did not dream of Elinor.

Madge, meanwhile, had not immediately gone up to the garret, though she had left Garth's room with the intention of so doing. Having satisfied herself that Sam and Nikomis were enjoying their first confidential

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powwow, she thought it as well not to interrupt them just then, and therefore returned to the kitchen and built up the fire there. The remains of Sam's breakfast, spread out on the broad table, now caught her eye, and reminded her that she had herself had nothing to eat that morning. Her walk through the woods had given her a good appetite, and she presently set to work and cooked herself a very comfortable little repast, and another half hour passed pleasantly away in the epicurean enjoyment thereof; for Madge, considering her country training, was a tolerably accomplished *gourmande*, and needed but a little experience of Parisian *menus* to render her taste in that direction classical.

It was by this time nearly ten o'clock, and Madge, although the chimney-corner was extremely cozy, had almost made up her mind that she had better be on her way up to Nikomis's wigwam, when her ear caught the sound of a step ascending the gentle slope toward the house. She jumped up, and suspecting that it was Mrs. Tenterden, retired to the narrow passageway at the end of the kitchen; for she did not care to have her presence in Urmhurst known to any one besides Sam and his grandmother. She took up her position beside the cellar door, in order to have an avenue of escape ready in case of need, and there listened to the repeated knocking and final entrance of the visitor. She heard her pause in the hall, and at length advance to the kitchen and cross the threshold. The step was not like Mrs. Tenterden's, and Madge's curiosity at this point getting the better of her discretion, she came cautiously forward and peeped out from behind an embrasure of dishes piled up on the dresser. There stood Elinor, with her head erect and her violin under her arm. Madge, in her surprise, could not prevent a loose board in the floor from creaking; Elinor's eyes immediately turned in the direction of the sound; but before Madge could resolve whether to step forth or to retreat, the other had turned away and disappeared, leaving her unsuspected observer to ponder the mystery of Miss Golightley's being there. After a few minutes the sound of voices in dispute—Elinor's and Nikomis's—was audible from Cuthbert's room overhead; it soon ceased, however, and was followed by a silence, which continued until an irregular noise upon the staircase announced the hobbling approach of the old Indian. Madge received her with an engaging smile, which Nikomis answered by a scowl.

"What you doing here, Madge Danver—um?"

"Now, granny dear, don't be cross. I've been up to see Garth, and I think he does you great credit; you'll cure him, if he's curable. But what is Miss Golightley here for?"

"You can ask her 'f you like. Guess she heard you with Sam last night—thought she might 's well take up with Garth, now you'd left him."

"Oh, Sam has got here safe, has he? I'm so glad! I would have made him stay with us, but he seemed so anxious to see you that he wouldn't even wait till morning. Think of his carrying that great heavy hand-organ round on his back! Well, he'll be safer up in the wigwam than he would be any where else, won't he?"

"Go up and see him—that's what you come for," growled the Indian, turning her back on the young woman's winning tongue. Madge was at a loss to conceive what could have put the other into such a cross-grained humor; she had anticipated quite a different effect from Sam's appearance. She perceived, however, that the best way to find out about it would be to question Sam himself, from whom she was confident of her ability to elicit any thing; and she accordingly availed herself of Nikomis's surly permission to visit the garret. On her way thither she passed Garth's door, and paused at the sound of music that came from within. What business had Elinor Golightley to be playing to Garth Urmson? Madge had never yet been a victim to jealousy, but the thought did at this moment occur to her that here was an infringement of her proprietorship which she would be justified in resenting. Her hand was upon the latch of the door—but only to be withdrawn. She desired no outbreak with Elinor, at least not now; nor would it enhance the freedom of her action to re-assert her exclusive rights over her lover. She forbore, therefore, and passed on silently. But the matter influenced her in more ways than one; a woman in Madge's mental attitude knows how to make the most of a provocation, whether as a handle against an opponent or as a justification for wider liberties on her own part.

"That's you, eh?" said Sam, with a yawn, rolling himself over on his mattress in answer to her voice at the entrance of the wigwam. "Come in, Madge; all at home."

"Do you suppose I'm going to sit there in the dark with you, Sam Kineo?" rejoined Madge, with dignity. "Come out here immediately, Sir; I wish to speak to you."

"By the devil, young lady, you've not forgotten how to order chaps round, have you?" exclaimed he, crawling out of the low opening on his hands and knees, and looking up at her. "Hi! she is a beauty, sure enough. Curse me, Madge, 'f you're not th' sweetest piece of flesh I've looked at since—"

"That 'll do, Sam Kineo," interrupted she, in a tone of demure decision. "I know what I am better than you do. Another thing—you're not to address me in that slipshod sort of language, as if you were too

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lazy to speak out your words. Talk to me in the best way you know how to—it won't be any too well. Have you no better clothes than that?"

"These are good enough to lie in a garret with, I suppose," said Sam, glancing down at his ragged attire somewhat disconcertedly. "When the good time comes, maybe I'll find some better in the trunk."

"Isn't this as good a time as any? I want you to come down with me to the village this afternoon and be introduced to every body; but you needn't think I'll be seen with you unless you dress like a gentleman."

"That's pretty good!" chuckled Sam; "but I think I won't appear in society this afternoon, thank you. Some of 'em might be too glad to see me."

"You're afraid of being caught by the police," said Madge, contemptuously. "If I were a man," she added, using a phrase which was rather a favorite of hers, "I'd never be afraid or ashamed to face any body."

"You can talk, if you like," returned he, sulkily. "I'm going to run no risks. If there was only one policeman in the world, or only a dozen, I'd not mind 'em more'n so many cats and dogs; but a chap can't fight th' United States army, can he?"

"If you'd had any sense, you'd have got all you wanted without interfering with the law, Mr. Sam Kineo. You weren't fit to be trusted in the world alone by yourself."

"Look here now, Madge, don't you come down on me so hard, that's a little dear! 'Tisn't my fault if I was alone, is it? I tried hard enough to get you—you know that; and if I ever get out of this, I'll take you along, pretty sure."

"What do you mean? I thought you knew that I was to marry Garth Urmson as soon as he gets well. I have nothing to do with you, that I know of."

"Curse him!—you marry Garth, will you?" snarled Sam, uncovering the edges of his teeth, and scowling. "He'll never get well, then, I can tell you. I'd have cut his heart out this morning if you'd told me that before."

Madge looked at him and laughed. "Yes, you haven't forgotten how he beat you when you were boys, and he was a year the younger. But you mustn't think I'm as foolish now as I was when I almost let you run away with me, and Garth came down the rapids and changed my mind. I know now what it is to make a prudent match, such as the minister and the members of the respective families approve. I don't believe they'd approve of my running off with an escaped robber, when I might stay at home and marry an artist of growing reputation; do you?"

Sam made no reply for a few moments. He sat with his eyes cast down, sulkily breaking splinters off a cracked board in the floor and snapping them across his thumb. At length he looked up and fastened his narrow level glance on the young woman's blooming and tantalizingly smiling face.

"You look here now, Madge Danver. I'm not as foolish now as I was then, either. You've fooled me twice in my life, and I don't mean you should do it the third time. You needn't think I'm in love with you same way I was when I was a boy. Maybe you're prettier than you were then, but I've seen more women. But Garth don't have you anyway. I'll be even with him! As well be hanged for an ox as a sheep. You may call me an escaped robber, but I'll be an escaped something else before he and you'll come together. I tell you I've been just that far I don't care if I go farther. Maybe you don't believe it now, but you will when the time comes."

"What fun!" said Madge, drawing a little nearer her companion, and resting her hand on his arm; "I declare it's quite romantic. I like to hear you talk that way, Sam. Do it some more, won't you?"

"No need of my talking, either," rejoined Sam, uncertain whether to feel mollified or not. "You'll never marry a chap with nothing but paint-brushes to show for a living."

"Oh, but what if he paints portraits of me, and sells them to Uncle Golightley for five thousand dollars, Mr. Sam?"

"Golightley? When he's paid me what I mean to ask him for, he won't feel like giving any thing for portraits! I've got him safe, anyway; and when the old woman's in a good humor again, I'll get the papers from her to prove who I am. By-the-way, do you know any thing about where those papers are?"

"Of course I don't. It was none of my business, you foolish fellow. Nikomis showed me something, or told it me, I forget which, a long time ago. You'd better keep Nikomis in good humor, I can tell you. But I'd like to know how you expect to get any thing out of Golightley? He's a very clever man, and won't be likely to give away money for nothing."

"Maybe I know a little more about Golightley Urmson than you do, Miss Danver," replied Sam, sarcastically. "He's a very nice, agreeable gentleman, and clever enough, as you say; but he's no better than I am, for all that, and I'll make him feel it before I've done with him. I told you last night that I had a pal somewhere, and that he had the most of the money. Maybe you didn't know it was Golightley—what?"

There were probably few things which Madge did know better than this; but she had a strong curiosity to hear Sam's version of the story, and accordingly she expressed proper surprise; and leading him artfully

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on from one step to another, she gradually drew from him much the same story that he had recently detailed to Nikomis, together with some farther particulars which Nikomis did not hear. Madge listened with interest, and by the time Sam had told all he knew, she felt herself competent to draw up a charge to a jury on the case. She had, moreover, profited by the opportunity to study the narrator himself, and had formed a revised estimate of his character—whether favorable or not circumstances only could reveal. Meanwhile the forenoon had slipped away, and of a sudden the confabulators were startled by a loud summons rapped out on the house door below. "That sounds like a policeman," said Madge, maliciously.

She rose as she spoke; but, to her astonishment, Sam caught her by the wrist and violently dragged her down again.

"Just you stay there!" said he, whispering between his teeth at her ear. "If that's the police, it's a bad day for you."

"I hope it is!" exclaimed Madge, passionately, struggling to free her wrist. "I'll tell them where you are and what you've done."

Sam, by a rapid movement, pinioned the girl by both arms just below the shoulders. He pushed her back against the side of the hand-organ, and held her there, kneeling on one knee before her. She strove with all her force to break loose from his hold; and being exceedingly strong for a woman, and very lithe, she would probably have succeeded with a man less active and powerful than Kineo. But he gripped her like a vise, and his fingers sank deep into the firm flesh of her rounded arms. At last, with her breath coming short and her cheeks afire, she said, "If you don't let me go, I'll scream."

"If you do," replied he, whispering as before, "by the devil, I'll cut out your tongue by the roots. Damn you! I can hate you just as easy as love you. Didn't I tell you how I stripped that woman naked and lashed her till she fainted? I didn't hate her; I only disliked her. You little jade, did you think you could bully me?"

"Sam, let me go."

The half-breed gave her a little shake, and laughed. "Eh? you're going to marry your dear Garth, are you? You don't think I'll get any money out of Uncle Golightley, eh? Want me to speak the best English to you, do you? and dress in fine clothes to go down to the village with you? Well, how would you like having that pretty scalp of yours cut off and hung up along with the others there in the wigwam? You little liar! I never was so near killing any one as I am you. Didn't I tell you I'd gone that far I didn't care if I went further?"

"Sam, let me— I'll never be false—I'll love you!"

"Better have your throat cut, my little dear; then a chap might trust you. You little hypocrite! Who was it lied to Garth about me ten years ago?—did you think I'd forgotten it? Nice fun changing your mind, isn't it? I wouldn't trust you out of reach of my knife for all Golightley's money and my mother's legacy put together."

"Dear Sam, what have I done?"

"What have you done—that's what I want to know! If you've gone and set the police on me, to get me out of the way, so you might marry your dear Garth, and get Uncle Golightley's money into the bargain, I wouldn't be surprised; but, by the devil, you'd better not have come up here to me after it! Hush!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF some explorer should announce that he had discovered in the course of his researches the foundations of Aladdin's palace and an undoubted piece of Cinderella's glass slipper, the drollery of the impression would be like that produced upon the minds of modern Hellenists by Dr. Schliemann's announcement to King George of Greece that he had discovered the monuments which the tradition mentioned by Pausanias indicates as the tomb of Agamemnon. There is, indeed, no question that Pausanias mentioned the tradition. The peculiar interest in Dr. Schliemann's report of his discovery is his undoubted faith in the literal and historic accuracy of the Iliad, which is certainly not the faith of the most accomplished contemporary Greek scholars. The most noted exception among them to this skepticism is Mr. Gladstone. He has followed his earlier *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*, and his *Juventus Mundi*, with an *Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer*, which is just republished by the Harpers. In this little work, written with clearness and enthusiasm, Mr. Gladstone repeats his belief that the poems of Homer are in the highest sense historical as a record of manners and characters; that there was a solid nucleus of fact in his account of the Trojan war; that there is no extravagance in supposing that he might have lived within a half century after the war, although he was certainly not an eye-witness of it; but that there are not adequate data for assigning him or the war a place in the established chronology.

A large part of Mr. Gladstone's new work is devoted to defining with greater precision the parts of the Egyptian chronology to which the Homeric poems and their subject are related. He pays a generous tribute to the value and importance of the discoveries of General Di Cesnola and of Dr. Schliemann, and then proceeds with fervor almost as if he were discussing a subject within the domain of history. It is curious, how-

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ever, that in this view Mr. Gladstone differs from the whole tendency of modern criticism. The earliest precise date in Greek history is that of the Olympiad of Corœbus, 776 B.C., and, as Mr. Gladstone concedes, the date of the Homeric poems ranges very widely backward from that. They are, therefore, as Mr. John Fiske remarks, in an admirable review of *Juventus Mundi* in the New York *World*, a few years since, really prehistoric; and the belief that there was a Trojan war rests exclusively upon them. The Homeric events and personages are, therefore, necessarily as shadowy as those of the Arthurian legend; and it is probable that they were already as remote and mythical to Homer as the tale of Guinever and Lancelot to Tennyson. But the science of comparative mythology, which is wholly modern, and has been developed mainly during Mr. Gladstone's life, has been apparently totally disregarded by him. "We now know," says Mr. Fiske, "that Achilles and Paris and Helen are to be found not only in the Iliad, but also in the Rig Veda, and therefore as mythical conceptions date not from Homer, but from a period preceding the dispersion of the Aryan nations. The tale of the Trojan war, far from originating with Homer, far from being recorded by the author of the Iliad as an eye-witness, must have been known in Aryana-Vaedjo at that remote epoch when the Indian, the Greek, and the Teuton were as yet one and the same."

There is no study more fascinating than that of the appearance of the same myth under different forms in the various branches of the Aryan race. This is the subject of Mr. Cox's work, published in 1870—a work full of curious and often of what seems fanciful speculation, but which is also a most useful ally in all studies of the great national legends. Professor Max Müller virtually introduced the study in England, and he has applied the principle of mythologic interpretation to such stories as that of William Tell, which Freeman calls "one of the stories which make the round of the world." But Freeman, one of the most sagacious of living historians, is but "a half-believer" of the mythological interpretation. "Perhaps," he says, "I am under the influence of a dread that if Achilleus and Odysseus are ruled to be the sun, later heroes of mythology and romance, Arthur and Hengist and Cerdic and great Karl himself, may some day be found out to be the sun also." For that is the mythologic interpretation of the tale of Troy divine. It is a great solar myth. "The story has been complicated with countless local traditions," says Cox; "it has received a plausible coloring from the introduction of accurate geographical details, of portraits which may be true to national character, of accounts of laws, customs, and usages which doubtless prevailed at the time when the poet wrote. Yet in spite of epithets which may still be applied to the ruins of Tyrus and Mykenai, in spite of the cairns which still bear the name of Achilleus or of Aias on the shores of the strong-flowing Hellespontos, Helen is simply the radiant light, whether of the morning or the evening."

But it is plain that a mythical form may be gradually taken by an actual legend or historic tradition. Freeman points out this in the case of Charlemagne, who is the mythical form of the Emperor Karl. Mill says of it: "The age, however, required to satisfy its ideal a Charlemagne of a different complexion from the real monarch. The chronicle of Archbishop Turpin—a compilation of poetic legends—supplied this want. Though containing hardly any thing historical, except the name of Charlemagne and the fact of an expedition into Spain, it was declared genuine history by Pope Calixtus the Second; was received as such by Vincent de Beauvais, who for his great erudition was made preceptor to the sons of the wise king Saint Louis of France; and from this, not from Eginhard or the monk of St. Gall, the poets who followed drew the materials of their narrative. Even then, if Priam and Hector were real persons, the siege of Troy by the Greeks may be as fabulous as that of Paris by the Saracens, or Charlemagne's conquest of Jerusalem."

Mr. Fiske suggests that the case of Agamemnon may be very like that of Charlemagne. There was a traditional time when a large part of the isles and main-land of Greece was subject to a common chief, and Mykenai was evidently at some epoch a large city. The chief was Agamemnon, and a great city, properly situated, would naturally be considered his capital. A general levy in prehistoric Greece for purposes of maintaining foreign colonies would be the expedition to Troy, and the great king of Mykenai, or Mycenæ, would be placed at its head. It is certainly surprising that, after all the decisive conclusions of the most admirable and devoted modern scholarship that the Homeric poems recount legends in which it is now impossible to ascertain the historical truth, Mr. Gladstone should still hold to the fact of the siege of Troy as told by Homer, to the theory that there is no extravagance in supposing the poet to have lived within half a century of the siege, and that Agamemnon was an actual person. Of course he holds no opinion in history, politics, or poetry which he is not able skillfully to defend. There can be no question of the great value of the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann. But the opening of a tomb upon the spot in which an early tradition had placed the tomb of Agamemnon would bring us little nearer to a historic man of that name than the alleged tomb of Juliet at Verona would bring us to the hapless maid herself.

It is a pleasant practice of the citizens of various national and local origin, who live in the cosmopolitan city of New York, annually to commemorate the countries and parts of countries from which they sprang. The sons of Saint Nicholas, of Saint George, of Saint Andrew, and of Saint Patrick recur with filial fondness, over a noble banquet, to the traditions and associations of their father-land. The sons of Saint Jonathan, the children of the Pilgrims, also, are not unmindful of the severe glories of their ancestors, and of the proud story of New England, whence they have come to New York. The 22d of December—Forefathers'-day, or the anniversary of the day on which the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth—is thus the great day in the calendar of the sons of New England, wherever they may be.

It is, however, a very curious and interesting fact that the event which is universally ascribed to the 22d of December, 1620, was probably not that to which the tradition of Plymouth Rock alludes, and that on the 22d of December there was no known landing of Englishmen on the Plymouth coast. But there was a landing on the

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21st. This fact in regard to the date is not a recent discovery. Local writers upon the subject have mentioned it; and Palfrey, the historian of New England, alluding to an effort to substitute the true for the traditional day as the one to be commemorated, says that "the 22d day of December has taken a firm hold on the local thought and literature, which the 21st will scarcely displace." But Palfrey and Bancroft both accept the 21st as the date of that landing of the Pilgrims from which New England sprang. By this event is understood the final debarkation of the Pilgrim company from the *Mayflower* and the beginning of the settlement of Plymouth. Yet this final and proper landing certainly did not take place either on the 21st or 22d of December, 1620, nor until the 4th of January, 1621.

The question is more interesting than important. But it is not surprising that there should be such warm debate about prehistoric and mythical places and events, like the siege of Troy and the tomb of Agamemnon, when dates and events at the opening of our own history, not yet three centuries ago, are obscure and misunderstood. The explanation of the confusion in regard to the date, and the probability as to the event to which the tradition of Plymouth Rock points, are carefully and lucidly stated in the very interesting chapter of Bryant's *History of the United States* which recounts the first steps in the settlement of New England, and which we presume to be the work of the associate author, Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, who is a native of the neighborhood of Plymouth, and whose story of the settlement is picturesque and delightful. Most of the sons of the Pilgrims doubtless suppose that the *Mayflower* sailed across the wintry sea and dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbor. They have forgotten that after that weary and stormy voyage of sixty-five days, the anxious watchers on the little ship of 180 tons burden saw, on the 9th of November, the low shore of Cape Cod, and on the 11th cast anchor in the harbor of what is now Provincetown. It was on this day that the constitution of the *Mayflower* was adopted; and that done, the first business of the Pilgrims was to find a spot suitable for permanent settlement.

For this purpose they sent out several expeditions to explore the land. But they found no satisfactory abiding-place, and on the 6th of December a party departed upon a farther quest. In this party of seventeen were John Carver, Miles Standish, William Bradford, and Edward Winslow, the last two of whom have told the story. This story, known as "Mourt's Relation" (Mourt being probably George Morton, who procured the publication of the diary in London), is, with William Bradford's history, the contemporary authority upon the subject of the landing and settlement of the Pilgrims. On Wednesday, the 6th of December, Old Style, then, this party of explorers left the *Mayflower* in Provincetown Harbor, and through some very rough weather coasted along the cape and along the shore on the opposite side of the great bay formed by the cape, until on Friday, the 8th, at evening, they landed on Clark's Island, just under the shelter of one of the two long points that form the entrance of Plymouth and Duxbury bays. The next day, the 9th, they "marched about" the island, and on the following day, Sunday, the 10th, they rested. On Monday, the 11th of December, 1620, Old Style, according to Mourt's Relation, "we sounded the harbour and found it a very good harbour for our shipping, we marched also into the Land, and found divers corne fields, and little running brookes, a place very good for scituation, so we returned to our Ship againe with good newes to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts."

The 11th of December, Old Style, or the 21st, New Style, is the day on which some of the explorers set foot somewhere on the shore of Plymouth Bay. On what day they returned to the *Mayflower*, which was still in Cape Cod Harbor, is not stated. The Rev. H. M. Dexter, the latest editor of Mourt's Relation, and an authority upon the subject, says that it is probable, having passed the day in exploration, that they returned on the following day, Tuesday, the 12th, Old Style, the 22d, New Style, straight across the bay, twenty-six miles, to their ship. Bancroft and Palfrey, as we said, agree that Monday, the 11th, or 21st, New Style, was the day of exploration, so that there is no evidence whatever that there was any Englishman in Plymouth Bay on the 22d of December, 1620, and all the probabilities are against it.

But with a contemporary record of events carefully dated, and a record always accessible, how did so curious an error become current? The explanation is almost ludicrous, for it is a simple error of punctuation. A little comma is responsible for setting the sons of New England, the world over, to eating their parched corn on the 22d instead of the 21st of December. The landing of the Pilgrims was first celebrated in Plymouth in 1769, on the 22d of December. When it appeared that this was a palpable error, the explanation offered and accepted was that the men of 1769 added eleven days instead of ten to mark the difference between the Old Style and the New. Palfrey says that they were erroneously added, but he offers no explanation of so curious an error. Now for the whole story of the Pilgrim arrival and settlement Mourt's Relation is the contemporary authority, and fortunately Dr. Dexter's edition is a careful reprint of the original, with all its errors of the press of every kind, which, he says, "would be the ruin of a modern printer of any pretension."

The "Relation" is very full of dates. The expedition left the *Mayflower* on the 6th of December, Old Style. "Wednesday the sixt of December wee set out." It proceeds carefully day by day until the end of the week, when the explorers had landed on Clark's Island. These words and this punctuation then follow: "And here wee made our Randevous all that day, being Saturday, 10. of December, on the Sabbath day wee rested, and on Munday we sounded the Harbour," etc. Dr. Dexter points out that the English printers must have changed the period, which should have been placed after Saturday. As Wednesday was the 6th, Saturday was the 9th, and by changing the comma after Saturday to a period, the proper reading is restored, and the 10th of December is made to be the date of Sunday, as it was. Mr. Gay, if we are correct in supposing him to be the author of the chapter and of the note in Bryant's history, instantly saw what seems to have escaped Dr. Dexter, and he explains the confusion of the date of the celebration by suggesting that the Plymouth fathers of

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1769, reading Mourt with the erroneous punctuation, which made Saturday the 10th, of course made Monday the 12th, and adding ten days for difference of the Old and New Styles, called Forefathers'-day the 22d. This is undoubtedly the simple and natural explanation of an error for which the worthy Plymouth fathers of a hundred years ago have been made responsible, but which should really be charged to the carelessness of an unknown London proof-reader of nearly three hundred years ago, upon whose conscience, let us hope, there was no heavier offense.

But was the sounding of the harbor and marching into the land and finding divers corne fields by the exploring party on the 21st of December the "landing of the Pilgrims" associated with the tradition of the rock? Bancroft accepts it as such. Palfrey, however, in a note, agrees that the tradition "does not appear to have unequivocally determined who it was that landed on the rock," whether the exploring party or the whole company. He thinks, however, that the received opinion that it was the explorers "appears altogether probable." But he concedes that if the landing is to be associated with them, it must be disconnected with that of the great part of the company, and that artists must no longer depict the *Mayflower* at anchor in the harbor. The tradition of the landing comes from Elder Thomas Faunce, who, in 1741, being then ninety-one years old, came to remonstrate against any injury to the rock from the building of a wharf. Elder Faunce had heard the story from the first planters, and it was transmitted through Mrs. White, who died in 1810, ninety-five years old, and Deacon Ephraim Spooner, who died in 1818, at the age of eighty-three. It is certainly more probable that the tradition of the landing would refer to that of the debarkation of the whole company and the beginning of the settlement than to that of a few explorers seeking a promising site for settlement. The great day in memory would certainly be that when the company came ashore on a spot already chosen, and planted their home in a new world.

This is the view taken by Bryant's history, which holds that confusion and misunderstanding have obscured the exact details of the landing, yet gladly concedes that "its importance and interest are none the less because it happens to be commemorated by the descendants of the Pilgrims, wherever they are found, on the anniversary of a day when the event did not occur, and with the general supposition that on that day the people of the *Mayflower* landed from the ship upon the rock of Plymouth, which they certainly did not do till a fortnight later." Mr. Gay is clearly of opinion that there is no reason for supposing that the exploring party visited the site of Plymouth, which is three miles from Clark's Island. The explorers would naturally steer to the nearest point of the main-land, which, on the long strip ending in Saguish Point, is close at hand. They were impatient to find some spot on which a settlement might be made, for the captain of the *Mayflower* was impatient to return to England. That they did not land on the rock and resolve to settle at that point, and depart to bring the company to that particular spot, is made more probable by Bradford's remark that "they afterward took better view of the place and resolved where to pitch their dwelling." The explorers hurried back to the ship. The *Mayflower* left her harbor at Cape Cod on the 25th of December, New Style; on the 26th she anchored between Plymouth and Clark's Island. On the 28th and 29th there were further explorations, and, after hesitating in the choice between two places, on Wednesday, the 30th, it was decided to settle upon the present site of Plymouth. But not until Monday, the 4th of January, 1621, was there a general debarkation with the distinct purpose of founding a new home; and the landing was then undoubtedly made, as Bryant's history says, "with recognition of the occasion as something more than an ordinary occurrence," and with all the solemnity of emotion becoming men and women of the strong and deep character that made them pilgrims.

What that involved has been a thousand times said and sung. But Bryant's history, by its illustrations, impresses it upon the reader in an unexpected and vivid manner. In the picture of Leyden, the town in Holland from which the Pilgrims departed, there is an air of tranquil repose, of long-settled domesticity, of an ancient and historic life rich with venerable traditions and a ripe civilization, and grateful to the imagination and the heart. In the cut of the visit of Samoset to the colony there are all the bareness and bleakness of the savage wilderness which those sad and indomitable English hearts were to begin to civilize. The one shows all that they left; the other, the desolate uncertainty to which they came. Those who feel the force of the contrast can understand the profound pathos of Boughton's picture of the two young Pilgrim lovers who stand upon the barren New England beach and wistfully watch the returning *Mayflower* sailing away—home!

THE old proverb, Murder will out, is constantly justified, and it is curious and interesting to see how, as the craft of crime deepens with the progress of civilization, the ingenuity of discovery keeps equal pace with it.

Old-fashioned robbery, the foot-pad and the highwayman, riding up as in the last-century English novels, and presenting a blunderbuss at the coach window while the company alight and are relieved of their purses by the masked Robin Hood, who leaps into the saddle, and touching his hat, with a round compliment to the ladies, gallops away—all this has passed away with the bailiffs and sponging-houses, the Fleet and the Marshalsea. The garroter and the masked gang of burglars are the familiar form of robbery in our day, while for great and difficult crimes the wits of rascals are matched with those of detectives, and the rascals are very sure to go to the wall.

A recent capture of mail robbers well illustrates this, and is a signal proof of the skill that foils the most careful crime. Merchants and others in Philadelphia who had dealings with Boston found that the most valuable and important letters constantly miscarried. They disappeared without a clew, and the correspondents soon complained at the Post-office Department, which, upon full information, applied itself with its most skillful detective force to the discovery of the thieves, but in vain. But similar detective skill, differently employed, struck the clew. The detective agency of an express company was busily engaged

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in the search for valuable baggage that had been stolen, and some of the agents, who had been "shadowing" two suspicious persons, followed them from a house in Prince Street to the office of the American Express Company, at the corner of Broadway and Fourth Street. The suspicious persons here left two packages addressed to Canada. When they had left, the detectives entered the office and told the agents of the company their suspicions that the packages contained stolen goods. The packages were at once opened. One was found to contain a mail-bag, and the other a travelling bag or sachel in which were the stamps of a mail-route agent's outfit. This discovery was at once made known at the Post-office, and its agents carefully examined the contents of the two bags. The mail-bag contained mutilated letters which had been evidently mailed at York in Pennsylvania, and the sachel the working tools of a route agent upon the Pennsylvania Railroad. Here was the long-sought clew, and the Post-office and the express detectives followed it closely to the end.

The sachel had been stolen from a mail wagon while going from the New York post-office to Jersey City. One of the drivers was arrested, and his capture led to that of a man named Kelly, the apparent leader of the gang, and a woman with whom he lived, and other confederates. The woman's house was searched, and in a trunk claimed by her were found letters mailed a few days before in Philadelphia, containing checks payable in Boston. Other letters were found from which the inclosures had been taken, and it appeared that money had been paid upon forged indorsements of signatures obtained in this way. The last man who was arrested was found to be the important confederate. He was a mail driver who allowed the bags to be taken from the wagon. When the bags had been thoroughly rifled, they were carefully done up in packages and sent by express to various distant cities, addressed to fictitious names. All traces of the bags thus disappeared.

It was a clever scheme, but not clever enough. Corruption wins not more than honesty. As Fielding is fond of saying, it hath been remarked by some wise philosopher that the ingenuity which is devoted to knavery, if turned to honest industry, would not only suffice to carry the world far forward toward virtue, but would make the knaves prosperous and respectable citizens. In the mean while, it is comfortable to see the constant evidence that, sharp as crime may be, justice is sharper.

We are glad to know that that friend of humanity, Mr. Tibs, has not lived in vain. His protests against canine tyranny have at last awakened the long-slumbering wrath of much-enduring men. An excellent correspondent desires through the Easy Chair to call the attention of Mr. Tibs to the recent statement that "hydrophobia appears to be alarmingly on the increase in England. The number of cases credited to it from 1860 to 1864, both years inclusive, was twenty-five. From 1870 to 1874 it was two hundred and sixteen. 'And,' says the *Saturday Review*, 'there is also every reason to believe that last year and this year will be found, when the returns are complete, to have been marked by a farther increase.'" This is, indeed, in a more serious strain than that of Mr. Tibs. It is not so much the actual danger as the annoyance of dogs which it is clearly his mission to expose. He addresses himself to the Easy Chair as a mentor of the minor morals and manners, and it is upon the ill manners, the low breeding, of suffering a friend's heels to be nibbled and conversation interrupted and destroyed by yelping and barking and growling, or by some milder form of canine obtrusiveness. There is, indeed, no sincerer friend of dogs than Mr. Tibs. As Dr. Busby used to remark when he summoned a shivering youngling to strip for castigation, "These, my young Sir, are the offices of a true friendship." The mission of Mr. Tibs is not to eliminate dogs from human association. Far, very far, from it. It is to make them in that association pleasures and not pests, ornaments and not nuisances.

Our excellent correspondent, however, takes a severer tone. Having called the attention of Mr. Tibs to the increase of hydrophobia, he asks, warmly, whether some law restraining the "dog nuisance"—for such are his unsparing words—might not be passed. He mentions by name Senators Prince and Tobey in New York as legislators who might be expected to give careful attention to the subject. This is, of course, not to be taken as an assertion that these gentlemen cherish a secret hostility to dogs, but only that they are legislators who have the general welfare much at heart. Our correspondent, with great zeal, assures us that, if he be not greatly in error, there is now in operation in London a most admirable municipal ordinance in reference to dogs, "providing for tax on owners, the impounding, and, after probation, the painless death of unlicensed dogs." Could that sentiment be more delicately expressed? It almost suggests a canine application of the poet's words,

"I could be half in love with easeful death."

What devotee of Spitz and pugs but must feel that he is a true friend who can allude to the demise of canine but unlawful pets as, "after probation, the painless death of unlicensed dogs!" Our excellent correspondent proceeds, however, with more vigor: "Especially is it desirable that the so-called Spitz dogs should be legislated out of existence (!!). The mere sight of one of these snappish and treacherous brutes suggests a horrible and lingering death. Surely here is a fit subject for legislative interference. A pet rattlesnake would be hardly more dangerous as a playmate for children than these arctic curs that are so rapidly multiplying in a climate to which they are wholly unsuited; and certainly a death in torpor is more easy to bear and to witness than one in rabies."

The force of this reasoning would undoubtedly be conceded by that friend of Mr. Tibs who testifies that the family Spitz used to bark at him from the roof of his own piazza, and lie in wait for him as he opened his own front-door. But we must doubt if it would affect those who hold that person to be cold and cruel and inhuman who does not enjoy the jumping of dogs into his lap at all times and upon all occasions, and who thinks that if spoiled children are disagreeable, not less so are spoiled dogs. What can a neutral Easy Chair—for while it has allowed Mr. Tibs to recount his experience and state his views, it has preserved a judicial impartiality—what can a neutral Easy Chair do but refer the whole subject

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to Senators Prince and Tobey, with power? Perhaps their legislative experience may devise some simple and adequate method of procuring painless death for the noxious Spitz, always after probation. They might at least concur in a report upon the question which Mr. Tibs has sometimes raised, namely, why those persons who happen to like dogs should be suffered to expose people who do not like dogs to their barking, snapping, snarling, biting, and fl—s! To this question Mr. Tibs demands an answer.

It is of King Charles the Second that the story is told that he begged pardon of his attendants for being so unconscionable a time in dying. Commodore Vanderbilt would seem to have been capable of the same grim remark. He was dying in public, as it were, for ten months, and a part of the daily news was the variation of his appetite and the fluctuation of his pulse. His hold on life was firm to the last, and the evening before he died he listened to the story of the street encounter between Mr. May and Mr. Bennett, which was read to him from the evening paper. The next morning he closed his eyes and died peacefully in the presence of his children and family. He died the richest man in the country, and he was born one of the poorest. His career was that of a bold, shrewd, tenacious, rough, and self-relying man, who practically accepted many of Poor Richard's maxims, and was intent upon the main chance. He believed that "he who by the plow would thrive, himself must hold the plow or drive." "Keep thy shop," says Poor Richard, "and thy shop will keep thee." He obeyed these precepts. He knew himself better than others knew him. Late in life he engaged in railway speculations upon a great scale. His friends doubted and feared the result. But he went steadily forward, and became one of the true railway kings. For his subjects, the public, his reign was beneficent. Railway management in New York had never known such precision and railway travellers such comfort and convenience as he introduced. He was a great administrator. When he was captain of a steamboat, he commanded every part of it. And it was so in all his enterprises. For although he did not and could not manage every detail, he did what every real leader does—he chose his agents well. They were in fact, and in the strong old familiar Saxon phrase, his hands.

His distinction to the great public, however, was his riches. In this country there is an admiration for the man who makes money which is not surpassed in any country. In Europe, rank and family, even with poverty, command respect from the class which with us chiefly respects the possession of money. The hardy poor boy, who at seventeen knew all the waters around Staten Island and the creeks and inlets of the neighboring shore, who carried boat-loads of shad up the Raritan, and sent out messengers on horseback into the country to advertise his wares, and the ebbing of whose life at eighty-three was daily chronicled as if he had been an emperor, because he was enormously rich, captivates the imagination of those who are pursuing the same end. He was never noted for the qualities which give men the command of others, except in the money market. He was passionately fond of horses, and when he appeared in Harlem Lane or on the great Drive, he tore along, and all baggage was at the risk of the owner. The multitude got out of the way, and the few who competed looked out sharply for their wheels. It was typical of his drive along the greater course. If number one neglects himself, nobody cares for him, is the conviction of all who drive in the Commodore's manner. Upon great public questions his opinion was not much sought. He was not eminent for public spirit. But he was generous and patriotic, as his gift of a steamer to the government during the war showed. There is undoubtedly always a feeling in the public mind that exceptionally rich men should do more with their money than increase and multiply it, and there is a certain impatience at seeing no other result than accumulation. But undoubtedly, also, an exceptionally rich man feels a kind of obligation to his wealth, and regards its diminution as a kind of personal discredit quite apart from any merely private consequences. Its care and enlargement become to him like those of a kingdom to its monarch.

Very rich men, like Mr. Stewart and Commodore Vanderbilt, are subject to severe judgment, also, because it is forgotten that the qualities which make a great fortune would not necessarily achieve great success in other kinds of activity. They would, indeed, often do so, but not necessarily. It is not easy to imagine Girard a great or memorable man in any other sphere than that in which he succeeded. We do not, however, forget the great merchants who have become great statesmen, nor those who might have been such. But there were many shrewd and friendly observers who did not feel sure that Mr. Stewart would have made a good Secretary of the Treasury merely because he was an intelligent and successful trader. Commodore Vanderbilt was a sharp, clear, hard, business man, who made a great railroad convenient, comfortable, safe, and sure for the public, which ought to be grateful for what he did. He sang hymns at the last, and doubtless with sincere emotion. But probably there was not much singing of hymns during the characteristic transactions of his life. "I am glad he liked the hymns," said Mr. Beecher; "but if he had sung them thirty years ago, it would have made a great difference. He did not sing hymns as long as he could get about." The preacher drew a comparison between the deaths of the Commodore and of Mr. Bliss, the hymn-writer and preacher, who perished in the terrible Ashtabula catastrophe. He said, indeed, that it was not fair to compare the obscure sweet singer of Israel with the famous railway king. But as a Christian moralist he felt that he ought to say how much greater a work in the world the singer seemed to him to have done.

He did not sing hymns as long as he could get about. It is true of very many more of us than the Commodore. But it is pleasant to think of those who do: of the men and women who, having no ear for music, are yet singing hymns all the time; of lives that, poor and obscure and lonely, are as sweet and inspiring as the loftiest hymns. "Be a good man, my dear," said Walter Scott to his son, as he died. He did not say, be famous, be successful, be conspicuous, be rich. To sing hymns, too, is well, but there is something better; for the one thing of which in this life we may be sure is that a good life is a perpetual *Te Deum*.

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Editor's Literary Record.

TWO attractive but quite different books of travel are, *In the Levant*, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (J. R. Osgood and Co.), and *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn*, by Rev. H. M. FIELD (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). Mr. Warner writes in a vivacious style and with a genuine, genial, chaste humor—that of course. He is not satirical; he is never bitter; he respects prejudices which he does not in the least share; he has charity for ignorance that is obtuse and superstition that is gross; but there is a twinkle in his eye, and an amused but very quiet smile on his face, as he points out the grotesque variance between fact and priestly fancy. He sees the comical even in the *contretemps* that happen to himself, and laughs cheerily an infectious laugh, when other men would cry, scold, or moralize. But this is, after all, only the superficial merit of his book: its real value consists in the good, healthy, practical common-sense that underlies it, and the hearty love of truth for its own sake that inspires his satirical though not scornful treatment of pleasant and established fictions. He is reverent, but his reverence is that of a practical layman, of a man who sees more that is worshipful in the dancing sunlight and the singing birds than in the dim religious light and the enforced hush of the cathedral. Dr. Field's book of travels possesses quite different elements of success; but though less pronounced, they are not less real. He pursues in this volume, which carries us as far as Constantinople in a journey round the world, the well-beaten track of travel; but the information which he affords is not such as may be gleaned from guide-books, or even seen on the surface, by the transient traveller. He gives, if not new, at least excellent views of English social questions, French politics, German domestic life, Romish ecclesiasticism, and the Turkish imbroglio. He affords what to most of his readers will be an insight into problems which they do not understand; and to the few who have studied these problems with the same advantages and the same assiduity as Dr. Field, he gives what will serve as a convenient recall of facts liable to be forgotten, and a summary of truths not before wholly unknown, but here certainly advantageously embodied.

Books of devotional reading have not lost either their use or their charm; yet the type of devotion has changed, and much that served as food for the soul three hundred years ago, lacks the fibre to make bone and gristle in the manhood life of to-day. Mrs. STOWE'S *Footsteps of the Master* (J. B. Ford and Co.) is a book to answer the question often asked, Where shall I find something for Sunday reading? It is arranged in chapters appropriate to the great seasons in the church year. It is not a book of sermons, it is not in form an exposition, yet it is, in fact, nearly all of it, a Christian poet's interpretation of the Bible. It is not dogmatic, but it is all centred about the Lord Jesus Christ, and about Him as a Divine Lord, a Saviour from sin, and an anointed priest that brings the soul which trusts Him to God. It is a book of moderate size, and in typography and arrangement is worthy of its author and her purpose.

Practical Cooking and Dinner-Giving, by Mrs. MARY F. HENDERSON (Harper and Brothers), contains a very large number of excellent receipts. With some that are original are many that are contributed by a large range of authors. We note with curiosity Henry Ward Beecher here in a new *rôle* as the author of a recipe for the cooking of reed-birds. Among these receipts are, of course, not a few that would be impracticable in ordinary families; but there are many that are quite available without the aid of a professional cook, and that would give variety to tables that are needlessly monotonous. If the mistress would not be servant to her own cook, she must know something, at least theoretically, of the culinary art; and to such mistresses as are set over homes with abundant means, this book will be a serviceable emancipation. We note as especially excellent some of the receipts furnished by Chef Rudmanii, and some accredited to the New York Cooking School. Mrs. Henderson has attempted a very difficult task in endeavoring to reconcile economy with style; she has succeeded in solving this problem as well, perhaps, as could be expected, if not quite as well as could be desired. Theoretically, she leans to economy; practically, to style.

We must group together a number of volumes of poems, some of them possessing really remarkable merit, all of them worthy of mention, and must pass by in silence some others that lie on our table, but are of less noteworthy character. Most of Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK'S *Poems* (Roberts Brothers) are deeply and devoutly religious. The theology which underlies some of them will limit their attractiveness in certain quarters; but this rather for what they imply than for any thing they assert, and for what they omit, than for what they contain. They embody experiences of sweetness and light rather than of rugged strength; they are tender, sympathetic, and hopeful.—*Castle Windows*, by LATHAM CORNELL STRONG (H. B. Nims and Co.), is by a poet new to us. His verse is well-nigh perfect in its finish, and in more than one stanza each line constitutes almost a separate picture. The experiences portrayed are somewhat mystical; the poet hides his meaning in utterances that are enigmas. We can think of nothing with which to compare his work so apt as one of those veiled statues which at once suggest and obscure an exquisitely lovely face.—Dr. HORATIUS BONAR has written some beautiful hymns: beautiful, rather judged by spiritual than by purely æsthetic standards. *My Old Letters* (Carters) is a volume of poetry in twelve books, and comprising 350 pages. It will find its admirers among the class of leisurely readers—not necessarily leisurely men—who will find in it both pleasant and profitable devotional reading.—*Flower and Thorn* (Osgood) is the latest and best collection of Mr. T. B. ALDRICH'S poems. There is a notable improvement, not merely in power of expression—in which he was always happy—but in maturity of thought and depth of feeling, and in a certain ripeness of flavor, discerned easily, but analyzed with difficulty.—The *Poems* of SIDNEY LANIER (Lippincott) show genuine poetic genius. There is exhibited in them a real insight into nature—the true poetic gift—and the author sometimes puts a deal of philosophy in a single word or

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phrase, as "the matted miracles of grass." They are worth a second reading, and some of them require it to get their full benefit.—The *Songs of Religion and Life*, by Professor JOHN STUART BLACKIE (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), are notably strong both in their underlying philosophy and their devout feeling. His own characterization of them is a just one—"a modern expression of the Nineteenth Psalm, recognizing, as that noble composition does, the essential unity and divine significance alike of the physical world without and of the moral world within."—The *Poems* of GEORGE D. PRENTICE (Robert Clarke and Co.) are collected and prefaced with a biographical sketch by JOHN JAMES PIATT. These poems are all rhythmical expressions of pure and genuine emotion, though not of great thoughts nor of passionate feeling.—*That New World, and other Poems*, by Mrs. S. N. D. PIATT (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a book of very pleasant reading; no long poems, none hard to be understood, none that go very deep either in metaphysics or in feeling; but much that touches by sympathy as well as by imagination the better thoughts and feelings of human souls. They are for the most part domestic, the outgrowths of a woman's soul, and full of tender, womanly feeling; not tragic, yet with that touch of sadness in and over them which belongs to all women born to sorrow and growing to a ripened character ever through its teaching. The authoress has either had much experience of the ordinary joys and sorrows of womanhood, or has a rare poetic power both to enter into them by sympathy and to portray them.

Miss Nancy's Pilgrimage (Harpers) is the story of a Yankee school-marm's European tour; rather, this affords the thread of a story of love and romance which possesses the variety of incident and the dramatic interest which the reader might reasonably expect from the authoress of *The Calderwood Secret*, etc.—We always open one of MARY CECIL HAY'S novels with pleasant anticipations; we were not disappointed in *The Arundel Motto* (Harpers). The characters, both men and women, are high ideals, not impossible, but certainly inspiring and agreeable; the evil characters are kept in the background, and are only used as a contrast to those of nobler mould. There is sufficient movement to make a lively story, but the incidents as well as the characters belong to the realm of real life, and there is a geniality in the whole story—character, incident, and even style—that makes it exceedingly pleasant reading. Polly Goldsmith's party could have been conceived and pictured only by one who loved her fellow-men. —In *Azalea* (Harpers) the interest centres about the heroine, whose character is quite the finest and best in the book. The course of true love not only ends happily, but even runs pleasantly, the obstacles to its consummation being of a social kind common enough in England, and not involving either a "stern parent" or a "villain," or any other of the common machinery of the stage.—It would be easy to point out some literary and artistic defects in *My Little Love*, by MARIAN J. HARLAND (Carleton), but it is more gracious and perhaps more useful to speak of the moral elements that make it both attractive and useful. Ailsie is as unreal a character as Marjorie Fleming or little Paul Dombey, yet, like both these creations, we suspect that it has been drawn, though idealized, from real life; the simplicity and purity of her character we enjoy even while we criticise some of the inartistic representations of it. A genuine and tender religious feeling pervades the book, which is a religious novel, though not didactically so.—*Jan of the Windmill* (Roberts Brothers) is another story of a precocious child. Left by his father in infancy to the care of Robert Lake, the windmiller, his various adventures and experiences, until he is restored again to his place in the noble family where he belongs, constitute the material for the story. There is very considerable artistic power in word-painting of homely scenes. The artist to illustrate the book should belong to the modern Dutch school of art.—*Is That All?* (Roberts Brothers), the second volume in the "No Name Series," is a society novel; time, to-day; scene, Boston, seen through the small end of an opera-glass; characters well drawn, but whether worth drawing is another question. If not written by Mr. Howells, he has some disciple who has caught the spirit and style of his master. The one fine character, Augusta Pryor, is really good enough to have been made better.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S latest story, *Philip Nolan's Friends* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is a historical novel of the era of the cession of Louisiana to the United States and the time just preceding; the scene is laid in New Orleans, with a transfer of scenery to Texas. The story gives abundant evidence of remarkable historical accuracy; every character, as well as Philip Nolan, might be historical; and the whole era, about which most American readers know but little, is brought out with combined accuracy and pictorial power. The pictures of Indian life are very remarkable—wonderfully so, as proceeding from the pen of one who, as we suppose, has never known Indian life except through the observations of others.—*The Barton Experiment* (Putnam's Sons) is a temperance story of an entirely new pattern. Instead of addressing the drinker, and endeavoring to reform him by depicting the horrors which attend upon drinking—an always nearly hopeless task—the author addresses the temperance workers, and points out to them practical ways of working. His remedies are of a somewhat novel kind; he advocates neither moral nor legal suasion; indeed, no suasion of any sort, except as it is accompanied with sympathy practically expressed in ways that cost the giver something more than words. His theory is evidently that the cause of drinking may be very generally found in the man's circumstances—sometimes in his poverty, sometimes in his pride, sometimes in the apparent necessities of his business; but wherever it is, there the remedy is to be applied. The reformers of Barton accordingly give work to the unemployed, food to the needy, fellowship to the social drinker, and help to all. The consequence of this new method of cure is that every one is cured, in which respect the book transcends the limits of probability; but this is a small objection. The characters are drawn with very considerable power, and the incidents give evidence of an author who knew what he was talking about, and drew his pictures from life, not from books. —*The Jericho Road* (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.) is a satire with some exaggeration, but with enough of truth of steel welded on to the iron to make a sharp edge. The title is taken from the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the object of the author seems to be to show that neither the priests

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and Levites nor the Samaritans are all dead yet. It will strike the ordinary reader that it is a matter for criticism that the real benevolence is mostly in the Samaritans, and that the church members are mostly passing by on the other side. But the modern parable has this characteristic in common with the original. The author's name is sedulously concealed, but whether to add the spice of mystery to the interest of the book, or because it is drawn so direct from life that the author is compelled to keep his *incognito*, in order to avoid the natural indignation of Squire Barkum, we are not able to say; we suspect, however, that the concealment of the writer's name is a measure of self-defense.

The Home at Greylock, by Mrs. E. Prentiss (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), can hardly be called a novel. It is one of those didactic treatises in the guise of a story which have been in requisition ever since Mrs. Opie wrote her essay-story on lying, and Miss Edgeworth her moral tales. Mrs. Grey is an ideal old lady, who has six married children and a due proportion of grandchildren, who is an author, and a model wife, mother, nurse, housekeeper, counselor, and friend. Her experiences in small measure, her counsels in large measure, suggest wise and helpful thoughts adapted to a great variety of needs in the conduct of family life, and especially in the rearing of children. A treatise or succession of treatises would, to thoughtful mothers, accomplish the author's purpose much better; but a great many mothers who are not thoughtful will be beguiled into reading this book under the impression that it is a story, who would not read it if they knew that it was a sermon—and it will do them good. There is no plot, and no effective and natural characterization, but the counsels are generally excellent, and the book is to be warmly commended, especially to young mothers; old ones, if not too old to learn, will do equally well to read it.

Harriet W. Preston has opened to the English reader an uncut chapter of the romance of poetry in her *Troubadours and Trouvères* (Roberts Brothers). She has followed somewhat the pattern set her in the admirable series of "Ancient Classics." In her own language she gives the story of a poem, or series of poems, which fills a volume, and in translations from the original she gives stanzas enough to afford the reader some idea of the character as well as the structure of the original work. In this way the reader may get, in one evening, at least an introduction to Mistral, Aubanel, and Jacques Jasmin; the songs of the troubadours and the Arthuriad complete this study in the lays of ancient times. We have read this book with rare enjoyment, and with personal thanks to the author, who gives us an opportunity to escape from the routine of a busy life in the present into the romance of a heroic past.

The best literary memento which we have seen of the Centennial Exposition is the handsome volume issued from the press of Lippincott and Co. —*The Century: its Fruits and its Festival*—by Edward C. Bruce. It is a handsome volume of 250 pages, very elaborately illustrated. The pictures are quite exquisite specimens of wood-engraving, and themselves may be regarded as an exhibition of not the least of the fruits of the century's progress. Those who spent a week or more in the Centennial Exposition will, by the aid of this book, be able to repeat their visit at their pleasure, and will find that there were many things they did not see on the original one; and those who were unable to visit that marvelous collection of industries will find in this book as good a substitute for a personal seeing as the nature of the case allows.—Cassell, Petter, and Galpin publish what promises to be the most popular edition of the most popular life of Christ—*The Life of Christ*, by F. W. Farrar, D.D., illustrated. It is to be completed in thirty-two parts. Each part contains one steel engraving and a number of wood-engravings, none of which in execution are poor, and most of which are excellent. In character they harmonize with Dr. Farrar's work. Its excellences and defects are both those of an intensely realistic literalism. The pictures are nearly all of the same character—pictures of places or representations of costumes. There are none of those aids to the imagination which the pencils of Doré and of Bida have given to the Christian world, but neither are there any of those perversions of truth which have so often made sacred art a travesty of sacred themes.

The success of Mr. William Cullen Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song* has led to the publication of a *New Library of Poetry and Song*, by the same compiler (J. B. Ford and Co.). It is to be completed in twenty parts. About one-fifth of the material of the former work has been eliminated, and twice as much matter added. Pains have been taken to insure accuracy of reading, with a view of making it an acknowledged standard for reference. The publishers assure the public that, when completed, it will contain one-quarter more matter than any similar publication, and will present nearly two thousand selections from more than five thousand authors. It is handsomely illustrated.—In *The Farm-yard Club of Jotham* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.) Mr. George B. Loring has succeeded in a difficult task. He has made a book about farming interesting to men who are not farmers. Mr. Hopkins, who is not a farmer by profession, leaves his counting-room to enjoy repose on his paternal estate in the later years of his life. Here at Jotham he organizes a club for discussion, and thus for the improvement of its members by mutual instruction. The records of this club make up the book. Other farmers than Peter Ilsley will find that their practical knowledge is greatly aided by a little scientific light thrown upon it; but the chief value of the volume will be to gentlemen farmers who are trying the experiment of resting from the excitements of business life in the pursuit of agriculture, and who, even if they carry on their operations through the aid of a practical farmer, will find a recreation as well as a profit in knowing something theoretically, if not practically, about their new calling. For such a purpose we heartily recommend the *Farm-yard Club of Jotham*.—*The Coinages of the World* (Scott and Co.) is a work likely to be of greater interest to the antiquarian than to the general reader. It is little more than a very complete list of the coins of the world, with illustrations of the more important of them, beginning with an ancient drachma of Ægina and coming down to the twenty-cent silver piece of America of 1876.

It is neither profitable nor pleasant to read the twenty volumes of Carlyle; and yet perhaps no

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modern English thinker has left a stronger impress on the English mind than Carlyle, and no one understands the intellect of the present century who does not in some measure comprehend his influence upon it. There is reason, therefore, to be grateful to Mr. EDWARD BARRETT for *The Carlyle Anthology* (Henry Holt and Co.), though doubtless the admirers of Carlyle will cry out against the sacrilege involved in this cutting and hewing at their favorite author. It is true that the general reader will not get a very clear idea of the Carlyle philosophy from the perusal of these selections from his writings, but it may well be doubted whether he would do any better if he were to read the entire Carlyle library through; and the reading of these selections will suffice to give him a very adequate idea of the peculiar style and manner of thought of the author, as well as of his spirit and method of treatment of the great themes of the present age. The book is divided into six parts—"The Conduct of Life," "Portraits and Characters," "Literature and the Literary Life," "Religion," "Politics," and "Historical and Miscellaneous." The editor has done his difficult task well, and, thanks to his labors, many a reader will get an acquaintance with Carlyle that would never venture to attack the twenty volumes of his complete works.

An Alphabet in Finance, by GRAHAM M'ADAM (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is an admirable and much-needed treatise. The author defines it as "a simple statement of permanent principles and their application to questions of the day." There is nothing mysterious about the laws of finance, except terminology and jargon, and these the author leaves to those who desire to mystify the subject which he desires to make plain to the unskilled in financial problems. Maintaining the same general principles as David A. Wells in *Robinson Crusoe's Money*, his work in manner and style is entirely unlike that clever satire. Mr. M'Adam writes sometimes with genuine humor, and an occasional entirely original simile shows evidence of the possession of what the phrenologists call the faculty of "comparison;" but the charm of the book is its rare perspicacity. We think that we have never read a treatise on a kindred theme so fascinating. It possesses something of the same quality that has made Bastiat on political economy so deservedly famous. Coming to it from the current newspaper and rostrum discussions of the time, is like sailing out of a dense fog into the clear sunlight of a perfect day. The author shows inflation no mercy; but that is because truth is always merciless toward error.

From the collected essays of RICHARD HOLT HUTTON, which in the English edition fill two volumes, Joseph H. Coates and Co. republish one volume of *Essays in Literary Criticism*. They are five in number, embracing papers on Goethe, Hawthorne, Clough, Wordsworth, George Eliot, and the poetry of Matthew Arnold. We regret the range of selection. It excludes Mr. Hutton's religious essays, which certainly include some of his best, and which would have taken stronger hold on the American public than his purely literary critiques. Mr. Hutton is known in the higher literary circles in this country as editor of the London *Spectator*—a weekly journal whose spirit of fairness and chivalric honor has made it eminent in the newspaper world. He possesses a peculiar combination of qualities—breadth, candor, largeness without looseness or vagueness of view, and a peculiar power of insight without a particle of self-conceit. By a single sentence he casts upon his theme a ray of penetrating light, such as enables you to look, as it were, through the man, and interpret a character before wholly enigmatical; and not infrequently this illumination comes from, and so suggests, a principle of universal application, the solvent of many another enigma. The book repays study by its many germinant thoughts; it sets trains of thought in motion that lead far beyond the author's own deduction or his immediate theme. We hope that this volume may be followed by the republication of the other essays in a second volume.

In the *Races of Mankind* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) Mr. ROBERT BROWN, of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, gives in a popular form an account of the various families of the human race. In this account he follows not a scientific but a geographical division, beginning with the North American Indians and travelling westward till he reaches Europe. Having for his object rather popular information than strictly scientific instruction, he devotes most of his space to the races that afford the more curious and entertaining matter for the general reader. Thus, while he gives the whole of the first volume to the Indians of North and South America, he devotes but a few pages to the Caucasians and Europeans. The illustrations are abundant, but notable rather for the information which they suggest than for any artistic beauty. The savage races afford scant material for pretty pictures. This work fills four volumes, which are, however, bound in two.

Roman Legends, by R. H. BUSK (Estes and Lauriat), is at once unique and interesting. The author conceived the idea that there must be in Italian literature somewhere a collection of myths and marvels analogous to the folk-lore of other lands. He began a search first in literature, and there unsuccessfully; he then ransacked the second-hand book-stores, with no greater success. Failure did nothing to shake his faith, and he transferred his search from literature to living people. He inquired for the stories with which mothers and nurses amused their children; even in this direction he found no little obstacle from the unwillingness of the story-tellers to dignify their nursery tales by telling them to a *littérateur*. By degrees, however, he gathered what he had been in search of, and has put the result before the American reader in this "collection of the fables and folk-lore of Rome." He divides them into three classes—*esempj* stories, in which a religious element predominates; ghost stories and family traditions; *favole* or fairy tales; and *ciarpe*, in which there is an element of burlesque. Some of these stories have a general family resemblance to tales familiar to us all; but many of them are quite unique; this is especially true of those which are arranged under the heads *esempj* and *ciarpe*. There is this peculiarity about the book, that not even in the Italian language have these stories ever been in print before. The student will find in it material for a thoughtful study of Italian character; but also the lover of the literature of romance and imagination will find here a new vein. The book is as unique in its way as *The Arabian Nights* or the wonder tales of the Grimm brothers.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—André, of Paris, publishes in the *Comptes Rendus* a continuation of his researches on the phenomena of a transit of Venus, with special reference to the black drop.

On December 7, Professor Hall, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, discovered on the disk of Saturn a brilliant oval white spot, which was observed to move across the disk for about an hour. It was central at 6 h. 18 m. Washington mean time. Information was sent to various observatories in the United States, and observations have been received from Edgecomb at Hartford, Mitchell at Vassar College, Boss at Albany, Clark at Cambridge, and it has been observed at Washington by Eastman, Newcomb, and Hall. Further observations will be made if practicable. It should be noted that the rotation time of Saturn's *ball*, as given in many modern books (10 h. 29 m.), belongs to the *ring* (Laplace, *Mécanique Céleste*), while the true rotation time is near that given by Sir William Herschel (10 h. 16 m. 0.44 s.). Professor Hall's own observations indicate a time about 10 h. 15 m., and will be published when all the results are given.

A fine series of observations of the satellites of Jupiter is published by Tisseraud, of Toulouse, in the *Comptes Rendus*.

Professor Hall read to the Philosophical Society of Washington a paper on the shape of the shadow of the ball of Saturn on the ring, in which mention was made of the abnormal direction of the curvature of the bounding line of the shadow, it being now *convex* toward the ball, instead of *concave*. Professors Hall and Holden have likewise made a series of experiments on this subject with a drawing of Saturn artificially illuminated, which goes to show that this phenomenon is mainly due to irradiation.

The Italian Hydrographic Office has lately published extensive tables of the azimuth of the sun for latitudes from 61° S. to 61° N. for navigators.

Schmidt, of Athens, discovered on November 24 a *new star* of the third magnitude in Cygnus, right ascension 324°, declination +42½°, or (1855.0) 21 h. 35 m. 12 s., +42° 10′. This is near the *Durchmusterung* star, +42°, 4178 of the ninth magnitude, whose position for 1855.0 is 21 h. 35 m. 15 s., +42° 19.4′. This was also observed by Bessel as ninth magnitude (Weisse, 21 h., 879). It is to be hoped that careful determinations of its magnitude will be made from night to night, and that American spectroscopists will give it their attention. The constellation Cygnus has before been noted by the appearance of a temporary star in it, discovered by P. Anselm in 1670 near *Beta Cygni*, and by the temporary shining of 34 *Cygni* as third magnitude, which was observed by Kepler.

Professor Eastman, of Washington, has just published his determination (in connection with the observing parties of Lieutenant Wheeler) of the longitude of Ogden, Utah, and he is now engaged, in concert with Professor Stone, of Cincinnati, in determining telegraphically the longitude of that observatory.

Klein, of Cologne, formerly announced that *Alpha Ursæ Majoris* periodically changed color from an intense fiery red to a yellow or yellowish-red every five weeks. Weber, of Peckeloh, has observed this star during August, September, October, and part of November, 1876, and finds this period to be about thirty-five days, as before. This periodic change of color must, then, be admitted, and it is the first one which rests on a sure basis, and which regularly recurs at short intervals.

Dr. Gyldén, director of the Observatory of Stockholm, has published the first part of Vol. I. of the annals of that observatory. It contains the observations of right ascensions made at Stockholm during 1874, and a catalogue of the mean right ascensions of these stars for 1875.0. Part second will contain the north polar distances; part third will contain tables of elliptic functions of use in the calculation of the perturbations of comets.

Professor Holden read to the Philosophical Society of Washington a note on the bibliographies at present available to astronomers in aiding in the search for all the works of a given author or of all the papers on a given subject, and presented such a bibliography of nebulæ and clusters.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for February publishes a list of the principal telescopes of the world, which may be of use for reference.

The Trinity House of England is adopting gun-cotton as a means for fog-signals, and it may prove a valuable substitute for the time-guns now established in the various ports of the world in cases where the sound only is available for signals. Where the flash is to be observed a gun is preferable.

Padre Ferrari, assistant to Padre Secchi at Rome, has remeasured over sixty double-stars of Struve's list. In several cases motion is indicated, and the measures are of importance from their recent date (1872–74).

Leverrier has presented his tables of Uranus to the French Academy of Sciences, and those of Neptune are well under way.

Gruber, of Buda-Pesth, gives the following elements for *Eta Cassiopeiæ:* Periastron passage, 1706.72; periodic time, 195.235 years; eccentricity, 0.6244; longitude of node, 33° 20′, of periastron, 229° 27′; inclination, 48° 18′ (1850.0). These elements satisfy the normal places well: $a=8.639''$, and Struve has found the parallax 0.154″; mass of the system, 4.63, that of the sun being 1, and $a=56.10$, the earth's mean distance being 1.

Meteorology.—Perhaps the most interesting event that has occurred of late years to extend our means of studying the storms of the atmosphere consists in the important order issued on Christmas-day by the Secretary of the Navy, to the effect that, wherever our vessels may be, there shall every day be made a complete meteorological observation, simultaneously with those made at Washington at 7 h. 35 m. A.M. It is hoped that the other navies of the world will unite in this simultaneous system of weather observation, and that the merchant marine will follow so far as able. These observations will form an important part of the Bulletin of International Simultaneous Meteorological Observations, to which so many nations contribute, in response to the invitation of General Myer and the advice of the Vienna Meteorological Congress.

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Of the principal meteorological works that have appeared during December, we mention first the sixth paper on meteorology of the United States by Professor Loomis, of New Haven. In this the author first gives an elaborate investigation into a period of unusual heat in June, 1873. He finds this heat due to the prevailing southerly winds, and to the dry clear weather that prevailed in the Northwest. The especially high temperatures at Fort Sully he attributes to the location of the thermometers themselves. In the second part of his paper Professor Loomis studies the areas of excessive rain-fall. These are mainly circular areas, varying in diameter between 350 and 750 miles. In general these areas are within the areas of cyclonic movement of the air or within areas of low barometer, but areas of heavy rain sometimes occur under the influence of areas of high barometer.

Professor Langley, of Pittsburg, as the result of a careful approximate calculation of the direct effect of sun spots on terrestrial temperatures, shows that the least change in the mean annual temperature of the globe in the course of an eleven-year spot period is not less than one-twentieth of a degree centigrade, and the greatest change is not greater than three-tenths of a degree. In this estimate we only consider the direct effect of the diminished radiation of the spots, and can conclude nothing as to other, perhaps more important, changes, of which the spots are merely accompaniments.

Among the newest attempts to investigate the meteorology of the upper strata of the atmosphere, we note the establishment by Secchi of a complete observatory on the summit of Monte Cavo, 2800 feet above the Roman Campagna.

In reference to temperatures observed deep within the earth, Mr. Oswald Foster has communicated to the Cambridge Philosophical Society a memoir in which he maintains that the abnormal temperatures observed in the Artesian well 4000 feet deep at Speremberg might be accounted for by vertical currents, while the average rate of increase is 1° F. for every sixty feet of descent.

Professor Balfour Stewart, in some remarks on Mr. J. A. Broun's discoveries, maintains that the electrical state of the atmosphere may very plausibly be introduced to explain the general disturbances or tides in the barometric pressure.

Mohn contributes to Petermann's *Mittheilungen* a memoir on the temperature of the Atlantic east of Iceland. He shows that a belt of warm water extends northeastward to beyond the North Cape. This belt moves eastward in summer and westward in winter.

The result of five years' observations in the Feejee Islands is presented by Mr. R. C. Holmes. The mean annual temperature is 79°, the highest 98° and the lowest 58°; the number of rainy days 170 per year, and the annual rain-fall 124 inches. The climate is a healthy one as compared with most tropical countries. It enjoys uniform northeast trades.

In *Physics*, there has not been very great activity during the month. Main has claimed—and with justice too, apparently—with reference to the discussion now going on in England concerning the meaning of the word "force," that it was used by Newton as the English equivalent of the Latin word *vis*, and not alone of *vis impressa*, as is maintained by Tait. When Newton wrote *vis insita*, *vis motrix*, *vis gravitatis*, *vis centrifuga*, he must have had in mind for each of these their ordinary English equivalents, in which *vis* always means force. This use of the word is by no means loose and inaccurate; it is rather general and comprehensive.

Govi has proposed the use of thin layers of gold-leaf for obtaining good transmitting and reflecting surfaces in optical experiments. If upon the oblique face of a right-angled isosceles prism a very thin layer of gold be deposited by means of an alkaline solution of gold chloride and aldehyde, and then the prism be cemented by Canada balsam to a second and similar prism, a cube is obtained containing in its interior a surface of gold at 45° to two opposite surfaces. By means of such a cube two images are seen—one by light transmitted through the film, which is of a pale green color; the other by light reflected from the film, and which is yellow. The cube thus becomes of excellent service as a camera lucida, etc. Govi proposes to place such a cube on the front of the telescope of a cathetometer, and then to compare directly the object to be measured with the equally distant scale, by means of the direct image of the one and the reflected image of the other.

Higgs has described a simple motor for preserving a pendulum in vibration during the course of an experiment. The pendulum is suspended through the coil of a Siemens galvanoscope, and automatically so breaks and closes the circuit that the deflection of the needle attached to the suspending rod upward or downward keeps up the motion.

Guthrie has made a series of experiments to determine the effect of a crystalloid on a colloid when in the presence of water. Two or three lumps of rock-salt were added to a jelly of size, and the whole was hermetically sealed in a glass tube. The colloid parted with its water readily, a saturated solution of the salt was obtained, and the size became perfectly white and opaque, having undergone a structural change. Experiments were also made in which a more hygrometric salt, calcium chloride, was employed. The author thinks that it might be possible to fix the existence of a point at which the jelly does not give up its water to the hygrometric substance, and points out the analogy between a jelly and a mass of small bags filled with liquid.

Mendelejeff has made an extended investigation into the accuracy of Boyle's law of gaseous compression, special apparatus being used for the purpose, in which all possible causes of error were eliminated, and which allowed the most perfect accuracy of measurement. The experiments were made at pressures varying from 700 to 2200 millimeters. The results obtained confirmed the conclusions of Regnault, although showing numerical differences in the values obtained, and proving, for instance, that the deviations of air from Boyle's law are even less than appeared before. But the most important result of the researches is that the divergences from Boyle's law, shown by the air being negative at pressures above the mean atmosphere, as was observed by Regnault, proved to be positive (volume decreases slower than pressure increases) at pressures below it. We must, then, conclude that the air experiences a change of compressibility at a certain pressure about the mean of that of the atmosphere; and this conclusion is supported by the circumstance that

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such a change has been also noticed in carbon dioxide and sulphurous oxide gases, but at pressures far lower than is the case for air. Only for hydrogen does the divergence continue positive for all pressures. Altogether there appear to be many deviations from Boyle's law.

Fawcett has suggested a ready means of obviating the deposition of moisture which often takes place in the interior of minimum thermometers exposed on the grass. A piece of cork, about a quarter of an inch long, is cut so as to fit tightly around the neck of the thermometer tube, and then this tube with the cork packing is inserted into the glass case. The exposed end of the cork is covered with two or three coats of asphalt varnish, and when this is dry, the protection is complete.

Rood has described some very ingenious experiments on the radiometer, which show most conclusively that the theory which supposes the motion to be due to a reaction between the blackened surface of the vanes and the containing envelope is the true one. A two-vane mill with blackened surfaces of aluminum, and carrying a small magnet, was prepared, and before one of these surfaces was placed a screen of mica, also attached to the suspending wire. The whole was placed in a flask, which was exhausted to 0.25 millimeter. Light falling upon the unprotected vane alone, caused a deflection of 3.23°; upon the protected, 0.10°. When it fell on both, there was a deflection of 2.38° in favor of the unprotected disk—thus proving that when reaction is prevented between the walls and the vanes, no revolution takes place. The author also devised an experiment for measuring this repulsion. Experiments were also made showing that motion under atmospheric pressure is due to currents.

Volpicelli has also given the results of some radiometric experiments. He finds, for example, that a freezing mixture applied to the upper half of the globe causes a rotation with the non-blackened face foremost, as when radiant heat is used; but when applied to the lower half, the rotation takes place in the inverse direction, the blackened faces being in advance. In the latter case, radiant heat brings the mill to rest. The whole globe being plunged in a hot liquid or in a freezing mixture, there is no motion.

Beckerhinn has confirmed the conclusion long ago reached by practical experience by Mowbray, that congealed crystallized nitroglycerin is far less sensitive to shocks and blows than the liquid substance. He used in his experiments a fall-machine having a block of wrought iron of 2.13 kilograms weight, at the lower end of which was a hardened steel point 7.068 sq. mm. in area. A flat anvil of Bessemer steel was employed as a support for the nitroglycerin, which was placed on it in a thin layer, and the weight dropped on it from different heights. The mean height of fall necessary to cause explosion of the liquid was 0.78 meter, whereas the frozen nitroglycerin did not explode till a height of 2.13 meters was reached. The author has also determined some of the constants of the solid substance. The heat of fusion was found to be 33.54 units as a mean of three experiments. The density was found to be 1.735 at 10° C.—a temperature near its melting-point. The density of the liquid being 1.599, it follows that, in crystallizing, nitroglycerin contracts about $\frac{1}{131}$ of its original volume.

Hohngren, at the request of the direction of the Swedish railway between Upsala and Gefle, has examined the entire staff of officials with reference to color-blindness. Out of the 266 persons examined, no less than eighteen were found who could not distinguish color, and were therefore utterly useless and unfit for railway service. An investigation of this sort on some of the leading American railways would undoubtedly be of service.

Stone has exhibited to the London Physical Society some diffraction gratings on glass and metal, ruled by W. Clark, of Windsor Terrace. The majority of them were close spirals, about 1000 to the inch, which gave brilliant circular spectra, the slight difference between spirals and true circles not being apparent. The metal gratings were linear, 1000 to the inch, the spectra being much more brilliant than the refracted ones. The German silver and cast steel hitherto employed not being suitable, the author proposes the use of speculum metal. The idea is not new, Saxton having ruled lines for this purpose for Bache many years ago. The exquisite speculum-metal gratings of Rutherfurd are well known. He prefers glass silvered, however, as his latest triumphs in this direction abundantly show.

In *Chemistry*, many papers upon special details of the science have appeared. Müller has proposed a simple apparatus for determining approximately the density of gases, as a lecture experiment. A well-closed half-liter flask, through the cork of which passes a glass tube drawn out to a point, is taken and water is boiled in it until all the air is expelled from its interior, when the point is sealed. After cooling it is carefully weighed. The point is then broken off, air is allowed to enter, and it is again weighed. The difference is the weight of the contained air, corrections being made for the tension of aqueous vapor and for temperature. Replacing the stopper by a second having two tubes, and again expelling the air from the flask, it is successively filled from a gasometer with the gases to be weighed, and their weights determined in succession. The method is quite accurate.

Schobig, at Kämmerer's suggestion, has experimented to determine the effectiveness of a solution of potassium permanganate for the purification of hydrogen gas for analytical uses. He finds it highly satisfactory, the impurities present—sulphur, arsenic, antimony, phosphorus, and carbon—all being completely removed. The hydrogen itself is oxidized by the solution, but only to a slight extent. The hydrogen thus purified, the author finds to reduce silver.

Kämmerer has called attention to the occurrence of gelatin in all forms of water coming from the soil, and has suggested that water intended for consumption should always be tested by means of tannin for this substance. If no precipitate or turbidity appears after standing twenty-four hours, the absence of an appreciable quantity of gelatin is assured. Any turbidity, however, proves the water impure.

Victor Meyer has described an improved form of apparatus for showing the increase of weight in combustion where the products are gaseous. Upon each scale pan of a balance is placed a candle. Above it is a glass gas chimney, having gauze at bottom, and containing several large pieces of caustic soda, suspended to the stirrup.

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One of the candles being lighted, in a very few minutes that side of the balance preponderates. In six minutes there is a difference of weight of a gram, and in fifteen minutes of more than three grams.

Frey has given the details of the manufacture of the alkali-earth metals in Görlitz which were exhibited in London and Philadelphia. In general the electrolytic method of Bunsen is closely followed, the current being weaker. From two and a half to four grams were produced at each operation. Calcium is not yellow, but resembles aluminum closely, being brittle like it, and not being malleable or tenacious. Strontium is bright brass-yellow, very malleable, easily rolled and drawn, and oxidizes much easier than calcium. Barium can not be obtained as a globule, its fusing-point apparently being above that of cast iron. From amalgams of this metal, by distilling off the mercury, masses of over 100 grams were obtained, sintered together. Lithium was obtained in two-gram globules. Cerium has the precise properties given by Wöhler, burning with explosive violence.

Krusemann has studied the reduction-products of levulose, and at the same time those of glucose, in order to compare these two sugars together. The reduction was effected by sodium-amalgam, and the substance obtained was the same for both, and identical with mannite. The constitutional formula proposed by Fittig for this body will require modification.

Lippmann and Hawliczek have made an accurate comparison between the bitter-almond oil, benzoic aldehyde, from the almond, and that obtained synthetically from toluene. The two bodies were found to be both chemically and physically identical.

Gnehm some years ago discovered a new orange coloring matter, dipicrylamine, or more properly hexanitrodiphenylamine, the ammonium salt of which was in 1874 brought into commerce. But quite unexpectedly its manufacture had to be intermitted because of its action upon the skin, which was strongly irritating, producing an eruption resembling that caused by croton-oil or tartar-emetic ointment. Finding now the new coloring matter in the market under the name of Aurantia, he calls attention to its poisonous properties. To this, Martius, one of the firm making it, replies, saying that any such effects are due either to impurities or to the idiosyncrasies of the persons poisoned, his product never having given any complaint. Gnehm in his answer mentions establishments where both his coloring matter and afterward aurantia were used; in both cases the workmen were covered with the eruption of the skin spoken of.

Microscopy.—In the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for November, Dr. Hinds calls attention to the motile protophytes in the leaves of *Hypericum androsæmum* and *H. calycinum*. They are to be found in the minute light-colored punctæ near the margin of the leaf, and which are translucent from the absence of chlorophyl. They are extremely active, and not of uniform size, and their nature and function are still left in obscurity.

Herr Ebner, in a memoir on the histology of the hair, presented to the Academy of Sciences, Vienna, July 12, states that the inner root sheath is essential for hair formation, and though broken through by the hair, it grows during the whole hair vegetation, in the lower part of the follicle, with even greater rapidity than the hair. He defends Langer's view that new hairs are formed in the old follicle and on the old papilla.

Herr Cienkowsky, well known for his researches on monads, has recently contributed some additional information upon these and allied organisms, which appear to show that the boundary lines which it has so long been usual to draw between plant and animal organisms, and between the individual groups of those lowest forms of life, appear more and more illusory, and the supposition is recommended of a common lowest kingdom of organisms, that of *Protista* (Haeckel), out of which animals and plants have by degrees been differentiated.

Mr. H. J. Carter continues his valuable papers on deep-sea sponges and their spicules in the *Annals of Natural History;* and the well-known preparers of microscopical objects, Cole and Son, of Liverpool, are furnishing a series of illustrative slides.

In a recent communication to the *British Medical Journal*, Professor Roberts, of Manchester, commenting on Dr. Bastian's claims, states that his experiments are decidedly in favor of Pasteur's conclusions, and, indeed, that to a logical evolutionist there would appear to be a strong *a priori* improbability in the abiogenic origin of bacteria. When Pasteur says that abiogenesis is a chimera, he prudently adds, "in the present state of science;" and even thus qualified, the expression is perhaps too strong. But it is absolutely certain that up to the present time no case of abiogenesis has been presented which has stood the test of accurate investigation.

Mr. T. S. Ralph, in *Science Gossip* of October, proposes chloral hydrate as a medium for mounting, since it will dissolve and unite perfectly with many gums, resins, and alkaloids, so that we may obtain mediums varying from a fluid to a jelly-like or gum-like consistence.

Zoology.—The harvestmen (Phalangidæ) of Europe and Western Asia have been revised by Professor T. Thorell in a paper published at Genoa. The paper is of much use to American students, as certain of the genera are represented in this country, particularly in caverns. In this connection we may add that M. Simon, of Paris, has published a list of the cave fauna of Europe, the animals comprising it being chiefly spiders, insects proper, and myriopods.

A pamphlet has just been issued containing a report of proceedings of a conference of the Governors of several Western States and Territories, together with several other gentlemen, held at Omaha on the 25th and 26th October, to consider the locust problem, and also a summary of the best means now known for counteracting the evil. The conference agreed to memorialize Congress to appoint a commission of entomologists, who should study the habits and native breeding-places of the locust, and also urges State action in the matter by those States liable to their incursions.

Among all Coleoptera known to science, says Dr. Le Conte, there is none which has provoked more discordant expressions of opinion regarding its position and relationship than the genus *Hypocephalus*. After an elaborate study of the single species known, an inhabitant of Brazil, which forms the type of a distinct family (*Hypocephalidæ*), Dr. Le Conte adopts the view that it be-

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longs to a distinct type; but he also goes farther, and maintains the opinion that it is still more isolated, and represents a fragment of a very old fauna, to which other forms of beetles might be added, each of which (*Trictenotoma*, *Cupes*, *Rhysodes*, and the *Brenthidæ*) possesses a certain number of characters in common which separate them from all other beetles, and link them together as representatives of the *ancien régime*. "It has been my opinion," he adds, "expressed many years ago, that by the careful study of the existing forms of insects, which, for reasons given elsewhere both by others and myself, contain a greater number of ancient survivals than any other land animals, these ancient survivals could be recognized and separated; so that we would have by this depuration the evolutions of the present geological age more distinctly separated and defined in our systems of classification; and that we would also be able to ascertain their proper connection (ideal or genetic, or both) with those which existed in past time. I now believe, in addition, that the number of these survivals is so great that we shall have a quite respectable mass of material for the partial reconstruction of the insect fauna of past ages, especially if studied in connection with geographical distribution. The material which we can expect to gather from this line of study will be much greater than what may be expected from the rocks, in which the fragments, badly preserved for the most part, afford us very uncertain and usually very modern evidence of little value."

Several ornithological papers of value—on the nidification of the American kinglets, by E. Ingersoll; of the nesting habits of the Californian house wren, by Dr. J. G. Cooper; on geographical variation in *Dendræca palmarum*, by R. Ridgway; and notes on Texan birds—appear in the November number of the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club; an article on the giant birds of New Zealand, especially the *moa* bird, by I. C. Russell, appears in the January number of the *American Naturalist*, together with notes on the habits of certain birds of Oregon, and the habits of the whistler.

Important papers on exotic birds, by Salvin, Layard, Sharpe, Sclater, Gurney, and others, appear in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, while Mr. Garrod continues his valuable series of illustrated papers on the anatomy of birds, particularly the passerine birds and the parrots.

In his "Fourth Contribution to the History of the existing Cetacea," Professor Cope gives two plates illustrating rare cetaceans, *Grampus griseus*, Cuvier, from the coast of Massachusetts, and of a new porpoise (*Lagenorhynchus perspicillatus*), taken by the United States Fish Commission on the coast of Maine.

Botany.—In the fourth part of Pringsheim's Botanical *Jahrbücher*, Dodel gives a long account of the development of *Ulothrix zonata*, and confirms Areschoug's observations with regard to the conjugation of zoospores. Dodel mentions having seen in one instance a conjugation of three zoospores. He does not agree with Sachs in attributing the heliotropic conditions of zoospores to the action of currents in the water produced by changes of temperature. In *Hedwigia*, Sorokin describes some new species of *Entomophthora* which grow upon dead insects. In *Grevillea*, some New Jersey fungi are described by M. C. Cooke and J. B. Ellis. Fickel has begun, in the *Botanische Zeitung*, what seems to be rather a lengthy account of the anatomy and development of the coats of the seeds of certain *Cucurbitaceæ*.

Prilleux, who has recently been appointed professor at the new Agricultural Institute in Paris, has just finished an article, in the *Annales des Sciences*, on the production of certain galls; and in the same journal are articles by Decaisne on some members of the order *Theophrasteæ*, and by Sirodot on *Balbiana investiens*. "Studies on Protoplasm," by Strasburger, of Jena, seems to be a continuation of his work on the cell. In descriptive phanerogamic botany, we have to mention the appearance of the third volume of Boissier's *Flora Orientalis* and the first fasciculus of the flowers of America, containing four plates by Isaac Sprague, and text by Professor G. L. Goodale. Mr. John Miers, of London, who must be not far from eighty-five years old, shows his continued activity in a memoir of the *Barringtoniaceæ*. The first fascicle of Baillon's *Dictionnaire de Botanique* has been received. The work is to be of great length, and there are many contributors, including several of the best French botanists.

Agriculture—Rural Economy.—Dr. Petersen, of the experiment station at Regenwalde, in Germany, reports some experiments in water culture, with the object of determining what proportion of phosphoric acid is essential to the best development of the oat plant. The maximum yield was obtained in solutions which, besides the other essential ingredients of plant food, furnished 0.071 grams of phosphoric acid to each plant. Plants grown in these solutions yielded each, on the average, 197 seeds, and in the whole plant 10,497 grams dry substance, or 316-fold the weight of the seed. In solutions exactly similar, except that they furnished only half as much phosphoric acid, the plants averaged only ninety-four seeds and 3508 grams dry substance, or 114-fold the weight of the seed.

The results of these experiments agree essentially with those of a number of similar ones reported some time since by Wolff. Both investigators found that when the phosphoric acid did not exceed 0.33 per cent. of the whole weight of the dry substance of the plant, the latter suffered in the development of all its parts. On the other hand, excess of phosphoric acid did no harm, but seemed rather to favor a better development of seed. Wolff calls attention to the difference between phosphoric acid and nitrogen in this respect, the latter, as is well known, having a tendency, when applied in excess, to injure the development of the seeds of cereal grains and cause an excessive growth of stalk, and often lodging of the grain. In this view it is clear that the excessive use of phosphates which obtains in some farming districts has not proved injurious.

Pfitzer gives results of some very interesting investigations on the rapidity of motion of the juices in plants. The determinations were made in accordance with the plan of M'Nab, which consists in allowing a minute proportion of a salt of lithia to move with the ordinary current through the stem, and estimating the extent of its progress in a given time by spectroscopic observations of portions of the plant, taken at different distances from the starting-point of the

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solution in its course. In a twig of *Philadelphus* a velocity of four and a half meters, and in a *Helianthus* ten meters per hour was observed, while in a *Helianthus annus* (common sunflower) the current was found to reach a velocity of twenty-two meters (seventy-two feet) per hour.

We may record, in the province of *Engineering*, the affirmation in the New Orleans journals that the ultimate success of Eads's jetty experiments is placed beyond doubt. It is declared that the channel between the jetties is every where more than 20 feet in depth for a width of 200 feet at average flood tide, and that in the centre of this channel there is a minimum depth of 22½ to 23 feet. The *Railway World*, in commenting upon the results attained, claims that the dwellers of the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries will hereafter be possessed of permanent facilities for cheap transportation. In this connection we should also notice that the commission of army engineers by whom the work was lately examined reported that an enlargement of section and an application of stone are essential to the security and permanence of the jetties, and that the enlargement at the sea ends and consolidation throughout by the application of stone should be undertaken at once.

Commodore Ammen lately presented to the American Geographical Society an important paper comprising a *résumé* of the work of the United States government officers during a series of years in surveying the several routes for a ship-canal across the American isthmus.

The Baxter steam canal-boat system, of which so much was expected, appears to have been unsuccessful. It is reported that the company has gone into bankruptcy, and that its boats have for some time ceased running. On the other hand, the Belgian cable-towing system, which was specially excluded from competing for the prize of $100,000 offered by the State of New York, is reported to have been in successful operation during the past season in a section of the Erie Canal between Middleport and Buffalo, a distance of forty-two miles.

At the time of this writing, the East River Bridge has nine wire ropes in position, stretched from the New York to the Brooklyn anchorage, over the two towers, preparatory to the construction of a foot-bridge and other facilities for putting together the cables. The structure will demand at least three or four more years for its completion.

Regarding the Channel tunnel scheme, late reports appear to confirm the statement that on the English side little or no progress has been made during the present year. On the French side the experimental boring at Sangatte has been finished to the depth of 133 meters, giving precise knowledge of the nature of the rock to be pierced, and which appears to have confirmed the opinions which engineers had held concerning it; while it has likewise given valuable information as to the amount of water likely to be met with in the final operations. In this last respect the result of the experimental boring has been quite favorable, the amount of infiltration having been quite small, and of spring water only, notwithstanding the proximity of the sea.

M. De Lesseps affirmed at a late meeting of French engineers that a staff of Russian officers were at the present time engaged in making the preparatory studies for a railway designed to unite the Russian railway system with the English system in India. He likewise referred to the oft-debated project of flooding the Sahara, as easy of accomplishment and highly desirable. From 1200 observations made by M. Roudaire in Algeria and Tunis, it appears that there exists a depression twenty-seven to thirty-one meters below the sea-level, and the only place where the tide rises in the Mediterranean as high as two and a half meters is where the bank would require to be cut to give access of the waters to the Sahara. The oases, the same investigator reports, are all above the sea-level. M. Lesseps also advocated the project of joining by a canal the waters of the Congo and Zambeze, in Africa. The one falls into the Atlantic and the other into the Indian Ocean, but they approach each other within thirty kilometers.

It is said that the much-talked-of Bessemer swinging-saloon steamer is being fitted up and re-arranged, with the object of adapting her to ocean-going passenger traffic.

The scientific journals have lately been teeming with discussions of the question of introducing gaseous fuel for metallurgical and domestic purposes. This discussion originated apropos of the claims of the Lowe water-gas system, by which enormous volumes of heating gas (carbonic oxide and hydrogen) are generated at very low cost. The same system in its application to illumination has been several times mentioned in these columns. Its friends, however, claim that it has solved the question as to what shall be "the fuel of the future."

The experiment of ore reduction in the Bessemer converter appears to have been successfully tried by M. Ruduer, of Creuzot, who reports that the introduction of about half a ton of pure iron ore into a charge of seven tons of iron, toward the end of the operation, gave an excellent quality of steel, with a clear slag containing scarcely any iron. He recommends the packing of the ore around the sides of the converter as fettling, and sintering it somewhat together, with a small charge of coke, before running in the iron.

The investigations of Deville and Debray appear to establish the fact that osmium is the heaviest of the elements, since according to their researches its specific gravity is given as 22.477 (water=1).

Dr. Karl Heumann, in a recent investigation upon the theory of luminous flames, affirms from his observations that the carbon in the flame exists as a solid body, and not, as Frankland assumes, in the state of vapor.

Mr. Clerc, chemist of the Lehigh Zinc Company, recently described a blast-furnace for the continuous reduction of zinc. The paper attracted much attention at the late meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

The Gartsherrie coal-cutting machine, from Scotland, which was exhibited at the Centennial, has been purchased by the Watson Coal Company, of Brazil, Indiana, and is affirmed to be now in successful operation in the mines of that company.

Important coal and oil discoveries are reported to have lately been made in Wyoming Territory.

A large and valuable deposit of copper ore is said to have been discovered in Berwick and Hamilton townships, Adams County, Pennsylvania.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of January.—The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was passed by the House January 12. It appropriated substantially the same amount as the bill of last year. The Senate passed the bill January 18. The Military Academy Appropriation Bill was passed by the House January 12.

The House Judiciary Committee, January 3, presented a majority and a minority report on the admission of the Representative from Colorado, the former declaring that Colorado is a State in the Union, and the latter that it is not admitted, but submitting an act for its admission. Both reports were referred.

The most important Congressional event of the month was the presentation in both Houses, January 18, of the report of the joint committee appointed to report a method for counting the electoral vote. The committee consisted of fourteen members—seven of each party—namely, Senators Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Morton, and Conkling, and Representatives M'Crary, Hoar, and Willard, Republicans; and Senators Thurman, Bayard, and Ransom, and Representatives Payne, Hewitt, Hunton, and Springer, Democrats. The report was signed by all of the committee except Senator Morton. The bill submitted by the committee provided for the meeting of both Houses in the hall of the House of Representatives on the 1st of February, 1877. Two tellers to have been previously appointed by each House, to whom should be handed, as they were opened by the President of the Senate, all the certificates and papers purporting to be certificates of electoral votes; these to be opened, presented, and acted upon in the alphabetical order of the States. Where there shculd be a single return from a State, and an objection thereto, with its ground, should be made in writing, and signed by at least one Senator and one Representative, the two Houses should separately decide upon such objection or objections, the vote to be rejected only by the affirmative vote of the two Houses. In the cases of more than one return from a State, all such returns, having been read by the tellers, should be, upon objection being made, submitted to the judgment and decision, as to which is the true and lawful electoral vote of the State, of a commission of fifteen, to be constituted of five members from each House, to be appointed *viva voce*, January 30, with five associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, four of these justices being those of the First, Third, Eighth, and Ninth circuits, who shall, on January 30, select another of the associate justices of the same court: the entire commission to be presided over by the associate justice longest in commission. Each of the members of the commission to take an oath to consider the questions submitted, and to give a true judgment thereon agreeably to the Constitution and the laws. The decision of the commission, or a majority thereof, to be made in writing, signed by the assenting members, and submitted to Congress; and this decision, having been entered in the journal of each House, must be final, unless overruled by the action of both Houses.

December 26, the President sent to the Senate the correspondence between the United States and Great Britain on the subject of extradition. The latter government has receded from its former position, and a more comprehensive treaty is contemplated.

The joint resolution providing for the appointment of commissioners to attend an international conference on the silver question was defeated in the House, January 16.

The following-named United States Senators have been elected by the Legislatures of their States: James G. Blaine, Maine; William Windom, Minnesota; Thomas W. Ferry, Michigan; A. H. Garland, Arkansas; Alvin Saunders, Nebraska; George F. Hoar, Massachusetts; James E. Bailey, Tennessee.

The Democrats in New Hampshire have nominated Daniel Marcy for Governor. The Republican nominee for that office is Benjamin F. Prescott.

On the 1st of January, amidst the most imposing ceremonies, Queen Victoria was formally proclaimed "Empress of India," at Delhi.

The Turkish Grand Council, on the 18th of January, unanimously rejected the last proposals of the European powers, as contrary to the dignity, integrity, and independence of the empire. The Council also peremptorily refused to allow Midhat Pasha to negotiate further, except on the basis of the Turkish counter-proposals.

The East Indian government will need $32,500,000 for the relief of the famine-stricken people of Madras and Bombay.

DISASTERS.

December 26.—Burning of the St. Elizabeth Convent, Quebec. Thirteen of the inmates supposed to have perished in the flames.

December 29.—At Ashtabula, Ohio, a passenger train on the Lake Shore Railroad fell through the iron bridge spanning the Ashtabula Creek (the structure giving way) a distance of seventy-five feet, into the river below. The wrecked cars took fire, and a large number of persons—the lowest estimate being seventy—perished.

January 7.—Off Cape May, the steamer *Seminole*, from Savannah to Boston, collided with the *Montgomery*, *en route* from New York to Havana, sinking the latter. Thirteen lives lost.

January 11.—News received at Gloucester, Massachusetts, that ten schooners of the fishing fleet from that port were missing, and doubtless lost, involving a sacrifice of more than fifty lives. Four vessels have since been added to the list of missing.

OBITUARY.

December 25.—At White Plains, New York, General James W. Nye, ex-United States Senator from Nevada, aged sixty-one years.

January 4.—In New York city, Cornelius Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, aged eighty-two years.

December 29.—News by cable of the death, in England, of Sir Titus Salt, the philanthropic founder of Saltaire, and an extensive manufacturer of textile fabrics.

January 11.—In Scotland, Alexander Bain, an eminent philosopher, and professor in the University of Glasgow, aged sixty-seven years.

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Editor's Drawer.

BECAUSE the polite Frenchman telleth you that "Burgundy is the king of wines," think not that thou canst drink it, as Mrs. Partington saith, with "perfect impurity," else it may affect thee as is described by William Black in the following poem in two cantos:

I.

Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink:
Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,
Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,
You'll discover the color of Burgundy rose:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
A dangerous symptom is Burgundy rose.

II.

'Tis a very nice wine, and as mellow as milk;
'Tis a very nice color in satin or silk;
But you'll change your opinion as soon as it shows
In a halo around the extreme of your nose:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
'Tis a very bad thing at the tip of your toes.

HAVE you heard (asks a friend) of the Centennial incident of the bucolic gentleman from Maine visiting the Exhibition? After having been shown by his friend some of the different State buildings—Kansas, Nebraska, New Jersey, etc.—he turned to a friend and inquired for the Maine building. The friend, pointing to the main structure, said, "There it is."

"Wa'al," he replied, "I knew our folks 'd git up suthin' han'some!"



A CALL FOR POSTAL REFORM.

"Well, if here ain't a nice state of things! Went out and paid Twenty Cents for a pooty Valentine, and now I can't get it into the Mail-Box without mussin' it all up!"

WRITING from Petersburg, Virginia, a correspondent of the Drawer says:

"I took my very small friend Bertie Leigh into the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington, to see the pictures and statues. Among the latter we found a copy of the famous Torso Belvedere—an armless and legless trunk. Bertie took up and spelled out painfully a card which he found on the pedestal, as follows: 'Hands off.' 'Yes,' commented Bertie, 'and his legs is off too.' The pun of my young friend was none the worse for being unconscious and unintended."

THIS is the way in which children are trained up in Nova Scotia:

"At dinner, the other day, I heard the following evasive answer: The father said to his little five-year-old, who came in late to dinner from school, 'Robbie, why are you so late? didn't you hear the bell?'

"'Yes, Sir, but I couldn't hear it *plain*.'"

THIS comes to us from the United States Senate-chamber:

"I was a boy when John Tyler was a Senator from Virginia, and John Holmes a Senator from Maine. None who ever saw the Maine Senator can forget his remarkable head and features, and none who ever listened to him in debate can forget the flashes of his wit and his promptness in repartee. There was a phrase which had for a long time been in familiar use—'John Holmes, Felix Grundy, and the devil.' At the time I speak of, Mr. Tyler, with many distinguished Southern statesmen, had been bitten with the rabies of 'nullification.' A debate had arisen in the Senate, in which Mr. Tyler referred with considerable unction to what he called the political partnership of 'John Holmes, Felix Grundy, and the devil,' and appealed to Mr. Holmes, who was present, to tell him, if he could, what had become of the junior member of the firm, saying that the senior member was present, and the second (Mr. Grundy) was then at home in Tennessee in the enjoyment of political honors of his State, but that he had never been able to account for the junior member of the concern. As quick as thought Mr. Holmes sprang to his feet, and offering to account for him, said, 'I can tell the gentleman. That distinguished partner is among the nullifiers. He went over to them just about the time the gentleman from Virginia joined them himself.'"

THIS from "Taunton, good lord, where they shoot shad with a rail!"

"When I was a boy of eight years I attended the grammar school in S——, and fell desperately in love with a little black-eyed, red-cheeked damsel of nine. The course of true love did not run smooth. I was jealous of a big squint-eyed fellow with whom she would always slide down hill,

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while I went alone. At last, in my frenzy, I wrote a startling letter to the little flirt, declaring my passion, and asking her which she intended to marry. The answer soon came, saying that she loved me the best, but the other fellow gave her the most candy! I gave up the contest."

THE Drawer is indebted to Colonel Frank Moore for the following account, by a friend of his, of how the sun is sometimes seen to rise on Mount Washington:

"Two of my nieces wanted to go to the top of Mount Washington, and pass the night at the Tip-Top House, in order to see the sun rise. I went with them, leaving Deacon Clark's, at Bartlett, at about noon, reaching the Glen just at night-fall, and just as a wagon-load of people, who were on the same errand as ourselves, was starting for the drive up the mountain. We joined them, and the night ride was over in about two hours. The hotel was full; but a benevolent man, in a red wig and slippers, surrendered his room to my nieces, and I was introduced to a ratherish old fellow, who kindly offered to share his bed with me. We went to look at it. It was in the attic, under the eaves, and as I was the youngest and the intruder, I took the back side. Going to the main room below, which was used for the several purposes of dressing-room, parlor, and sleeping-room for about forty men, I waited till my bedfellow had retired and had time to get into a comfortable condition.

"On entering the room, I found him asleep, with one eye wide open. I addressed him. He made no reply. A little spirit-lamp burned low on a small square deal table near the head of the bed. Climbing over him to my side of the bed, close under the roof, I drove a shingle nail into my head, and the expletive I made use of waked him. He yawned and went to sleep again, and I lay there thinking what my wife would say if she could see me just then. Then I thought to blow out the light, and in attempting to do so I observed that open eye looking right at me. I begged pardon for troubling him, but he made no answer. I hardly dared to lean clear over him, for that eye was upon me. So I fumbled around on my side, and managed to get a reply to my question, whether he wanted the light to burn. He said No, and turned two open eyes on me, saying, 'Hev ye a pin about ye? I forgot to take out my eye; I never sleep soundly with it in.' It was a glass eye, and we both went to sleep after it was picked out with a pin and carefully placed in the tray of the lamp.

"My sleep was neither fresh nor rosy. Early in the morning I called the girls, went to the door and out on the rocks, into the thickest of fogs. We couldn't see the barn, where our horses were, ten feet away; and as for the sun, we might as well have tried to find a black bean in a nigger's pocket. Half-way down the mountain we did catch a glimpse of it, but it was full an hour after we had breakfasted at the beautiful Glen, and were on our return to Bartlett, before it actually 'came out,' as they call it, in a full blaze of morning freshness and glory.

"Professor Bean passed a winter on Mount Washington in order to see the sun rise. He saw it once, during a gale that he reported to the Signal Office at Washington as blowing over one hundred miles an hour. His old New England cook had her false teeth blown out. Where would my friend's glass eye have found repose at such a time?"



THE FICKLE SEX.

AGGRIEVED BOY IN THE FOREGROUND. "It was only two seasons ago she used to say that no one could put her Skates on half so well as I. And now—oh, agony!"

THUS writes a Yarmouth Nova Scotian:

"A big ship came up the harbor and anchored opposite the Old Burying-Ground, in which most of the head-stones are lying down and covered with grass.

"'I say, Jack,' said one of the sailors, 'this must be a fine country to live in.'

"'Why?'

"'Oh, they tells me that's the cemetery. Nobody ever dies 'ere, and them as does, the frost kills.'"

THIS story is told of Queen Victoria's first visit to Crathie church, near Balmoral: A fine large dog belonging to the clergyman followed him up the pulpit steps, and lay down against the door during the sermon as "still as a stone." The next day Sir George Grey, who was then in attendance on her Majesty, met the clergyman, and

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remonstrated with him for allowing his dog to be on the pulpit steps, feeling assured that it would annoy the Queen. The clergyman at once politely promised that his pet should be kept "out of church" next Sunday. During the following week the clergyman was honored with an invitation to dinner with the royal family. After dinner, in conversation, the Queen inquired why the dog was not on the pulpit steps as before.

"Please your Majesty, I kept my dog at home last Sunday, as Sir George thought it would annoy your Majesty," was the reply.

"Oh no," replied the Queen; "let him come as usual. I wish that every body behaved at church as well as your noble dog."

POSSIBLY some of the silver-headed readers of the Drawer will laugh again at a bit of doggerel which they used to hear when they were younger and jollier than they are now. It has a moral, too, for maidens:

THE DOG'S-MEAT MAN.

TUNE—*The White Cockade.*

In Gray's Inn Lane, not long ago,
An old maid lived a life of woe.
She was fifty-three, with a face like tan,
When she fell in love with the Dog's-meat Man.
She very much liked this Dog's-meat Man—
He was a good-looking Dog's-meat Man;
Her roses and lilies were turned to tan
When she fell in love with the Dog's-meat Man.

Every morning he went by,
Whether the weather was wet or dry,
And right opposite to her door did stan',
And cried, "Dog's meat!" did the Dog's-meat Man.
Then her cat would run out to the Dog's-meat Man,
And rub against the legs of the Dog's-meat Man;
Then he took up his barrow and away he ran,
And cried, "Dog's meat!" did the Dog's-meat Man.

One day she kept him at her door
A-talking half an hour or more;
For you must know this was her plan
To get a good look at the Dog's-meat Man.
"If I'd a five-pound note," said the Dog's-meat Man,
"I'd set up a tripe shop," said the Dog's-meat Man,
"And I'd marry you to-morrow." She admired the plan,
And she lent a five-pound note to the Dog's-meat Man.

The very next morning he was seen
In coat and breeches of velveteen.
To Bagnigge Wells she went, in a bran'-
New gown, and she walked with the Dog's-meat Man.
She had biscakes and ale with the Dog's-meat Man,
And she walked arm in arm with the Dog's-meat Man,
And all the people that round did stan'
Said, "My eye! what a dandy is the Dog's-meat Man!"

Next morn she at her door did stan'
To keep a look-out for the Dog's-meat Man;
But he never comed, and she then began
To think she was fooled by the Dog's-meat Man.
So she went out to look for the Dog's-meat Man,
But she couldn't find the Dog's-meat Man;
Some friends gave her for to understan'
He'd a wife and seven children, had this Dog's-meat Man.

So she went home in grief and tears,
All her hopes transformed to fears;
And her hungry cat to mew began,
As much as to say, "Where's the Dog's-meat Man?"
She couldn't help thinking of that Dog's-meat Man,
That cheating, good-looking Dog's-meat Man.
So, you see, in one day's short span,
She lost her heart, her five-pound note, and the Dog's-meat Man.

MR. DUTTON COOK, who has written several pleasant books, has recently given to the public a clever work, entitled *A Book of the Play*, giving studies and illustrations of histrionic story, life, and character. Curiously enough, its typographical execution is by "Charles Dickens and Evans, Crystal Palace Press." One of its most entertaining chapters is on "Strolling Players." The suppression of theatres by the Puritans reduced all the players to the condition of strollers of the lowest class. By an act passed in 1647, all actors of plays for the time to come were declared rogues within the meaning of the act of Elizabeth, and upon conviction were to be publicly whipped for the first offense, and for the second to be deemed incorrigible rogues, and dealt with accordingly; all stage galleries, seats, and boxes were to be pulled down by warrant of two justices of the peace; all money collected from the spectators was to be appropriated to the poor of the parish; and all spectators of plays, for every offense, fined five shillings. In 1648 a provost-marshal was nominated to stimulate the vigilance and activity of the Lord Mayor, justices, and sheriffs, and, among other duties, "to seize all ballad-singers and sellers of malignant pamphlets, and to send them to the several militias, and to suppress stage-plays." In 1660, however, on the restoration of Charles II., all this was changed, and the theatres became popular with court and people. The London theatres re-opened under royal patronage, and in the provinces the stroller was abroad. And strolling had its charms. "To the beginner," says Mr. Cook, "it afforded a kind of informal apprenticeship. He shared in its profits. He was at once bud and flower. It was a free, frank, open vocation; it was unprotected and unrestricted by legislative provisions in the way of certificates, passes, examinations, and diplomas. There was no need of ticket or preparation of any kind to obtain admission to the ranks of the players. "Can you shout?" a manager once inquired of a novice. "Then only shout in the right places, and you will do."

Crabbe's description of the strollers in his "Borough" was a favorite passage with Sir Walter Scott, and was often read to him in his last illness:

> Of various men these marching troops are made—
> Pen-spurning clerks and lads contemning trade,
> Waiters and servants by confinement teased,
> And youths of wealth by dissipation eased;
> With feeling nymphs who, such resource at hand,
> Scorn to obey the rigor of command, etc., etc.

Strolling, however, was only feasible during summer. Audiences could hardly be moved from their firesides in winter, barns were too full of grain to be available for theatrical purposes, and the players were then glad to secure such regular employment as they could, however slender might be their remuneration. There is a story told of a veteran and a tyro actor walking in the fields early in the year, when suddenly the elder ran from the path, stopped abruptly, and planting his foot firmly upon the greensward, exclaimed, with ecstasy, "There, by Heaven! that for managers!" and snapped his fingers. His companion asked an explanation of this strange conduct. "You'll know before you have strutted in three more barns," said the "old hand." "In winter, managers are the most impudent fellows living, because they know we don't like to travel, don't like to leave our nests, fear the cold, and all that. But when I can put my foot upon three daisies, summer's near, and managers may whistle for me."

Frequently the stroller was compelled to take more than one part in one play. "I remember," said King, the actor famous as being the original

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Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby, "that when I had been but a short time on the stage, I performed one night King Richard, sang two comic songs, played in an interlude, danced a hornpipe, spoke a prologue, and was afterward harlequin in a sharing company, and after all this fatigue my share came to threepence and three pieces of candle!"

In our day the strollers are merged in the "stars," and often the player and the playwright are one and the same person. Not long ago, in New York, on one evening might have been heard Mr. Boucicault, at Wallack's, in *The Shaughraun*, Mr. George Fawcet Rowe, at the Park, in *Brass*, and Mr. Brougham, at the Fifth Avenue, in one of his bright plays.

Not a hundred miles from the town of D—— lived a long, gaunt, big-footed specimen of humanity named Y——. As he was often found with articles in his possession that belonged to other people, he was no great favorite in the neighborhood. Squire G—— was a jolly old farmer who lived about a mile from Y——, and a river ran between their farms. One day the two happened to meet at the house of a friend. The squire, a very easy-going man, was telling what he meant to do in the farming line the following year, when Y——, straightening himself up, said, "Squire, I don't think you'll hurt yourself; you won't ever set the river afire."

The old squire turned himself slowly around, and his eyes twinkled as he said, "Well, Y——, I don't want to set the river afire; I want to keep *that* between you and me."

What people there are in New England, to be sure!

The following was recently written and sent by a distinguished clergyman to his mother. It was sent on a postal card:

Dear Mother,—
From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, chapter 9 and verse 6,
First 13 words please take, and then the following affix:
From Genesis the 35th, verse 17th, no more;
Then add verse 26 of Kings, book 2d, chapter 4;
The last two verses, chapter 1, 1st book of Sam-uel,
And you will learn what on this day your loving son befell.

A friend of the Drawer, up town, had occasion recently to require the assistance of an additional female servant, and asked a neighbor if she knew one that would answer the purpose. "I know *Samuel Virtue*," replied the neighbor; "he is sick, and has a lot of children; his wife, *Mrs. Virtuous*, goes out to work, and would be glad to come." She came, her motto being a line from Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure:*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

A well-dressed beggar presented himself at a banker's in Paris, who enjoyed a great reputation for his charity and generosity. "Lend me a hundred francs," he said.

"But, my dear Sir," answered the banker, "I don't know you well enough to lend you such a sum."

"What does that signify?" said the claimant.

"It signifies a good deal, my friend; because, in the first place, I don't even understand the grounds of your request. In similar cases I only give five francs, and never more, unless the applicant is armed with a letter of recommendation from a personal friend."

"Oh," said the fellow, putting on his hat with his grandest air, "if you are going to give me a lesson in begging, I must really wish you good-morning."

Tableau.

It is not often that we print translations in the Drawer, but the following, by L. DuPont Syle, of Yale, is so happily rendered that we give it place:

TIME AND LOVE.

(*Adapted from the French of Ségur.*)

Time, who is of travellers all most ancient,
When one day marching on his weary way,
Arriving near a stream, thus loudly cried,
"Have pity, pity, on my ancient years.
Alas! no more am I remembered here—
I, who count every moment as it flies;
Kind friends, 'tis I who earnestly entreat you,
Come one, come all, and hasten to pass Time."

Full many a maid, who, from the opposing shore,
Beheld the old man's plight with tearful eyes,
Burned in her soul his passage to assist
With a frail bark, whose helmsman was true Love.
But one from out the throng, by far most wise,
Restrained them with these cold but prudent words:
"Ah! often, often, has one come to grief
And ruin dire, by seeking to pass Time."

Love gayly pushed his shallop from the bank,
And soon approached the spot where lingered Time.
He bade the old man hasten on with him,
Embarked him, and set sail with prosperous breeze.
Love gently plied his well-shaped oars and swift,
And sang, and sang again, with merry shout,
"You see, you see, my pretty shepherdesses,
My timid maidens, how Love passes Time."

But soon Love drops the oar—in fact, grows weary
(That always was the special fault of Love).
The falling oar is seized by Time, who cries,
"What! tired so soon? Already dost give up?
Poor child, thy weakness great—thy strength how small!
Do thou sleep now, and I will sing in turn
This old refrain, approved of steady wisdom:
'Ah! Time has made Love pass—has made Love pass!'"

A beauteous maid, concealed among the groves
Which lined the river's bank, had heard the talk,
And now, unable to restrain her mirth,
Laughed at Time's moral and poor Love's despite.
Cried Time, in anger, "Who has strength enough
To brave my ancient years and Love combined?"
But Friendship calm, with truthful mien, replied,
"I naught have feared, nor aught will fear, from Time."

How admirable was the self-denial of that butcher in Springfield, Illinois, who, on being invited to attend a minstrel show, positively declined, even though offered a free ticket! When pressed for a reason, he replied, "If I should go, I should see so many people who owe me for meat that it would spoil all my fun."

Among Mr. Mackay's Scottish anecdotes is a characteristic one of Dr. Wardlaw, the octogenarian minister, who advocated the most rigid observance of the Sabbath, and who was rebuked for riding his pony four miles to service in Glasgow every Sunday. The doctor justified himself on the ground that the observance of the Lord's day was obligatory on mankind only; that animals were left under the old law of the Sabbath, and that his pony invariably had rest every seventh day of the week.

Another neat anecdote occurs in the account of a Lord Provost of Glasgow, who longed to invite Macready to dinner, but the actor, being en-

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MARY JANE'S FIRST PROLONGED SLIDE.



THE START.

HAVING TURNED TO SMILE UPON ONE OF THE LITTLE BOYS, SHE LOSES HER SEAT.



MARY JANE'S ARCTICS.

gaged every working-night, was only free on Sunday. The Provost was, as he said, not strait-laced himself, but were he, as Provost, to give a dinner on a Sunday—to a player too—there would be "a hullabaloo in a' the pulpits of the town." But the difficulty was leaped over. Dr. Mackay ostensibly gave the dinner, but the Provost invited the actor and most of the other guests, and paid the expenses. The great official who lacked "muckle scruple" as to infringing the Lord's day law, if nobody knew it, sat next to the amused but grim and stiff "Mac," to whom he, warm with good things, told this edifying story:

"I remember," said the Provost, "when I was a lad, and travelling in my father's business, I made the acquaintance of *your* father, who was manager of the theatre at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He invited me to sup wi' him at his lodgings. It was on a Sabbath—just as this is—and he had no other day to receive his friends in comfort. I wasna a bailie at the time, and went without muckle scruple. There were eight or nine people, and they drank and smoked and talked. At last a game at whist was proposed. I was shocked for a while. All my Scottish notions were outraged, and I thought I wad gang awa'; but I didna. I just lookit on, and wondered a wee at the wickedness around me. Your father and I were the only ones who did not play; but we both lookit on and watched the game. I had had a full share of gin and water, and so I think had your father, but I wasna fou, nor near it, though I might, as Burns says, 'have had just a wee drap in my e'e,' and I saw one fellow playing so badly, and losing his money, that when the rubber was ended, and he said he'd play no more, I just, without muckle thought on the matter, resolved to take a hand mysel'. I forgot a' about the Sabbath, and before a' was done I had cleared close upon seventeen pounds by the night's wark."

CONCERNING the curious superstition about thirteen at dinner, we have just come across this singular incident in a recent English book: Some years since, poor Albert Smith gave a supper of thirteen that discredited the superstition in a remarkable manner. Himself on the point of starting for China, he entertained twelve friends who were bound for the Crimea, to encounter the perils of war as military officers or as journalists reporting the incidents of the conflict. Deeming it in the highest degree improbable that they would meet again on English ground when they had once started for the scene of danger, the twelve guests met their host with light hearts, and laughed about the fate which some of them would of course encounter in a few months. Strangely enough, all twelve returned from the war in perfect health, and supped again at a table of thirteen with the humorous lecturer.

THOUGH the season of minced pies is almost gone, it is not too late to quote the hateful fling of Samuel Butler, of Hudibrastic fame, at the Puritans of his day who were contemners of Christmas delicacies:

> Rather than fail, they will decry
> That which they love most tenderly;
> Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
> Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
> Fat goose itself oppose,
> And blaspheme custard through the nose.

THERE is no love lost between the Italian and the Irishman in New York city. The new-comers compete with the Celts, and much ill results. It was thus illustrated in the late election:

"Who are you going to vote for, Mike, for Mayor?"

He responded, "Ely Smith, Junior, Sorr."

"You have the name wrong," said the politician. "It's Smith Ely, Junior; it's *vice versa*."

"Vice Versa? No, Sorr; I don't vote for any Italians, Sorr!"

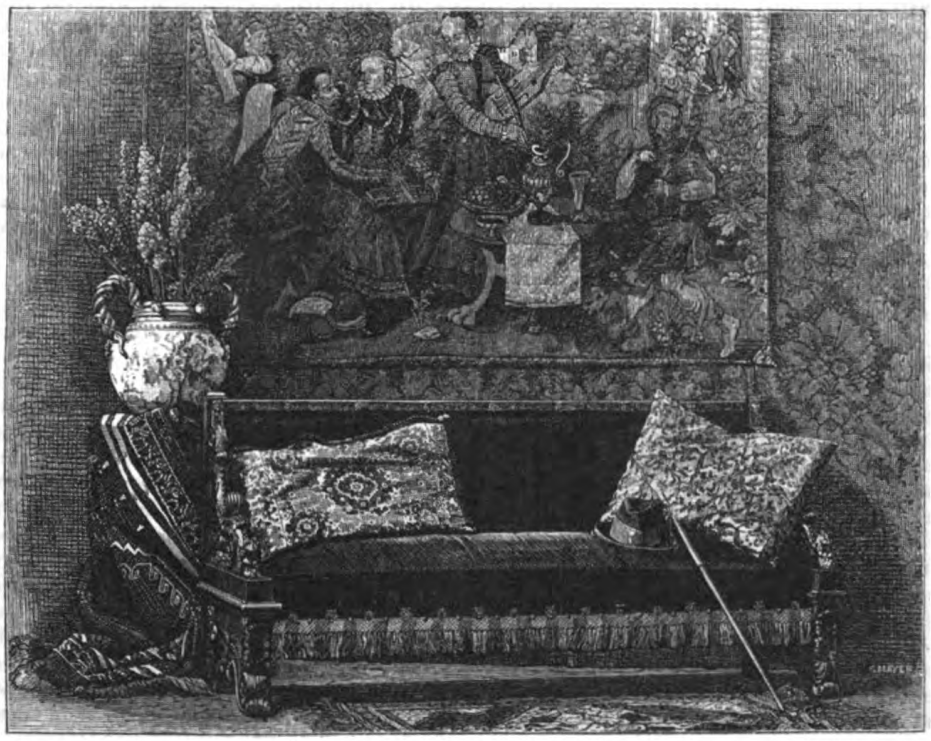
WE have received a communication advising us that in the article on "The Log-Book of the *Savannah*," in our last number, the author erroneously attributed the building of that ship to Francis Ficket. It was, says our informant, the uncle of Francis—Samuel Ficket—who built the ship, and was part owner of it.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXIII.—APRIL, 1877.—Vol. LIV.

FURNITURE AND ITS DECORATION IN THE RENAISSANCE.



ITALIAN TAPESTRY—RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON: SIXTEENTH CENTURY. ITALIAN SOFA: SAME PERIOD.

SUPERB as the furniture of the Mediæval had become in the thirteenth century, with its picturesque carving and gilding, and with all the color and lustre of its draperies, it has never been claimed for it that its features were those of grace or ease. On the contrary, the character of every portion was completely rectilinear; up and down and across, always with sharp angles, ran every outline, with its purpose fully proclaimed; and although nobility and strength and a grave and stately pageantry might thus have been served, any thing like airy elegance and the beauty of lightness and of delicate symmetry was out of the question.

But as life changed from the solemn intensity of its mediæval character to the gayer disposition of the succeeding era, the household paraphernalia changed too; stiff and splendid majesty vanished before a light and joyous glittering effect that charmed the senses; straight lines gave way to curves, and religious emblems to the emblems of pleasure. Circles of life in narrow and remote centres recognized a vast world outside of their own limits; that outer world sent its messengers to brighten every home.

Unless one appreciates the avidity with which the lately discovered classic manuscripts and their illuminations were studied, the forms thus learned re-appearing on

Note.—The illustrations for this article are mainly from the splendid photographic representations of Renaissance furniture by M. Gonpil, of Paris, kindly furnished us by Messrs. Pottier and Stymus, of New York.—Ed. Harper.

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every side and on all objects, it is not easy to understand how in so short a space of time so total a change of domestic surroundings was wrought as the wide difference between the precise shapes of the pointed Gothic and the fantastic or the classical ones of the Renaissance implies. In the time of Louis XII. of France, for instance, we see the frame-work of furniture just beginning to dream of departing from the Gothic, having laid aside ogee and pinnacle, but retaining right lines and old construction, only overlaying them with what was called Italian ornament; and in the very next reign we see the Renaissance, in full strength, covering construction, ornament, and material together. One could grasp little of the nature and intention of the styles comprehended under this term if one could not explain something of the source and significance of so sudden and utter a change—a change that began with architecture and spread into almost every other branch of art, but which in furniture and its decoration appeared to much better advantage than it did in architecture, details that are trivial and frivolous on the scale of a vast building and in the betraying out-door sunshine being sometimes full of a picturesque charm in the drawing-room, beneath shelter, in the soft lamp-light, or glanced upon by fitful fire-light; and use, like beauty, being its own excuse.

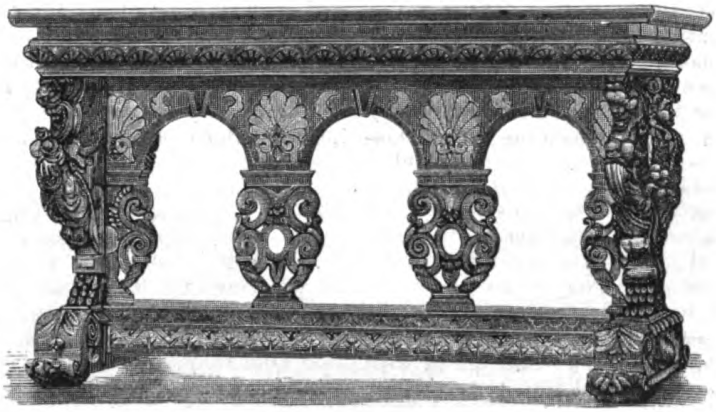
Whatever may be said of it otherwise, the furniture of the Renaissance in its origin and in its nature can not fail to be interesting by reason of its connection with one of the most important and brilliant phases through which humanity has ever passed. The world's story can be traced in a chair; and a stranger to the study of the time would find in the reason of the merest little tripod, with its long curves, its masks and scrolls, so suddenly replacing the arched and crocketed Gothic forms, a riddle rivaling the Sphinx's. But the truth is that the world had at last swung out into the current where many streams meeting felt the tide and deep calling unto deep, and the race was answering the universal stir, in its art, in its acquirement, in its homes, and consequently in the furniture of those homes. It was a mighty period, indeed, that upon which we come at the close of the thirteenth century. Its awakening twilight had been felt in the darkness ages before; and one might say that the Church had caught that first glimmer, had answered in the efflorescence of the Gothic and its accompanying civilization, and had paused crystallized when the Flamboyant could do no more, if it did not rather seem that the Gothic had grown under repudiation and had continued in ignorance of the one principle in art after which the Renaissance labored—the service of beauty as a means of pleasure.

From the moment of the introduction of the new forms of religious belief, art had become their bond-slave. The Eastern Christians had adopted for their churches the round tomb shape to which their early secret worship had accustomed them; and when at last free, and favored by fortune, they made them, with their great domes—and sometimes with a cluster of domes representing the four evangelists and their Master—hung in heaven above them, almost as beautiful as the dome of heaven itself. Rigidly excluding at first all heathen types of ornament, they decorated them after their own ideas in a formal yet noble, if not always graceful, scheme, whose every line was an expression of the fact and faith of their religion. At a later period they borrowed certain portions of the ancient ornament, but only in giving it a symbolic use and meaning it never knew before; that is, if they used the acanthus scroll, for instance, it was in terminating it with a significant and sacred number of foliations, most of the beauty of outline lost in the heavy and crude arrangement, and the thing depending almost entirely on color, which was of the richest, frequently with golden backgrounds, every saint having his own especial tints and symbols. Upon this symbolism was founded all the decoration that obtained in Christendom previous to that of the Renaissance, where, in deference to the principles of heathen art at its highest, it was dismissed, and only pure beauty regarded. Thus it was in religious figures and figures of religious interpretation that even furniture had been ornamented—the Virgin and Child, the saint and his emblems, and the Biblical stories not being held too sacred to be sculptured and painted on chest, chair, and armory.

While the style of which we speak, the Byzantine, was forming in the East, the Western artists were working up the long vistas of the Roman basilicas to suit the wants of their own meridian—the paths of art dividing exactly as the paths of the Church divided between the East and West; in such buildings as St. Sophia's the celebration of the rites of the Greek Church being best observed, as in such as Cologne Cathedral, and the Rhenish school generally, those of the Latin Church. The spirit of the Byzantine, however, leavened the whole; it was that of the new, the Christian religion, as opposed to the pagan; that of an art which, full of the rich young life, enthusiasm, and fervor of its usurpation, assimilated every thing to itself, invented new forms, and then adopted the antique with such modifications that it was no longer recognizable; an art that had an impulse which sent it along a conquering way, till we see its nimbus—the glory proper to the Divine head under this symbolism, and the

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first element of the trefoil—in the scalloped arch of the Arab, and the fleur-de-lis of its lily—the expression of the purity of the Blessed Virgin—every where throughout the Gothic, while the Scandinavian soldiers of the empire took its traditions home, middle of the seventh century, was carried by the Saracens to Sicily in the ninth, and by the Normans thence northward and to England in the twelfth, where in the wondrous work of the succeeding centuries the mosque of the Moslem and the temple of the



FRENCH TABLE OF THE RENAISSANCE.

whither the missionaries had preceded them, and even the famous Runic knot of the North has been found to be only the crushed serpent, the Byzantine type of the Redemption. In the mean time Damascus, an appanage of the empire in the South, was conquered by the Arabs, who, without any art of their own at that period, but ambitious and with an extreme love of splendor, swarmed up from the desert sands to be dazzled by the Greek cities, and straightway to set the captive Byzantine designers a new task in mosque and minaret and pavilion. The religion of the Saracen thus came in to modify what had already undergone modification: there must be, according to its mandates, an infinity of ornament, but no portrait of a living thing, flower or creature. The artists of the seventh century had a cunning fancy: they obeyed the law of their captors in evading it; structure and superstructure and ornament were a wilderness of intertwining lines and curves and angles, flowers ceasing just on the edge of being flowers, leaves that might have been the leaves seen in a dream, birds and beasts that told the whole story of animal life although one never could have accused their origin. As this style in its new development went still farther southward, it went westward too, from Damascus to Cairo, from Egypt to Sicily, growing constantly finer and richer, till it burst into lovely flower at Palermo; and here the marauding and victorious Normans seized it, and marrying it to their own round-arched Romanesque again, the descendant of the old Roman glorified by the Byzantine, made Monreale, Cefalu, and Messina magnificent with its beauty. The pointed arch, which appeared first in Cairo in the Grecian were thus bent to the purposes of the Christian; and where, let purists say what they will, we prefer to fancy that the idea of their surrounding and original life had wrought upon the minds of the artists, and that the light and lovely tent of the desert of the South and the arching boughs of long forest reaches in the North were both remembered in the superb and soaring structure of the Gothic.

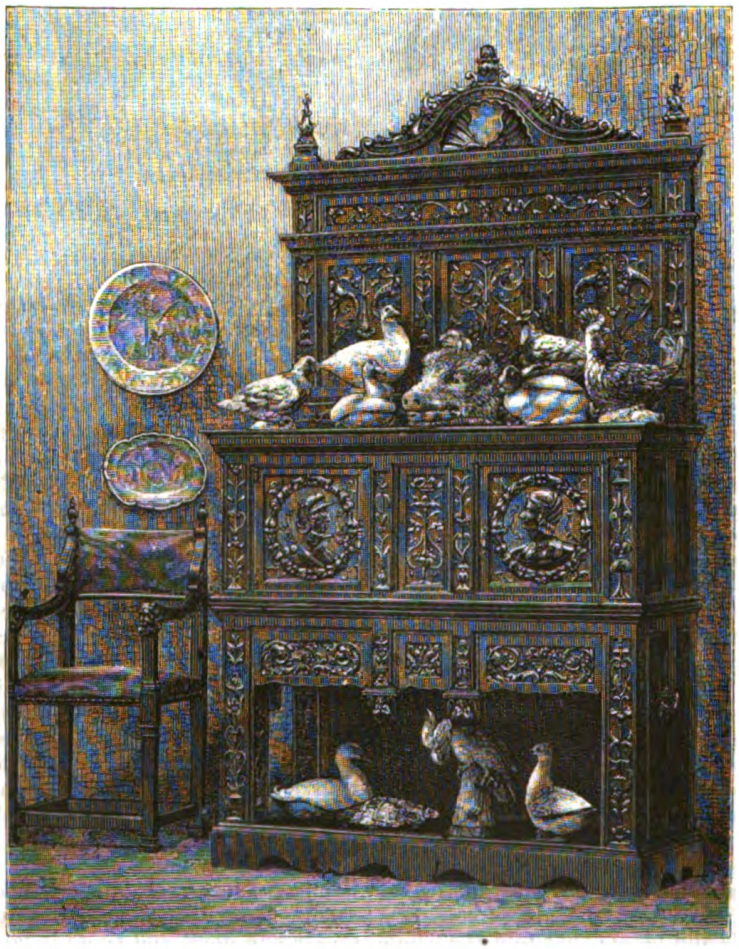
All that the Gothic had become in church and reliquary, it became soon in the house and its furnishing; and the poet of the hearth can hardly hope for fitter frame to his ballads than the old hall of that day, with its hangings, its dais, its minstrel gallery, and the quaint shapes of its scant furniture—its dressers, armories, and benches.

This work had been accomplishing during that long and dark season when otherwise the intellect seemed to be in eclipse every where but in the Church, and was there active only in broadening the base of an immense power. It remained for the succeeding era to do what neither Church nor Cæsar had done, and to do it largely in defiance of both Church and Cæsar.

Just before this dawning of the Renaissance, art, except that of architecture, throughout Christendom, was but just stirring in its slumber, science existed only as sorcery, chemistry was only alchemy, astronomy was only astrology, medicine and mathematics were magic and the black-arts, geography was a traveller's tale, history was a monk's prejudice, political economy was fire and rapine and the revenue wrung from peoples of slaves bent so low with labor that they never saw the littleness of their masters; there was no learning but that of

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dogmas, no intellectual forum but for the nimble quibbles upon words and their shadows in which the scholastics lost themselves; St. Thomas d'Aquinas, his labors applauded by his world, was writing folios upon the nature and habits of angels; councils of doctors were debating such points as whether the ass, hesitating between two equal temptations, say, two bushels of oats, unable to choose, would starve to death, and whether, when led to market, he was led by his leader or by his halter; were having fierce tussles of wit in deciding the affirmative of two negatives, the negative of three, the affirmative of four, and making it clear "that that that that that" rhetorician used was worthy the day's and night's contention; and a caricature of the period represents these same councils discussing, during twelve or fifteen weeks, the question as to whether the chimera, *bourdannant* in outer space, was capable of devouring second intentions; kings were fighting, courtiers were poisoning, the Church was burning its enemies as witches; and for the rest, the world was absorbed in a vain endeavor to accommodate Aristotelian dialectics with Middle-Age theology. The Arabs, with their figures, their algebra, geometry, medicine, with all their exact sciences, as well as with their decorative arts and the sumptuousness of their domestic life, which latter had insensibly produced their effect, could long before have been of vast service in a general enlightenment, had there been any intercommunication of ideas. But the pride of Christianity was a Chinese wall excluding all outer ideas. In the Byzantine empire there were treasures of classical lore, but since the excommunication of the Patriarch, in the middle of the eleventh century, they had been inaccessible; the Church militant arrayed itself, on the one hand, against that science which suspected that the sun had not remained fast since the day of Joshua's imprecation, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Aijalon," and against that art, on the other hand, which had been brought to perfection in the worship of false gods, or



ITALIAN OAK CHAIR: HENRI II. WALNUT CREDENCE: LOUIS XII. FRENCH AND FLEMISH POTTERY.

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the adoration of the laws and principles of nature.

It was thus neither priestly nor kingly power that would seem to have had any share in the glory of having helped forward this new and tremendous mutation. It came into life at the command of a greater power than either—the power of humanity itself, exerted through its great minister, Commerce, that enlarger of knowledge and illuminator of the public mind, binding the ends of the world together in golden chains. One Crusade after another had already been slowly instructing the masses who composed and followed it, and those to whom such as were spared returned, as to the undreamed power and possession of other races, amazing them with the enlightened polish of the Greeks, and delighting them with the elegant wealth of the Moslems; had given some abatement of self-confidence and content, and, together with a profound respect for those other races and their accomplishments and acquisitions, an insatiable longing for those acquisitions. They had, moreover, contributed to create a wide-spread restlessness and desire of exploration, had brought distant things near, and made the impossible a commonplace achievement. The great barons, meanwhile, in order to raise funds for the equipment of their forces through these cruel campaigns, had been obliged to part with portions of their estates, to sell them acre by acre; tradesmen became buyers and serfs became masters, and with possession of a stake in society, their wits were perhaps sharpened to its preservation. Kings and princes, also, raised revenue by the sale of privileges to their great towns, selling the right to enact laws and elect officers; these towns were full of guilds of working-men and trades, and the enactment of laws for self-government doubtless stimulated the mind in other paths than that of routine labor; the common people began to rise from their posture of servile trust, to look about on the earth and wonder. More than all, when the bones of two millions of Europeans lay blanching on the plains of the East, and nothing had been accomplished, doubt began to visit this vast public mind as to the authority of the powers commanding such undertakings, and, with the first rustle of the wings of that celestial visitant, thought was alive, awake, at work. In the intervals of peace a trade had been created for those objects discovered to be desirable, and which the increase of wealth made attainable by so many more than formerly; pilgrimages had taken place partly for religion, partly for barter; and all the cities of the West were presently following as far as they were able the example which had long since been set by Venice. For as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century there were foreign consulates established at Venice, and she had for an indefinite time been selling to the West, or to so much of it as could buy, spices, sweetmeats, ivory, silks, tissues, cloths of gold (of which Negropont paid tribute to her, and she again to Germany), linen from Egypt, gold and silver, wax and furs, from Russia, rugs from Persia, glass and furniture—our word cargo deriving from her *carico:* to the East she sold coarser articles, leather, canvas, soap, copper, tin, and the arms and slaves which made her a constant subject of rebuke. It is hard now to believe, from the usual point of view of history, while the British Isles are so great a power and Venice a mere dependency, that in that period Great Britain was a cipher and Venice among the dominations of the world. "The Venetians," says their historian, "looked upon their fellow-islanders as a people whose



STATE CHAIR OF OAK: LOUIS XII. FRENCH CHAIR OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

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products and manufactures rendered their friendship highly valuable, but not more valuable than the friendship of Bruges or the friendship of Marseilles." Through their commerce with the Golden Horn and the regions beyond, the Venetians had enriched their capital with the fantastic charm of the art of those farther parallels; when the rest of Europe knew little but the rudest forms, the Venetian dwelling was already fine within with the carved and inlaid furniture of the Greek and Persian. Through Venice more than through any other channel the knowledge of such possibilities passed over toward the Occident; and as Venice was in this way answerable for much of the splendor accompanying the later years of the mediæval art, she became also answerable, with her conquest of the Greek empire and capture of Constantinople, for much of the art of the Renaissance.

While Italy had been ravaged by the Northern barbarian, Constantinople had retained much of the magnificence with which her founder had surrounded her, abounded in ancient palaces and their glorious furniture, and was still a store-house of the elder art and learning. Rome, meanwhile, had remained neglected and abused during the imperial and papal residence at Ravenna, her domestic quarrels having done what the barbarians scorned to do; and when the strife of factions failed, the ignorant and irreverent having finished by pulling her monuments to pieces to find material for their baser buildings. "Ancient Rome," says Milman, "was considered a quarry from which the church, the castle of the baron, or even the hovel of the peasant might be repaired;" and the impartial Gibbon tells us that "the fairest columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the richest marbles of Paros and Numidia, were degraded, perhaps to the support of a convent or a stable." The great Constantine in creating a city that, holding the keys of the wealth of two continents, should supplant the mighty mistress of the world on her seven hills, had spared no thought, time, labor, or treasure: circus, forum, aqueduct, temple, portico, palace, had been built and decorated in the lavish style of the latter form of the antique. To increase the wealth of her rival, Rome had herself been robbed of statues, vases, and bass-reliefs. When certain of the patricians visited the emperor, he, desiring to entice them to residence in the chosen city, had caused his emissaries first to bring back exact report and copy of their homes in Rome; and on their arrival they were lodged in palaces so precisely the counterpart of their own, with the same vestibules, walls, baths, beds, tables, seats, and furniture in general, together with statuary, that they found it impossible to credit the fact that they were not at home.

Nor had the rage of the early Christians entirely destroyed these objects of beauty. In the first burst of zeal, to be sure, these temples had been wrought over to suit the Christian ceremonial, and those had been entirely overthrown; the statues and bass-reliefs had suffered with the shrines and temples; gods and goddesses, nymphs and fauns, had been broken by sturdy blows, ground under wheels, burned to lime in the furnaces; and what the zeal of the earlier bigots spared, the wars of the iconoclasts afterward accomplished in the struggles concerning the worship of images. "The universe," says Emeric David, "resounded with the noise of the hammers which destroyed the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Scopas, Polycletus, and Callimachus." It was Tertullian, an early father, who declared the fine arts an invention of the devil. Yet, in spite of all that zeal and rage had done, much ancient beauty remained in Constantinople, in church and palace, in carvings, columns, mosaics, and rich furnitures, while treasures of ancient learning, besides, were ready to the hand of the explorer. And at the time of the iconoclasts many artists, thrown out of their employment in the Greek empire, had sought their livelihood in exile, practiced their arts in Venice and Florence and elsewhere, and had left sufficient beauty, in addition to that of the ruins already there, for people to know what beauty was, before the conquest of the empire laid all beauty open to the first comer.

Venice and Flanders had at last made the conquest of this beauty and these treasures; through those powers chiefly, the former always taking the lead, did they reach the rest of the world, and Venetian and Flemish workmanship led the workmanship of the Renaissance in furniture, as at first in all else. To Venice travelled those that sought the manuscripts rifled from the Greeks, and containing a large share of the classic letters that remained. The importance of these manuscripts in determining the forms taken by Renaissance art was absolute. Their contents and illuminations gave the requisite shapes, their study made the life using these shapes familiar, and the reverence that they inspired for the superior civilization which they indicated caused the adoption of these shapes, and gave the horizontal a portion of its old precedence. In Venice, Petrarch, coming on his many embassies, and waking with the blue and silver waters and the trembling masts of Dandolo's fleets around him, sought and found the precious writings which he copied, and which he besought his friends to copy and collate. From here probably more than elsewhere did Nicholas V. collect the invaluable remnants of the ruined Byzantine libraries, which enabled him to secure for us such versions as we have of the choic-

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est classics and the writings of the fathers of the Greek Church. And it was from Venice subsequently that the Aldine Press scattered broadcast the duplicates of those works, and opened the portals of all the thought and fancy of the olden world. Those duplicates did not fall on barren places. They were like sunshine let in on rich virgin soil long in shadow. A wonderful growth responded. What this growth was the next three hundred years show in their array of names; with Dante and Boccaccio, as well as Petrarch, when the lays of the Troubadours were sung, establishing, with the help of the sweet sibillations of the Langue d'Oc, a national tongue for Ariosto, Pulci, Tasso, and the rest to use; with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, deepening the riches of the English tongue; with Rabelais, Ronsard, Clement Marot, Calvin, Montaigne, and Scaliger upholding the lilies of France; with Camoens and Cervantes; with Gutenberg, Erasmus, Paracelsus, Luther, quickening thought; with Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo weighing the stars; with Cimabue and Giotto lighting the lamp for Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Dürer, Correggio, Titian, Holbein; with Brunelleschi measuring the foundations of old forgotten Rome, and ascertaining all the method of ancient art in order to build Florence better; with Palladio renewing the Athenian glories in Venice.

Yet in many respects this opening of ancient art and ancient letters at that peculiar time was a misfortune. And as to all other things, so to furniture as well; for while it of course brought in countless variations of form and a whole world of novel ornament, renewing the old, creating the new, it opened a path by which furniture was eventually degraded with pretentious instability and falsehood. It gave a direction to thought, too, that is to be regretted. For the human mind under totally new conditions was busy with itself and its surrounding scenery; it was making immense discoveries in nature, applying itself to vast problems, when it entered a field that the ancients had already gleaned, and stopped to learn and to admire what had previously been done, till it almost forgot its original end. Had the virile and vigorous individual mind of the barbarian gone on as it was going, it is impossible to conjecture what marvels it might not have achieved, and what civilization it might not have reached, equaling in its own line, if not surpassing, the civilization of Greek and Roman by the superior strength of race—a strength not weakened by development solely in the masculine member of the race, as in the ancient, but where in the deference accorded to woman it was felt that "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them." But in the admiration compelled from it by the work of the ancient, the effort to imitate was the first result, and the natural flow of its own peculiar genius was checked for more than five hundred years.

It is not, then, the restoration of the classic that is responsible for the era which we call the Renaissance, but only for the turn which the Renaissance took in art and literature. The Renaissance itself had already begun in the birth of such a man as Roger Bacon, in the invention of gunpowder, of the mariner's compass, in the knowledge of the laws of optics, the property of lenses, the elastic force of gas, in the discovery of the earth by Columbus, of the heavens by Copernicus, and, much more than all else, in the study of the ancient Roman law as codified by Justinian, to which, upon the finding of the Pandects at Amalfi, the learned world had begun to flock—the Roman law whose cohesion has been compared by Leibnitz to that of mathematics, and whose majesty, says Michelet, caused the shaking edifice of false Rome to crumble before the face of eternal Rome; whose application assured each individual of safety, largely did away with the need of fortified dwellings, and rendered humble homes possible.

Under the arbitrament of justice thus invoked, the sword was no longer thrown into the scale, the fastness was no longer a ne-



POMPEIAN TABLE: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
[SEE PAGE 642.]

cessity of life; the walls that had been those of a closed fortress became parts of an open manor-house; great glass windows took the place of the deep slits and loop-holes, and illuminated the generous rooms; balconies hung here and there on the outer walls; gardens grew up about them; sometimes

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the castle moat itself turned into a blossoming flower bed encircling the old stones; the mailed warriors of the vassalage were no longer coming and going by privilege in this house that had found out how to dispense with them; the place was no longer an intrenchment or a lair, but a secure and comfortable dwelling; and the rude and severe shapes of the former furniture were no longer suitable, but those adapted to the different condition of life, easier, more luxurious, less indicative of the hard discipline of a period of petty warfares, lending to repose, perhaps to study, certainly to self-indulgence, more expressive of the new sense of beauty whose rumor had every where kindled desire.



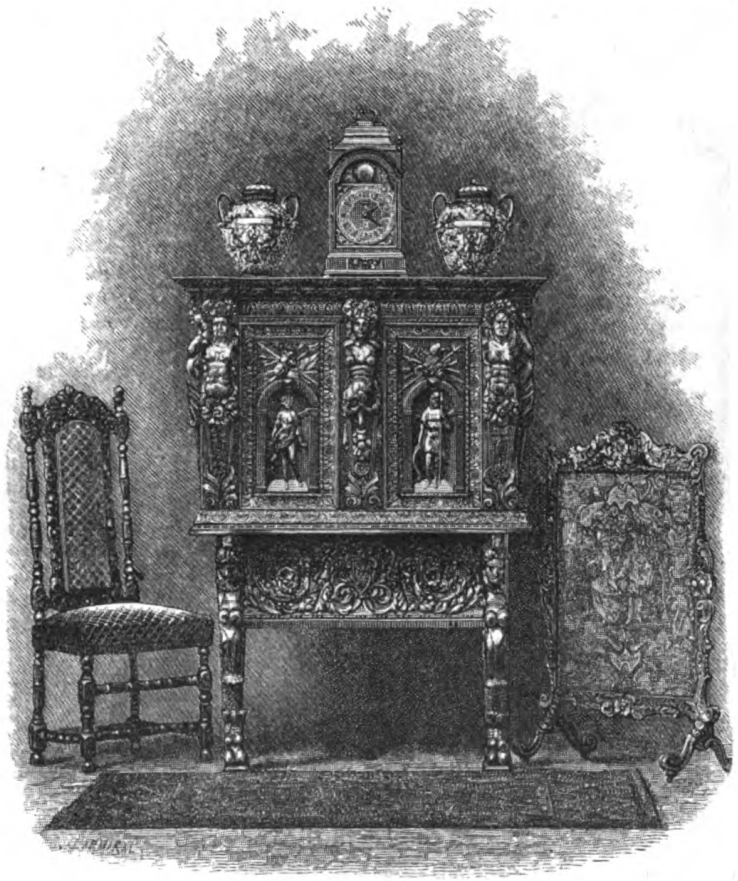
FLEMISH CHAIR: 1680. OAK CREDENCE: FRANCIS I. SCREEN IN FLEMISH TAPESTRY.

Before the invention of printing, the Gothic cathedral had been the book of the people; they found in its multitudinous carvings and representations all the story of the physical and of the spiritual world; they studied history and human nature there, the world past and the world to come. But printing soon told a plainer story; there was no time then to spell out the meaning of involved symbolisms, the burden of intricate bass-reliefs, when types instructed to infinitely more purpose. Gothic carving, Gothic symbolism, Gothic forms, were practically done, however their shadows might linger round their old haunts. What should take their place? What but the forms of that older day on which just now the eyes of all Christendom were bent—bent, as we have said, partly because of the shapes that in the conquest of the Greek empire were becoming familiar, partly because of the general attention to the classic manuscripts and interest in their period, the forms for which the dark places of all Christendom were being explored: the broken goddess rising from her long sacrilege, with her beauty unextinguished by the mire of centuries; the encumbering soil torn away from the glory of the overthrown and buried temple; vase, urn, bust, column, term, the scroll, the fret, the anthemion, the guilloche, the echinus and astragal, re-appearing, like the nobles of a returning dynasty, to enjoy their old empire again. As one by one the lovely wonders came to view, the delightful sight caused a shudder of revulsion from the grim forms that had so long received honor, and the world went over to their worship.

Venice, as the reader has seen, already overflowed with the novel beauty under an added Oriental luxuriance; Florence, with a commerce only second to that of Amalfi and Venice, abounded in the same forms, which the more refined and scholarly taste of her court reduced to a nearer consonance with the old Greek and Roman outlines; the lesser Italian cities, cultured, Latin-speaking centres, followed in the same direction; Rome, with her innumerable ruins

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and remnants, took her place once more as mistress of the world; Italy became again the garden of the gods. When the armies of the French crossed the Alps and came upon those plains where afterward such blood as that of Gaston de Foix was spilled, Italy rose before them in all the splendor of her marbles and palaces like an apparition of the beautiful past; conquering, they were conquered; fascinated by the spell of the loveliness found there, they abandoned themselves to its charm, and were eager for its possession. Each expedition, then, in the senseless Italian wars of the successive reigns of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., carried back to France the story of these classic marvels, the fuller knowledge of their character and construction, some peculiar and portable portion of them. Under their influence the palace of the Louvre was remade, Fontainebleau was built, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Soissons, and château after château rose vast and lovely, light and airy, furnished and adorned in what was called the Italian style. The great credence and the state chair of the time of Louis XII. (illustrated on pages 636 and 637) show toward what furniture was tending at that day, and the reader can observe its growth by comparison of these objects with those of the period of Francis I. and Henri II. He will see that the construction of the chair and credence of Louis XII. has hardly departed from the character of the Mediæval, for although the ornament is elaborate, it scarcely breaks the outline, and all the solid lines are straight and strong and uncompromising, and the surfaces perfectly flat, without a hint of roundness or life. Although the ornament is quite in the Italian spirit, with the heavy curls of the first arabesques striving for their later lightness, and making transformations with the human figure, with the vases, the medallions, the griffins' heads, and other characteristics that had already assumed prominence beyond the Alps, there is otherwise nothing of the classical about it all. Yet in the smaller oaken credence of the time of Francis I., in the little walnut armoire of the Dijonnaise school, standing upon an Italian pedestal of the same epoch, in the other armoire with incrustations of marble and colored woods, and in the tiny walnut armoire of the time of Henri II., classical outlines predominate, the flat surface and profile are



WALNUT ARMOIRE ON ITALIAN PEDESTAL: SIXTEENTH CENTURY. SCREEN IN TAPESTRY: LOUIS XIV.

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almost entirely banished, the round arch appears, the temple porch, the fluted pillar and rich capital, the caryatids, the hermæ, not used, it was because it was not yet uncovered—that procession of dark panels on which were poised the aerial figures of a



ARMOIRE, INLAID WITH MARBLE AND COLORED WOOD: FRANCIS I. WALNUT CHAIR: ITALIAN, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. BUST IN WHITE FAIENCE: ROUEN.

giving us the right to say that the Renaissance reached the greatest height it ever had in France during the reigns of Francis I. and Henri II., held in vogue there largely by its beauty and largely by the influence of the Italian princesses who became the wives of the French kings and princes, who loved ease, luxury, and elegance, and who, with the custom of wearing masks, brought in the Italian fashions of the *ménage*.

Thus with the gradual re-application of the old Roman law lending a security under which one could abandon one's self to pleasure, had come old Roman luxury; and while the splendors of Pompeii were still sheathed in the soft gray ashes of their burial, something of their kindred splendors from which the art of the old Egyptian and Asiatic was absent, but where, although only the pure Greek was sought, the Saracenic could not be hindered from intrusion, had arisen in every castle and palace. If, in the new style of decoration, that peculiar to the interior wall surface of Magna Græcia was delicate and daring fancy projecting from the deep-colored background, inclosed within architectural outlines that lined the place with seeming palace fronts out of whose portals these exquisite figures seemed to float; but instead of the huge slabs of obsidian or of blackened glass that sometimes had replaced these panels, the later years of the Renaissance, ignorant of this peculiar fashion of its archetype, but reverting to it through natural affinity, used the great glass mirrors of the Venetians. A Pompeian table, now in the museum at Naples, tall and slender, where three leopard's legs, connected by slight scroll-work, uphold three androsphinxes with lofty outstretched wings, that in turn support a circular slab on whose rim are festoons and the ox-head over mouldings of the egg and dart (see page 639), might be imagined a production of the most fortunate period of the Renaissance, of that half century when the symmetry and grace of the Greek were really reached, and the uncouth emblems of the

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Middle Ages forgotten in the triumph of the cinquecento. Yet the façades of temples were sketched upon the walls of the interiors in the Renaissance period as in the Pompeian; and wherever in the decoration of surfaces, on wall, vase, or article of furniture, it could be introduced, there was the human figure, with all its soft curves and sweeping lines, although it was not at once that perfection of drawing was reached in them; there were swarms of Cupids tangled in garlands of flowers and alive with their pretty gambols, and if the female figures so plentifully used were not "prodigies of self-possession and buoyancy rising of themselves from the ground, and sustained without an effort in the voluptuous air that cradled them," as the Pompeian figures have been described—"as many dancing nymphs, so many different dances, attitudes, movements, undulations, characteristics, and dissimilar ways of removing and putting on veils; infinite variations, in fine, upon two notes that vibrate with voluptuous luxuriance and in a thousand ways"—it is because the artists of the Renaissance worked imitatively, groping for the secret word of their art, and actuated only by admiration and emulation, and not consciously by the original idea, while the Pompeian had been born to the original idea, although debased by the sensual novelty of the Asiatic.

Thus it may be seen that the great revolutions are not for potentates and rulers merely, they touch the universal hearth; and it was only like one of the sequences of nature when this wonderful regeneration that we have traced, having remoulded men, minds, manners, dwellings, should also remould the furniture of those dwellings.

The influence of the Renaissance did not, of course, reach furniture until it had established itself in philosophy and science and government, until it had had its way with literature and painting and sculpture and architecture. Till it had rebuilt the palace, there was no need of refurnishing it; when it was refurnished, of course it could only be consistently with the new architecture, the new fashions otherwise. This required then the Renaissance forms, and wherever they were in request these forms were constantly renewed from Italy, that kept far ahead of the rest of Europe in the matter—for France yet found it difficult to free herself entirely from the Gothic, and its grimaces were always intruding among her exotic elegancies. All the articles newly made were made to accord with the new ideas of life, so different from that of the rigid, inclosed, and battailous periods past. Society had become polite; one moved at will; one wore delicate and shining garments; one sat at the wider window—chairs were made easy to move, handily to dispose the folds, comfortable for the varying attitude; one lounged—sofas became luxurious as those of the triclinium; one desired beauty—there were busts, vases, antiquities, faience, *grès de Flandre*. Every thing was lighter and lovelier, more easily managed; the construction became less a matter of moment than the ornament, exactly reversing the habit of the Gothic; instead of the long bolts and hinges and the huge hammered locks, there was the inlaid work, there were panel and transverse covered with carving, glazed with porcelain plaques of the tenderest tints, or decorated with the enamels of Limoges,



WALNUT CABINET: HENRI II. ALABASTER MEDALLION—HEAD OF AMAZON: ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY. CARVED OAK CHAIR: HENRI IV. FAIENCE VASE: MOUSTIER.

that had been already perfect for generations. In the love of the antique, cabinets, buffets, even doors, became miniature eleva-

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tions of heathen temples, chests became sarcophagi, tables became altars.

The material of which this furniture was made was of an extravagant richness; new woods were adopted, old woods were enriched; ebony was in great favor, and even imitations of it, ivory, and mother-of-pearl; and wherever the commoner woods were used, they were superbly gilded and painted, as in many of the articles of the quattrocento, or what is called the first great style of the Renaissance, its predecessor, the trecento, not having exactly ranged itself. The gold here was very pure and thick, laid on a surface carefully prepared and worked with the tool, the painting being done by such artists as Dello Delli and Andrea di Cosimo. Besides this, the Venetians used largely an inlay of woods and ivories in geometric designs that they had from the Persians—a branch of the art which the Florentines presently enlarged, carrying out the inlay with lapis lazuli, heliotrope, amethyst, turquois, and other yet more precious substance, and adding a rich damascene work of gold

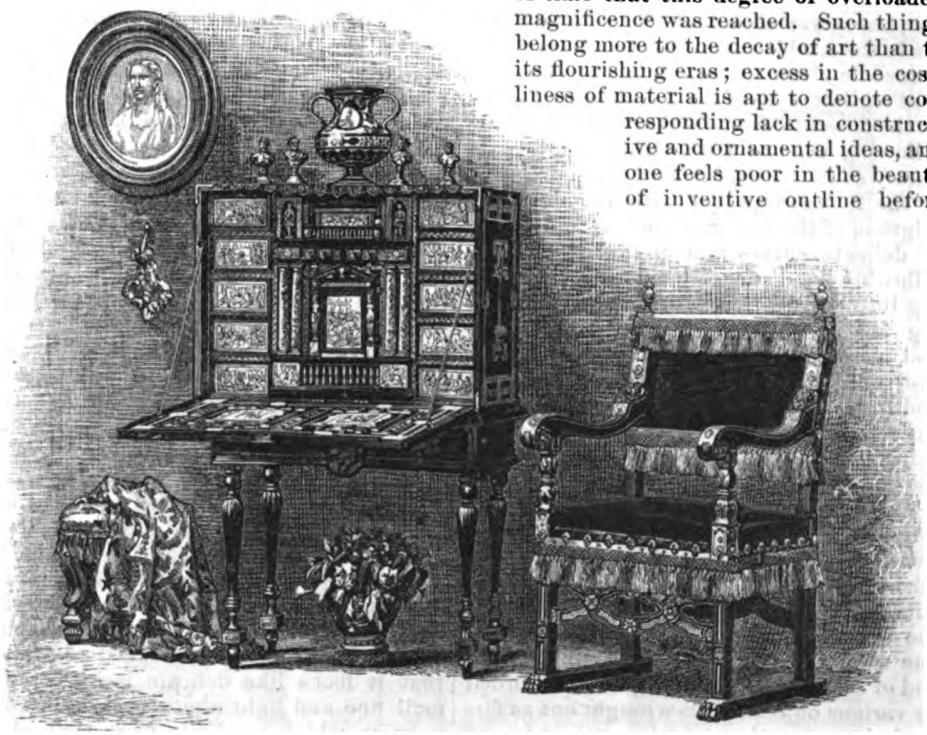


ITALIAN OAK PEDESTAL.

and silver and iron. Carving, however, was still the chief ornament of all furniture, and at this time the carvers, we are told by Mr. Pollen, "on all kinds of wood furniture and decoration of houses, delighted in doubling their figures up into quaint and ingenious attitudes, and if the architecture was latterly tame, though showy and costly, imagery continued to be full of individuality and of inventiveness." One can easily imagine how striking and how pleasing was all this growing magnificence of the household when one remembers how meagre, by comparison, in the reign of St. Louis, was the furnishing of the noblest halls, with the bare stone floor, the arms and armor hung upon the pillars, the one long wooden table, the single chair of the master, the stools of the retainers, to which, when straw in winter and reeds in summer were strewn upon the floor, and hangings stretched along the wall, an unsurpassable sumptuousness was supposed to have been added, and a fine effect certainly was gained. Some idea of what furniture ultimately became in this fashion may be gathered from Evelyn's mention, although a vague and clumsy one, of the wondrous pieces that he saw upon his Southern journeys, arresting him in a way that showed nothing of the sort had yet reached his native shores. "Here were divers tables of *pietra commessa*," his diary runs, "which is a marble ground inlaid with several sorts of marbles and stones of various colors, representing flowers, trees, beasts, birds, and landscapes. In one is represented the town of Leghorn by the same hand who inlaid the altar of St. Lawrence, Domenico Benotti, of whom I purchased nineteen pieces of the same work for a cabinet." In Florence he enters a large square room, "in the middle of which stood a cabinet of an octangular form, so adorned and furnished with crystals, agates, and sculptures as exceeds any description. This cabinet is called the *Tribuna*, and in it is a pearl as big as a hazel-nut. The cabinet is of ebony, lazuli, and jasper; over the door is a round of Michael Angelo; on the cabinet, Leo X., with other paintings of Raphael, Del Sarto, Perugino, and Correggio, viz., a St. John, a Virgin, a Boy, two Apollos, two heads of Dürer, rarely carved. Over this cabinet is a globe of ivory, excellently carved, the labors of Hercules in massy silver, and many incomparable pictures in small." A second cabinet is square, and "valued at eighty thousand crowns, showing on every front a

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variety of curious work—one of birds and flowers of *pietra commessa;* one a Descent from the Cross, of M. Angelo; on the third,



ITALIAN EBONY CABINET, INLAID WITH IVORY, THE CARVINGS ILLUSTRATING THE STORY OF "JERUSALEM DELIVERED:" SIXTEENTH CENTURY. VENETIAN CHAIR.

our Blessed Saviour and the Apostles, of amber; and on the fourth, a crucifix of the same. Betwixt the pictures two naked Venuses by Titian; Adam and Eve by Dürer; and several pieces by Pordenone and Del Frate." Yet another, that he sees at Padua, was supported by "twelve pillars of Oriental agate, and railed about with crystal. The fabric of this cabinet was very ingenious, set thick with agates, turquoises, and other precious stones, in the midst of which was an antique of a dog in stone, scratching his ear, very rarely cut." At the villa of Prince Ludovisio, also, formerly the viridarium of Sallust, Evelyn sees "a very rich bedstead (which sort of gross furniture the Italians much glory in, as formerly did our grandfathers in England in their inlaid wooden ones), inlaid with all sorts of precious stones and antique heads, onyxes, agates, and carnelians, esteemed to be worth eighty or ninety thousand crowns. Here were also divers cabinets and tables of the Florence work, besides pictures in the gallery, especially the Apollo, a conceited chair to sleep in, with the legs stretched out with hooks and pieces of wood to draw out longer or shorter." But in speaking of another bedstead, nearly as rich, he adds that "for the most part the bedsteads in Italy are of forged iron gilded, since it is impossible to keep the wooden ones free from the cimices."

It was not, of course, in any short space of time that this degree of overloaded magnificence was reached. Such things belong more to the decay of art than to its flourishing eras; excess in the costliness of material is apt to denote corresponding lack in constructive and ornamental ideas, and one feels poor in the beauty of inventive outline before falling back on the ruder beauties of color and lustre. This lavish and unwise waste would seem to be a part of that leprosy which Victor Hugo declares "begins to eat into the face of art in the oratory of Catherine de Medicis, and puts it to death two centuries later, writhing and grinning in the boudoir of the Du Barry." The art of the Renaissance did not reach its full growth till toward the middle of the sixteenth century; and the growth was slower in the designing and perfecting of furniture than in any other branch. Even in architecture the Renaissance at first consisted more in the revival of the use of the orders than in that of the Grecian ornament. Furniture followed architectural example, and the orders were to be seen on the front of every sideboard and cabinet; but something of the ornament still remained as it had been; the familiar forms, the old symbolisms of this ornament would re-appear, even after their significance was overlooked; its artists found it difficult yet to altogether separate art and religion.

However it may be with other things, in furniture the Renaissance may be said to be almost entirely of Italian growth, as the Flemings were a slower people, and without that incitement and example of ancient

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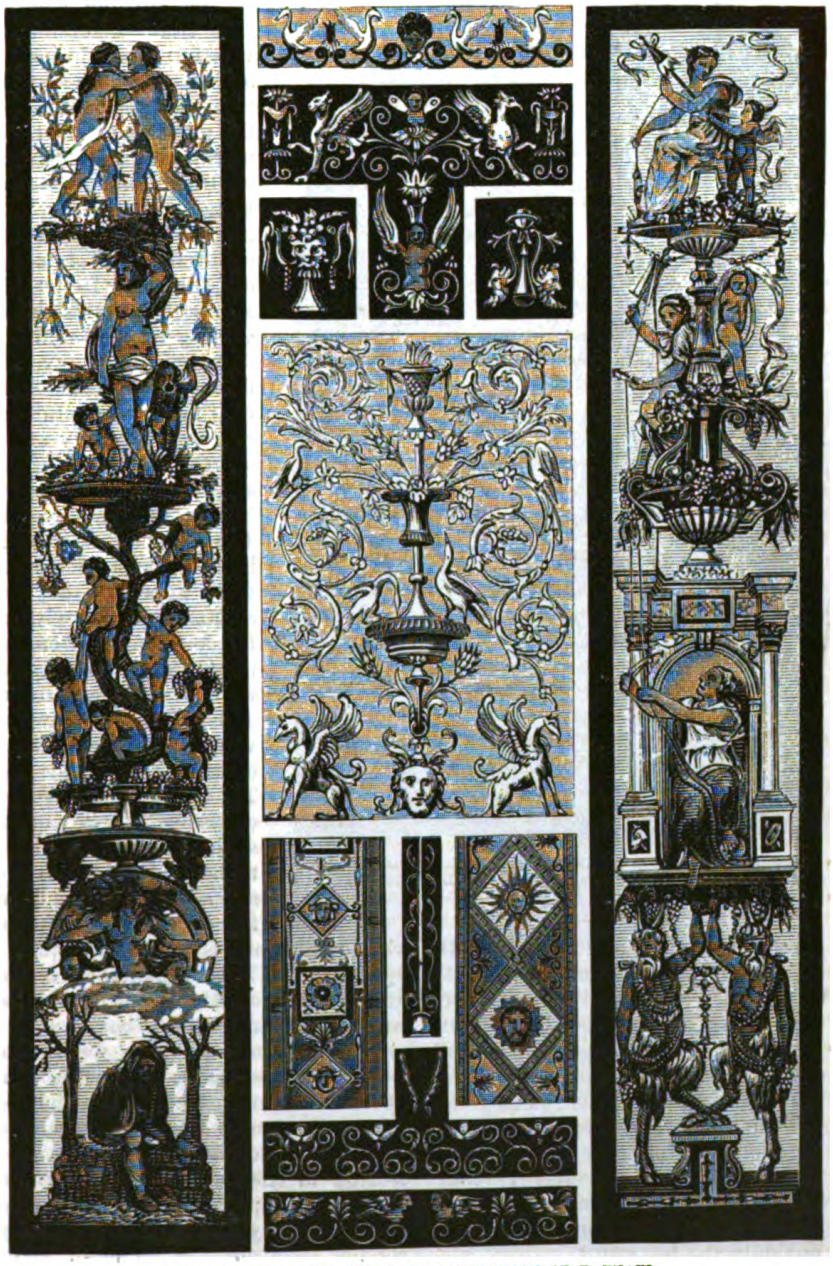
ruins and constant discoveries. Although the Byzantine of Venice lent many of its details, the Byzantine panel constantly reappearing, to the exclusion of others, in all its phases, yet the Siculo Norman of Sicily made the Arabian traceries so alluring that Saracenic elements form a large portion of that earliest style of the Renaissance known as the trecento, from its period of the years following that of 1300. This was a style purely of transition; it used the round arch of the Roman together with that intricate filigrane of the Arabian made of multitudes of delicate curves and angles, the curves following floral suggestions, but never opening into positive likenesses, the angles falling into a charming medley of crossing and recrossing lines; between the two it evolved a wonder of interlinear ornament and light scroll-work, chiefly, although not entirely, of conventional forms, the traceries being its main characteristic. It was in the trecento that Giotto worked.

The next form of the Renaissance is that called the quattrocento; and in that transition is over and done with, and the accomplished fact insures a more positive manner, with some distinctive traits appearing for the first time. It is primarily marked by fine natural imitations of fruit, of foliage, and of animal life; the suggestions afforded by various objects, to be wrought out as formerly in conventional devices, are no longer sufficient; the endeavor is to obtain beauty, lines that the eye loves to follow, familiar charm, picturesque groups; and so bird and bee, leaf and flower, are boldly and perfectly imitated in the decoration of the furniture of the quattrocento, as well as in its other art. The bursting bud, the wide blossom, the hanging fruit, bound by ribbons to their standard, where insects flutter and birds alight and peck, may be seen in all its carved work, either on furniture, wainscot, or exterior, the same sort of design extending to its casting, its enamels, and all its general decoration, as it may be observed in the ducal palace, in the bronze gates of Ghiberti, in the pottery of Palissy and Luca della Robbia, in Finiguerra's niello-work. It is next characterized by the earliest use of the cartouch, or shield, surrounded and upheld by elaborate scrolls. When these shields are not used, medallions are substituted for them, containing portraits or monograms or crests; but the shields are much the more common, and are evidently suggested by the armorial bearings of heraldry, which, coming into use in the Crusades, had, of course, assumed great importance in the struggles of the Italian cities and the establishment of the great Italian names, of the Visconti of Milan, of Della Scala of Verona, Este of Modena, Carrara of Padua, of Doria of Genoa, of Dandolo, Contarini, Ziana, of Venice, and all the rest of the gallant, unscrupulous, murdering gentlemen of that age. These shields are in every design to which the fancy can adapt a shield—round, oval, heart-shaped, leaf-shaped, lozenged, prominent at every point and nodule, on the fronts of cabinets, at the tops of chairs, at the corners of tables, wherever two members unite, and universally in the general scheme of ornament; and besides their supporting scroll-work, growing more and more fanciful, they are apt to be yet further surrounded by the trecento interlacings that in Italy were called ligatures, in Flanders leathers, in England strap-work. And as the heraldry of the Crusades, with its coats of arms, suggested the quattrocento shields, so their chivalry must have suggested the yet earlier trecento tracery; shield-work and strap-work alike were the spontaneous and original imagery accompanying the last period, and it was all memorial of the shields and plastrons, of the straps, buckles, and gay harnessing in the horsemanship of the Moorish and the Christian knights. We are all familiar with the accoutrement of the Christian knight, but that of the Moor was so beautiful that it is no wonder it also should have been seized upon and transformed by art—"ornamentation so exquisitely damascened or nielloed that it looks like delicate lace; coats of mail fine and light almost as a linen robe; helmets which are little more than skull-caps, amply protecting the head, but leaving it all its natural shape; the shield small and round, so as not to interfere with the action of the wearer; and lastly, the graceful outline of the sword, in form like the crescent moon." The crescent, however, did not enter into decoration through any Moorish channel, as it did not become a symbol of the Moors till after the middle of the fifteenth century. It was an old Byzantine emblem, and its occurrence on articles of the Henri Deux has no reference to either, but is merely a courtesy to the king as the device of Diane de Poictiers. Still another feature of the quattrocento is the occasional appearance of the arabesque, although in a less assured manner than it presently assumed in the following style, the cinquecento. It was a heavier and more formal type, and was chiefly derived not from actual example, but from the illuminations of old manuscripts. If, finally, the art of the quattrocento, endeavoring to exclude symbolism, and constantly reaching after the æsthetic only, did not with its every line, as the Byzantine did, express some religious meaning, it was nevertheless used for religious ends, and told pictorially the religious histories.

It is the quattrocento form of the Renaissance, rather than any other, that was introduced by Francis I. into France, that carried there the name of Henri Deux, from

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having attained wider favor in the latter monarch's reign; and it is in that that the greater part of the armoires, cabinets, tables, and seats of the Renaissance, so called when spoken of distinctively and as we have it to-day, are to be found. On articles ever else there was place for it, the cartouch, or pierced and scrolled shield-work, took more and more prominence; taste was not yet sufficiently refined to perceive the full beauty of the classical parts, nor were they yet rendered in full beauty, and the



FRESCOES EXECUTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RAPHAEL.

manufactured in the reign of Francis are the emblems of that king, and in the reign of his successor is the cipher of Henri Deux, usually associated with the crescents of which we have spoken before. As the style became general in the wrought gold of jewelry, in the carvings of furniture, and wher- natural imitations had not quite that piquant charm of novelty which the strap-work and shield-work had, and which were simple enough, yet suggestive and pleasing enough, to be appreciated by the public mind.

It is possible that there was never such an *olla-podrida* before presented as in the

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ornament of this style. The Byzantine, the Saracenic, the Classical; human and imaginary figures, with those of birds, reptiles, and chimerical monsters, mingling the conventional, the natural, the ideal, and the grotesque; the square and circle of the Gothic freemason, the cartouch and leather of the crusader, the panel of the Byzantine, the geometrical inlay of the Persian; the crescent, the vase, the mask, the medallion, the arabesque, the ribbons and buckles, the facets of jewels, flat polish, sunk relief, carving in the round, and splendor of material—all gave it a character of inconstant levity: unfettered choice hovered every day over fresh fields; art abandoned itself in it to all the caprices of pleasant fantasy, and sought out only the beautiful.



GOBELIN TAPESTRY: LOUIS XIV. ITALIAN BRONZE ANDIRONS: SIXTEENTH CENTURY. COUVRE-FEU: SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. ITALIAN BELLOWS: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

This desire for the beautiful was even more the case in the cinquecento, the last and greatest style of the Renaissance—the style of antique beauty. Here at length the whole separation took place, and art, utterly free from religious symbolism, turned to the æsthetic and sensuous, from which she came. If there was any worship in the cinquecento, it was the worship of the curve. It was toward the cinquecento that all the variations of the Renaissance darkly wandered. Perhaps they would never have reached it but for the fortunate and timely discovery of certain arabesques in the Roman excavations. In their study the actuating principles of the antique were for the first time understood, and it was felt that the province of art was to afford sensations of pure delight, and not to lead the mind by ulterior ways to a moral end; and when Raphael, Julio Romano, Giovanni da Udine, and their contemporaries became filled with its spirit, it took another and as splendid flight. "In Italy," wrote Benvenuto Cellini, "there is a variety of tastes, and we cut foliages in many different forms. The Lombards make the most beautiful wreaths, representing ivy and vine leaves and others of the same sort, with agreeable twinings highly pleasing to the eye. The Romans and Tuscans have a much better notion in this respect, for they represent acanthus leaves, with all their festoons and flowers, winding in a variety of forms, and among these leaves they insert birds and animals of several sorts, with great ingenuity and elegance in the arrangement. They likewise have recourse occasionally to wild flowers, such as those called lions'-mouths from their peculiar shape, accompanied by other fine inventions of the imagination, which are termed grotesques by the ignorant. These foliages have received that name from the moderns, because they are found in certain caverns in Rome which in ancient days were chambers, baths, studies, halls, and other places of the like nature. The curious happened to discover them in these subterraneous caverns, whose low situation is owing to the raising of the surface of the ground in a series of ages; and as these caverns in Rome are commonly called grottoes, they from thence acquired the name of grotesques. But this is not their proper name; for as the ancients delighted in the composition of chimerical creatures, and gave to the supposed promiscuous breed of animals the appellation of monsters, in like manner artists produced by their foliages monsters of this sort, and that is the proper name for them, not grotesques." These foliages—that is, fine and delicate arabesque scroll-work—

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are the distinguishing feature of the cinquecento, the central line of their ornament constantly widening out into vase-like shapes round which the arabesques curl, which they support, from which they grow, the delicate foliations twisting into all unexpected likenesses of sprite and insect by the way. Their character may be seen from the illustration which we give of certain of them executed by Raphael and his pupils, where the Seasons and the Fates are represented with satyrs, griffins, masks, vases, temples, and all the insignia of the period. Wherever ornament was introduced, on the front of cabinets, the side of chairs, the elevation of mantels, it was of this description. There is not a trace of symbolism left, meanwhile, in the pure style, whether used in church or palace, on pottery or furniture; the cartouch and the strap have entirely disappeared from it. Classical elements and wonderfully original and piquant variations of them form the burden of its beauty—the anthemion, the acanthus, the fret, the egg and dart, modulated, diversified, transfigured, in a thousand ways. This and the general adaptation to the antique was, of course, rendered easier by the daily increasing intimacy with its forms caused by the frequent discoveries, great and small, of the treasures of ancient art. "I contracted an acquaintance"—we quote from Cellini again—"with certain persons who are accustomed to watch for the peasants of Lombardy, who, at a particular season of the year, came to work in the vineyards about Rome. These peasants, in digging the ground, frequently discovered ancient medals, agates, carnelians, and cameos. They likewise found precious stones, such as emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies. Those who went in quest of the peasants often bought such things of them for a trifle; and I, dealing with the former, have frequently given them gold crowns for curiosities which had cost them only so many pence. This traffic.....procured me the friendship of most of the Roman cardinals. I shall mention only a few.....One was a dolphin's head about the size of a large bean. Though art was eminently conspicuous in this head, it was still surpassed by nature; for this emerald was of so fine a color that the person who purchased it of me, for ten crowns, caused it to be curiously set in a gold ring, and sold it for a hundred. I had likewise one of the finest topazes that was ever beheld,.....of the size of a large nut; and upon it was carved a remarkably fine head, intended to represent a Minerva. Also.....a cameo, upon which was engraved a Hercules binding a triple-headed Cerberus. This was a piece of such extraordinary beauty and such admirable workmanship that our great Michael Angelo declared he had never beheld any thing that surpassed it." With the whole details of the antique at their command, the artists of the cinquecento could work fearlessly, and add to the ancient all the vigor of their own fancy; and the most famous architects of palaces and villas did not hesitate to add to the designs of those erections, in the same spirit, those of the furniture that was to fill them. They were at liberty among the classic forms, whether natural or conventional, and they attained something of the serenity of the Greek, the richness of the Roman, with an exuberant gayety all their own. Nothing discordant entered into this scheme

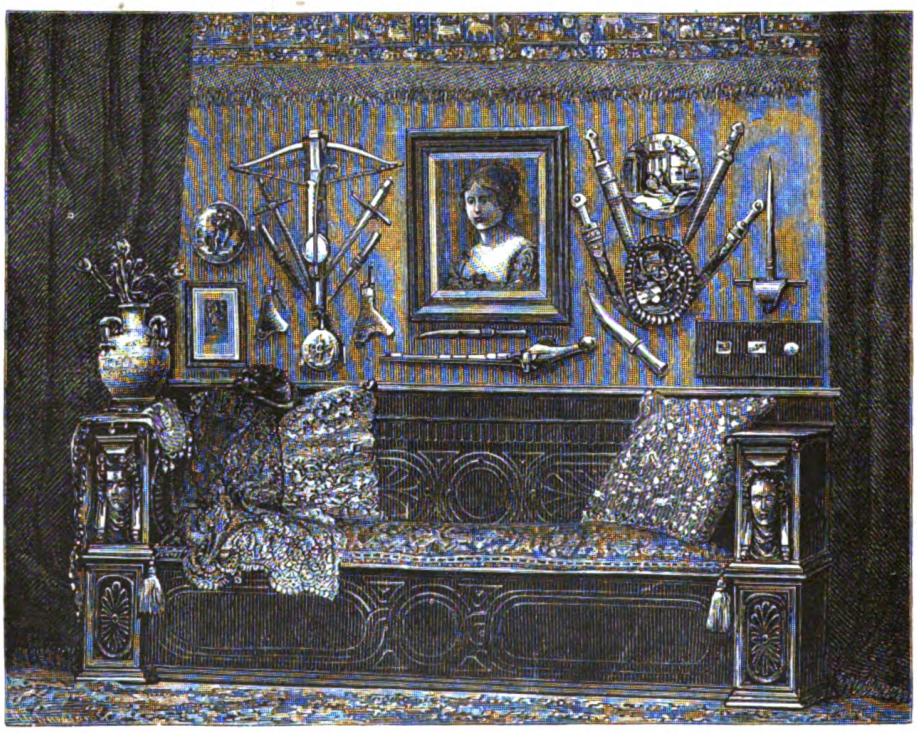


OAK BEDSTEAD (LOUIS XIII.), WITH HANGINGS OF FLEMISH TAPESTRY: BRUSSELS, 1530–40.

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of decoration. Grace and lightness crowded the lines of its chasing curves, and were always led by mirth; for beauty, having reached its height, had nothing left to do but to make merry. It was a style whose aim was pleasure, a style of luxuriant loveliness and laughter, where the drollery of the grotesque made harlequins rollick in the honeysuckles of the Grecian frieze, transformed the acanthus scrolls to scaly dolphins swimming among flowers, and crowned the chimeras with fools' caps. Charming as it was in other departments of its display, it would be difficult to picture any thing more festive than the furniture of this last style of the Renaissance, its construction demanding artists, its purchase the purse of princes, and its outlines telling at a glance the whole march of life, from the military encampment in the gloomy halls of the dark castles to the dancing, laughing, flower-clad days in the lighted and sumptuous apartments of summer palaces. But like most other choice things, this style was too fine to last; it required that its designers should be scholars and poets as well as decorators, and it presently relapsed into the previous forms of the quattrocento, which in the matter of furniture, indeed, every designer and upholsterer since has varied to suit himself. And although under the head of Renaissance may be strictly included all modern styles, the Elizabethan, the Quatorze, even the Rococo, we usually mean by it that modification of the designs of the great quattrocentisti into which the general and wide-spread ability to buy something handsome but not princely has caused the quattrocento to degenerate, that is to say, an impoverished form of the Henri Deux.

Yet before the fabric of furniture could have been injured through any such democratic process, the styles of the period really received their *coup de grace* in France. For in the religious wars that darkened France in the day of the sons of the Medici women, there was no leisure, no money, for the building and furnishing of new châteaux; the making of furniture suffered a decline—workmen and purchasers alike were occupied with weightier matters: if one had any thought to give, he gave it to other subjects than that of decoration and adornment; and thus the styles of Henri Quatre and Louis Treize became so heavy and sad that it was an easy matter for the meretricious brilliancy of the succeeding Louis Quatorze to eclipse them altogether. The heaviness may be seen in the chair of Henri Quatre, carved in oak, given among the cuts, where the feeble imitation of the ornament is only equaled by the uncouthness of the design. The same qualities are visible again in the easel of the following reign, that of Louis Treize; while there is a general poverty and insufficiency



WALNUT SOFA: ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY. FLEMISH ARQUEBUSE, IVORY POWDER-HORNS, ETC. ITALIAN PLATE AND PALISSY VASE.

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EBONY CABINET; CHILD'S WALNUT CHAIR; OAK EASEL: LOUIS XIII. SCONCE WITH COPPER AND GOLD CHASING: ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

evident in the ebony cabinet of the same reign, although this lack was frequently eked out by curious turnings, as in the child's chair, and in the spirals of the posts and corners of the Louis Treize bedstead. It must be confessed that the specimens we offer of this style are the handsomest rather than the poorest; yet as late as its epoch furniture was still made with conscience at the elbow, solid, substantial, and worthy; some of our best pieces date from it, notably the little "thousand-legged table," where, in addition to the four finely turned legs, the standards supporting the lifted leaves make four others. Draperies, as the silken *courtepointe* and the hangings of the Louis Treize bedstead show, especially the curtains of Flanders tapestry, still continued fine, and advanced daily. The Italian tapestry, as in the design which presents the return of the Prodigal Son, in the same cut with the velvet-covered sofa, at the head of this paper, declares the perfection to which this portion of furniture had been carried, hardly to be excelled by the later production of the Gobelin looms as seen in the screen panel full of Moorish suggestion. Throughout all the Renaissance the brass, bronze, and copper work was exceedingly fine, and peculiar care was lavished upon the chimney furniture. This may be observed in the sconce with copper and gold chasing to be seen in the illustration on this page, in the wonderful bronze cinquecento andirons, and the carving of the walnut bellows of the same period, and the charming *couvre-feu* of the same material, which belongs to a somewhat later period. Our own manufacturers of furniture in the Renaissance styles are able to give us copper *repoussé* work of a very fine quality.

The Renaissance, of course, did not scruple to avail itself of all that had gone before, and thus it took hold of the old Mediæval chests and coffers, and elaborated those vast constructions with its own beauty. These chests, most frequently made of cypress and walnut, are covered with sculpture, belonging, of course, to the construction, and never extraneous, the outlines of the sculpture forming also the profile of the chest, a not uncommon corner being a huge mask sup-

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ported on acanthus scrolls ending on either side in overlapping pieces of plain polished strap-work, and uplifting a winged and projecting caryatid form of bold and free carving, the whole slanting upward and outward from the base. These chests were frequently made in pairs, sometimes in sets, and one can easily believe that the great galleries needed little other furniture than these and the hangings which were wont to be put away in them. Sometimes the ground from which the carving rose was covered with gilding; sometimes that was left, and the carving itself was relieved by gilding. When we read of the great bridal coffers that accompanied princesses and noblewomen to their new homes, they were in this shape and often in this beauty. It was in such a receptacle that the betrayer of Imogen hid himself, in such a one that Ginevra found her tomb. A great house to-day making any pretensions to be furnished in the Renaissance pure style would be very incomplete without one of these marvelous pieces of work, or its counterfeit. What these styles did with the chest can be seen from the above picture of one in Norman work. The tables of the period, when intended for ornamental use, were frequently blocked out of the solid wood, and enriched sometimes with mythological sculptures, sometimes with inlay. Often they were formed into compartments by slender columns, an ebony one belonging to one of the Medici having had columns of jasper, heliotrope, sardonyx, and lapis, with plinths and capitals of silver, and being further adorned with jewels and tiny figures in silver and gold in full relief. It was so much a fashion to decorate with richly wrought silver in Spain, where the work was carried to great



CHEST IN CARVED OAK, INLAID WITH COLORED WOOD: NORMAN WORK, 1550. FLEMISH POTTERY: SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

perfection, that it was found necessary, for the sake of the security of the coin, to issue an edict forbidding its use on furniture.

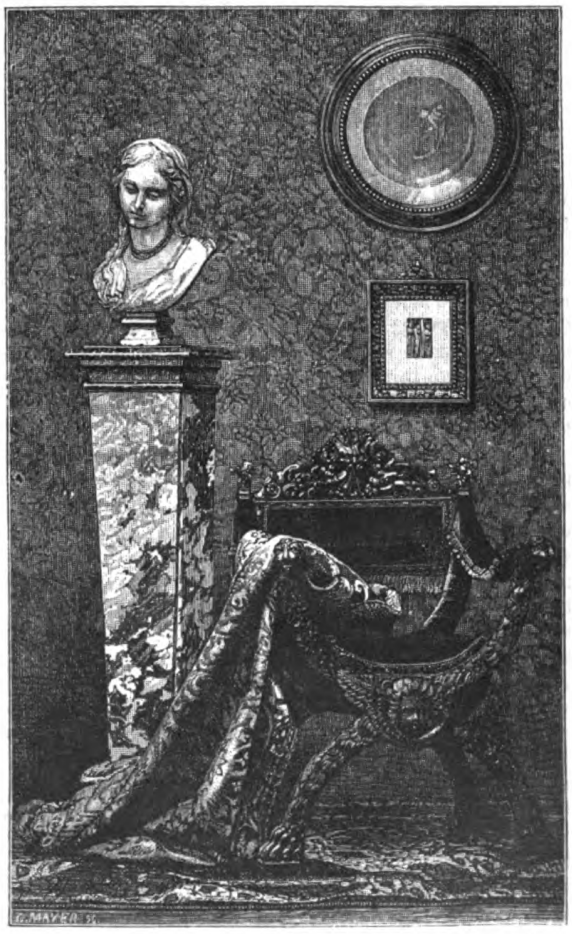
The seats of the Renaissance were chairs and stools and benches, as before. The benches were exceedingly generous and noble, now imposing by the solidity of their construction, as in the majestic instance of the one in the illustration with the weapons and pottery of its era, and now interesting as showing what grace the Italian fancy could work into an article whose main lines are long, straight, and, as in that beneath the tapestry of the Prodigal Son, necessarily unrelieved. The chairs, however, were in as many shapes as there were designers, although they were chiefly varying adaptations of the old Roman folding chair. One interesting type is that of the Venetian chair in the picture with the bust by Jacques Sarazin, where the outlines are those of loveliness itself, and the carving at once curious and beautiful; another Venetian chair of wood relieved with gold seems to be little more than a velveted and fringed dressing out of the Henri Deux chair in the same cut with the credence of the time of Louis XII. Yet another Venetian chair was the one made of two very thick planks, this

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more than twice the height of that, morticed together with a third, the small square that formed the seat; it was an old form newly ornamented, the thickness of the wood allowing very massive sculpture; the back, growing narrower at the base, surmounted by tiny griffins or winged sphinxes at the corners, supporting a central ornament, was in sunk relief framed by two caryatids at either side that ended in scrolls, and the lyre-shaped foot had winged heads at the corners holding a mask between them and supported by scrolls about a shield, the scrolls resting on feet formed by masks; although very picturesque, and interesting as a mass of carving, this seems hardly more legitimate as a chair than was the huge white and gilt shell of the Jacobean era. Gilt wood-work, by-the-way, was peculiarly Venetian; chairs, consoles, and carved work of all sorts, overlaid with gold, had their origin in Venice, and the Venetians outdid the world in carving, handling wood as though it had been wax. An extremely graceful Italian chair, of a later date, the reader will find in the cut with the Francis I. armoire. One can hardly imagine the charm of such furniture without seeing the actual examples; a beautiful and high-bred lady of the court could hardly make it lovelier by sitting in it. Of about the same date as the last is the Flemish chair in the cut with the oaken credence of Francis I., where the Flemish fancy, like those people who, when the pencil is in hand, are always writing some one and the same word, was always reverting to those outlines, neither scallop nor wing precisely, but something combining a reminiscence of the griffin's plumage with the flutings of a shell. A second Flemish chair, of ruder execution and half-formed ideas, is represented in an engraving on the following page.

The Italian bureau—the word bureau not indicating our common bedroom bureau or chest of drawers, but something more like an elegant escritoire—is among the choice articles of the Renaissance. It stood on long but not too slender legs, usually connected near the feet with curving cross-ties; the top was filled with minute drawers and curiously contrived hidden places required by the dark emergencies of its day; the front of each drawer was laboriously ornamented with wrought brass and inlay, and the central portion was in the likeness of a temple, with tiny statues and columns and mosaics of precious stones and ivory, the main substance being commonly ebony or a veneer of ebony, veneer having come into use with the period, and Catherine de' Medici having had whole rooms wainscoted with a veneer of rose-colored marbles.

There are still many actual examples left of the original furniture of the various styles of the Renaissance, not only from the hands of such masters as Jean Goujon, Philibert de l'Orme, and Bachelier of Toulouse, but of the German and Spanish workmanship, which in some respects followed the Italian models more closely, the indomitable French spirit always working out its own differentiations, and clinging to shield and strap even in the midst of cinquecento vivacity. If corresponding articles are not freely manufactured to-day in all their old beauty, it is because in the division of wealth the demands for any thing of the sort are comparatively few; and, moreover, the Louis Seize and the Pompeian revival, having many of the leading characteristics, have rather di-



MARBLE BUST OF THE VIRGIN, BY JACQUES SARAZIN, FOR CARDINAL ALDOBRANDINI: SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. VENETIAN CHAIR: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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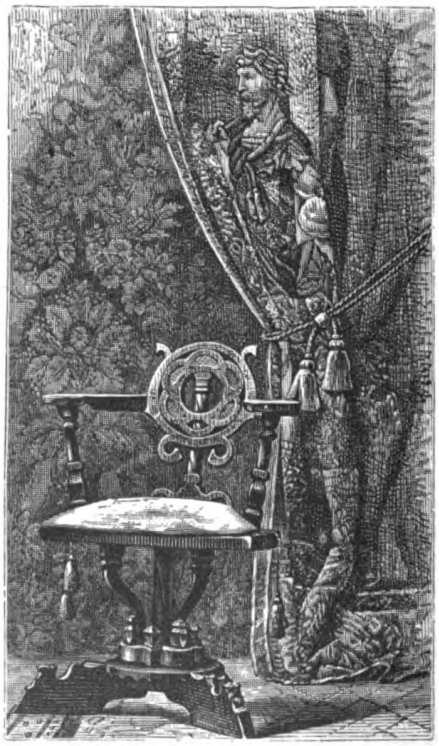


VENETIAN CHAIR.

verted the attention of the princely purse that can command either of the three in any purity. Yet the Pompeian is only more vulgarly magnificent, and the Louis Seize ignorantly so, while the Renaissance, even to those preferring other forms, must remain attractive from its exhibition of the action of the human mind, so that one surprises it, as it were, after long groping and search, in the very moment of seizing its idea.

The furniture of the Renaissance does not present, at first sight, as striking gorgeousness as the Mediæval, but upon examination it is found to be richer in material and more elaborate in ornament, intricate carving making it precious, and vastly larger mirrors—although five feet were the largest known—panels also, and fittings designed by the architect of the building himself, together with pictures whose frames, once merely little religious shrines, were then cut out of large panels, and so superbly carved as to be decorative as the pictures themselves, all doing much to give it that symmetrical *ensemble* which was its aim. Tapestries heightened it too; wonderful dishes of majolica, and glass in whose shapes the festal fancy of the Venetian reveled, this piece thin as a bubble, as a breath, and that with jewel points of color at the tips of golden scales, this a filigrane and that a mosaic. Its whole desire, of course, was for effect, and it can not be said that it did not gain its end. In its original state, too, it possessed solidity and strength and soundness, for its workmen had not yet lost their old habit. It is an absurdity to say that a thing in the Renaissance can not, if wished, be put together as honestly as in the Mediæval, but the fact remains that in the superfluity of ornament of the former it was a style that could be bent, as it too frequently has been, easily to the service of shams, and to-day a piece of modern Renaissance furniture—unless, indeed, its construction has been in the hands of a careful artist—with its slight turned-work, and its machine-made carving falling off, and its glue giving up the ghost, is apt to be little better than a fagot of beautiful chips. In the mean time, the Renaissance is scarcely the style for the furniture of any but people of wealth; it would oppress all rooms but those that are lofty and spacious; unless seen in full development it exhibits a sort of poverty, and its full development requires the use of fortunes; but its full development is so beautiful that we can not forego it, and some princes there must always be to inherit the households of the Venetian merchant princes, and furnish in the Renaissance.

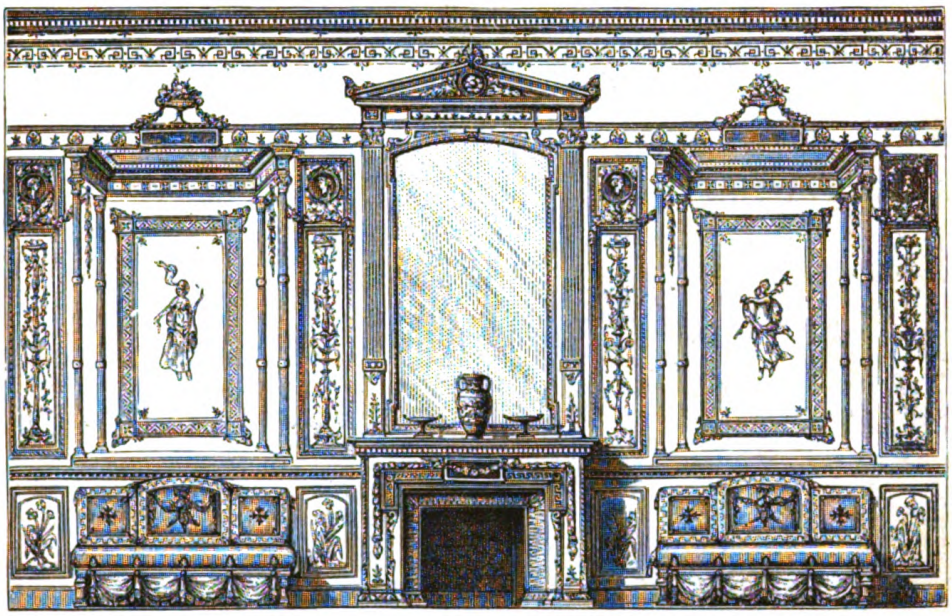
If, with the sole exception of strap and cartouch, this description of ornament brought no new message to the world, it must nevertheless stand as the companion of that impulse of civilization which the nineteenth century receives and increases, keeping open a side of ease and lightness to the profound intentness with which the race since its era has been progressing. It lends all to ease and luxury, to the festivity of the present, to-day being with it a possession, to-morrow a void and darkness. Certain critics would tell us that it is like the



FLEMISH CHAIR: END OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

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beauty of the old Mexican altars heaped with flowers, on which were offered the sacrifice of human souls, for it stifles the spiritual with the material; but they must then prove beauty and its appreciation to be material. We do not deny that the Mediæval, with its pinnacles and spires and trefoils and pointed arches, expresses the aspiration of thought and feeling toward the things of infinity; but if, on the other hand, the art of the Renaissance is at most no more than the bliss of the fleeting instant, the enjoyment of the senses, the illusion of the eye, it is because the love of beauty, the last best gift of God, is to be counted as one of the senses!



POMPEIAN DRAWING-ROOM.

RAPHAEL'S ST. CECILIA.

Is there no tale to tell how first thy face
Came to his thought? or what the time and place?
Not known in life, no, surely; nor, meseems,
In sleep—too pure of earth for sleeping dreams;
But rather, pacing o'er a holy floor,
With summer sunshine past the open door
(Not 'mid the pomp of purple Rome, but high
Where still Urbino stands between the sky
And her two rivers flowing east), he mused,
And half his mind, with sun and sound infused,
Unconscious heard slow music streaming by;
Meanwhile the other half as dreamily
Wove softest-threaded tones to fairest woof
Of visions half discerned, wherein, aloof
From other phantoms as from earth below,
Wavered the sweetness of thy mouth and brow.
And when the music with the sunlight died,
Thy face to tintless memories undescried
Dropped back. But after busy years, whose gain
Gave skillful fingers to the fervent brain,
He saw it yet once more revivified
By some chance organ note, and caught, and tried
The type divine to fix for blinder eyes.
And as he felt, with reverent surprise,
How holy grew the features 'neath his care,
How rapt the upturned glances drowned in prayer,
He knew and named thee to all coming days
Cecilia, sainted for thy perfect praise.

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THE BATH.—[FROM A DRAWING BY FIDELIA BRIDGES.]

OUR FAMILIAR BIRDS.

DURING the past summer my time and attention have been devoted almost exclusively to the birds which nested around the house; and that in the grove and orchard they can be tamed and made quite docile pets, I have fully verified.

The house is situated on the main avenue, near the business part of the village, and is surrounded by a thick grove of native oaks and other trees. Back of the grove is a fruit orchard, extending to the next street; between the grove and orchard is the shrubbery—a dense mass of various flowering shrubs. Climbing plants cling about the piazzas in tangled luxuriance. Surrounded as the place is by the din and hum of business, yet on the grounds it is very quiet. No cat is kept on the premises, and a continual warfare was waged against all neighboring cats which ventured within the inclosure. This the birds were quick to learn, and gave cries of alarm whenever this dangerous en-

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emy made his appearance, seeming to know that he would be quickly routed, and no place could he hide but the keen eyes of the birds would ferret him out.

Four years ago I commenced this warfare on the cats, when comparatively few birds nested here. This summer twenty-seven birds have built about the grounds, several of them in close proximity to the house.



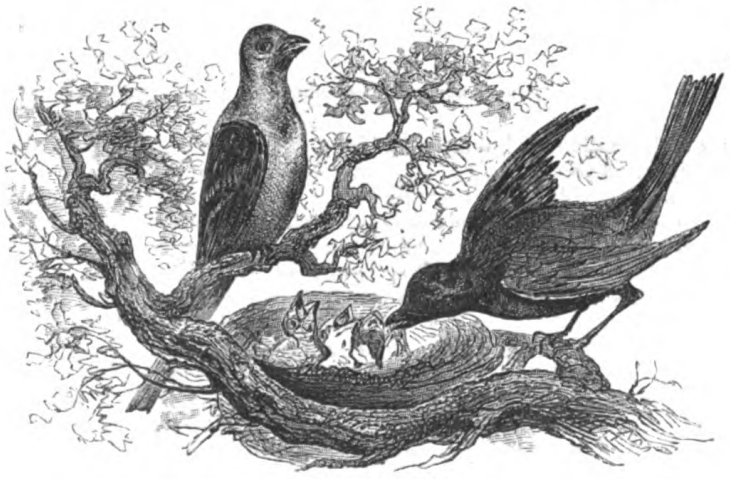
THE VIREO.

The lovely warbling vireo (*Vireo gilvus*) fastens its neat pensile nest low down on the ends of the twigs, where it sits quietly while I stand immediately beneath it, and it looks down upon me with its large, lustrous eyes in a sweet, confiding way, or warbles its low, tender, whispering strain in the branches above my head.

In Coues's *North American Birds*, where we find only the most rigid and exact scientific descriptions of birds, the author seems, for once, to have forgotten himself, and allows this charming little songster to betray him into expressing the following beautiful sentiment:

"The warbling vireo forsakes the depth of the woodland for the park and orchard and shady street, where it glides through the foliage of the tallest trees, the unseen messenger of rest and peace to the busy, dusty haunts of men. Its voice is not strong, and many birds excel it in brilliancy and execution; but not one of them all can rival the tenderness and softness of the liquid strain of this modest vocalist."

The elegant scarlet tanager (*Pyrangea rubra*), with its more soberly attired mate, constructed their frail tenement in the most retired part of the orchard, on the forked branch of a plum-tree. The eggs were four in number, of a dull greenish color, spotted with brown. This graceful and brilliant bird is quiet and unobtrusive, and more shy than most of the other inhabitants of the grove, yet his attachment to his mate and young made him at times quite bold and fearless. While the mate was sitting, he seemed to be ever on the alert. However quietly I approached the nest, he was there before me, and for the first few days made frantic efforts to lure me from the spot; but gradually he became reconciled to my presence, and by the time the young were hatched he would feed them while I stood beneath the tree.



SCARLET TANAGER.

This species is very abundant in some lo-

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calities, but this is the first pair I have observed here. It is not much larger than the house sparrow; its body is a bright scarlet, while its wings and tail are a jetty black.

Another brilliant denizen of the grove was the Baltimore oriole (*Icterus baltimore*). In the spring I brought from Florida a large amount of the long gray moss *Tillandsia usneoides*, and hung it on the lower branches of the trees, where it grew and blossomed finely. Several pairs of orioles soon found this good building material, and used it in the construction of their nests. I found one nest several streets away composed almost entirely of it. It remains a mystery how so many birds of this species, domiciled in different parts of the village, should have found and appropriated this moss.



BALTIMORE ORIOLES—THE MATES.

Although but one pair of orioles swung their hammock-like nest in the grove, yet it was a favorite resort for many others, and after the breeding season was over they cheered us with their song long after all the other vocalists were silent.

Many other birds used the moss more or less in the construction of their nests. The robin used it largely, one, especially, finding it such excellent material, and so handy too, was not content until she festooned her nest all around. It is built in the forks of an oak, and the long sprays of moss are still swaying in the wind; it is arranged so artistically that I have been asked if I did not drape the nest myself. The cat-bird, blue-bird, and king-bird all used it, and even the little house sparrow (*Spizella socialis*) cunningly wove it into the foundation of its dwelling.

But there were some conservatives among the birds, who would not be tempted by this new-fangled stuff to deviate from the time-honored custom of their forefathers. Our little vireos even hung their nest on the branch of a hickory-tree on which the moss was hanging, yet they persistently turned their backs upon this innovation, and seemed to look with distrust and suspicion upon all the feathered builders who were so quick to take up with any thing new. The inner bark of the honeysuckle and nice long strips of bark from cedar posts or from any good respectable woody plant was what their family had always used in the construction of their domiciles, and they were determined to preserve the established customs of their ancestors. And the moss might swing for all the little wood pewees (*Contopus virens*) cared; had not their ancestors always used fibrous roots and strips of inner bark, and should they be tempted to deviate from their honored customs by this flaunting pendant from a foreign bough? So they too passed it coldly by, with suspicious looks on other families who were erecting their domiciles so near to theirs with this strange material.

Yet the wood pewee's nests are not all of one pattern by any means. There are some

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fine architects among this species. One nest, located between the forked twigs of an oak, was very symmetrical in outline, and almost covered externally with beautiful lichens. The body of the nest was composed of fine fibrous roots interwoven with a soft, downy substance which looked like the rusty wool of the cotton-grass (*Eriophorum virginicum*), and which they must have gone a long distance to obtain. In a climbing rose-bush trained against the house was another nest so dissimilar in form and structure that I never should have taken it for the nest of the same species if I had not caught the builder at work. It is composed entirely of coarse strips of fibrous bark and roots, no soft material for a lining, and the nest is a shallow, unsymmetrical affair. Yet the little architects attempted to embellish this humble abode. Near the top of the nest a bit of colored paper was glued on, and two or three small pieces of blue egg-shell—probably the cast-off shell of a robin's egg—and some small pieces of white paper. This was the extent of the decoration. No doubt the little artists became discouraged at this point, or were sensible enough to see that so rude a home would not be improved by ornament.



WOOD PEWEE.

Most writers take the ground that the nest of this species is covered with lichens in order to conceal it, but it certainly can not be urged in this case that it was an attempt at concealment; and may not these lichens be used more for ornament than for concealment? The bird is far from shy, is one of the most familiar denizens of the grove, and seems to have no objection to a spectator while it proceeds with its building and stuccoing.

Until within a few years, according to good observers, this was a shy, retiring bird, nesting only in secluded woods; but here it is, all at once, even more familiar than its cousin, the common pewee, or Phæbe-bird. Like the other fly-catchers, it takes its food on the wing, and has a habit of returning to the same spot. Noticing that it specially liked a clothes-line to light upon, I kept one stretched all summer for its accommodation. The line was a little higher than my head, and I often stood quietly beneath it, when the bird would alight very near my head, and utter his prolonged, mournful note, until a fly came within his range, when he would dart away in pursuit, the snapping of his bill testifying to his unerring aim.

Burroughs, in his charming little book, *Wake Robin*, says it is an event in one's life to find a humming-bird's nest. The event happened to me without any effort on my part. Looking up from a seat in the grove, I saw the ruby-throat drop down on its nest, like a shining emerald from the clouds; it did not pause upon the edge of the nest, but dropped immediately upon it. The nest was



HOUSE SPARROW.

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situated upon an oak twig, and was about the size of a black-walnut, and from where I sat it looked more like an excrescence than a nest. On referring to the figure, it will be seen that it is situated in the fork of two twigs; it is firmly glued at the base to the lower, but is not fastened to the upper twig.



THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

I waited for the tiny occupant to leave the nest, and then with the aid of a step-ladder had no difficulty in looking into it. I found it contained two white eggs about as large as medium-sized peas. Sometimes the male would drop upon the nest when the female left. I never disturbed them while they were sitting upon it; but often before I could get away, when I thought them out of sight, the male would suddenly appear, and greater demonstrations of anger I never saw manifested by any bird. He would ruffle up his tiny feathers, and seem nearly twice as large, and dash almost into my face, making a squeaking noise—scolding and threatening until he had driven me quite a distance. He soon learned that I was very much afraid of him, so he turned tyrant, and often drove me from my seat in the grove when I had not been near his dwelling. I always submitted to the tiny tyrant, for what business had I to be prying into his domestic affairs? When the young were hatched they were not larger than humblebees, but in a week they had flown. I cut the twig off, and found the nest was composed of the same soft downy substance which I had noticed in the wood pewee's nest, but it is matted so closely together that it is almost as firm as the softer kinds of felt; it is a marvel of skill and beauty, and is completely covered externally with lichens.

But of all the feathered choristers none were so charming, none so confiding and intelligent, as the cat-bird (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*), three pairs of which nested close to the house, each pair rearing two broods of young. One nest was near a second-story window in a climbing rose-bush; at first the birds slightly resented my attempts at familiarity, but I was persevering and very quiet, sitting by the open window with only a light wire screen between us; after they had become accustomed to seeing me thus, I raised the screen and sat where I could have put my hand upon the occupant of the nest, but I never disturbed the mother bird; so by the time the young were hatched, the parents would feed while I sat by the window. But this pair simply tolerated me; they treated me with a sort of sublime indifference, just as they would some large animal of which they were not afraid. When the young were fledged, they came upon the back piazza, where the old ones fed them close to my side.

Another pair of this species nested in a honeysuckle that climbed over the back piazza, and here was a bird—the male—who was not only not afraid, but he appreciated me, and was companionable and intelligent, and the best musician of the grove, fully equal to his famed Southern cousin, the mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*). I could call this cat-bird from any part of the grove or orchard, and set him to singing as if in an ecstasy of delight, but in return for this I must be his servant and do his bidding.

There is a keen sense of enjoyment—I might say of exalted happiness—in being able to bring free birds of the grove around one, which well repays for the time and patience and hermit-like life necessary to accomplish it.

If a cat made its appearance on the grounds, and I was not in sight, the bird would come screaming close to the door, when I would accompany him, he pointing out the cat, which I would drive in no gentle way from its lurking-place; other birds clamored about me chasing the intruder, but he was the only one that returned with me to the house, where he expressed the most decided satisfaction. Several times, just as it was growing light, the wily cat was prowling about, and the bird would call me from my bed with his cries; hastily throwing on a water-proof cloak, I always went to the rescue, and often drove the robber through the wet orchard out across the street, the bird always accompanying and returning with me. The female was confiding and gentle, but not so intelligent as the male.

The second nest of this pair was built in a cedar-tree back of the house, within a few feet of the dense shrubbery before mentioned. The birds were three or four days building, and during this time I could not win the male from his work. I tried the

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softest blandishments — talked, chirruped, and whistled—all in vain; he was intent upon his work, and I was of no consequence whatever. He was a most exemplary mate, doing his share of the work with a will and perseverance even in the face of temptation — an example of allegiance well worthy to be followed. I began to fear that I had lost my power over him; but no: no sooner was he at liberty than he returned to his pretty, confiding ways; he would flutter close to me, and chatter and sing and perform curious evolutions, as if in an ecstasy of happiness.

I had a large shallow dish of water set on the ground in the midst of the shrubbery for the accommodation of the birds; but soon so many came to bathe that it was necessary to renew it every morning. My favorite soon learned when I was coming with the water, so he was on hand superintending the work, and waiting for me to rinse out the dish and supply the fresh water, which was no sooner done than he was in it splashing and enjoying himself.

It was August before the second brood were hatched, and now that he had graver duties to perform, he was much less attentive to me; still he occasionally recognized and played around me, but his powers of song were greatly diminishing.

On the evening of the 13th of August three of the young birds left the nest, and the female immediately took them into the orchard, many rods away; but she left a younger-looking, helpless bird in the nest, to which, I am quite positive, she never returned. But the male fed and nourished this young one, and seemed wholly devoted to it, and would now pay no attention to me whatever; he was as much preoccupied as when building. This continued for three days. Toward the evening of the 16th this young one left the nest and accompanied the parent to the bushes, where he soon had it perched on the tallest shrub—a Judas-tree (*Cercis canadensis*); and now he manifested great delight, acting quite like his old self. All the next day he fed his charge, pausing now and then to assure me of his continued regard. On the second day the female came to the shrubbery, bringing the three young, reuniting the family; but, as far as I observed, the male still persisted in feeding only the smaller bird.



CAT-BIRD.

I found the birds liked soft sweet pears, but they would not break into a perfect one; so I cut a slice from each pear and laid them on the grass, when the parents would bring the young to feed. The three older ones could now help themselves, but the youngest would only look on and wait to have the pieces put into its mouth.

It was now very warm weather, and the family remained among the bushes a large part of each day for about three weeks, at night perching on the Judas-tree or in the branches of an adjoining Austrian pine.

The cats by this time were quelled. They had either become thoroughly frightened by missiles hurled at them or had committed suicide by taking strychnine; at all events, they no longer prowled about the grounds, and the birds enjoyed quiet and peace.

My favorite bird was monarch of the shrubbery, except when the robins came for a bath, when, with a very ill grace, he took the place of a subordinate. Upon one occasion I witnessed a very amusing scene. I had just supplied the fresh water, and the bird was enjoying it, when a robin came flitting in, followed by a young speckle-breast. The cat-bird, without a single protest, left the water. Of course he was afraid of the robin, or he would not have left so promptly; but after he had gone he manifested the greatest anger; he flew to a shrub just above them, and screamed with all his power, dropping his wings and looking very fierce and hostile; to all of which the robins paid no attention. Then he came toward me and back again, evidently asking me to drive them away; but I would not interfere. After the robins were satisfied, they left the water and flew into the sunshine, and coolly proceeded to arrange their feathers.

Upon another occasion an incident occurred showing the bird's intelligence. A side gate had been left open, and a neighbor's hen had wandered in. The bird's cries called me out, when he pointed out the hen, which was scratching among the shrubbery. All summer the bird had been accustomed to seeing the fowls in the adjoining lot, and was not at all afraid of them; but he knew this hen had no business in his dominions, and he was not content until she was driven out, which he assisted in doing, following her up with his mewing cry until she passed through the

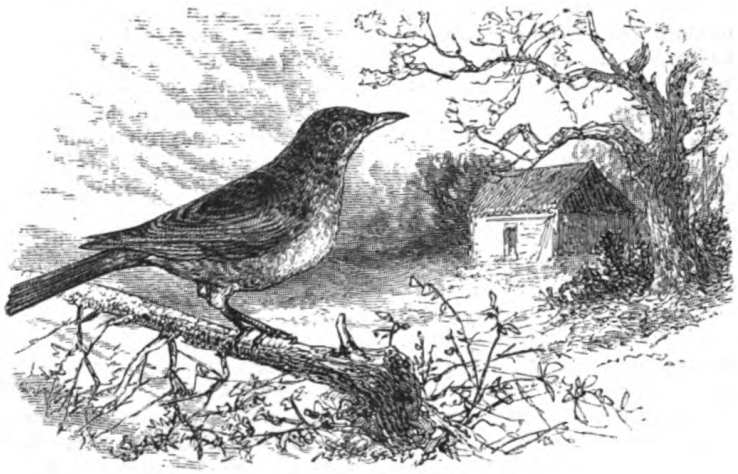
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gate, when he returned to his place with a very complacent air.

The cat-bird has ever been a favorite with all good observers and lovers of birds. Audubon says of this species: "No sooner has the cat-bird made its appearance in the country of its choice than its song is heard from the topmost branches of the trees around in the dawn of the morning. This song is a compound of many of the gentle trills and sweet modulations of our various woodland choristers, delivered with apparent caution, and with all the attention and softness necessary to enable the performer to please the ear of his mate. Each cadence passes on without faltering; and if you are acquainted with the songs of the birds he so sweetly imitates, you are sure to recognize the manner of the different species. When the warmth of his loving bosom engages him to make choice of the notes of our best songsters, he brings forth sounds as mellow and as powerful as those of the thrasher and mocking-bird. These medleys, when heard in the calm and balmy hours of retiring day, always seem to possess a double power to delight the listener.

"The manners of this species are lively and grotesque. It is extremely sensitive, and will follow an intruder to a considerable distance, wailing and mewing as it passes from one tree to another, its tail now jerked and thrown from side to side, its wings drooping, and its breast deeply inclined. In some instances I have known this bird to recognize at once its friend from its foe, and to suffer the former even to handle the treasure in the nest with all the marked assurance of the knowledge it possessed of its safety; when, on the contrary, the latter had to bear all its anger."

The last three years a robin (*Turdus migratorius*) has nested on a projecting pillar that supports the front piazza. In the number of *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1875, in an article entitled, "Do Birds Improve as Architects?" this bird and her ungainly mud domicile were mentioned. In the spring of



THE ROBIN.

1874 she built her nest on the top of the pillar—a rude affair; it was probably her first effort. The same season she made her second nest in the forks of an oak, which took her only a few hours to complete. She reared three broods that season; for the third family she returned to the piazza and repaired the first nest. The following spring she again came to the piazza, but selected another pillar for the site of her domicile, the construction of which is a decided improvement upon the first; for the next nest she returned to the oak, and raised a second story on the old one of the previous year, but making it much more symmetrical than the one beneath. The present season (1876), her first dwelling was, as before, erected on a pillar of the piazza—as fine a structure as I ever saw this species build. When this brood were fledged she again repaired to the oak, and reared a third story on the old domicile, using the moss before mentioned, making a very elaborate affair, and finally finishing up by festooning it with long sprays of moss.

This bird and her mate were quite tame. I fed them whortleberries, which they seemed to relish highly, and they would come almost to my feet to get them. But I had a great trial to my patience and temper with another pair of this species that nested in the orchard. They were newcomers, and this must have been the second family they were rearing, as it was as late as July. If the robin is not disturbed, as far as I have observed, she always builds her second nest near the site of the first. So these strangers had undoubtedly been badly used by some member of the genus *homo*, who had broken up and destroyed

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their home, making them hate and distrust all mankind. I blush for humanity whenever birds treat me in the manner these robins did. There ought to be a rigid law enforced to protect our songsters against such vandals, who have never done as much good in the world as one pair of birds they have destroyed.

If birds were to discuss their own zoological position, they might show abundant reason why they were at the head of creation, if they were allowed to use the degree of perfection of special organs or embryonic sequence as tokens of rank. The eminent naturalist Von Baer discusses the rank we hold in the scale of being as follows:

"We are not in all respects the head of the animal creation. In some points other creatures are further developed, more highly organized, than ourselves, and we carry about in our bodies as permanent structures things which are but temporary and embryonic with them. In birds, whose great organic specialty is flight, at a certain stage of the life within the egg the lungs are free in the chest and the bones are full of marrow, as ours are all our lives long. It is not till afterward that the lungs become tied down back of the chest, that air-sacs communicating with them spread over various parts of the body, and the bones become hollow and thin. These are features specially adapted for flight, later [higher] developments of which we show no sign. In the same way, it can not be denied that feathers are more complex, and therefore higher developments of the simple structure we call hairs."

After this necessary digression in order to show man his proper place, I return to the robins. I could not make my appearance any where in the orchard but the birds would scream and raise such a threatening din about me that it was almost deafening. Their cries would call the other feathered tribes to the scene of action; but finding nothing to alarm them, they soon returned to their quarters. Day after day I tried every means in my power to win these birds from their warlike attitude. At last I succeeded in this way: I took a box of whortleberries from which I had been in the habit of feeding the tame robins, and with this in my hand they would follow me to the orchard, where I threw out the berries as near as I could get to these belligerent fellows, when my pet robins would come close to me to eat the fruit. I would then walk away, and from a safe distance watch their proceedings. After several such attempts, I at last had the satisfaction of seeing the hostile male fly down and partake of the berries.

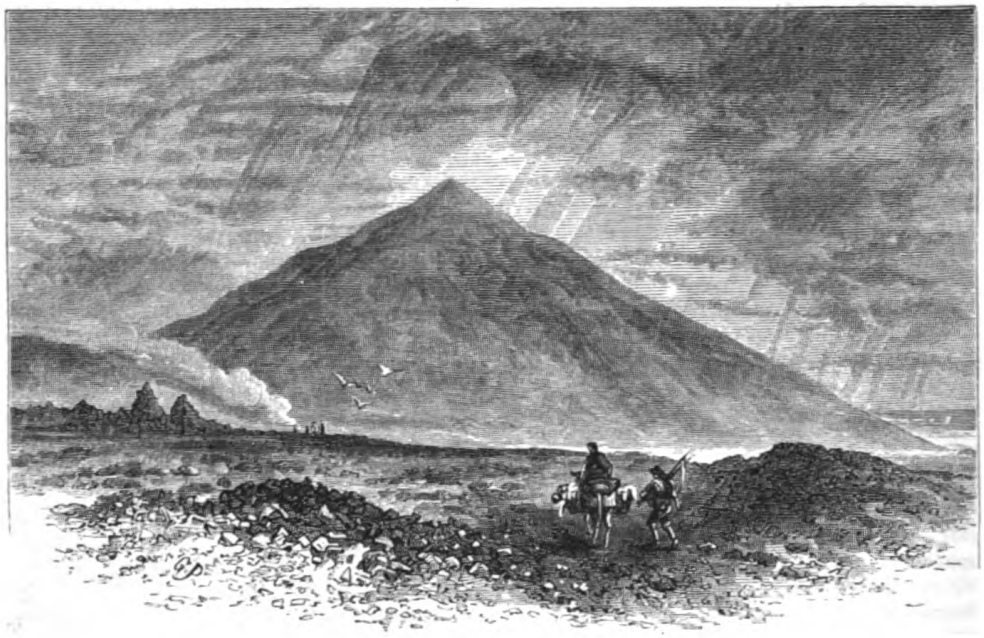


THE DRAPED NEST.

He was a fine-looking bird, with a blacker head and redder breast than any of his relatives, all of which he could master. The female also came and partook of the fruit, and by the time the young were fledged, I could feed them all. They no longer threatened me, but were still a little shy. At last they came to the shrubbery to bathe, and were now fully domesticated.

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A SUMMER CRUISE AMONG THE ATLANTIC ISLANDS.



PEAK OF TENERIFE.

III.—THE CANARIES.

BETWEEN the Madeiras and Canaries, one hundred and twenty miles from the former and ninety from the latter, there is a little group of islets called Salvages (savages), which are unknown save to those seafarers whose wanderings carry them in this direction. Usually widely avoided as dangers, they are seldom approached near enough to be seen, except by some steam-ship captain anxious to make the most of the dreary monotony of his occupation. They are uninhabited, though their Castilian name and vicinity to the Canaries probably entitle them to be considered Spanish possessions. The largest has a good anchorage, and a single house built on it for the accommodation of the orchil hunters, who go there to gather the lichen which yields the beautiful purple dye of this name.

In favorable weather the Peak of Teneriffe, the stately central figure of the Canaries, is distinctly visible from the Salvages, and in certain conditions of the atmosphere it can be discerned sixty miles beyond them. Seven islands, Lanzarote, Fuerteventura, Gran Canaria, Tenerife, Gomera, Palma, and Hierro, and four islets, with a number of exposed rocks, now constitute the group of Islas Canarias, Islas Afortunadas, the Canary or Fortunate Islands, the Insulæ Fortunatæ or Atlanticæ of Roman geographers. They have been imagined to be the Atlantis of Plato, have even been confounded with the Balearic Islands, and afterward termed Hesperides—a title they have shared with the Cape Verds. They were probably well known to the Carthaginians, the ruins of a stone temple being said to have been found on Gomera; but their veritable history begins with their conquest by the Norman baron Jean de Bethencourt, in 1402, who took possession of them in the name of Juan II. of Castile.

At the time of the conquest they were found thickly peopled by two distinct races, who had emigrated from the main-land perhaps at different epochs, each maintaining its peculiar laws and customs, and manifesting their mutual hatred by a state of constant warfare whenever thrown together. Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, with its satellite islets, constitute a sub-group geographically distinct from the five more western islands, and were peopled by a race of more than average stature, dark complexion, diffident and indolent, who obeyed hereditary princes, whose absolute authority they recognized, whether transferred to sons or daughters. In Lanzarote polyandria existed, each woman having three husbands, who exercised connubial rights in monthly rotation. The people of Fuerteventura buried their dead in stone sepulchres. The inhabitants of the western islands were of small stature, and fair, less intelligent than energetic, brave, and amiable. Blue eyes and red hair were common. They embalmed their dead, and their mummies are every day brought to light. They were monoga-

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mous, and were subdivided into tribes, recognizing the patriarchal authority of independent chiefs, electing a common superior,



TENERIFE COSTUME.

and restraining women from any participation in government. These were the Guanches, who are cognate with the Berber family of the Hamitic class of the human race, which has peopled Northern Africa. The darker-skinned inhabitants of the eastern islands, and who were found in portions of Tenerife, may be traced to Arabic or Phœnician offshoots from a Semitic source. The antagonism of these races was the cause of their conquest. The wily Spaniards, conciliating the weaker race, employed them as allies in subjugating the dominant. Had they made common cause, the few thousand adventurers who landed on their shores would never have returned; but the people of Lanzarote aided in the subjection of those of Fuerteventura, and the Canarian allies contributed to the overthrow of Tenerife.

Collectively, the Canaries formed one of the fourteen provinces of the kingdom of Spain, to which they have belonged since 1493. The archipelago extends over five degrees of longitude and two of latitude, and comprises an area of three thousand square miles and a population of about three hundred thousand. They are one hundred and seventy leagues south of Cadiz, and approach within six miles the coast of Africa.

Fuerteventura, Lanzarote, and the islets which have been referred to as the eastern subdivision of the group, and which from their nearness to the continent were first discovered, are seldom visited by strangers. Montaña Clara was said by its discoverers to be famous for its race of savage cats. Lobos used to be a favorite haunt of the pirates who infested all new colonies, and Alegranza has the merit of being the source of the sweetest of the little songsters, named canary-bird from the group. Both prior and subsequent to the conquest they have been remarkable as grazing and agricultural islands, an ancient proverb extolling the corn of Fuerteventura and the barley of Lanzarote, while it acknowledged the superiority of the men of Tenerife and the greater beauty of the women of Canaria. Lanzarote (*L'Ile de Launcelot*) suffers from want of water, there being neither wells nor springs upon it, and having no other supply than rain collected and preserved in stone tanks and cisterns. Its excellent barley was the constituent of the native bread called *gofio*. It is comparatively level, and having no large trees upon it, the northeast trades sweep, without obstruction, across its surface. Fuerteventura (*Forte Aventure*) is also level, its broad plains covered with wild flowers and thick herbage, affording pasture to immense herds of goats, sheep, and cows, which have a reputation throughout the group for their excellent quality.

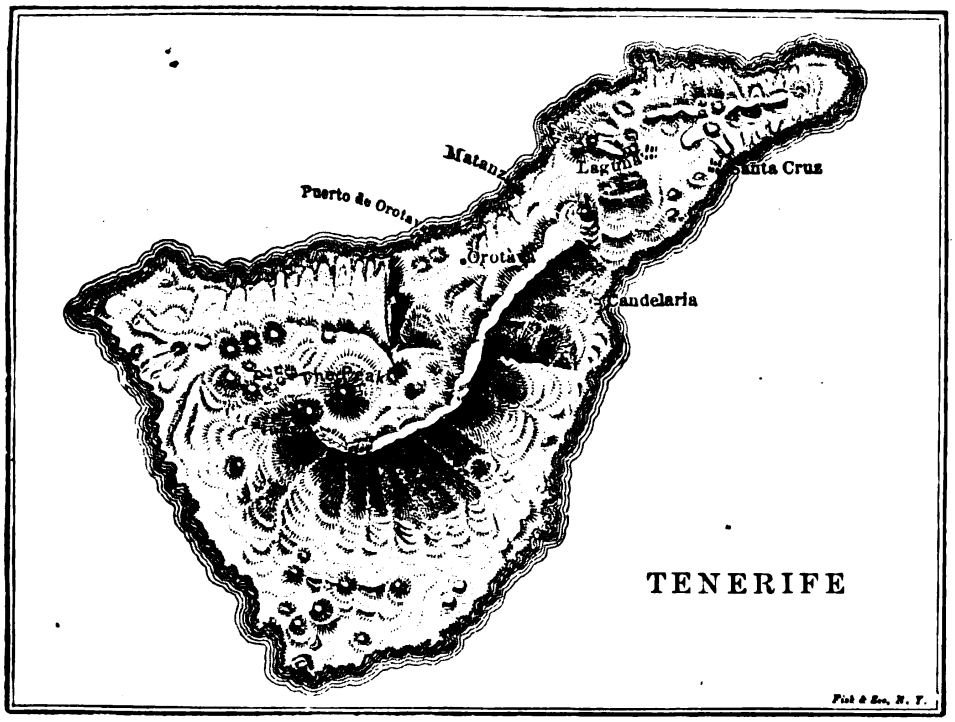
Gran Canaria, eighteen leagues distant, and generally visible from Fuerteventura, covers an area of more than 750 miles, is fer-



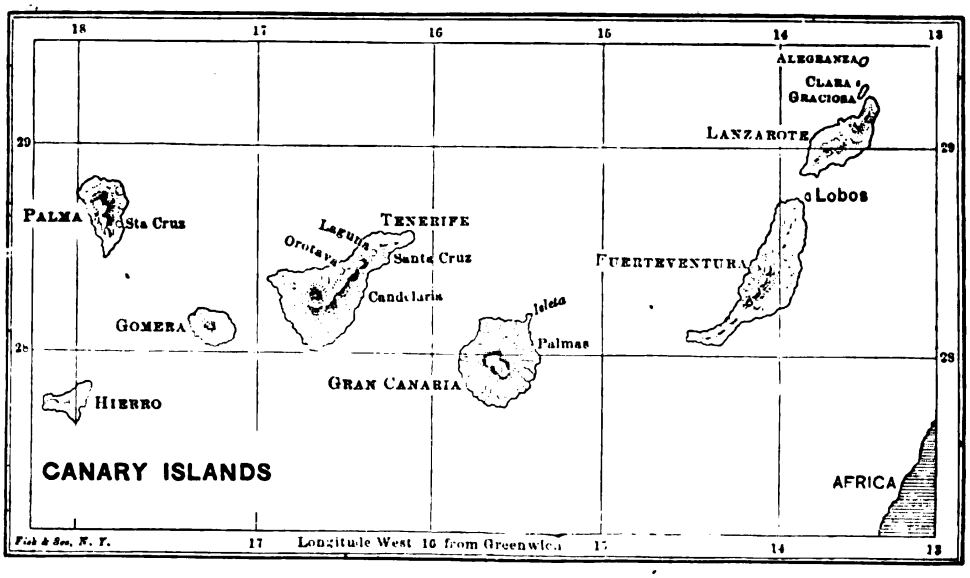
TENERIFE BEGGAR.

tile, populous, and was until recently the seat of the central government, since transferred to Tenerife. These two are the most

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important in the whole group, and, like Sao Miguel and Fayal, are actuated by a spirit of rivalry. The city of Santa Cruz de Tenerife has gradually usurped the metropolitan character of its elder sister, *La Muy Noble y Muy Leal Ciudad de Las Palmas* (the very noble and very loyal city of the palms), depriving the former capital of its privileges as the residence of the Governor-General and other high officials, except the dignitaries of the Church, which still retains the archiepiscopal see at Canaria. The city of Las Palmas—which must not be confounded in name with the island of Palma—has a population of 20,000, and covers a large extent of ground, traversed by a deep barranca, which is crossed by a substantial blue stone bridge of three immense arches, erected 200 years ago. It is unfortunately located for commercial purposes. A fearful surf always breaking over the bar renders it dangerous to land. The sea-port proper, Puerto de la Luz, is a few miles to the eastward, at a little bay sheltered by a promontory, where, as in all these island harbors, the construction of an extensive sea-wall has been com-



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menced. The houses are generally two-storied, in the usual Spanish style, with open court-yards in the centre, and terraced roofs and balconies. The streets are well paved and clean, and the people decorous and polite. The women have their peculiarity of costume in a white cape covering the head, flowing over the shoulders, and held by one hand beneath the chin. A handsome casino or club-house, with theatre, ball, reading, coffee, and billiard-rooms, is hospitably opened to visitors, and a tastefully adorned Alameda is the daily scene of social gatherings of the people.

Schools, asylums, hospitals, and other charitable establishments are numerous, but the foundling hospital is much the most interesting institution in the city, and considering the size of the island, is wonderfully well filled. It is spacious, clean, and unexceptionally conducted by Sisters of Charity. The good Sisters evidently have their soul in the work, and if not fulfilling all of woman's mission on earth, they are here discharging some of her noblest duties. A group of handsome black-eyed girls approaching maturity, in one of the sewing-rooms, were boarders, placed under the protecting care of the nuns during the absence of parents or guardians from the island. Whether a system that presupposes frailty is not apt to incite it, particularly when an asylum of so suggestive a character is made the stronghold of virtue, will hardly be questioned by American mothers, who would be loath to feel that their daughters could not be trusted beyond the maternal oversight.

The blue haze on the western horizon of Canaria is the island of Tenerife, thus seen at a distance of thirty miles, the most important of the group, commercially and politically, and the most attractive to visitors, for within its confines lies the loveliest of all the garden spots on the face of the earth, that with which, above all others, the writer desires to acquaint the reader. Of the thousands who have only caught a hasty glimpse of the island while passing through the straits separating it from Canaria, from on board the many steamer lines which take this route, or who have made a hurried visit on shore while delayed for coaling, not one, perhaps, will agree with him. From the eastward, which is the view they have had, the island appears like an enormous blackened cinder. Its mountains are rugged and barren, separated by deep ravines, in the bottom of which a little vegetation struggles for existence. The central range traversing the island must be crossed, and the foot of the great Peak sought, to discover that valley wherein nature has lavished all the riches she possesses, and done all she can to beautify this earth; but with that fondness for hiding her most precious treasures which has concealed the brilliancy of the diamond, the song of the nightingale, and the luscious flavor of the mangosteen and durion under rough and plain exteriors, she has made the approaches to this Eden unpromising and forbidding.

Tenerife is irregular in shape, extending sixty miles in its greatest direction, with a



WOMAN OF TENERIFE.

varying breadth of from six to thirty-five. Santa Cruz, the capital, is the most enterprising city in all the Atlantic islands. It has a population of twenty thousand, remarkable for energy and independence. Education is encouraged. The schools are excellent, but the want of proper school-books in the Spanish language is seriously felt. Those whose means allow send their children to the universities on the Peninsula. An art school has developed considerable native talent; and the municipal chamber is graced by a full-length portrait of Isabella II., the work of a pupil, and considered by Continental critics a work of the highest order. A magnificent mole, recently constructed, juts far out into the sea, and has converted the open roadstead into a spacious harbor where a large fleet may safely anchor. A strong casemated citadel defends the city. Fort San Miguel still stands, which repulsed Nelson with such loss in July, 1797—that signal defeat in which he lost his arm, but which English historians have been audacious enough to claim as the successful accomplishment of his designs against the place. The flags then captured from the British are still unostentatiously displayed

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in an obscure recess of the principal church, and excite such rancor among British officers that, disregarding all propriety, they have several times attempted to destroy them.

At the opposite side of the Plaza to that on which stands the statue of the Virgin of Candelaria, a handsome marble cross symbolizes the name of the city, Santa Cruz (holy cross). This designation is a favorite one in Spanish countries, particularly among their colonial possessions, the place of landing where the discoverer first knelt beneath the cross and royal standard, and claimed possession in the name of his Most Catholic Majesty and the holy Catholic religion, being subsequently indicated by a cross, around which the new settlers, anxious to live within the protective influence of the sacred emblem, located themselves, thus accidentally determining the site of a future city, often the least desirable that could have been selected.



PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION, SANTA CRUZ.

At the same end of the Plaza is the modest little house in which Marshal O'Donnel, Duke of Tetuan, was born, descended from one of those Irish Catholic families which, after the battle of the Boyne, found an asylum among the Canaries, to which they have contributed a valuable social element. Our former excellent consul, Bernard Forstall, Esq., is the representative of another of these self-expatriated families.

The Plaza is every evening peopled with promenaders, and thronged on Sundays and feast days, when an excellent military band of native musicians offers a very creditable entertainment. Although the ancient proverb concedes to Canaria superiority in women, and accords to Tenerife the meed of praise for men, it is doubtful whether any city of the same population can boast of a larger proportion of handsome faces, elegant forms, and neatly dressed ladies. This and the Plaza del Principe Real are the favorite evening resorts, where the señoritas may flirt a while with their admirers under mamma's eye, or go into the little refreshment saloons adjoining for an *helado* made of snow from the Peak, or a cup of that chocolate than which none better can any where be drank, or rather eaten, since its consistency almost removes it from the class of beverages. There is no foreign institution that would better bear translation to American communities than the Spanish plaza, with its pleasant social meetings, its music and promenades, and its groups of merry children. Though the large cities have their parks and squares in sufficient number, few of our towns and villages possess any such municipal breathing - places, where the laborer and merchant may alike find relaxation, exercise, and entertainment.

Courting in Tenerife is done out-doors: the lover approaches his sweetheart at the Plaza, but stands in the light of a betrothed when he has gained the *entrée* to her home. His first acquaintance with her probably began with a wearisome course of dogging her footsteps through the streets, her family and herself not unfrequently conscious from the first that she, or rather they, were being followed.

If the stranger visits Santa Cruz in midsummer, he will be driven with its people to seek shelter from the sweltering heat to the higher land beyond. The diligence runs daily over one of those splendid macadamized roads for which Spain is famous, not inferior to the Camino Real from Cadiz to Madrid, to the ancient city of Laguna, 2000 feet above the level of the sea. The number of its houses indicates its former prosperity; its deserted streets speak of present decay, the sea-port having absorbed its business and attracted away its inhabitants. It is the favorite summer residence of citizens of Santa Cruz, who come here to escape the heat of the city, while they are near enough for business purposes. But it is exposed to the trade-winds, and consequently bathed in frequent rains, and therefore has none of the attractions of Orotava for the stranger, who is not inconvenienced, as the resident merchant would be, by the twenty-eight miles which must be travelled to reach the latter. Laguna possesses some points of interest. Its churches are fine. The cathedral boasts of an organ that gained a European prize,

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and in the Church of Our Lady of Conception there is a miraculous weeping picture. The municipal chambers are ornamented with some old paintings illustrating the Guanche origin of the place. The college is excellent, and the library of fifteen thousand volumes, some of them rare and valuable, would grace any city. The museum is well stocked with specimens illustrating the customs of the aborigines, as well as with the aborigines themselves, who have been embalmed in the Egyptian fashion, indicating the similarity of origin of the respective races. The mummies are sewed up in many layers of sheep and goat skins, the seams as neat and regular as though made with a needle and thread, instead of the fish-bone and animal fibre, for, as there are no metals on the island, the natives had no knowledge of implements made of them, nor of coins. They used pieces of obsidian for knives, plowed with large horns of animals, and employed small ones for pounding the grain of which they made their *gofio*.

But the traveller will be impatient to continue his journey and judge for himself of that garden of paradise it has been promised he shall see. The ride is not uninteresting, and if in the society of one of the good citizens of Santa Cruz, whose hospitality is as warm as their climate, he will find objects of interest at every step. The ascent to Laguna is pleasantly made over a splendid road, in which skillful engineering has triumphed over the steep acclivity, the mysterious windings affording delightful views of the little harbor and city of Santa Cruz, and of the deep blue ocean, almost until the summit of the coast range is crossed. The route no longer leads through luxuriant vineyards, for the glory of wine-growing Tenerife, among whose volcanic sands the vine found so congenial a home, has departed, like that of Madeira and the Azores. Tenerife wine, the old Canary or sack, has been nearly all swallowed, and though the industry is again reviving, Tenerife and the other islands have found a substitute for the vine in the cactus, or nopal of Mexico, here cultivated for the sake of the cochineal insect. Acres of fields are passed of stunted cacti, the thick arms of which are carefully tied up with rags, protecting the tiny ravager, which is allowed to feed until arrived at maturity—a period of about three months. The care and drying of these insects furnish occupation for thousands of peasants, the production in a single year having amounted to 1,500,000 pounds. There was some consternation when the coal-product dyes began to compete in the market, but the superior beauty and durability of the carmine of the cochineal have been established, and the trade in the insect flourishes.

The road beyond Laguna possesses diversity enough to satisfy any novelty seeker. It crosses rugged mountain spurs, whence occasional glimpses of the ocean may be obtained, sinks into deep barrancas, and winds through green valleys, passing localities famous for battles with the Guanches—Matanza (the slaughter), where the Spaniards met their first defeat, losing 600 of their own troops and 300 of their miserable Canarian allies, the 200 who escaped alive, not one unhurt, having only been saved, says Viana, the historian, by the interposition of the Archangel Michael, or, according to others, by the Virgin of Candelaria; Acentejo, where the second attempt of the invaders was more successful; Victoria, where a frightful carnage terminated the contest, by which Christianity was introduced. If the end justifies the means, it is not for us to complain that the great propagandist Alonso de Lugo so often violated his plighted word with the simple Guanche kings, who trusted to his promises and entered into negotiations with him, when it was in their power to have annihilated him and his whole band.



GROUP OF CHUZAS (NATIVE HUTS) NEAR LAGUNA.

But notwithstanding these and many features of minor interest—the little thatched huts, or still ruder caves in the hill-sides, in which the poorer classes live like their Guanche predecessors; the country-women, with enormous loads of market produce or fagots of little sticks for fuel on their heads,

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trudging twenty miles to the city and as many back to gain a mere pittance, their bare feet seemingly as inured to the rough lava as their heads and necks to the heavy burdens upon them; the trains of sauntering ruminating camels, whose tinkling bells keep time with their solemn gait, and which here replace all other beasts of burden save the women—notwithstanding all this, the traveller will express his disappointment at having as yet seen nothing extraordinarily remarkable, nothing superior to Fayal, St. Michael, or Madeira, nothing entitling the place to be called a paradise; and his discontent will be rather aggravated by the growing ruggedness of the landscape, until the diligence is checked at a sudden turn in the road, and he finds himself gazing at a scene which caused Humboldt to thank God he had lived to behold. From an elevation of 3000 feet he is looking down into the great valley of Orotava, wherein nature has done all she can to make a heaven of earth. The valley is an immense irregular amphitheatre, open below to the ocean, bordered inland by the Cañadas, whose broad plateau, 7000 feet high, is only broken by the Pico de Teyde, the celebrated Peak of Tenerife, which rises more than 5000 feet still higher, overlooking the lovely prospect at its foot. From the level of the Cañadas the land falls some thousand feet with considerable precipitation, and then slopes gradually to the sea-shore, where a fringe of white billows, extending forty miles, outlines the little bay. In winter the Peak is robed with ermine, and the snows rest a mile and a quarter high upon the Cañadas, bounding the beautiful valley from the blue sky above, as their rival in whiteness, the line of crested billows, divides it from the deeper blue ocean below. The fertility of the soil is incredible. Every corner teems with vegetable life, in the development of which man plays but a little part, for agriculture is of the most primitive kind, the soil and sun and moisture from the snows above being the active agents of its fruitfulness. Every where are fields of wheat and potatoes, coffee and sugar-cane and cactus, vineyards and cultivated gardens, chestnut groves and forests of firs, acres of wild flowers, interspersed with brilliant candelabra of flowering aloes, lofty palms waving with every zephyr, arborescent magnolias, broad-leaved plantains, and venerable Briarean dragon-trees. From the elevation at which the valley is first seen these several parts can not be identified, and it looks as though it were one vast piece of mosaic-work or gorgeous carpet. The countless shades of color of soil and foliage are continually brightened or softened, as the sun bursts forth with all his splendor or is shielded by masses of flitting clouds. The eye never wearies with gazing at the scene, for every moment it changes in character, and every step presents its myriad parts in new relations, like the changing views of the kaleidoscope. Nestling in the midst of this beautiful garden of delight lies the pretty Villa de Orotava, its white houses and prominent churches contrasting with the many tints of green and yellow and red and black. Its sea-port, El Puerto de Orotava, a few hundred feet lower down on the bay, the two Realejos, and several other little villages sparkle like jewels in a brilliant setting.

But sight is not the only sense that is gratified at Orotava. Its great charm is its unrivaled climate. Here, if any where, reigns perpetual spring, without fogs and frosts, where the sap never dies, where rain seldom falls, winds and storm are scarcely known, and burning heat is never felt. It is shut off by the high central range of mountains from the hot winds of the African coast, and is yet open to the ocean at the north, from which, and the eternal snows above, it derives the moisture that secures its equability. The temperature of Orotava never falls below 50° nor rises above 82°, and only attains these extremes on such rare occasions as when the thermometer marks 19° or 108° at Philadelphia. Its average for a number of years has been 68.5°, that of Madeira being 66°, of Rome, 61°, of Nice, 60°, of Pau, 56°, and of Paris, 51°, the first being identical with that of our own delightful autumn days, and that which is the most grateful to the body and most conducive to its well-being. But annual means are unsatisfactory indices, some countries very cold in winter and hot in summer exhibiting a temperate mean, and it is therefore necessary to consider the distribution of heat in each month of the year. The mean of January at Orotava is 62.2°; of February, 62.1°; of March, 64.2°; of April, 64.6°; of May, 69.4°; of June, 73.8°; of July, 76.5°; of August, 73.2°; of September, 71.8°; of October, 69.3°; of November, 68.4°; and of December, 68.7°—a difference of only 14.4° between the hottest and coldest months, while at London this amounts to 26°; at Pau, 32.2°; Rome, 28.3°; Nice, 29°; and Madeira, 15.3°. But it is the winter season which chiefly concerns the pulmonary invalid, and the mean temperature of the five months from November to March, from the fall of the leaves to the opening of the lilies, at Orotava is 64°; at Madeira, 61°; and at Nice and Rome, 50°. The February of Orotava is the June of London, the May of Pau, and the April of Rome and Nice and Cannes. Stoves are necessary for comfort in Italy and the south of France; in Orotava they are unknown. Linen garments may be worn the entire year. The Guanches were naked, except for the loin cloth, and one can bathe as well on the 31st of January as on the 31st of July, while at Nice even the healthy visitor finds it necessary

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to stipulate for apartments opening to the south and exposed to the direct rays of the sun, while from four o'clock until seven he must remain within-doors to avoid the chilling influence of the dense mist which every afternoon settles over the city. There are no sudden variations of temperature at Orotava. There is a fraction over two degrees per month of gradual elevation from the winter to the summer, and a corresponding decrease through the autumn, and even these differences may be almost neutralized by re-



CITY OF SAN JUAN OROTAVA.

moving one's residence from the Puerto on the sea-shore in the winter to the Villa, a few hundred feet higher, during the summer. Moreover, the mean temperature of one day seldom differs from that of the previous more than a degree. On rising in the morning the invalid may be sure of respiring air of the same warmth as on the foregoing day, while the hourly variations of each day are also inconsiderable, the early hours of the morning differing only 6° to 9° (at Madeira the difference is 12°) from the heat of midday, and the greatest portion of this occurs before nine o'clock. The great requisite of the consumptive is rest of the respiratory organs—impossible in our heated houses, where two adjoining rooms differ greatly, where the halls are always conduits of cold air, and where the oven in which we live is 30° or 40° above the atmosphere outside. In Orotava doors and windows may always remain wide-opened, maintaining a perfect equilibrium within and without, the advantage of which can not be overestimated. Here the invalid may live in the open air, which is uncontaminated by the thousand emanations of a large city, his feeble lungs, lightened of most of their labor, mechanically discharging their functions, and as much at rest as it is possible for organs to be where only perfect repose is death.

Nor is temperature the only climatal condition in which Orotava enjoys such a hygienic pre-eminence. In point of humidity and exemption from atmospheric vicissitudes it is unequaled by other localities. It rains but 45 days in the course of the year. At Madeira the average is 73; in Rome, 114. The mists which bathe the mountain crests, the streamlets that course down their sides from the line of melting snows, the vapors wafted from the ocean, and when these are wanting, the gentle rains of the winter, furnish that due proportion of moisture which is most agreeable to man, and most favorable for vegetable growth. There is no warring of the elements at Orotava. The barometer stands almost invariably at 30.12, and, according to Belcastel, it did not vary a centimeter (0.39 inch) in six months. From February to November a northeast wind prevails, strongest in March, becoming lighter and lighter in the spring, to be all summer and the greater part of the autumn only the breath of a zephyr, setting in regularly about eight o'clock in the morning,

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BOTANIC GARDENS, OROTAVA.

and moderating the heat of the day. The vapors from the Atlantic are gathered in a thick cloud about half the height of the amphitheatre, and there held all day, like an immense parasol, intercepting the direct rays of the sun. Days entirely clear are rare until the gentle rains of the late autumn signalize the disappearance of the clouds and the revival of vegetation. The winter passes without frosts, but the snow-capped Peak and the white-crowned Cañadas denote its presence, and add new beauties to the landscape. At this season a gentle breeze springs up about four o'clock in the afternoon. Mild rains fall throughout December and January, and in February, but then only, it sometimes rains in torrents.

The superiority of Orotava in the matter of hygiene over every other known resort for consumptives has been conclusively established by M. Gabriel de Belcastel in his excellent little monograph, entitled *Les Iles Canariennes et la Vallée d'Orotava, sous le point de vue médical et hygiénique*, who collected his data, of which I have made use in this paper, during his residence in the valley; and his opinion is confirmed by Professor Schacht, of Berlin, in his work on *Madeira and Tenerife*. Madeira approaches it more nearly, as might be expected from its geographical proximity; but the winter of Madeira is unpleasantly chill, its humidity is greater, and the *harmattan* blows upon it from Africa. Nice and Cannes are toyed by the smiling waves of the Mediterranean, but they sleep at the foot of the Alps, and their awakening air has had its home in their clouds. Naples is visited by keen north winds coming after the deceitful caresses of the sirocco from the Libyan desert, and at Rome and Florence the cold is sometimes intense, while they are often deluged with rains.

The chief intent of this paper has been to acquaint some who may never have heard of it with this charmed home for invalids with pulmonary complaints. Here the shattered frame, secure from further shocks, may live for years, nature aiding instead of thwarting the efforts of science. The absence of all causes of disease gives it its incomparable excellence. The mortality is only one in sixty, and at Realejo, another town in the valley, one in seventy, while in most other countries it ranges from one in twenty to one in thirty. Epidemics have never reached there, even when Santa Cruz has been visited by them. The only point in which it is inferior to Madeira is in the matter of hotel accommodations; but the cost of living is moderate, and a comfortable house may be obtained and neatly furnished at small expense. The English language is not spoken to any extent, but French is commonly understood among the educated classes; and Spanish is easily acquired, its very acquisition affording salutary mental occupation. Tenerife is within weekly communication with Europe. Commodious steamers make the passage from Cadiz in seventy hours. The British steam-packets to Africa leave Liverpool once a month, and reach the Canaries in seven or eight days, and a French line connects with Marseilles. Direct communication with America is occasionally offered by the vessels which run between Boston and the

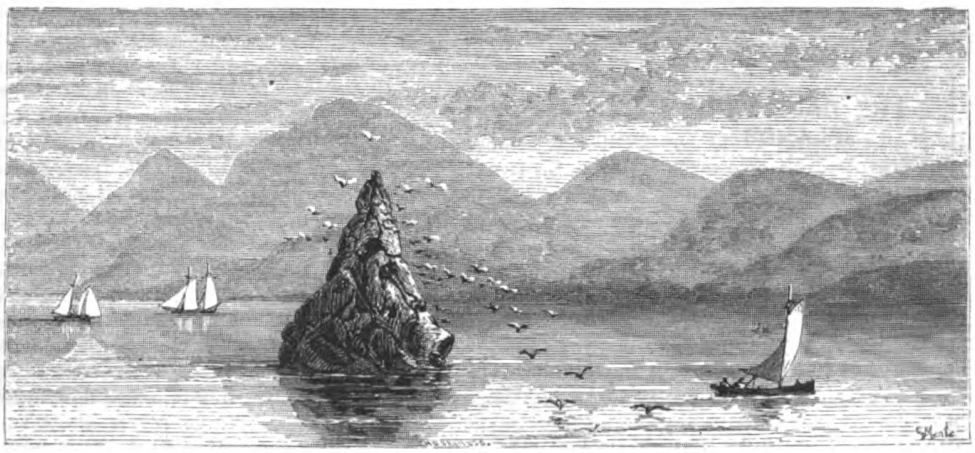
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Azores, which, since the appointment, in 1862, as consul at Tenerife, of William H. Dabney, Esq., brother of the former and uncle of the present consul at Fayal, have continued their voyages to the Canaries. Through his influence a thousand inventions of domestic and agricultural utility have been introduced and distributed throughout these islands. American clocks tick on every mantel-piece, American rocking-chairs creak in every drawing-room, and American carriages run lightly over every road.

The silence of the Villa is only broken by the rapid rushing of the waters from the mountains through the open conduits on either side of the streets, supplying amply all demands for household purposes and for the irrigation of the land; but the hum of the busy world reaches it by every mail in the shape of periodicals from every quarter of the globe. The society is excellent, and the wealthier classes live in considerable style. Many have surrounded their domiciles with handsome gardens, among the finest being those of the Marques de la Gamba and Marques de Sauzal, that of the latter containing the famous old dragon-tree, the venerable witness of the conquest, and whose age is variously estimated at from one to three thousand years.

Orotava, like other Spanish cities, has its special holiday occasion in the festival of San Isidro el Labrador (the farmer), when there are the usual processions of the saint, religious services at the church, fire-works, dances, music, and here the additional display of a creditable militia organization. San Isidro is held in great veneration by the farmers, with whom his festival is the principal holiday of the year. The usually quiet little Villa then resounds with noisy mirth, and its streets are crowded with peasants in their best attire. The prominent peculiarity in the costume of the men is an immense double white blanket gathered to a band and hooked under the chin, while the characteristic of the women is a straw hat and a white or yellow piece of woolen stuff, bordered with silk, hanging down the back of the neck. This head-dress is distinctive of these islanders, and is adhered to as tenaciously as the white cape of Las Palmas, the blue and scarlet capes and embroidered kerchiefs of Madeira, and the several varieties of hooded cloaks of the Azorians. The better classes wear the charming *vela* and *mantilla* of the Peninsula, and revenge themselves for the equability of the climate, which obviates the necessity of changes of raiment, by so modifying the style and fashion of these articles that they manage to arrive at the average expenditure of paternal and marital funds.

The ascent of the Peak presents the usual attractions and difficulties of such exploits, but should never be undertaken except by the very robust. The greater part of the ascent, for which September is the appropriate month, may be made on donkeys, but there will be 3000 feet of scrambling over fields of ashes, huge bowlders, and rough scoriæ. The cone proper is about 537 feet high, and the crater within will burn the feet of the traveller adventurous enough to descend into it. There has been no eruption for eighty years, and then it was from the side. To near view, the effect of this Peak is less imposing than that of Pico. The broad plateau of the Cañadas, more than half-way up its height, so accustoms the eye to the great altitude that it judges incorrectly of the total elevation, and from the anchorage at Santa Cruz it is scarcely to be seen at all on account of the intervening land. It has been seen from the channel between Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, and Humboldt claims to have discerned it nearly as far at sea. It can only be seen at all in clear weather, and the traveller may



BIRD ISLAND, ST. VINCENT.

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pass the island fifty times without witnessing it. When the horizon is free from clouds or mist, there is no grander sight in nature than the Peak of Tenerife, glowing with purple tints from the setting sun. The view from the summit is indescribably grand, extending a radius of 180 miles, and embracing the entire Canarian Archipelago. It is a favorable place for astronomical observations, and was the residence for some months of Smyth, the distinguished English astronomer, whose excellent work on the Peak is illustrated by admirable stereographs of its most interesting localities.

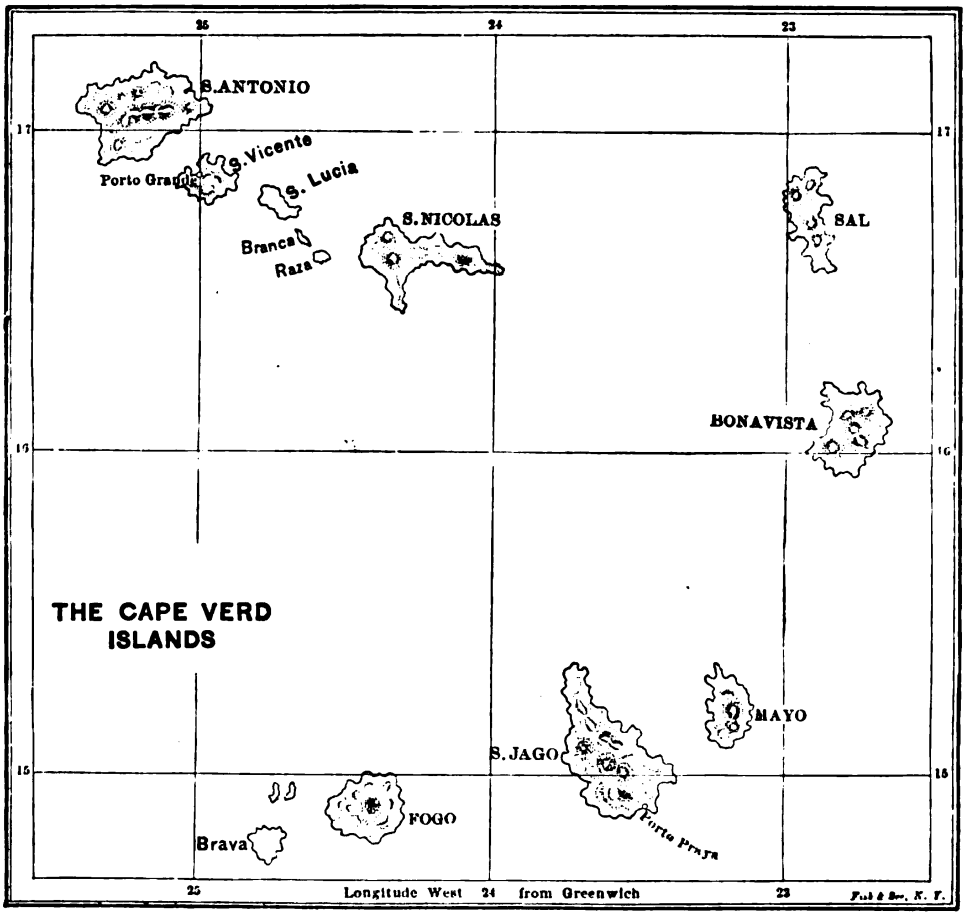
Gomera, twenty, and Palma, forty-five, miles from Tenerife, are small islands seldom visited by strangers. Santa Cruz de la Palma, the capital of the latter, and frequently confounded with Santa Cruz de Tenerife, is a pretty little city of 6000 inhabitants.

Interinsular communication is regular and frequent. The mail schooners, built on the model of the American pilot-boat, make trimonthly passages between the various islands. The Spanish government has not been niggard in its appropriations, having contributed liberally to the harbor improvements, and erected a number of first-class light-houses on the different islands.

It would be out of place in a discursive paper like this to do more than mention that the most delicious fruits ripen in profusion, that the surrounding seas teem with fish, game is excellent, and vegetables in such abundance that grain and potatoes are exported in large quantities. These, with the ice-plant for barilla, sumac for the tanners, orchil for the dyers, share with the cochineal and the vine the chief bulk of the export trade.

IV.—THE CAPE VERDS.

Ten degrees farther south than the Canaries and three farther west lies the most numerous though least interesting and important of the groups of the Atlantic islands—the Cape Verds (*As Ilhas Verdes, Ilhas do Cabo Verde*), which derive their name from the westernmost point of the continent of Africa—Cape Verd in Senegambia—from which they are distant about three hundred miles. The group includes ten islands and four islets, named Santiago, Mayo, Fogo, Brava, Bonavista, Sal, Sao Nicolas, Sao Vicente, Sao Antonio, Santa Luzia, Branca, Raza, Grande, and Rombo, and is divisible



into a windward and a leeward group. They are all of volcanic formation, but have not manifested active phenomena for many years, except at Fogo (Fire Island), so termed from its volcano, which is more than 9000 feet high, and is the greatest elevation in the group after the peak of Sao Antonio, with an altitude of 9700 feet. All are of small size, the superficies of the largest, Santiago, being only 360 square miles, and the entire group having an area of but 1500.

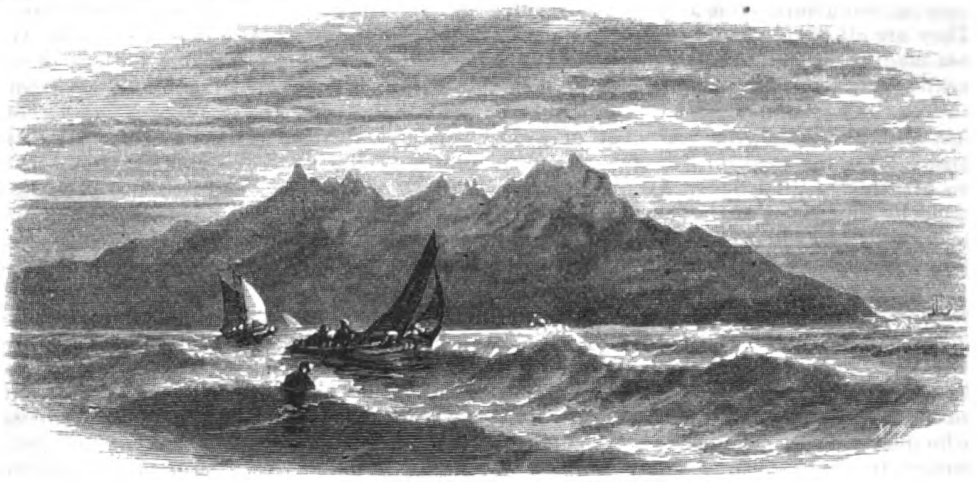
Their discovery followed rapidly on that of the Azores, four of them having been explored in 1445, a year after Dinez Fernandez had discovered Cape Verd, and was due, like all similar events of this period, to the enterprise of the great Infante Henriques, who died in 1460. They have ever since belonged to the Portuguese government, of which they constitute a vice-regal colony. In common with the other African possessions of this power, its expenditures exceed its revenue. The population in 1857 amounted to 85,000, but the cholera and the terrible famine of 1864, during which one-third of the inhabitants perished, have reduced it considerably. The blacks, of whom many are slaves, often to negro masters, outnumber the whites in the proportion of twenty to one.

The general aspect of these islands is sterile and forbidding. Scarcely any trees grow upon them beyond a few palms and tamarinds, and, by a singular freak of nature, the baobab, the largest in the world, the fruit of which, called monkey-bread, is the ordinary food of the indolent negro population. Notwithstanding the scarcity of water and general barrenness of the land, there are a few fertile little valleys, in which all the intertropical fruits and vegetables are abundant, where maize and rice are largely cultivated, and sugar, tobacco, and cotton, which is indigenous, are grown plentifully. Parrots and paroquets abound; monkeys, goats, and bisam-cats run wild and gather a scanty subsistence on the hill-sides. Scraggy little donkeys are the only beasts of burden. The seas abound with turtle and fish; amber and the dorsal plate of the cuttle-fish are found upon the coasts. The staple exports are goat-skins, salt (which gives its name to the island Sal), and orchil, which in the estimation of dyers is only inferior to the product of the Canaries and the Salvages.

Santiago, the largest island, has a population of about 10,000, about half of which is congregated within its principal town, Porto Praya, the capital of the group and residence of the viceroy. It is a collection of shabby houses, built on the summit of a hill, and ranged along three principal streets, running east and west from a central *Praça*. It seldom rains at Santiago, but the atmosphere is hazy and frequently completely obscures the island, rendering navigation full of risk, the United States sloop of war *Yorktown* having been wrecked upon its coasts. Though the greater portion of its surface is an arid waste, there is one beautiful little valley, near Ribeira Grande, of wonderful fertility, producing oranges justly esteemed the most luscious in the world, grapes, plantains, bananas, soursops, mammee apples, mangoes, guavas, quinces, lemons, citrons, sapodillas, papaws, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, medlars, figs, and even apples. Porto Praya used to be the head-quarters of our African squadron. The empty storehouse still stands on Quail Island, reminding the people of the blessing they have lost, and which they so little appreciated that they once issued an ordinance prohibiting the men-of-war stewards from making purchases in the market until ten o'clock in the morning. Fowls at one time sold here at two cents apiece, but they disappeared during the great famine, when even the donkeys were eaten by the starving people. The harbor of Praya is one of the best among the Atlantic islands, but a heavy surf sometimes renders it impossible to land from boats, and brawny naked negroes wade breast-deep and carry the passengers on shore. Rags, filth, and indolence are the prominent characteristics of the negro population.

Sao Vicente (St. Vincent) is a barren rock, six miles wide by eleven long, traversed by two ranges of hills, the intervening valley running down to the coast on the northwest side into a large bay called Porto Grande, which is the finest harbor in any island of the four groups referred to in this article. It possesses considerable importance as a coaling station for the steamers of the Brazilian, African, Cape, and Australian lines. A filthy negro town, with sand a foot deep in its streets, the official name of which, Mindello, is scarcely known to its inhabitants, stands on the bay, affording homes for the laborers, or rather laboresses, employed by the English company, which monopolizes the business, and which has built excellent wharves, with railways leading to their spacious dépôts. Loaded lighters are always afloat to meet any demand that may be unexpectedly made for coal. Only the women labor at Sao Vicente, and they are of the most degraded Senegalian and Nigritian races. Half naked, they toil all day under the intense heat, carrying upon their heads loads of coal, stone, plank, and the articles of vessels' cargoes. Children run entirely nude until puberty. The island is not self-subsisting, the garden of the English consul and two little places named Maderal and Maderalzinha being the only spots of green upon it. It is exposed to the northeast trades, which sweep unresisted across it, and for five consecutive years not a drop of rain fell upon it. Rations are regularly issued by the coal company to their laborers,

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WASHINGTON'S HEAD, ST. VINCENT.

who, after working-hours, loll in their doorways, assisting each other in vermin hunts, through wool uncombed since birth. Yet even these wretched creatures have learned something of civilization. Every alternate house is a rum-shop, and every night the sable citizens frequent balls and dances, which generally terminate in orgies of drunkenness and licentiousness. Living in such uncleanness, it is not surprising that the cholera of 1856 destroyed 780 of the 1200 inhabitants.

Every one who has entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro can not fail to have remarked the fantastic grouping of the mountains into the semblance of a human figure, which, from the likeness of the nose to that of an English admiral, is known as "Lord Hood's Nose." The hills bounding Porto Grande to the southward form a more wonderful resemblance to the face of Washington, and have therefore been named "Washington's Head." It requires no effort of the imagination to trace the features. The brow, the nose, the lips, the chin, are profiled with wonderful fidelity, and are recognizable from whatever part of the harbor viewed.

An American cemetery at Porto Grande, in shameful neglect, contains the bodies of the officers and sailors of the United States ship *Preble* and other vessels, who have died here of fever. A little plaster monument on the beach suggests the story of the wife of a colonel on board a British transport, who, at a dinner given to the officers of the United States ship *Constitution*, had her hand lacerated by the explosion of a bottle of soda-water, the accident causing her death a few days after.

The lofty island of Sao Antonio stands opposite the entrance to the harbor of Porto Grande, appearing to close it in, although nine miles distant. It is the most fertile and productive of the group, but has no harbor. Coffee was introduced in 1790, and has flourished so well that the berry rivals that of Java.

The traveller who has visited the Azores, Madeiras, and Canaries need not extend his voyage to the Cape Verds, except to be able the better to appreciate the former by contrast with the miserable sights he will encounter in the latter. He need have neither health, pleasure, nor information in view in going there. Instead of gaining health, he will be fortunate if he escapes fever; instead of enjoying pleasure, he will find himself surrounded by spectacles of human degradation and misery; instead of acquiring information, he will be able to instruct the natives of the place he is visiting upon the history of their own home.

A SONG OF THE GARDEN.

Slow the lily on her stalk
Nods across the garden walk.
Oh, I show her!
Oh, I know her!
Once I kissed the bud to bloom.
The eyes of all the world may see
A lily's brow shine loftily.
A lily's heart has holy room,
But one may kiss the bud to bloom.

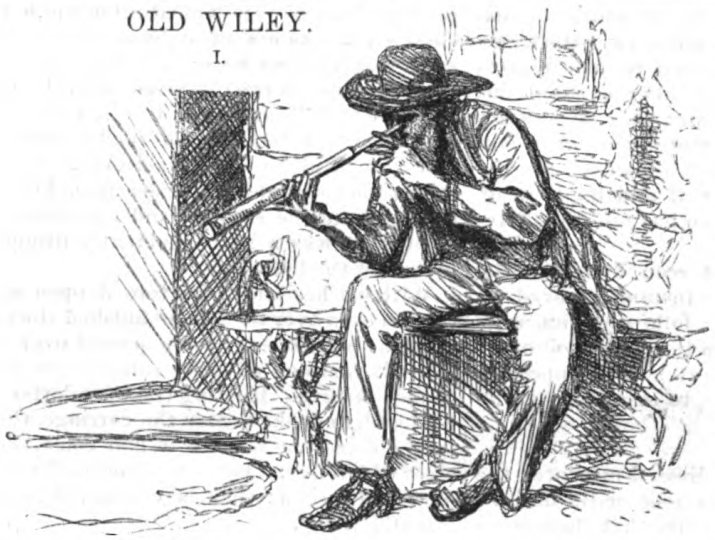
Shall I tell you what I saw?
Is there any code or law
That has chid me
Or forbid me?
But my lips are sealèd fast.
When the twilight dawns like day,
When November laughs like May,
When Love's miracle has passed,
Then the lips are sealèd fast.

A lily stepping on her stalk
Stately down the garden walk—
Though you ask her,
Though you task her,
That is all that you will see.
You will never, never know.
She will die, but never show
To the eyes with which you see
The woman's soul revealed to me.

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OLD WILEY.

I.



NOBODY knew in the least what to make of Old Wiley. For ten years he had been an enigma, and to be an enigma in a country neighborhood is to be in the last degree exasperating. The following is all that any body had been able to ascertain in regard to him: that he was past middle age; that his hair, beard, and mustache were grizzled; that he wore an old snuff-colored suit of clothes summer and winter; and that he rode into the village of M——, in the Valley of Virginia, regularly once a week from the direction of the Blue Ridge, a few miles distant, for the purpose of procuring his mail, which was uncommonly bulky, and embraced a considerable number of foreign journals and periodicals, as well as prominent publications in this country.

Old Wiley was an object of perennial interest to that estimable class of people who hang around village inns and stores with a painful amount of leisure on their hands. They were accustomed to fix their eyes upon him with deep attention as he forded a little stream, overshadowed by sycamores, at the edge of the village; and the general curiosity remained unabated as he rode up the street, past the mill, on his shaggy little pony, with the worn saddle, the dilapidated bridle, and the mane which seemed to have been blown upon by a hurricane. He came on habitually at a slow walk, and having dismounted and thrown his bridle over the rack in front of the post-office, would approach, salute the by-standers quietly and amicably, enter, procure his mass of periodicals, which he stowed in a sort of travelling sachel of black leather suspended around his shoulder by a steel chain, and then, saluting again in the same friendly and simple manner, would mount his pony and ride away as slowly as he came. He seldom spoke. When he did so, his voice was low, and had a peculiar tone, as of a man lost in a fit of musing. His manner was perfectly courteous and calm, but it was not a communicative manner. He never alluded in the remotest degree to himself or his own affairs, and at the end of ten years was as much of an enigma as in the beginning. No one even knew where he lived—in the mountain somewhere, no doubt, as he uniformly rode from and back in that direction; but the precise locality was a mystery. People had seen him disappear in a wooded gorge in the vicinity of a peak called the "Blue Ball," but there all ended. To sum up, it was only known that his name was H. Wiley—modified into "Old Wiley"—that he had no ostensible occupation, and that he was a great reader, as his solicitude about his weekly mail indicated. Had he any friends? It was impossible to say, for he rarely received letters from any body. The most inveterate gossips and members of the Pry family had been unable to discover more than is here recorded, and what this respectable class fail to ferret out may be safely set down as well-nigh undiscoverable.

I shall now proceed to relate a brief series of incidents which came to my knowledge afterward, and clearly indicated who and what this singular personage was. On an afternoon of autumn in 1875 Old Wiley rode into the village of M——, affixed the bridle of his pony to the rack in front of the post-office as usual, saluted the loungers, procured his mail, which he stowed away in the sachel, and then remounting, rode away in the direction of the Blue Ridge. His appearance had excited the habitual amount of languid interest in the group on the steps of the post-office, but one personage, standing a little apart from the rest, had fixed his eyes upon the eccentric with a startled look and an expression of the deepest astonishment. The person in question was a burly, black-bearded, heavy-browed tramp, clad from head to foot in rags, with holes in his rough boots, and carrying his wardrobe in a red cotton handkerchief, which was swung from a stout cudgel on his right shoulder. *Tramp* was written all over this man's face and figure, and he had the peculiar sidelong

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glance, watchful and wary, which unmistakably marks the social outlaw. His frame was powerful, his face red from intemperance. There was something debased but almost terrible in his air; that he was not born, however, at the foot of the social ladder, any one could see at a glance. He was plainly that most fearful and hopeless of characters, the man who has *fallen* in arriving at degradation.

Old Wiley had not seen him, but the tramp had never for an instant removed his eyes from the eccentric, following him, as he rode away finally, with the same look of astonishment. As the horseman disappeared, the man said, abruptly, to one of the group around him,

"Who is that?"

The person thus addressed measured the speaker from head to foot with decided *hauteur*, but seeing plainly that there were ponderous muscles under the rags, replied, curtly, "The gentleman's name is Wiley."

"Wiley!" exclaimed the tramp; "and where does he live?"

"You had better ask him—somewhere in the mountain," the speaker added, again realizing the huge bulk of his interlocutor.

Without paying further attention to any one, the tramp shifted the stick from which swung his bundle to the left shoulder, pushed his ragged hat down on his forehead, and set forward in the direction taken by Old Wiley, at a long, rapid, shambling walk—the walk of the vulture. In ten minutes he came in sight of the horseman, who was proceeding leisurely toward the Shenandoah, and, moderating his pace, he followed, keeping the eccentric in sight. He was going on thus when the sound of wheels came from a country road which entered the turnpike on the right by a rocky descent, and this sound was succeeded all at once by a crash. The tramp turned his head quickly, and saw at a glance the origin of this noise. A handsome family carriage, containing two ladies, and driven by a black coachman, was lying half on its side, a linchpin having come out of one of the wheels. The tramp stopped and looked on. The ladies got out, exhibiting the nervousness characteristic of their sex, but the aged coachman was heard re-assuring them; then he propped up the axle, replaced the wheel, improvised a new linchpin, and in a few minutes the ladies again entered the carriage, which continued its way toward M——.

The tramp had witnessed all, standing in the middle of the road, and looking on with the same wary sidelong glance, especially, it seemed, at the younger of the ladies—a very beautiful girl of about eighteen, with brown eyes and hair, a slender and graceful figure, and an expression of the most confiding sweetness. From this face the tramp did not remove his gaze until it disappeared in the carriage. He looked after the vehicle until it was out of sight, and muttered some words; then he turned round to continue his way in the direction taken by Old Wiley, when his attention was attracted by a white object lying in the road where the vehicle had met with the accident. A few of his long shambling strides took him to the spot, and he stooped and clutched the object; it was a letter, evidently dropped by one of the ladies.

Without hesitating, he tore it open and ran his eyes over it. As he finished the perusal, a singular expression passed over his face: it was one of fierce satisfaction and sudden resolve. Holding the open letter in his hand, he looked after the carriage, then in the direction whence it had come, then after Old Wiley. For some minutes he evidently hesitated; then he continued to follow Old Wiley.

II.

Old Wiley had ridden on slowly, with his chin upon his breast, and evidently lost in reflection. From this he was aroused by a sudden splashing—his shaggy little pony was fording the Shenandoah. Having passed over, he turned to the right, followed a bridle-path along the bank of the river toward the south, and soon reached a sort of gorge near a spur of the mountain which goes by the name of the "Blue Ball." A narrow path led into this gorge, ascended the pine-clad acclivity of the spur, and winding around, conducted the rider of the pony to a small plateau near the summit of the Blue Ball, which commanded a superb view westward of the river and valley beneath. On this plateau stood a small wooden house resembling a hunting-lodge, containing only two or three rooms. The door-step was of stone considerably worn, and a rustic seat woven of gnarled boughs leaned against the wall on the right of the door. The plateau presented an attractive appearance. It was laid out in flower beds, evidently by a person with a strong love for this beautiful tribe, and on every side were asters, chrysanthemums, and other autumn blooms, brilliant in the sunshine. Interspersed were cedars and mountain evergreens carefully trimmed into cones, and around the edge of the precipice—for the little plateau lay on the summit of a huge granite mass, with an abrupt descent of more than a hundred feet in front—a wicker-work fence, inwoven with cedar, formed the boundary of what resembled the eyrie of a mountain eagle.

Old Wiley rode up to the door, and as he did so an aged negro man with snow-white hair came and took his pony, which he led off to a shed in rear of the house. The master of the establishment then entered, found a cheerful blaze awaiting him, and placing his satchel on a small table in the centre

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of the apartment, which was nearly covered by papers, sat down in an arm-chair drawn comfortably up in a corner near the broad fire-place. The room was an attractive one, and had about it that indefinable something which is best described by the word *home-like;* but old Wiley seemed uneasy—to be haunted by some vague trouble. As the door opened behind him he gave a sort of start; it was, however, only the white-haired old African bringing in the tea-kettle, which he placed upon the hearth. As he was going out his master said,

"Cato, do you believe in presentiments?"



"AS SHE CAME NEAR, OLD WILEY ROSE ERECT AND CALLED, 'ELLEN.'"—[SEE PAGE 680.]

"'Sentiments? Yes, Sir," said Cato, respectfully.

"You are sure of more things than you can see, sometimes?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Very well."

Cato then waited, but as his master said no more, retired; whereupon the eccentric rose, took down a long telescope from the pegs sustaining it on the wall, and went out, seating himself on the wicker chair near the door. The sun was just setting behind a pile of orange clouds, and the mild light fell upon the beautiful landscape of field, forest, and river. On the opposite bank of the stream stood a large and handsome country-house, on whose lawn, still green, two ladies were strolling. At these Old Wiley directed his telescope, gazing at the figures for a long time and in silence.

"It is absurd, ridiculous," he muttered; "but I am perfectly sure that some misfortune is going to happen to some of us."

When he said "us" he kept his eyes so intently fixed on the ladies on the lawn that he evidently included *them* in the term. He slowly closed the telescope, laid it on the seat beside him, and resting his right elbow on his right knee and his left on the left knee, allowed his chin to fall into his two hands, his eyes still directed toward the figures in front of the house.

On a wooded knoll, half concealed behind a clump of cedar bushes, the tramp who had followed him up the mountain was seated on a block of granite, in the self-same attitude, watching him.

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III.

Two or three days after Old Wiley's ride to M——, that personage walked down to the river, and untying a small skiff, paddled to the opposite bank, where he landed, and slowly directed his steps through a grove toward the stone fence inclosing the grounds around the house mentioned.

Having reached the fence, he was about to clamber through a gap in it, when he saw a lady walking in the grounds; and as she was evidently coming in the direction of the spot where he was concealed, he waited, looking intently at her, with his arms leaning on the fence and his chin on his arms. The lady was a person of about fifty, with the remains of great beauty, and clad in black. As she came near, Old Wiley rose erect and called,



"HE FIXED HIS EYES STEADILY ON ME."—[SEE PAGE 682.]

"Ellen."

She stopped, turned quickly, and exclaimed, "You quite startled me, Henry. I had no idea that you were any where near me."

"Well, you know I am an eccentric, Ellen—at least every body says so—and often

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have no motive for my going or coming. I have one, nevertheless, to-day."

"What motive?"

She had approached, and was leaning one white hand on the wall beside him.

"My motive is to warn you that I have a species of presentiment that something hostile is in this vicinity—something or somebody. Have you seen or heard of nothing—of nobody?"

"Of nothing whatever, Henry. Remember that you were always fanciful."

"So be it. And of *no one*, as well as of *nothing*?"

"Of no one, unless this mysterious hostile person is a tramp seen by the servants once or twice near the house within a day or two."

"A tramp?"

"Oh, a mere stroller—one of the beggar class. Numbers of such come to beg, or perhaps steal, you know; but they are otherwise quite harmless. You must not be uneasy."

Old Wiley mused, remaining for some time silent. Then he said, thoughtfully:

"Ellen, do you ever reflect how strange a life I lead—how singular it is that a man who is still in the vigor of his faculties, who perhaps might be good for something in life, should bury himself here in these mountains, with no resources but hunting, newspapers, and day-dreams to while away his time?"

"It is not strange to me; it is very noble."

"Thanks. And I do not think I live a useless life, after all, or miss achieving an aim which at least is not mean or sordid. Perhaps I look to my own happiness, too. I am rich, but would be lonely without you. Why not have you here within sight of my mountain lodge? My gun, my books, and my musing make one-half of my life; you and Emmy are the other and better half."

The lady took in her white hand the bony and sunburned one of Old Wiley and affectionately pressed it.

"I knew that, Henry."

"But this tramp? You see I return to him. Who and what is he? Where is he?"

"Oh, give yourself no further thought of him. The matter is a trifle; and, besides, he has disappeared."

"Well, I am glad of that. And yet— But perhaps I *am* fanciful. By-the-bye, have you paid the mortgage?"

"You mean on Glendale?"

"Yes, the estate here. It was the sole burden remaining on the property, you are aware, at Mr. Hartright's death—about ten thousand dollars—which you informed me a month since you expected to be able to pay this autumn to Smith and Weatherby, who lent the money to Mr. Hartright."

"I have not yet paid it."

"It is imprudent to keep so large a sum in a country-house."

"I know that, and wrote to Messrs. Smith and Weatherby two or three days ago, asking how I should send them the money, but by some accident lost the letter."

"Lost it?"

"Or mislaid it. Emmy and I drove to M—— to mail it, but when I looked in my reticule for it, it was not there."

Old Wiley again reflected, thrumming on the fence. Did his instinct whisper that if this letter was "lost" or "mislaid," it might have been found by some one?

"And you have not since discovered the letter?"

"I have not; but it was not so important. I wrote again, mailing the second yesterday. In three days, I suppose, I shall get a reply."

What response Old Wiley would have made to these words remains undiscoverable, for two hands were suddenly placed over his eyes by some one behind him. Now to have one's vision thus shut out by an unknown person—perhaps a foe, whose next proceeding may be to stab or strangle you—is far from pleasant; but Old Wiley's apprehensions, if he had any, were speedily dissipated. Instead of a blow, a caress followed. Two warm lips were pressed to the sunburned cheek, and a laughing voice exclaimed,

"Guess who it is!"

"Not a very difficult problem, Emmy," he replied, "as only one person in the world would be brave enough to kiss an old fellow like me."

The hands were removed, and turning his head, Old Wiley saw before him a lovely girl of seventeen or eighteen, tall, slender, graceful, with a face like a rose in bloom, except that no rose ever looked so bright and laughing.

"I am *very* glad to see you, you dear old grandpapa," said the rose. "I was reading lately a story called, 'He always came in Sunshine,' and thought while reading it that you should have been the hero."

"Sunshine? I? You are jesting, Emmy. The northwest wind! fog! winter's cold! But I suppose I *do* look a little brighter than usual to-day. Charles, who has been to finish his education, you know, at Heidelberg, will arrive in the steamer due at New York to-morrow."

At these words the girl blushed from the curls on her forehead to the lace ruffle around her white neck, whereat the ghost of a smile touched Old Wiley's brown face.

"I am glad to see, my dear," he said, seriously and tenderly, "that you have not forgotten something—that you have not changed during my dear Charles's absence, and intend to have me really for your papa, if not your grandpapa, as you say."

With these words Old Wiley laid his finger tenderly upon the bright head, and ad-

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ministered an affectionate tap. Emmy repeated her blush; her mother looked at the group with eyes full of quiet happiness; and the sudden carol of a bird in the foliage above completed the joyous scene.

Half an hour afterward Old Wiley was slowly paddling back in his canoe toward the opposite bank of the Shenandoah.

"So she is unchanged," he said to himself, in a low tone, "and Charles is still dear to her. She will marry him. God be thanked!"

As the skiff touched the bank he looked back toward the lawn opposite.

"Three days," he muttered; "I do not like that. Ten thousand dollars is too large a sum for two unprotected women to keep by them in a country-house."

IV.

(From the M—— *Courier*, September 10, 1875:)

"We understand that a daring attempt was made on Tuesday night to commit a robbery at Glendale, the residence of Mrs. Hartright, near the Shenandoah River, in this county. As far as we have been able to ascertain the facts, it appears that Mrs. Hartright had by her a considerable sum of money, destined for a particular object, and her possession of this sum came, it seems, in some manner to the knowledge of a loose character—a sort of tramp or beggar, who has been noticed lately hanging around M——, a stranger in the neighborhood. On the night of the attempted robbery, we are informed that Mrs. Hartright had retired with her family at the usual hour, about ten o'clock, when the attention of some member of the household was attracted by a light in the sitting-room, where the money was kept in a secretary. The alarm was given that some intruder had gained entrance into the house, when the burglar, finding his presence discovered, retreated without effecting the intended robbery. That such was his intention is shown by the fact that two of the three drawers of the secretary had been wrenched open and their contents tumbled about, and that the burglar was in the act, when discovered, of forcing open the third drawer, which contained the money. We hope to give further particulars of this daring attempt next week. Householders can not be too careful at this time, when so many doubtful characters are straying about, to secure their doors and windows, and to deposit money or articles of value in some safe place."

Of the incident referred to in these general terms by the county paper, I shall now proceed to give a more detailed account in the words of the person who bore a conspicuous part in the transaction—Miss Emmy Hartright. This account is given by the young lady in a letter to one of her correspondents, a former school-mate, and is in these words:

"I should have answered your sweet letter, my dearest Mary, before waiting so long, but I have been really sick and completely unnerved by something which took place here a few days, or rather nights, since—a fearful attempt to rob and murder us all by a man who got into the house by some means after mamma and myself had gone up stairs to bed. I am not even yet over the nervous effect of this terrible affair, as you may see by my handwriting, but I will try to tell you what happened.

"It was about nine o'clock when, after reading prayers, we left the sitting-room, and mamma, who had been complaining of a headache, went to bed at once. As I did not feel sleepy, I determined to finish a magazine story I was reading; so after closing the shutters of the chamber, and drawing the curtains close to keep the morning light out of mamma's eyes, I turned down the shade lamp as low as I could see by, and began to read. In what I supposed was about an hour and a half I had finished the story I was reading, or rather the part of it in the magazine—an old number which I had brought with me up stairs. As, however, I was not yet sleepy, and was very much interested in the story, I determined to go down to the sitting-room, where the magazines are kept in a pile on the piano, and get the next number, so as to finish the story. By this time mamma was asleep, and as I was anxious not to wake her, I slipped off my shoes—I had already taken off my dress and put on my dressing-gown—and opening the chamber door carefully, so that the creaking might not wake mamma, I stole out softly. I did not take the lamp with me, as it is a large, heavy one, knowing that I could easily find my way down stairs and grope to the piano where the magazines were. I therefore felt for the baluster, and tripped down without making the least noise, as the staircase is solid, and does not creak under the feet. In this way I reached the bottom, felt for the knob of the door, and turning it slowly and softly, with the same idea of not disturbing mamma, was opening the door—it was already half open—when I suddenly saw a dim light in the room, and heard a low noise, like that made by some one trying to force a lock.

"I need not tell you that this terrified me to death—I tremble still as I write. I must have uttered an exclamation or made some noise, for suddenly a shadowy figure rose in one corner of the room, near an old secretary, and then a bright light flashed in my eyes, and seemed to fill the room. By the light I saw a tall, powerful man, dressed in rags, with a black beard, and a fearful-looking face, who had in his hand a lantern of tin or iron, one side of which he had sprung open. In his other hand was a knife or something—I was too much frightened to see exactly what.

"And now, Mary, comes the strangest part of all. I knew at once that this man was a robber, for I remembered that mamma had a large sum of money in the secretary, and I fully expected that he would spring upon me and murder me. I remember shaking from head to foot, and must have looked like a ghost in my night dress, only half covered by my dressing-gown. I was all white down to my very feet, as I wore only my stockings, having, as I told you, taken off my slippers. I looked at the man, and he fixed his eyes steadily on me, as a snake does on a bird when he means to charm and destroy it, and I felt as if I was about to faint. I should have done so, I am certain, if the man had taken a single step toward me, but he did not. And now comes the strangest part of all. He held the lantern in such a way as to throw the full light on me, looked at me without moving for what seemed ages to me, and then said, '*You!*' I gasped out something, and he looked at me more fixedly than before, not moving toward me any more than at first. It then seemed to me that he hesitated and was troubled by something. He looked toward the secretary, then at the window, which I saw was raised and open, and then back at me. Then he said, in a low, hoarse, gloomy, voice—I can give you his very words: 'I came here to commit a robbery. I am a mere thief. I came for the money which is somewhere in this house; but I did not expect to see *you*. I have seen you before. Yes, I am a thief; but as *you* are looking on, I will not rob the house. I was better than I am, once. There is something left in me which—it is not much—no matter—*you* need not be afraid of *me*—I am going.' He then looked at me for fully a minute, after which he said, 'You may go to bed, Miss Hartright. In an hour I shall be miles from this place. No! I swear I will be honest this time, since it is *you* who—' He did not finish the sentence, but closed the lantern abruptly. I then heard him leap out of the window, closing it behind him.

"This is all, my darling. I tottered up stairs, waked mamma and the servants, and there we all were, shaking and starting at every sound until daybreak. Never was morning light more welcome. The whole af-

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fair seemed to me like some horrid nightmare, now that the sun was shining. But there was the broken bolt of the window and the locks of the secretary drawers forced open to prove that the whole was a reality.

"We have not seen or heard of the man since. Who was he? And why did he go away without committing the robbery because *I* was in the house? It is the mystery of mysteries. I certainly never laid my eyes upon him before.

* * * * * * *

"Ever, darling, your devoted

"EMMA HARTRIGHT.

"P.S.—There is no news. We are all well and getting over our fright. I forgot to say that a friend of ours, Mr. Charles Wiley, whom you met here once, is coming back in a few days, I believe, from Europe, and will probably pay us a visit."

V.

The events above recorded came to my knowledge from an intimate acquaintance formed with Old Wiley and his son Charles. This originated in a very simple manner. I had ridden into the mountain to hunt wild turkeys, and in attempting to leap my horse over a small "gully" or ravine, my girth slipped, and I sustained a severe fall, which broke my left arm. The incident took place within sight of the small mountain lodge which I have described, and I managed, with great pain and difficulty, to drag myself up the narrow path. Old Wiley was standing at his door, and promptly came to meet me. I informed him of my accident; and, to make a long story short, the fracture of the bone of my arm resulted in a low fever which confined me in his small house for more than a month.

It was during this tedious and painful sickness that I formed the personal intimacy mentioned; and having step by step become confidential friends, the master of the mansion and myself related to each other without reserve our respective histories—mine being sufficiently humdrum and uneventful, his very much the opposite, as the reader will perceive from the *résumé* of it which I shall attempt to give, as far as possible in his own words.

We were sitting on the wicker seat in front of the house one autumn evening when I was convalescent. Charles Wiley, who had returned from Europe some weeks before, had gone on a visit to Glendale, across the river. We were thus all to ourselves, and Old Wiley said:

"I have determined, my guest, in response to your confidence made to me, to tell you, in turn, what brought me to live here in this secluded retreat, as I neither like *mystery* nor to fail in giving you this mark of regard. I was born in Lower Virginia, and at an early age made the acquaintance of the present Mrs. Hartright, of Glendale, with whom I proceeded to fall in love. She was a very beautiful girl, a great belle, and, I may add, something of a flirt. I shall not weary you by entering into the details of my love affair with her, for such my acquaintance soon became. In brief words, the result was unfortunate. I was proud and high-spirited; she was capricious, a little spoiled, perhaps, by admiration and flattery; and when I paid her my addresses—somewhat suddenly and abruptly, I fear—she flatly rejected me. Well, this event, instead of causing me despair, outraged my pride and aroused my anger. I curtly informed the young lady that every human being was at liberty to shape his or her destiny, that I would not *beg* any woman to love me, and with other expressions far more indicative of anger than of unhappiness, I left her in a mood as angry as my own, and soon afterward sailed for Europe, without again seeing her. I remained abroad some years, scarcely ever communicating with my family in Virginia. I then returned, with the full resolution of repeating the offer of my hand, for I had never ceased to love her, when the first news I heard on my arrival was that she had married a Mr. William Hartright a year before.

"This intelligence nearly unmanned me, and I became almost a misanthrope, living alone in my old family home—for I was an orphan without brothers or sisters — and moping. At last this life became insupportable. I went back to society, married in my turn, had two sons born to me, and then became a widower. Of one of these sons, the eldest, named Marcus, it nearly breaks my heart to speak. He early exhibited an uncontrollable tendency toward vicious indulgence. At college this grew upon him. I remonstrated in vain, a quarrel ensued, and at last he suddenly disappeared from Virginia, and I completely lost sight of him, having only my dear young Charles to console me in my loneliness. In due time he too left me, but to complete his education in Europe. He, however, returned for a brief visit, when he made the acquaintance of the Glendale family—for I was then living in this mountain cabin. I had come hither to watch over Ellen and Emmy Hartright, the widow and daughter of my successful rival, who had died some years before.

"You may regard this proceeding as eccentric. Well, I am an eccentric person, and can only explain my action by saying that I had never ceased to love Ellen Hartright—of her own sentiment for myself I shall not speak. Enough that I came hither, purchased this small house, and have lived here for many years. What became my chief happiness was that Charles and Emmy formed an attachment for each other—they are engaged to be married—and the wedding will probably take place in one month from this time.

"I come now reluctantly to speak of poor Marcus—I say *poor*, for I never ceased to

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love him, though I had bitterly upbraided him for his evil and violent courses. He has re-appeared."

As he spoke, Old Wiley's countenance assumed an expression of mingled anguish and humiliation. I could see that he was both humiliated and cut to the heart.

"A change has taken place in him," he went on. "I may as well tell you what can not much longer remain a secret—is in fact now known to more than one person—that my eldest son has become a common tramp, and has even attempted to commit burglary and robbery. He was the midnight intruder at Glendale, and only refrained from committing robbery for some mysterious reason which he did not divulge to me."

"Then you have seen him?"

"Yes, both I and Charles. His meeting with Charles took place on the return one evening of Charles from Glendale. He had nearly reached the river, and was about to cross in the skiff, when a man armed with a club, and in rags from head to foot, came out of a clump of bushes, and approached him with the apparent intention of attacking him. Charles, who is a person of constitutional courage, turned round and faced the man, and their eyes met, when he recognized him, and exclaimed, '*You*, brother Marcus!' Marcus's reply, in a trembling voice, was the one word, 'Charles!' An interview followed, and Marcus, instead of hostility, exhibited toward Charles the greatest affection, and even shame. Tears came to his eyes, and he endeavored to explain, as the result of a sort of evil fatality, the miserable condition in which his brother found him. When they parted, he said—I mean Marcus—'I have no right to expect that you will take my hand. I will not offer it, but believe me, Charles, I am changed, and within a few days. I did not mean to waylay and rob you when I came out of the bushes; I meant to *beg*, for I am starving. As it is you, I can not beg—that is all!' He then abruptly turned round and walked rapidly into the woods, where Charles lost sight of him almost before he could call to him and offer the money his necessities demanded. He followed, but darkness had come, and he was nowhere to be seen. Charles then came over the river, and told me of the meeting; exclaiming, in a broken voice, 'Oh, father, forgive poor Marcus! forgive him! He is changed!'"

Old Wiley's voice shook as he spoke, and he stopped.

"But your own meeting with him?" I said; "how and where did that take place?"

"Nearly at the same spot, three days afterward—it is close to the fence surrounding the Glendale grounds, at a point where any one walking on the lawn can be easily seen by a person hidden in the shrubbery. I often go thither, and came suddenly on *him* one evening, crouching down and looking fixedly toward Emmy Hartright, who was slowly strolling over the grass under the large oaks, here and there stooping to pluck a wild flower, for she has a passion for them. In an instant I knew him, without thinking of Charles's description. Was it the instinct of the father who recognizes his son at once, even though he be the prodigal who has fed on husks and comes back in rags? The rags did not hide him from me—he was a wretched object, but under all I recognized my poor boy, and my heart yearned toward him. He was thin and pale. His eyes were red and heavy. As he heard my footstep behind him he rose slowly, turned round, and looked at me fixedly—not furtively or sidewise, as I have observed in tramps and beggars, but straightforward, and with eyes full of unspeakable sadness.

"I have not the heart to repeat our conversation. It was nearly all on his part. I was racked by a complication of emotions—my old wrath, the sternness of the father whose authority had been despised, and yet an unutterable pity and yearning which scarcely allowed me to speak. He saved me the trouble of uttering many words. In a rapid voice, full of strange eloquence and pathos, he spoke of his early life, the influences which had led him into evil courses, and his subsequent wanderings, sufferings, and vices. 'I was born,' he said, 'with this inclination to yield to temptation and gratify every passion, but the tendency was encouraged and developed in me by persons in our old neighborhood who laughed me into drink, gambling, and every vice. When I became a man I was lost: the tree warped from straight growth when a twig is never straightened again. I never knew my mother. You, my father, were absorbed in your studies, and I thought you cold. I was left to myself and the wretches who made me vile, and they succeeded in their aim. When I went to college I determined to reform, but it was too late. I robbed a fellow-student at cards—though his money was afterward restored to him—and fled to escape a criminal prosecution. I have wandered every where, and lived the life of a beggar. I came here by pure accident, and in despair attempted a robbery at that house yonder, as I had picked up a letter saying there was a large sum of money in the house; but, thank God, the robbery was not committed. I can not tell you why. I—I—saw some one who— Well, that is all. God bless you! God be merciful to me! Good-by, father!' As he said this he threw his arms around me and kissed me, after which he rushed into the pines and was out of sight."

Old Wiley sobbed, and holding down his

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head, uttered groan after groan. As I listened to this expression of a father's agony, the landscape swam before my eyes.

VI.

Soon after hearing this affecting history I returned to my own home near the village of M——, and lost sight of the various personages whom I have mentioned, until the spring of the year 1876. No marked change had apparently taken place in the fates of Old Wiley and his friends, and the marriage of Charles Wiley and Miss Emmy Hartright had not occurred, as I should certainly have been invited to be present, or at least should have heard of the event. The report finally came that the wedding was fixed for the latter part of May; and desiring, as the fine weather opened in April, to ascertain something in regard to my friends, I set out on horseback to make Old Wiley a visit.

The result of this was that I was present at and witnessed the catastrophe of the events which I have endeavored to record in the preceding pages of this brief narrative.

As I drew near the Shenandoah I soon perceived that it was past fording; and as the long rope stretching from one enormous sycamore on the west bank to another as huge on the east bank, and used as a means of ferrying over the boat, was broken, I found it impossible at that point to cross the river. This was a disappointment, but Glendale remained as a resource—I had made the acquaintance of the family after my sickness at Old Wiley's—and toward Glendale, up the river, I accordingly rode. As I followed the narrow river road along the banks, often cut in the declivity, and completely overshadowed by the great white-armed sycamores which are a striking feature of the Shenandoah, I soon became aware that a freshet was at hand. The Shenandoah was rising rapidly, and its current, already turbid and angry, was mounting into waves, lashing the banks, and crested with foam. The "Daughter of the Stars," as *Shenandoah* signified in the Indian tongue, was getting past control; and casting a look as I passed at the Swiftshoal Mill, a flour and meal mill dangerously situated in a sort of depression, I galloped on toward Glendale.

As I approached the grounds around the house I could see, from the fact that persons were running to and fro and others hastening toward the river, that something had happened or was about to happen—something probably unfortunate. Then I glanced toward the river, and was appalled by the sight I saw. The freshet had suddenly rushed down like an avalanche, and the river was lashed to the wildest fury. The boughs of the trees, generally far above the water, were now half submerged, and the racing waves were dragging them deeper and deeper, and driving them madly to and fro, or else tearing them off and sweeping them away with drift-wood, rails, and huge "saw-logs," which darted down the boiling torrent, for such was the only term that described the stream at this moment. Near, in its lawn, was Glendale; opposite, on the Blue Ball, fringed with pines, rose the mountain lodge of Old Wiley, both looking peacefully down.

But on the Glendale lawn and along the river-bank below all was hurry and uproar. Persons of both sexes were seen in the wildest confusion and excitement; and riding rapidly to the spot, I saw what explained at a single glance the cause of this general emotion. On a mass of rock in the middle of the Shenandoah, and clinging for safety to a small sycamore which grew in a cleft, was Emmy Hartright. The water was rising and dashing furiously against the little rocky island, which, generally far above the level of the stream, was now nearly covered. I could see, at the moment when I arrived, that the foam of the waves, striking against the obstacle in their path, was thrown upon the poor girl's person, and that the water was washing around her very feet. I afterward ascertained in what manner she had become exposed to this fearful peril. She had gone down to the bank of the river in pursuit of the early spring wild flowers, which were her passion, but had not been successful in finding those which she specially admired and desired. Having, however, a perfect acquaintance with the river-bank, she remembered that on the opposite shore she had in past times gathered her greatest treasures, and she resolved to cross and explore the bank. This was not difficult. A pretty little skiff belonging to Glendale was affixed to a trunk near; she knew perfectly well how to manage the craft with the light painted paddle, and without paying special attention to the rise in the river, which indeed at the time had been slight, she had pushed out, paddled across, and begun her search for wild flowers. This had gradually attracted her to a considerable distance from the bank, and she was no little disturbed, on her return to the boat, to find that the river was rising rapidly, and the passage back already dangerous. She hesitated what course to pursue, and at first seemed resolved not to risk the crossing; but she all at once remembered that this day was fixed for dinner company at Glendale, that Old Wiley had already gone thither—Charles being, however, absent from home—and she leaped into the boat, threw off the rope, and paddled with all her strength toward the opposite shore.

She had underrated the strength of the current and the danger. The little skiff

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danced like a leaf of autumn on the waves, the girl scarce finding herself able to prevent it from being capsized. She used her utmost exertions and best skill, however, and would doubtless have succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, when the fatal obstacle of the rock island interposed. The skiff darted at it, struck, turned over, and the girl was thrown into, rather than caught, the small sycamore, now her only refuge.

I have said that when I first saw her the foam was dashed every instant over her person, and the waves were washing around the skirt of her dress. She had lost her chip hat when thrown from the boat, and her brown hair was streaming upon her shoulders. One arm was thrown around the trunk of the sycamore, which was not larger than the arm of a man. She did not seem at all unnerved. The skiff had been swept away, and there appeared to be no means of reaching her; but the brave girl seemed to trust in God.

I shall describe as briefly as possible the scene which followed. It produced a dolorous effect upon my memory and heart for a long time afterward. It is a fearful thing to see a human being pass into eternity before one's very eyes—the warm heart stilled, the active body a corpse, cold and silent—and yet that is what I witnessed this day. The household at Glendale, as I have said, had rushed down to the river-bank, guests, servants, and all. Among the former was Old Wiley, though not the young girl's affianced, Charles, who had ridden to W——, a neighboring city, on business. Old Wiley seemed beside himself. All his manhood appeared to have left him. Wringing his hands, he searched every where for a boat; but his own, too, had been swept away, and he was apparently about to lose his senses. The guests, both gentlemen and ladies, were evidently as thoroughly paralyzed, and I confess I was in little better condition. What could be done? There was no boat, and it seemed impossible for any swimmer to save the girl, even if he succeeded in reaching the rock. And yet how could we stand there and see this innocent girl swept away before our very eyes? The water was already above her ankles, and rising still. I could see her turn her beautiful face over her shoulder, and cast a last look toward us—a look which said, "Will no one save me?" I tore off my coat, shamed to the very heart's core at my cowardice, and threw myself into the current.

As I did so, I heard loud cries, and blinded as I was by the foam, could see that the crowd were looking toward a point up the stream. I looked also, and saw what followed. A powerful man was swimming, or rather being swept, from above toward the rock on which the girl stood. The waves carried him to it in a single instant, it seemed. He clutched a limb of the sycamore and drew himself up, and for a moment the man and the girl stood face to face. It was only for a moment. The man clasped his left arm around the girl, threw himself, still holding her, into the current, and swam with his powerful right arm toward the bank.

The two forms rather darted than approached deliberately. They were near now. The crowd ran toward them with wild exclamations. It was plain that the man would save the girl—when his fate came.

A huge drift log dashed at them. The man, not looking to himself, caught the girl in both arms and threw her on shore, where she was caught by her friends. Then the log struck him heavily on the left temple.

Half an hour afterward, at a point nearly a quarter of a mile down the stream, Old Wiley was holding in his arms a dead body, and exclaiming, with heart-broken sobs,

"Oh, my son! Would I had died for you, my son, my son!"

This son was Marcus Wiley, who had died saving the woman he loved.

THE CHIMERA OF THE COACH.

(THE COACH OF '76.)

I.

MISS CLARISSA GRISELDA VERE DE VERE was rather an airy young lady. Not that she really thought herself made of a better clay than the rest of humanity, far less that she really was so; but, worse than either, she seemed as if she thought so, and there was the mischief. The mischief, however, was not beyond remedy, for who will not forgive the foibles of a pretty woman? and Miss Clarissa Griselda was exceedingly pretty. A nose of equal straightness with hers had not been made since the days of the ancient Greeks. And is it not the immortal Mrs. Browning who says that a handsome nose *is* a handsome face, the other features being merely satellites of small consequence? But Miss Griselda's satellites were not to be snubbed; her mouth was a rose-bud, her chin had a dimple in it, her eyes were deep-set, of the darkest blue, with long brown lashes, her forehead was wonderfully fair, her cheeks charmingly pink, and her purely golden hair, with a natural wave or curl to it, made a halo about her head which outrivaled the two rings of Saturn. Why should such a young woman not be airy? Surely she had a right to be so, if any one had. At least thus thought her cousin Roderick. He was her slave.

Miss Clarissa was an orphan—not of the pathetic stamp of which heroines are made, misunderstood in childhood, cheated out of their fortunes, and only rescued from a long

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life of school-marm-ism by the timely appearance and appropriate conduct of the hero. She was a comfortable orphan; she had no touching recollection of her parents, did not know, and possibly did not care to know, how, when, where, or why they had died. In her early youth she was adopted by her aunt and uncle Durand, who, having loving hearts and no daughters of their own, doted upon her. And her three cousins, Roderick, John, and Harry, were brought up to dote upon her likewise. By right of her Grecian nose, she ruled in the household supreme. Whenever she felt very bold, she parted her hair on the side. And occasionally she defied the fashions. In dress she affected a "Doric simplicity," which, by an odd coincidence, was exceedingly becoming to her. Her contempt for puffs and ruffles, flutings and flounces, was emphatic, and she had no respect for women who wasted time and thought upón dress. She was different from other girls. But it is so flat for people to be all just the same.

It was a beautiful September morning. The amber sunlight fell aslant into a sumptuous Madison Avenue breakfast-room, and glittered with playful grace on fork and spoon, urn and coffee-pot, depleted hot-house grape stems, and fragments of scrambled egg. In a dim corner of the apartment, bordering on the butler's pantry, Uncle Durand conversed in an under-tone with Peter concerning certain cases of wine about to arrive. Before the fire-place, in which a single log of wood flickered fitfully, sat Aunt Durand, blandly embroidering a night-cap for one of the poor little paralytic inmates of St. Mary's Hospital. Around her were her three boys, reading their respective newspapers. Apart from this group sat Clarissa Griselda, also reading a paper. She was attired in one of her marvelously simple costumes, and a special sunbeam gleamed in through the window beside her for the sole purpose of lighting up her exquisite golden hair. At last she laid aside her paper, and exclaimed, in an emphatic voice,

"Roderick!"

"Griselda!"

"Go to the Buckingham and secure me two seats on Major De Prancey Lane's coach for next Tuesday."

Simultaneously three newspapers were flung into the air, and there was a shriek of laughter.

"*You*, Griselda?"

"*You*, Clarissa?"

"Clarissa Griselda, *you*?"

A shade of annoyance passed over the damsel's fair brow; she colored slightly, but said, with firmness,

"And why not, pray? Do not young ladies of the best families in New York ride on top of Major De Prancey Lane's coach? And why should not I?"

"For no reason in the world," said John, "except that I thought you considered yourself sublimely above that sort of thing."

"In fact, you said," chimed in Harry, "that every one who drove on Major Lane's coach was a fool."

"I? I never said so. That was my judgment concerning only one who drove—the one. Have you never heard that 'fools make the fashions, and wise men follow them?' I can not understand why any gentleman should wish to turn himself into a coachman; but I can understand that riding on a coach might be delightful. I mean to try it this once, at any rate. Will you go with me, Roderick?"

"Certainly."

"And Harry and I will stand at the street corner and hurrah as you go by."

"You will do nothing of the kind."

"Don't be so sure—it is a free country, Clarissa."

"John, I would rather be there when the coach comes in," said Harry. "It would be fun to see Clarissa Griselda come down that little ladder and tip the Major."

"Well, I won't do it—the idea of giving a gentleman fifty cents! I should feel as if I were insulting him."

"Will you tip the guard?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so; with a person in that walk of life it is different, and I should not like to appear mean."

It was a glorious October morning, that Tuesday on which Miss Clarissa Griselda Vere de Vere had decided to adorn the coach with her presence. Major De Prancey Lane ought to have been a happy man. It was one of the young lady's airs to ignore the coach. She professed even never to have seen it. Now she ignored it no longer. As she approached the spot where stood the coach—grown familiar and dear to many eyes, shining resplendent in its yellowness, its four noble steeds stamping the ground and tossing their manes as if they wished to fling off from them the floral decorations on their heads, giving the grooms some trouble to hold them—Miss Vere de Vere raised her eyeglass and gazed deliberately upon the whole thing. Not that she was in the least near-sighted; she never dreamed of putting on spectacles to read or to do the most intricate embroidery; but there is something intellectual and refined about a little eyeglass, especially when gold-mounted, and she always carried one. To raise it was a mark of distinction; it indicated to the object that it was being gazed upon—by Miss Vere de Vere; and thus she distinguished the coach. Gradually her eyes descended to the people upon the sidewalk.

"Roderick," she said, softly, "who is that very handsome man in gray, with rose-buds in his button-hole?"

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"Really, Griselda, I can not say."

"Do you think it is the Major?"

"Upon my word I don't know," replied Roderick, in some perplexity. "But we will see when they start," he added, astutely.

Outside of his own home and business office, Roderick was rather a nervous man. He did implicitly what his cousin told him. If Griselda had said, "Roderick, marry me," he would have obeyed precipitately; but she had never said, "Roderick, look at the coach," consequently he had never even thought of it. Indeed, it was a new idea on her part to be interested in the subject.

But the time for starting was at hand. The Major and the guard, both clad in gray, with flowers in their button-holes, had adjusted the dainty little iron ladder, and were assisting the passengers to mount.

"Are those our seats on the very top? Oh, how horrible!" exclaimed Griselda, elevating her eyebrows.

"They were the only ones I could get for to-day," said Roderick, apologetically.

"Many consider them the best on the coach. I think the lady will be satisfied when she is seated," volunteered one of the individuals in gray. "There is a strap to go across the knees, which renders them quite safe in case of any sudden jolting," he added; and then a look—possibly of impatience—crossed his face.

Griselda had heard of the Major's punctiliousness as regarded time. She would have delighted to detain him about five minutes, but it did not seem quite lady-like, so she submitted to fate. She mounted the tiny ladder, scrambled over the back seats in a way quite disgusting to one of her dignity, and finally found herself perched on the very apex of the coach. The rear seats were quickly filled, the little ladder was folded up and put in the inside of the coach, which, as usual, was empty. Then the individuals in gray sprang into their places, the grooms stepped back from the horses' heads, the long whip cracked, the guard's horn sounded, and away went the coach. Oh, it was glorious! Griselda clutched Roderick's arm and looked about her in delight. Never had Fifth Avenue seemed so bright and cheerful to her as then; but she had never seen it from that stand-point before. She was up so high, she thought she must be quite out of sight to people on the sidewalk; she felt as if she were riding on horseback on a tremendously big horse. She laughed good-naturedly at the little boys who stood at the street corners and hurrahed and waved their hats; and she laughed a little bit at herself for enjoying it all so much, yet was happy in spite of her laugh. But she only said, with a demure sort of dryness,

"And now we know who the Major is."

"Yes," returned Roderick. "Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied? Horrified, you mean. I was never more disappointed in my life."

"Why? He looks quite nice."

"Very nice for a coachman, but how for a gentleman? I expected a dashing, Fra Diavolo sort of a fellow, whose fine appearance would make some excuse for his eccentricities. But now—now I am not surprised at Major De Prancey Lane's driving a coach; the difficulty would be in imagining him doing any thing else. He just looks the character perfectly; a highly respectable—indeed, a very superior—English coachman."

"Griselda, do be careful."

"He can not possibly hear."

"No, but the guard can."

"If I thought he could, I should say something for his edification. His insolence is beyond endurance. It is one thing for a gentleman to condescend to convert himself into a coachman, but it is really impertinent for a guard to get himself up in that style. I almost mistook him for a gentleman."

There was a sudden short explosion of laughter in the rear. Griselda glanced around sharply; it sounded as if it came from the guard himself. But no; it must have been from the stout gentleman who was riding backward with his daughter—the guard was examining the mouth-piece of his horn, with not the vestige of a smile on his face.

"I thought you thought him very handsome," said Roderick.

"Well, what of that? Who wants a guard to be handsome? It is just his making himself so attractive that I consider an impertinence."

There was another little explosion of laughter. Griselda did not look around. It was very forward in the stout gentleman to listen to her conversation so; she would not gratify him by talking, and she relapsed into silence.

They were entering the Central Park. The clear sunlight fell soft and bright on the velvety grass; the frost of a few nights before had touched the trees with gold and scarlet; the air was balmy yet bracing; the sky was wonderfully blue. There were not many people driving in the Park at that hour, the roads were comparatively free, and the coach fairly flew over the ground. It was a rapid, gliding motion, such as one sometimes experiences in dreams, and Griselda sat as if in a dream enjoying it. It was a sort of awakening to her when the coach suddenly turned out of the Park, went down this road, then that, rattled over the Harlem bridge, and drew up before Halleck's Hotel to change horses. The Major was on his feet in an instant, in the midst of his horses, unfastening buckles right and left; he was fond of the animals—one could see it from his look and touch. The guard

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was on his feet in an instant also; but he only lit a cigarette and stood smoking it, looking as blandly upon this horse-changing business as if he had been a passenger.

"Why don't the Major say something to him?" asked Griselda, indignantly. And echo answered, "Why?"

In a few moments the four horses—three bay and one light gray—were out of the harness, and four more—three bay and one light gray—had replaced them. The Major was in his seat, reins and whip in hand. The guard stood in the road, still smoking, as serenely indifferent as if he had no thought of starting with the coach.

"Does that stupid guard mean to be left behind?" inquired Griselda of Roderick.

Off dashed the coach—and the stupid guard was not left behind. It seemed as if the vacuum caused by the sudden start had caught him up and whirled him into his seat. When Griselda glanced over her shoulder, he was quietly sitting there, without cigarette, preparing to blow his horn.

The road now lay through simple country, green fields and bits of woodland to the right and left, and here and there a pleasant country home. Children climbed the fences to see the coach go by, and greet it with a cheer. The four horses, tearing over the ground, paused not till they reached the township of Port Dixie.

The moment the coach stopped, the Major was on his feet again and among the horses. Perhaps he had said something to the guard. That individual did not light a cigarette this time, but attempted to assist.

"Do look at that ridiculous creature!" said Griselda. "He takes one horse where the Major takes two; he fastens a buckle as if he had never handled a bit of harness in his life. And now see him—how superciliously he pats that bay's nose with his kid fingers! It is a wonder such an intelligent animal don't kick him."

The harnessing over, the Major and the guard entered the hotel. There was a sound of the popping off of corks.

"Really," remarked Griselda, "I don't think the Major ought to drink beer with the guard; it is beneath his dignity."

In another minute the Major was on the box and the guard on the road—affecting to be left behind. Away went the coach, the vacuum wafted the guard into place as formerly, and his horn echoed merrily along the road. Here and there were rough spots which caused some jolting. The passengers caught hold of each other for safety, bobbed their heads every now and then to avoid the stroke of drooping branches, and laughed aloud good-naturedly. Griselda clutched Roderick's arm, bobbed her head too, and laughed with the rest. It was impossible to maintain much dignity away up there in the air. Then came a faultless piece of road, and the horses raced along at a magnificent speed. It was the old, dream-like, flying motion again; and Griselda relapsed into her silent, dreamy delight. Suddenly the coach whirled into a gateway, and drew up before a fine old mansion.

"Are we at Quelam already?" exclaimed Griselda, with genuine regret in her voice. "I could go on doing this all day. Must I really get down?"

The guard, to her disgust, looked up at her with a deep sympathy in his expressive eyes. She froze into silence instantly, descended the ladder without uttering a syllable, and markedly received assistance from the Major in preference to the guard. She entered the house, passed through the hall, paused in the farther doorway, and gazed out on the beautiful blue water, the sun-lit lawn, and the rocky shore which separated them. Immediately before her a fine bay horse was grazing, a forlorn, lonely little dog looking up vainly to it for companionship. Already the Major was at the stable with his horses. He whistled, or made some signal; the horse started, tossed its head proudly, and darted off at a full gallop in the direction of the sound. In a few minutes—probably when he had been sufficiently caressed—he returned on a cheerful trot to his pasture. Griselda loved horses, the Major evidently was fond of them too, and she began to like him better than she thought she should, in spite of his plainness. And there stood that lazy, good-for-nothing guard, in an attitude, smoking a contemptible little cigarette!

She turned away from him abruptly and walked down the foot-path. Roderick had stepped in-doors to order dinner. She sauntered about the grounds. There is always something sorrowful about a fine private mansion which has been turned to a public use. It seems as if the spirits of its former owners must linger about it still. In her mind's eye Griselda saw those parlors changed: soft lamp-light for the daylight; she heard the sound of voices, the ripple of laughter, the rustle of silks and satins; heard the carriages come and go; saw ladies, in fleecy wraps, entering; saw them again, the wraps laid aside, in brilliant toilets, gliding through the parlors, leaning on the arms of elegant and distinguished men. Without, the sunbeams had mellowed into moonshine. The lawn was finely kept; flowers bloomed; the white roses tossed gently to and fro in the languid breeze, and shed their fragrance on the night air; a young couple sauntered away from the festive scene and the gay music, preferring the moon-lit region without and the sweet music of each other's voices. They wandered down the same path she did, leaned on the same railing, gazed out on the same beautiful stretch of water. Yes, Griselda saw it all. Her eyes wandered along

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the horizon. Suddenly she started. There was an object between her and it — the guard! who stood there, looking just as handsome and sentimental as herself, the only difference being that she was looking at the water, and he was looking at her. The start was mutual when their eyes met. He dropped his glance instantly, and turned hastily away. Griselda was annoyed that she had started. "A cat may look at a king," consequently a guard at a queen: she ought not to have observed his existence.

A moment later Roderick joined her. They rambled up the road to Quelam Bridge, and took a row together. Then they had dinner, after which they played a game of croquet, and by the time that was over, the coach stood in readiness at the door. Griselda mounted the ladder, quite determined not to give the guard another glance during the whole drive, and was quite provoked to discover that it required some determination to accomplish the feat. The afternoon drive was delightful, but was much the same as that of the morning, except as they approached the city. Then the difference was noticeable. The Park was crowded with carriages, and the Major had a fine opportunity of showing his skill, which he did. It was not the same fly-along motion of the morning, but he kept the horses going at a brisk, steady pace all through the Park and down Fifth Avenue, whether the throng was great or small. The admiration which followed him was undisguised.

"I wonder if Major De Prancey Lane makes much money by driving this coach?" Griselda remarked to Roderick.

"No, dear, I hardly think he can," was the reply. "The expenses of running it, you know, must be very great."

"Ah, yes; I had not thought of that. Why," she added, with true feminine logic, hitting on the most important item, "only think of the flowers! Six bouquets for the animals every morning."

"Only four, I believe."

"No, six: four for the horses and two for the donkeys."

The same sudden short laugh of the morning sounded behind her. Griselda forgot her resolution, and looked around. Horrors! The stout gentleman was dozing, and the remnant of a grin was fading from the guard's face. The odious creature!

"There's a joke!" said John. "Look at the coach!"

"Ha! ha! so it is. I wonder if they've found it out."

"I don't believe they have. Roderick is such a noodlepate, he never notices any thing unless it is right under his nose; and Clarissa said she had never seen the coach before."

"How pretty she looks up there! Shall we laugh her to scorn?"

"Not too quickly; the fun might be the better for keeping."

Clarissa Griselda was just descending the ladder as they approached. A moment before she had perceived that hideous grin on the face of the guard, she had taken a silver half dollar from her pocket. What should she do with it? She could not put it back again. The wretch did not deserve to be tipped; but not to tip him would be putting him on a par with the Major, which in her estimation was improper. So, as she stepped down, in a very distant manner she placed the silver piece in the guard's hand, turning her head quite away from him, and accepting assistance from the Major.

Did she hear, or dream that she heard, the guard laugh, chink some coins together, and say to the Major, "I think these are meant for you, but I'll keep just this one as a souvenir of the day?" She could not look back: John and Harry were bowing to her.

"Well, Clarissa, how have you enjoyed it?" inquired John, as they walked homeward.

"Wonderfully."

"Had a pleasant day?" asked Harry.

"Oh, delightful."

"How do you like the Major?"

"Don't speak of him; I was frightfully disappointed. If he were nothing but a coachman, I should say he was one of the nicest coachmen I had ever seen. But I did expect something different in Major De Prancey Lane. However, I got to like him in the end—he was so good to his horses."

"And what do you think of the guard?"

"He is a monkey."

"A what?"

"I said a monkey. His whole occupation is to ape the gentleman."

"And don't you think he does it pretty well?"

"Too well entirely. There was his impertinence. I made a mistake when I said there was only one fool who drove on the coach. I ought to have said two."

"Ha! ha! ha! that is good. He would feel flattered if he heard all this, wouldn't he?"

II.

"Well, what is to be done now?" said Uncle Durand.

He was standing in the middle of a parlor in the Transcendental Hotel at Centennialville. Aunt Durand and Clarissa Griselda, in the last agonies of exhaustion, were sitting on a small sofa in front of him. He seemed to share their agony, though he could not their sofa. He stood first on one foot, then on the other; not a chair was to be had; every one in the room was occupied. The time was 6.10 P.M., October —, the day before Ohio day. People were talking of Hayes, asking

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each other when he had arrived, who had seen him, where he was to stay, etc., etc. But Uncle Durand asked only, "What is to be done now?"

"Why, what has happened?" asked the two ladies, simultaneously.

"Happened? They have kept only one room for us!"

"But they must give us two," said Griselda, decidedly. "We telegraphed for two, you know, and they said we should have them."

"But they have only one."

"Nonsense! they have a whole house full," said Miss Vere de Vere.

"I am very sorry it should have happened so," said a sleek young man, the hotel-keeper's emissary, who had come to show the way to that one room. "Such a dreadful crowd, you know; but I hope we will be able to arrange it—aw—so the ladies, at least, will be comfortable; gentlemen, of course, do not mind a little discomfort at times like these."

"I suppose," said Uncle Durand, in a very melancholy voice, "I might give up my share of the room to you, Griselda, and I could sleep on a sofa in the parlor, or somewhere."

"Uncle, you shall do nothing of the kind," said Griselda, emphatically. "You are not well, and are very tired; you require a good night's rest, if we are to continue our sight-seeing to-morrow."

"But what will you do?"

"I will have my own room. You and aunt go to yours now. If any one has been put into my room, that person must be requested to go out. I will remain here till it is made ready for me," and Miss Clarissa Griselda Vere de Vere leaned back with a languidly supercilious air, crossed her little wrists *à la* Lady Blessington, and gave the sleek young man one of her Juno looks, which fairly frightened him.

The trio retired, and Juno was left in her attitude of statuesque indifference. After about six minutes the sleek young man returned, flushed, embarrassed, and out of breath.

"Oh, so delighted, miss! we've got a room for you, after all. A young gentleman gave up his immediately, as soon as he heard that you—that a young lady from New York was without one. He said it was a pleasure to him—aw."

Juno made no response to these gushing statements.

"Show me to my room," she said, majestically, and arose.

"Certainly, miss, certainly;" and the sleek young man in snubbed silence obeyed.

"Well, really this is insupportable!" exclaimed Clarissa Griselda, in an exasperated whisper.

"What is, dear?" asked Uncle Durand. They were at the breakfast table on Ohio day. "Is it the waiting which annoys you?"

"Oh no—not that. Do you notice the individual sitting almost opposite us?"

"Yes; what a very handsome young man he is! And he has pleasant manners too."

"What—*you* surely don't know him?"

"No; I never saw him till yesterday. But he did what he did in such an agreeable, graceful way—you know he is the gentleman who gave up his room to you."

"No, I didn't know it," said Griselda, with ineffable disgust. "Uncle, do you know who and what he is?—he is the guard of Major De Prancey Lane's coach!"

And if any thing was needed to bring Miss Clarissa Griselda's exasperation to a climax, she had it in noticing, as the guard arose, a silver half dollar, with a square hole, similar to those in the Chinese coins, in the middle of it, fastened by a long gold link to his watch chain. It was her half dollar, she knew—oh, the wretch!

What particular charms of the Exhibition Miss Vere de Vere saw on Ohio day, or the day after that, or the day after that, it is not our purpose to state—far less to mention what especial object of interest she missed seeing. Suffice it to say that on Saturday afternoon she and her uncle wandered through the Main Building, weak and weary as two wounded soldiers, while Aunt Durand followed them, perched on a chair, looking like "Patience on a monument smiling at"—Frivolity.

"Don't you think you have seen enough, dear?" meekly suggested Uncle Durand. He had got quite acclimated by this time to the agony of fatigue which had attacked him shortly after his first arrival on the grounds. Each day had made him acquainted with some new bone or muscle, which he had never suspected himself of possessing till its presence was made known by the starting up of a new ache.

But Clarissa Griselda did not think she had seen enough. In spite of her beauty, refinement, and dignity, Miss Vere de Vere owned certain traits in common with a small boy whom recent literature has made famous, who "wanted to see the wheels go wound." She had heard of a certain small watch, located in a pen-handle, in the Swiss department—that was "the wheel" she "wanted to see go wound." Uncle Durand looked as if he would die on the spot when she intimated the fact. Then she relented a little, for the fair Griselda had a heart.

"I will tell you how we can manage. If you and auntie are so tired, suppose you sit here for a while and listen to the music, and I will take the chair and be wheeled to the Swiss department."

It was agreed. Patience descended from

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her monument and took a seat by Uncle Durand on a long bench, and Griselda assumed the chair. In a moment she was out of sight to her respected relatives.

There was a terrible crowd around those small watches in the Swiss department. And the chair porter was stupid—at least so Griselda thought; perhaps he was very tired; he seemed as if he were just leaning against the chair and following it; possibly there was a slight odor of whiskey in the air, but she was too refined to know how whiskey smelled: at all events, it was irritating to go along with no one but this stupid chair porter, almost run into people every now and then, and have them look at her so indignantly. As the crowd grew denser, she saw she must leave the chair if she was to see the watches at all.

"Wait here for me," she said to the man, left her chair, glided into the throng, and gradually worked her way up to the show-case. She saw the watch; she had no one to say "Oh!" to, but she gave a great sigh of relief. She had seen her "wheels go wound," and now again for her chair. But where was it? Oh! there. Why didn't the stupid man come to her? She had to force her way back to him. Mounting the chair, she said,

"And now please take me quickly out of this crowd and back to the lady and gentleman."

The man seemed to think that the best way out of the crowd was through the very midst of it. The indignant glances began again to fall upon the lonely Griselda.

"Do be careful!" exclaimed she, as they suddenly rounded a corner. But it was too late; and a gentleman, with his back toward them, standing in the third row from a show-case, was the victim. The step of the chair struck him a sharp blow just above the ankle; he staggered and struggled, but could not recover his balance, and as he fell the wheel of the chair passed over his foot.

"There! See what you have done with your unpardonable carelessness!" cried Griselda, almost fiercely, to the man.

"I'm very sorry, miss," he blundered out.

The poor gentleman was trying to pick himself up. But he could not stand. He sat down on the step of the chair, held on to his ankle with both hands, bowed his head over, and muttered between his teeth, "Oh—oh—oh!" in a way which betrayed that exquisite agony known only to the possessor of a tender, tight-booted, trampled-upon, purely aristocratic foot. The bystanders turned from the show-cases and uttered exclamations of sympathy and horror. Clarissa Griselda was in a frightful position. She turned to the porter, and said, severely,

"There is only one thing to be done. The gentleman can not walk—I will give him this chair. For the rest of the hour you were engaged by us, you are to take this gentleman wherever he wishes to go. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mum," replied the man, meekly.

Then Clarissa Griselda leaned over toward the sufferer—who seemed quite unconscious that he was sitting on the step of a chair, had his back turned to a fair damsel, his coat tails mixing with her silken flounces—and she said, in her softest, sweetest voice,

"I am so, so sorry for what has happened! I hardly know how to apologize sufficiently. Permit me at least to do the little that I can toward alleviating your pain by giving you this chair, and allow this man to rectify his error, as far as is possible, by taking you where you wish to go."

Griselda arose as she spoke, and stepped down from the chair; but the gentleman was sitting on the hem of her dress, and she was held fast.

"You are too kind," he exclaimed, earnestly. "I could not think of letting a lady inconvenience herself so much on my account."

"But I insist," said Griselda, in a charming tone of command.

"Oh—ah—really—" He looked up full into her face. Horrors! it was that wretched, hateful, handsome guard.

"I insist," said Griselda, savagely, jerking her dress away from him, and darting through the crowd like an arrow.

She was quite out of breath when she reached Uncle and Aunt Durand. She gave no reason for having dismissed her chair, but said she was quite ready to go now. And they departed.

As usual, there was somewhat of a scramble for seats on the cars. Uncle Durand had not been able to secure any in the drawing-room car, so our heroine had to take her chances with the rest of humanity. But her party were fortunate. Uncle and Aunt Durand had seats together, and she had one right in front of them. That beside her was vacant, and she placed her shawl upon it, so several persons passed it by, supposing it engaged. The train moved. Clarissa Griselda gazed out, eager to catch a last glimpse of the beautiful scene she was leaving. She summed up hastily all that she had looked upon, from the Japanese bronzes to the little Swiss watch, ending with the thought, "Well, I am glad I won't meet that detestable guard any more!" She turned her head—he was standing only a little distance from her.

Misery! Was she to see that man stand on one foot from Philadelphia to Trenton—perhaps to New York? It was not to be endured. But what was to be done? The seat beside her was the only vacant one in the car; sooner or later the conductor would

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notice it, and inform the wretch that he might occupy it. Should she, for safety, change seats with Uncle Durand? No; Uncle Durand was not to be trusted—he was so indiscreet; probably he would converse with the guard quite as if he were a gentleman, and render the relations of the parties still more embarrassing. A brilliant idea struck her. Immediately in front of her sat a charming little boy, aged about seven, clad in black velvet, with a fluted collar. He could not by any possibility belong to the stout, lager-beer-drinking German who filled the seat beside him. She leaned forward, and said, softly, in Miss Vere de Vere's most blandishing tones,

"Little boy, how would you like to come and sit beside me? I will give you a Centennial medal and some candy. And," she added, with studied carelessness, "when you get up you may as well tell that person who is standing to take your seat. He has hurt his foot, I think, and may be tired."

"Oh, Uncle Tom don't mind standing a bit," rejoined the charming little boy—charming no longer. "He and I have this seat together, and we are going to take turns. Ma's got a seat all to herself down at the other end of the car."

"Oh!" said Miss Vere de Vere, recoiling in disgust; and she looked perseveringly out of the window.

"I think I will sit by you after all," exclaimed a cheerful little voice. "Uncle Tom might just as well have the seat, you know. He wouldn't take it at first, but I told him what you said" (the little wretch!), "and then he laughed and sat down" (the horrid monster!). "And," continued the charming boy, as he pushed Miss Vere de Vere's shawl out of the way and climbed into the seat, "I think I would like to have the medal, if you don't mind. I've got only three, and another would make an even number, you know. And then I was thinking—"

"About the candy, I suppose," said Miss Vere de Vere, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

"Yes, just that. I was wondering if it was cocoa-nut. Uncle Tom gave me lots of things, but he didn't get me any cocoa-nut candy, and I love it awfully. And your bundle had a solid, square kind of a look about it, as if it might be cocoa-nut. Isn't it?"

"What a wonderful guesser you are!" said Miss Vere de Vere, smiling in spite of herself; for she saw that the string had slipped off her little parcel, and that one end of the paper was open, exposing the contents to view. "You deserve a reward for your cleverness. There, young man!" and she surrendered her medal and her candy, after which she devoted herself once more to the scenery.

But she could not help noticing that the guard was humane—he spoke to his nephew only once during the whole journey; and she could not help noticing then what a handsome—remarkably handsome—profile the detestable creature had.

III.

"How perfectly delightful!" exclaimed Clarissa Griselda.

She was in her own home again, and the Centennial was a thing of the past. She held an envelope of fashionable shape in her hand as she spoke, and her three cousins looked to her for explanation.

"The Meredith girls are going to give a ball at Delmonico's," she continued. "I do believe it is the very first in his new establishment. We must go, by all means."

"Of course we must," said the boys.

And go they did. Clarissa Griselda was arrayed in one of her magnificently simple costumes—a slap in the face to showy extravagance, a sublime impossibility to moderate means—and she looked like a queen. She leaned upon Roderick's arm—he was the tallest and handsomest as well as the dullest and most devoted of her cousins, which accounts for her having him constantly attending her—and she walked through the rooms, bowing blandly right and left, while the eyes of admiration followed her. Then with graceful languor she sank into a chair. Cornelia Meredith glided across the room.

"Clarissa dear, are you engaged for the German?" she asked, softly.

"No, I believe not." She was—to her cousin, but that did not count.

"Oh, I am so glad! I want to introduce you a partner—a superb dancer and a perfect angel of a man. He is a very particular friend of mine—spent all last winter in Florence with us. Really, if I had not been engaged to Mr. Brown, I should have been dead in love with him. I thought of you, and wished you were there. And it is so strange, the moment he came in to-night he asked who you were, and begged to be introduced. He said he had seen you somewhere, and you were so interesting. I'll bring him in a minute," and Miss Meredith vanished.

Clarissa Griselda leaned back in her chair, crossed her little wrists *à la* Lady Blessington, and smiled serenely. She knew just how handsome her profile was. Men were always calling her interesting and asking to be introduced. It was nothing new. She felt no nervous fear lest she should fall short of expectation. People with large, handsome noses know not the agony of diffidence. If the man admired her not, his admiration was of no consequence. But in spite of her calm indifference, she was, as we have had occasion before to mention, rather an airy young lady; and one of her little

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airs was that, when a gentleman stood before her to be introduced, she invariably turned him what the photographer calls "a three-quarter face"—her face was just perfect in that position—drooped her eyelids, and diligently studied his boots till the wording of the introduction was over; then slowly she turned her full face toward him, slowly raised her long brown lashes till their eyes met, and, oh! sometimes the effect was really wonderful. There was nothing left of the man at all, so to speak.

Accordingly, when Miss Clarissa Griselda became conscious that Cornelia Meredith, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, was approaching, her beautiful eyelids drooped, and she studied the hem of her garment till her attention was attracted by the appearance, directly in front of her, of an immaculate pair of pumps. She heard her friend's familiar voice saying,

"Miss Vere de Vere, allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Thomas Dodd Sheridan;" and then, "Mr. Sheridan, Miss Vere de Vere."

Then Miss Meredith's pink satin and illusion fluttered away. Slowly Miss Vere de Vere turned her full face toward the gentleman before her; slowly she began to lift her long dark lashes, when—oh! what was the matter? The effect was all spoiled. She started, gave a faint exclamation, looked confused, hung her head, and genuine school-girl blushes rippled across the cheeks and forehead of this fair young society queen. Half-way between the immaculate pumps and the eyes her eyes were to meet, hung a silver half dollar, with a square hole in the middle of it, suspended by a long gold link from a watch chain. Her glance fell upon it. Oh, horrors!—no wonder she started and looked confused, and hung her head and blushed.

But the effect was not all spoiled, though so different from what was intended. A new look of interest lit the countenance of the young gentleman. A shadow of misgiving had crossed it when he first contemplated the statuesque features of Miss Vere de Vere. Are blushes beautiful? Nay, verily, we would vote them hideous if they would wait for our judgment. But they go so quickly, and leave such a train of thoughts behind! The objectionable red had vanished from her face when Clarissa mustered courage to raise her head; not so the sweet, thoughtful, slightly amused look in Mr. Thomas Dodd Sheridan's eyes. She said, softly—it was an abrupt way of beginning an acquaintance—

"Where was the guard?"

"He drove."

"And the Major?"

"He had gone to a wedding."

"But how came you to be there and in that position?"

"Oh, I was just making a fool of myself for the fun of it, when you saw me, and—and almost mistook me for a gentleman."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Sheridan—please don't!"

"Well, I won't, if you will favor me with this waltz."

"Certainly."

"And the German?"

"I suppose so."

Then they floated off together to some dreamy waltz music, and neither felt quite certain whether they were on earth or in heaven. After a while Roderick came and took Clarissa away from Mr. Sheridan; he said she was engaged to him for that waltz. Then some one took her away from Roderick, and then some one else took her away from him, and so on for half the evening. What difference did it make with whom she danced, as long as it was not "that hateful handsome guard?" When the German was announced, she saw him approaching—no longer hateful, no longer a guard, but to her eyes handsomer than ever—and she felt those silly school-girl blushes rise as he claimed her hand for the dance.

But how describe that German? It is useless to attempt it. Those who know what it is to dance a German at Delmonico's, with the best of music, and having an angel for a partner, know all about it. Those who have never experienced the thing can not possibly be made to understand. Oh, it was heavenly!

At some unearthly hour Mr. Sheridan was handing Miss Vere de Vere to her carriage.

"Miss Vere de Vere," he said, in unutterably gentle tones, "are you sorry that you happened to ride on the coach on the very day that I happened to be making a fool of myself?"

"No," she replied, with volumes of sweetness in her voice.

"Then I am not sorry that I happened to make a fool of myself the very same day you rode on the coach. May I date our acquaintance from that day?"

"Yes; we are old friends. But do take that horrid half dollar off your watch chain!"

"If you say so, yes—but only to place it nearer my heart;" and he jerked it off the chain and put it in his left vest pocket. Then he looked at her—oh, such a look!—and murmured, softly, "But you have not said—"

"What? for you to come and see me? But I meant it when I said that we were old friends."

How shocking for Miss Vere de Vere to talk so with a gentleman just introduced! The world said, Is it possible? And the consequences were—what else could they be? why else should the story ever have been told?—"And they were happy evermore!"

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LIBERAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

IT has been wisely said that "education more than any other art lives by new departures, and that its growth resembles a vegetable organism rather than an animal organism." Growing thus by the sprouting out of new life upon the old, its manifestations must necessarily take on somewhat of a tentative character, and for this reason we ought not to be impatient with the numerous experiments which are tried one after another, and which one after another are thrown aside, or used only as a basis for a new experiment. The education of women on any liberal basis is so new an attempt that we are often led to take it for granted that there is more uncertainty there than elsewhere, though a moment's reflection on the changes going on in colleges expressly for men will prove the contrary. With the wider extension of the elective system, the value of examinations and percentages as a test proportionally diminishes, and it becomes evident, year by year, that the old way of estimating the standard of a college is more and more untrustworthy. Its results, as reduced to figures, become more and more misleading.

It is unnecessary to emphasize the fact that the number of names on a college catalogue affords not only no means of estimate of the actual character of the instruction given by its authority, but even no exact measure of the actual condition of the real working force of students.

If a foreigner were to examine the lists of colleges which admit women, he would be satisfied that the women had no more to ask for, and yet we who know the actual facts must recognize the truth that the number of real colleges which admit them to their advantages is very small. A sharp line —that of co-education—divides them into two clearly marked classes; and, with one exception, this line divides them fairly as to requirements and character of work. A liberal education is not understood to be one which fits for any special work in life, but it does propose to furnish a platform of mental training wide enough and strong enough to bear any superstructure which it may be afterward desirable to raise upon it. It is for this very reason that it can not logically make any difference in its work for the two sexes. Its idea is to put human beings into as full possession of their faculties as they can attain, minus the training of actual life. And woman for her life, as well as man for his, is better fitted for every part of her coming problem with the training which this and only this gives. Afterward the professional school, or her circumstances, shall train her for her special work. But so far as the college training goes, it can not logically concern itself whether its subjects are men or women. When it does, and attempts so to modify the usual evenly balanced training as to suit the special mental nature of woman, we almost certainly discover in its work a less vigorous method, and consequently a lower standard of demands and acquirements. The men's colleges admitting both sexes, and making no special provision for women, which is the same thing as offering equal advantages, are Michigan, Cornell, and Boston University. The one which, though exclusively for women, is yet consistently and persistently holding to the same standard, is Smith. The two which, freighted with a preparatory department, are being dragged down by it, are Vassar and Wellesley.

When any college attempts to be a "college in education but a family in government," it attempts an impossible combination, for the idea which lies at the basis of the college is radically different from that at the basis of the family. We might as well attempt to combine the necessary severity of the punishment for crime by the state with the infinite tenderness of forgiveness of sin by the church. A family of two hundred members is an impossibility as much as a square circle. We must choose between the two. If the government of the family be better for the girl, let her have it. But if the education of the college be desirable, that and that alone must be demanded.

We are brought again to the first point, that college education, if it is to be of real value, must not take into view the difference of sex, but must make its course of study and training such as will best put the human mind into possession of its faculties. Smith College stands thus alone. Entirely independent of Amherst — as much so as Yale or Harvard—it presents to us a college exclusively for women with no exclusively woman's standard.

For admission it makes as much demand in geometry as Princeton, Amherst, Columbia, or Yale; in algebra, as much as Columbia or Amherst. In Latin or Greek, we subjoin a table which gives with some degree of fullness the demands for admission of the leading universities. And yet we must be very carefully on our guard against judging the real work of a university by its requisitions for admission. It is clearly evident that should any university demand, for entrance, qualifications a year in advance of any other, and yet graduate its students on an average of sixty or fifty per cent. at the end of their course, its claim to hold up a higher standard than the others might be really delusive. Its first demand would furnish no idea either of the quality of instruction given by its professors or of the appetite for growth fostered within its walls. Not how much Greek the students of the

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preparatory schools have read, but how much its own graduates can read, should gauge its real standard in Greek. We have given in the subjoined table a comparative view of the requisitions for admission in mathematics, Greek, and Latin of twelve institutions, placing the women's colleges together. It is of some value, but it is not of decisive value, as to the real grade of the work done in the institutions themselves. Neither, even were we willing to test the institutions by their requisitions for their preliminary examinations, would such a table be of very great value; for the mere fact that a person has read such works shows little compared with the knowledge which we should gain were we able to compare the actual questions asked on these works and the marks affixed to the answers by the examiners at the respective places. It may prove of interest to the statistician.

It is not to be supposed that the admission of woman to colleges which had not heretofore admitted her has been promoted alone by the desire for more students. Every institution of learning in this country, where funds have been so divided that no one has enough, is desirous of more students. Those whose old buildings are full are just as eager to build new ones and report them full as the others to fill their old ones, but the mere inducement of a few more students would not have been sufficient for any college to attempt so daring a change. In fact, it was a question whether the number of young men who would be deterred from going would not balance the number of young women who would enter. The question of funds could not, therefore, have been the lever, and the view that it was so is the shallow and superficial one. The great motive power was the growing conviction in the public mind that it was the just and right thing to do.

The question which has been raised by some as to what the young women graduates of our colleges shall do, does not seem to be any more pertinent than the equally persistent question, What shall the young men graduates do? The latter will go on in life; a few, a very few, will become prominent lawyers, statesmen, physicians, clergymen, writers; a large number will become steady merchants and business men, fathers of families, useful members of the great framework of society; a considerable number will not be even that, and will be lost sight of after a few years. Because a man has had a college education, he is not necessarily a marked man; but if he has rightly used the opportunities offered to him at any well-ordered college, his whole life will be broadened and steadied, whatever relations he may come to hold to society, and society or solitude will be found to yield to him all its possibilities. And so it will be with the women. They will come back from their college life to their homes with a broader appreciation of the value of those homes. They will find their own places. Some few will go on into professional life. Schools are eagerly watching to utilize all who may choose to labor in that line for an independent life, and they will start fairly in the work of teaching, and hence not break down physically in it. Some will give us books which will, we trust, savor more of the impartiality and breadth of the writings of the English women than of the flippancy and superficiality of the American style. The majority will organize homes of their own, will become, like the men, heads of families, and their whole lives in all their details will, like those of the men, be broadened and steadied by their college trainifg. They will hold their lives in their own control, and not be swept away by the force of undisciplined impulses. These will be the majority. No inconsiderable percentage, as with the young men, will make no mark. We are not to trouble ourselves so much as to what the young women graduates shall do, any more than about what the young men graduates shall do. They will go to their own place.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

	Latin.			Greek.		Mathematics.	
	Books. Cæsar.	Books. Æneid.	Orations. Cicero.	Books. Anabasis.	Books. Iliad.	Algebra.	Geometry.
Amherst ...	4	*B. and 2 G. 6	7	4	3	To quad.	Simple props.; no areas.
Columbia ..	All.	6	6	4	2	To quad.	Simple props.; no areas.
Dartmouth.	4	6	6	4	2	To log.	All plane.
Harvard ...	All.	All.	10	All.	3	Through quad.	All plane.
Princeton ..	5 and 1 Sall.	6	6	3	2	Through quad.	Simple props.; no areas.
Yale	4	B. and G. 6	7	4	3	To log.	Simple props.; no areas.
Boston.....	4	B. 6	7	4	3	To quad.	Simple props.; no areas.
Cornell.....	4	B. and G. 6	6	4	3	Through quad.	All plane.
Michigan ..	4	Æneid.	6	3	0	Through quad.	Plane, solid, and spheric.
Smith.....	Sallust's Cat.	4	4	3	2	To quad.	Simple props.; no areas.
Vassar	4	2 G., 6 B. 2	6	None.	0	Through quad.	Simple props.; no areas.
Wellesley ..	4	4	7	None.	0	Through quad.	Simple props.; no areas.

* Bucolics and Georgics included with Æneid.

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SHOE-MAKER AND NATURALIST.*

JAMES LAMBERT lived poor and unknown in Glasgow till Charles Reade wrote his story, and shamed his fellow-citizens into better treatment of the "hero and martyr." And now Samuel Smiles writes the story of another humble Scotchman, whose poverty and obscurity are a shame to his fellow-countrymen, and to the men of science who have known his worth, profited by his discoveries in natural history, and yet have let him suffer all his life from the want of money, of books, and of the recognition his great services should have had from his more fortunate brethren. The



Thomas Edward

naturalist of Banff is an extraordinary man. With half the advantages enjoyed by college-bred men, he would have won renown. But his life has been one long struggle with poverty; and now, in old age and infirmity, after doing more for science than two-thirds of the men who tack a whole alphabet of society initials on to their names, he still works at his shoe-maker's bench, cheerful, stout-hearted, and uncomplaining. Let us hope that Mr. Smiles's interesting book will

* *Life of a Scotch Naturalist: Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnæan Society.* By SAMUEL SMILES, author of *Lives of the Engineers*, *Self-Help*, *Character*, *Thrift*, etc. With portrait and many illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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do for him what his own services have not done—raise his name from obscurity, and insure him against want in his declining years.

Thomas Edward, shoe-maker and naturalist, was born of Scotch parents at Gosport, Portsmouth, on Christmas-day, 1814. His father, John Edward, was a private in the Fifeshire militia. Toward the close of the great Continental war, when England had sent most of her regular troops to fight Napoleon in the Peninsula and the Low Countries, the militia regiments were assembled in camps along the coast, or stationed in garrisons to guard the French prisoners confined therein. Hence the presence of the Fifeshire militia at Gosport, where the hero of this story was born. After the militia were disbanded, John Edward resumed his trade of a hand-loom linen weaver at Kettle, his native place, but soon removed to Aberdeen, where he was more likely to find work and wages to support his increasing family. While living at Kettle, Thomas began to show his love of animals. From his birth he was hard to manage. His mother said he was the worst child she ever nursed. His feet and legs seemed to be set on springs. He began to walk when he was scarce ten months old. As soon as he could toddle out of doors, he tried to make friends with the hens, chickens, and ducks that had the freedom of the village. There was another creature whose acquaintance he sought to make, a sow named Bet, with a litter of pigs. Maternal instinct made Bet ferocious, and Tom's mother was afraid to let him go near her pen. But her warnings were disregarded. When she asked, "Where's Tam?" the answer always was, "Oh, he's awa wi' the pigs."

One day, toward night-fall, the boy disappeared. Every hen-house, every stable, every pig-sty, and every likely corner of the village was searched, but in vain. Tom was lost. He was then little over a year old. He could not have gone very far. Somebody raised the cry that he had been stolen by a band of gypsies who had been selling brooms and pans in the village that afternoon. Their camp was three miles off, and early next morning Tom's uncle and three other men went there in search of the missing boy. The gypsies let the men pry into every corner of the camp, protesting meanwhile that they had not stolen the child; and when the search was over, the women set upon them, tooth and claw, and drove them out in a damaged condition. They reached Kettle scratched and bleeding; but while telling their story, they heard a woman's scream outside the house. All eyes were turned toward the door, when in rushed the "pig-wife," and threw the child into his mother's lap. "There, woman, there's yer bairn. But, for God's sake, keep him awa frae yon place, or he may fare waur next time." "But far was he?" they exclaimed, in a breath. "Far wad he be but below Bet and her pigs a' nicht!" As the boy could not have climbed over the palings, somebody must have lifted him over. There was in Kettle a discarded sweetheart of John Edward, and it was believed that, to punish her old lover, she had put his child into the sty. But the crime was never proved against her, and the story may have been nothing more than village gossip.

When the family removed to Aberdeen, Tom was in his glory. Living near the outside of the town, he could roam at will into the fields and down to the neighboring "Inches," or islets, which were then covered with waving algæ. There, too, grew the scurvy-grass and the beautiful sea-daisy. Between the Inches were channels through which the tide flowed, with numerous pots or hollows. These were the places for bandies, eels, crabs, and worms. Above the Inches the town's manure was laid down. The heaps were remarkably prolific in beetles, rats, sparrows, and numerous kinds of flies. Then the Denburn, at the foot of the Green, yielded no end of horse-leeches, powets (tadpoles), frogs, and other creatures that abound in fresh or muddy water. The boy used daily to play at these places, and brought home with him his "venomous beasts," as the neighbors called them. At first they consisted, for the most part, of tadpoles, beetles, snails, frogs, sticklebacks, and small green crabs (the young of the *Carcinus mænas*), but as he grew older, he brought home horse-leeches, asks (newts), young rats—a nest of young rats was a glorious prize—field-mice and house-mice, hedgehogs, moles, birds, and birds' nests of various kinds.

The neighbors found Tom a very troublesome boy with his strange pets. The fishes and birds were easily kept; but as there was no secure place for the puddocks, horse-leeches, rats, and such like, they usually made their escape into the adjoining houses, where they were by no means welcome guests. The neighbors complained of the venomous creatures which the young naturalist was continually bringing home. The horse-leeches crawled up their legs and stuck to them, fetching blood; the puddocks and asks roamed about the floors; and the beetles, moles, and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them.

Tom's mother scolded and begged in vain. She threw away his pets, and he was forbidden to bring such things into the house. But the next time he went out to play, he brought home as many of his beasts as before. He was then threatened with whipping. That very night he brought in a nest of young rats, and took his flogging like a little man. Words and blows failing to change his habits, his mother tried keeping

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him in-doors; but he frequently managed to elude the maternal vigilance and escape to the Inches. If sent of an errand, he always strayed off to his favorite haunts, and sometimes would eat the breakfast or dinner he should have carried to his father. As he could not be kept at home, and was always running after his "beasts," his father at last determined to take away his clothes. So, one morning when he went to work, he carried them off in a bundle. When the boy got up, and found he had nothing to wear, he was in dismay. His mother, having pinned a bit of an old petticoat round his neck, said to him, "I'm sure ye'll be a prisoner this day!" She went out for milk, leaving him alone and, as she thought, secure. But Tom tied a string round his body to make the petticoat less clumsy, and seizing a good opportunity, bolted out, ran down the street, and was soon at his old employment, hunting for leeches, crabs, puddocks, and sticklebacks.

John Edward, coming home at night with Tom's clothes in his hand, looked round the room and asked, "Is he in bed?" "Na." "Far is he?" "Weel, I left him here when I gaed to the door for milk, and when I came back he was awa; but whether he gaed out o' the window or up the lum [chimney], I canna tell." "Did ye gie him ony claes?" "Na." "Most extraordinary!" exclaimed the father, sitting down in his chair. He was perfectly thunder-struck. His supper was waiting for him, but he could not partake of it. A neighboring woman shortly after entered, saying, "Maggie, he's come!" "Oh, the nickem!" (one given to mischief), said Tom's mother; "surely he's dead wi' cauld by this time. Fat *can* we do wi' him? Oh, Mrs. Kelmar, he'll break my very heart. Think o' him being oot for haill days without ony meat. Often he's oot afore he gets his breakfast, and we winna see him again till nicht. Only think that he's been out a' the day 'maist naked! We canna get him keepit in frae thae beasts o' his."

"He'll soon get tired o' that," said good Mrs. Kelmar, "if ye dinna lick him." "Never," roared old Edward. "I'll chain him in the house, and see if that will cool him." "But," rejoined Mrs. Kelmar, "ye maunna touch him the night, John." "I'll chain him to the grate. But far is he? Bring him here." "He's at my fireside." By this time Tom, having followed at her heels and heard most of what was said about him, was ready to enter as she came out. "Far hae ye been, ye scamp?" asked his mother. "At the Tide." His father, on looking up and seeing the boy with the old petticoat about him, bedabbled by the mud in which he had been playing, burst into a fit of laughter. He leaned back on his chair, and laughed till he could laugh no more.

"Oh, laddie," said the mother, "ye needna look at me in that way. It's you that he's laughin' at, ye're sic a comical sicht. Ye'll gang to that stinkin' place, man, till ye droon yersel', and sine ye winna come back again." Tom was cleaned, scrubbed, and put to bed. The result of this scrape was a brain-fever that lasted for weeks, and nearly cost the boy his life. It was months before he was able to go out again. This happened when he was only about four years old. Nothing could cure him of his roving habits. He roamed every where about the country, and learned the best nesting-places, the woods, plantations, and hedges, the streams, burns, locks, and mill-dams, within the neighborhood of Aberdeen. Whenever the other boys missed a nest, it was always "that loon Edward" that had taken it away.

The poor little fellow was always getting thrashed. His parents, hard-working, steady people, could not understand his fondness for roving and picking up all sorts of strange "beasts" and "vermin," and were sorely tried by his idle habits and stubborn disposition. When nearly five years old he was sent to school to keep him out of harm's way. It was a dame's school, kept by an old woman, who consented to take the boy because she knew his mother and wanted to oblige her. The school-room was the garret of a dwelling-house, and was situated at the head of a long stairway. Tom hated the confinement, and often played truant. Finding this out, his mother called his grandmother to her assistance, and "grannie" took him to school every morning. When the old dame had him by the "scruff o' the neck," Tom knew he might as well attempt to escape from a vise. His only chance was to go along quietly and watch his opportunity to slip through her fingers when she was panting up the long stairway. One morning he was sent after rolls for breakfast, but after making his purchase, instead of going home, he started off with three other boys to the Denburn to gather horse-leeches. Stooping over the water, he saw the reflection of grannie approaching with stealthy steps. When he felt her fingers on his neck, he made a sudden bound to the other side of the burn. He heard a heavy splash in the water. His comrades called out, "Tam! Tam! yer grannie's droonin'!" But Tam neither stopped nor looked back. He flew as fast as he could to the Inches, where he stopped to take breath, and then wandered about all day. After dark he slunk home, sure of a dreadful beating. His mother received him with sharp reproaches: "Ye're here again, ye ne'er-do-weel! creepin' in like a thief. Ye've been wi' yer ragamuffins; yer weet duds tell that. That's wi' yer Inches, an' tearin' an' ridin' on the logs, an' yer whin

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bushes, But ye may think muckle black shame o' yersel', man, for gaun and droonin' yer peer auld grannie." "I didna droon



BEGG'S SHOP.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

her," said Tom. "But she may hae been drooned for you; ye didna stay to tak her oot." "She fell in hersel'." "Haud yer tongue, or I'll take the poker t' ye. Think shame, man, to send her hame in sic a filthy state. But where's the bread I sent ye for?" "It's a' eaten." "We wad hae had a late breakfast if we had waited till noo, and sine ye've no gotten it after a'. But ye'll see what yer faither 'ill say to ye when he gets hame."

Tom soon got to bed, but kept awake until his father returned. He was told the whole story by his wife in its most dreadful details. When he heard of grannie's plash into the burn, and coming home covered with "glaur," he burst out into a long and hearty laugh. Tom heard it with joy. The father then remarked that grannie should "beware of going so near the edge of such a dirty place." Then Tom felt himself reprieved, and shortly after fell asleep.

Tom learned but little at his first school. The old dame was very devout, and besides teaching the A B C, and to read words of three letters, she prayed, or, as Tom called it, "groaned," with the children twice a day. She was dreadfully annoyed by the "nasty things" Tom brought into the school-room, and he was often warned that if he kept it up he would be expelled. One day he brought a tame kae, or jackdaw, hidden in his trowsers. When the scholars knelt down to pray, the kae became fractious and uneasy, and pushed his beak through the opening between the trowsers and the vest. Tom tried to squeeze him back, but the bird began to scream, *Cre-waw! cre-waw!* "The Lord preserve's a'! Fat's this, noo?" cried the old dame, starting to her feet. "It's Tam Edward again!" shouted the scholars, "wi' a craw stickin' oot o' his breeks!" The school-marm went up to him, pulled him up by his collar, dragged him to the door, thrust him out, and turned the key on him. Tom never went back to that school.

Tom was then sent to another school. It was kept by an old man who had great faith in the "taws" as a means of instruction. The "taws" is a heavy leather strap about three feet long, the end cut into several tails hardened in the fire. In the hand of an angry man it is a fearful instrument of torture, as Tom often found to his cost. One day he smuggled into the school-room a broken bottle full of horse-leeches. All passed on smoothly for about half an hour, when one of the scholars gave a loud scream and started from his seat. The master came down from the desk, taws in hand. "What's this?" he cried. "It's a horse-leech crawlin' up my leg!" "A horse-leech?" "Yes, Sir; and see," pointing to the corner in which Tom kept his treasure, "there's a bottle fu' o' them!" "Give me the bottle!" said the master; and, looking at the culprit, he said, "You come this way, Master Edward!" Edward followed him, quaking. On reaching the desk he stopped, and holding out the bottle, said, "That's yours, is it not?" "Yes." "Take it, then; that is the way out," pointing to the door; "go as fast as you can, and never come back; and take that too," bringing the taws down heavily upon his back. Tom thought that his back was broken, and that he would never get his breath again.

A third school was tried, with no better success. Tom could not be weaned from his love of "beasts," and his teacher's patience was soon exhausted. One day a centipede was found in the school-room, and Tom was accused of having brought it in. He had not done so, but his word was not taken, and he was cruelly thrashed, first for an offense he had not committed, and then for a lie he had not told. Fearing to go home, he wandered about all night, suffering from cold, hunger, and the terrible beating. In the morning he was found by the kindly Mrs. Kelmar, who took him gently by the collar, and encouraged the poor boy with soothing words. "Eh, laddie," said the good-hearted dame, "ye hae gien yer folk a sair nicht o't! But bide a wee; I'll gang in wi' ye." As she entered the door she exclaimed, "Here he's again, Maggie, a' safe!" "Oh, ye vagaboon," said the mother, "far hae ye been a' nicht? Yer faither's oot seekin' ye. I wonder how I can keep my hands aff ye." "No, no, Maggie," said Mrs. Kelmar, "ye winna do that. But I'll tell ye what ye'll do. Gie him some meat, and let him get to his bed as fast as he can." "His bed!" said his mother; "he shanna bed here

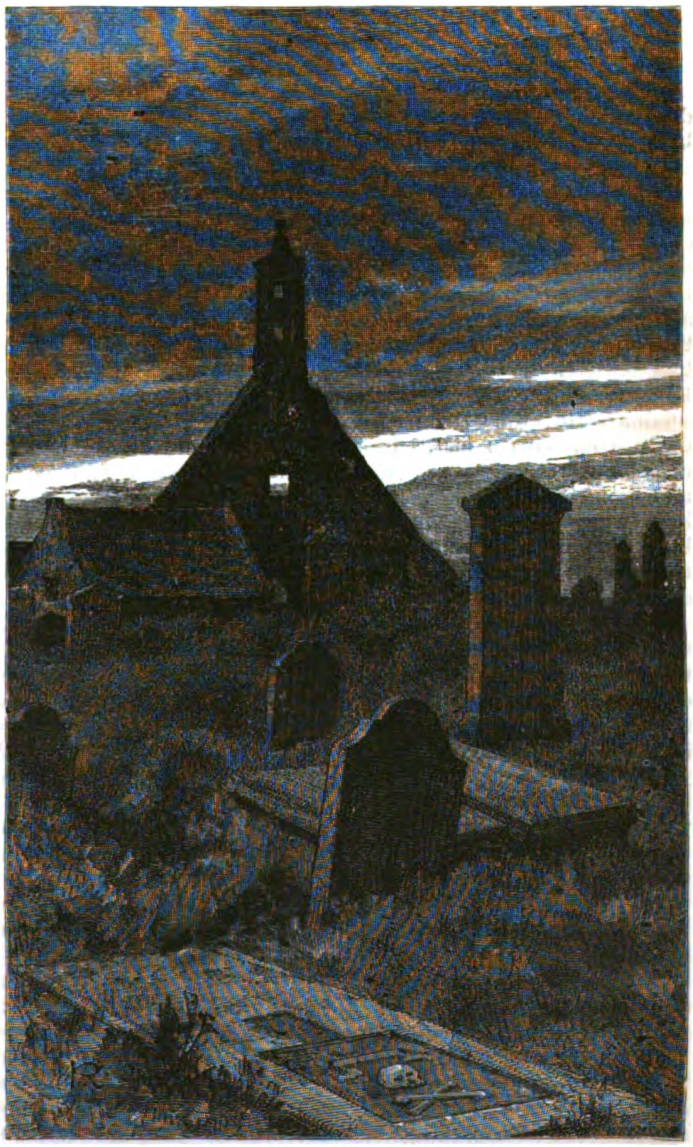
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till his faither comes in." "Just gie him something, Maggie, and get him oot o' the road." After some parleying, Tom got something to eat, and was in bed, with the blankets over him, before his father returned.

Good Mrs. Kelmar staid till Tom's father returned. He was worn out with anxiety, angry, and minded to give the boy a thrashing. But Mrs. Kelmar interceded so warmly for the poor lad that he was allowed to sleep undisturbed. The next day he told his parents how he had been treated by the master. On looking at his back, it was found that his shirt was hard with clotted blood, and still sticking to his skin. The wales extended right down to his legs. Means were adopted to soften the shirt and remove it from the skin. But while that was being done, the boy fell back and fainted away. On coming to himself he found his mother bathing his brow with cold water, and Mrs. Kelmar holding a smelling-bottle to his nose, which made his eyes run with water. A large piece of linen, covered with ointment, was then put upon his back. His father went away, ordering him to keep the house, and not to go out that day.

Tom did not go to school again. Though only six years old, he made up his mind to go to work. His parents gave their consent with reluctance. But the boy was forming very idle habits, scouring the hills in search of "beasts," and bringing them home to the "terrification" of the neighbors. His elder brother was working in a tobacco factory, and there Tom found employment at fourteen pence a week. The master was a bird-fancier, so that Tom got along very well with him. The boy brought him lots of nests and young birds in summer, and old birds which he trapped during winter. He was allowed to keep rabbits in the back yard; so that, what between working and playing, attending to his rabbits and catering for their food, his time passed much more happily than it had done at school.

Tom remained at this factory two years, and then, with his brother, went to work at another situated at Grandholm, on the river Don, about two miles from Aberdeen. Here the wages were higher; but Tom was even more attracted by the beautiful walk, in the course of which he crossed the picturesque "Auld Brig o' Balgownie." The hours of work were from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. The boys had to be up at four, get their breakfast, and then walk to the factory. They were seldom home at night before nine. It was delightful in summer, but dreary in winter, when they went and came in the cold dark nights and mornings. The wages of the



BOYNDIE CHURCH-YARD.—[SEE PAGE 703.]

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boys were at first from three to four shillings a week each, and before they left the mill their wages were from five to six shillings a week. Those were happy days for Tom. There were no taws to fear, and he had plenty of leisure for roaming without neglecting his work.

But after he had been at Grandholm about two years he was taken away, and bound apprentice to a shoe-maker named Charles Begg, a skillful workman, but addicted to drink, and of a brutal, quarrelsome disposition. Tom would have learned his trade well but for his master's dissolute habits. Begg was very often absent from the shop, and when customers called, Tom was sent out to look for him in the neighboring public-houses. When found he was usually drunk. Business fell off, and Begg grew worse and worse. When he came home drunk he would rave and swear, and after beating Tom in the shop, he would go up stairs and beat his wife.

Tom's fondness for birds, butterflies, moths, and other living creatures brought him into constant trouble with Begg, who hated pets of all kinds. Many a time he knocked the boy down and beat him cruelly. He used to say he would "stamp the fool out of him;" but he tried in vain. One day, after Tom had been three years in his employment, Begg found three young moles in his possession. He killed them at once, knocked down Tom with a last, seized him by the neck and breast, dragged him to the door, and with a horrible imprecation threw him into the street. Tom was a good deal hurt; but he went home, determined that from that day he would never again serve under such a brute.

And now the question was, what to do next? Tom wanted to be a sailor, and visit foreign lands, but his mother's entreaties induced him to give up this scheme. When the Aberdeenshire militia was called out, in 1831, he enlisted, being then eighteen years old. His passion for natural history led him into several scrapes, but on the whole he served his time with credit.

When twenty years old, Edward, as we must now call the man, went to Banff to work at his trade. Three years later he fell in love with a comely, bright, and cheerful lass, and after a short courtship, married her, and began housekeeping on about two dollars and a half a week. Poor as they were, they were content and happy. Edward at once began to make collections of the objects gathered in his walks. He had acquired the art of preserving birds as well as insects. Unfortunately he knew almost nothing of books, and was unable to write. He did not possess a single work on natural history, and did not know the names of the birds and animals he caught and whose habits he was familiar with. All his knowledge had been gathered by himself and was his own.

To assist him in procuring specimens of birds and animals, Edward bought an old gun. It was so rickety that he had to tie the barrel to the stock with a piece of thick twine. He carried his powder in a horn, and measured out his charges in the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. His shot was contained in a brown paper bag. A few insect bottles, some boxes for moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for plants, constituted the rest of his equipment. As he did not cease work until nine o'clock at night, nearly all his researches were made after that hour. He had to be back to his work in the morning at six. His wages were so small that he could not venture to abridge his working hours. He never spent a moment idly nor a penny uselessly.

As soon as his work was done, he would set out, with his supper stowed away in his pocket to lose no time, and so long as it was light he scoured the country, looking for moths, beetles, birds, or any other living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept until the light returned. Then he got up and again began his observations, which he continued till it was time to go to work. Sunday was his only day of rest. By twelve o'clock Sunday night, however, he was up and away. His neighbors used to say of him, "It's a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house." In fact, he never staid at home except Sundays. Weather never daunted him. When it rained, he would look out for a hole in a bank and thrust himself into it, feet foremost. He kept his head and his gun out, watching and waiting for any casualties that might happen. He knew of two such holes, both in sand banks and both in woods, which he occasionally frequented. They were foxes' or badgers' dens. If any of these gentry were inside when he took up his position, they did not venture to disturb him. If they were out, they did the same, except on one occasion, when a badger endeavored to dislodge him, showing its teeth. He was obliged to shoot it. He could often have shot deers and hares, which came close up to where he was; but they were forbidden animals, and he resisted the temptation. He shot owls and polecats from his ambuscades. Numbers of moths came dancing about him, and many of these he secured and boxed, sending them to their long sleep with a little drop of chloroform.

Sometimes he would take up his quarters in a barn, a ruined castle, or a church-yard. His objection to these places was the greater number of unpleasant visitors than else-

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where—polecats, weasels, bats, rats, and mice, not to speak of hosts of night-wandering insects, mollusks, beetles, slaters, centipedes, and snails. Think of having a polecat or a weasel sniff-sniffing at your face while asleep, or two or three big rats tug-tugging at your pockets, and attempting to steal away your larder! Boyndie churchyard, a most uncanny place after dark, was frequently his lodging-place, greatly to the amazement of his superstitious neighbors. He sometimes had severe encounters with nocturnal roamers. One night, while sleeping in the ruined castle of the Boyne, about five miles west of Banff, he was attacked by a large and ferocious polecat. Edward could have shot the creature, but he never wasted powder and shot upon any thing he could take with his hands. The animal leaped upon him as he lay on the floor, and was seized by the throat by the watchful naturalist. "I thought," says Edward, "that he would have torn my hands to pieces with his claws. I endeavored to get him turned round, so as to get my hand to the back of his neck.....How he screamed and yelled!.....And then what an awful stench he emitted during his struggles!" After struggling with the brute nearly two hours, Edward bethought him of his chloroform bottle, and, with a dose from that, ended the fight. He was quite exhausted with the long contest, but as he had secured a large and valuable specimen for his collection, he felt repaid for all it had cost him.

In this manner Edward passed several years, working at his trade by day and making his rounds as a naturalist by night. In four years he had made a collection of nearly a thousand insects, secured in twenty boxes, which were piled one upon another, face downward, to keep out the dust. On looking at them one day he found that rats or mice had destroyed the whole collection. This was a heavy misfortune for a man in Edward's position. His wife, seeing the empty cases, asked him what he would do. "Well," said he, "it's an awfu' disappointment, but I think the best thing to do will be to set to work and fill them up again." He did so; and in another four years he had as large a collection as the first. By the year 1845 he had preserved nearly two thousand specimens of living creatures found in the neighborhood of Banff. About half the number consisted of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, crustacea, star-fish, zoophytes, corals, sponges, and other objects. He had also collected an immense number of plants. Some of the specimens were in bottles, but the greater number were in cases with glass fronts He could not afford to have the cases made by a joiner; so he made the whole of them himself, with the aid of his shoe-maker's knife, a saw, and a hammer. There were about three hundred cases in all. An exhibition of this collection at a fair held at Banff yielded him a small sum of money, and encouraged him to try the same experiment at Aberdeen, in the hope that he might be able to give up his trade and devote all his time to natural history. But he was doomed to a sad disappointment. Few people went to see the collection, and he was obliged to part with it to defray the debt incurred in moving it to Aberdeen. The sale brought only £20 10*s*. The collection went into the hands of a private gentleman, who suffered it to go to ruin. Edward went back to Banff disappointed, but neither soured nor disheartened, and resumed his trade and his researches.

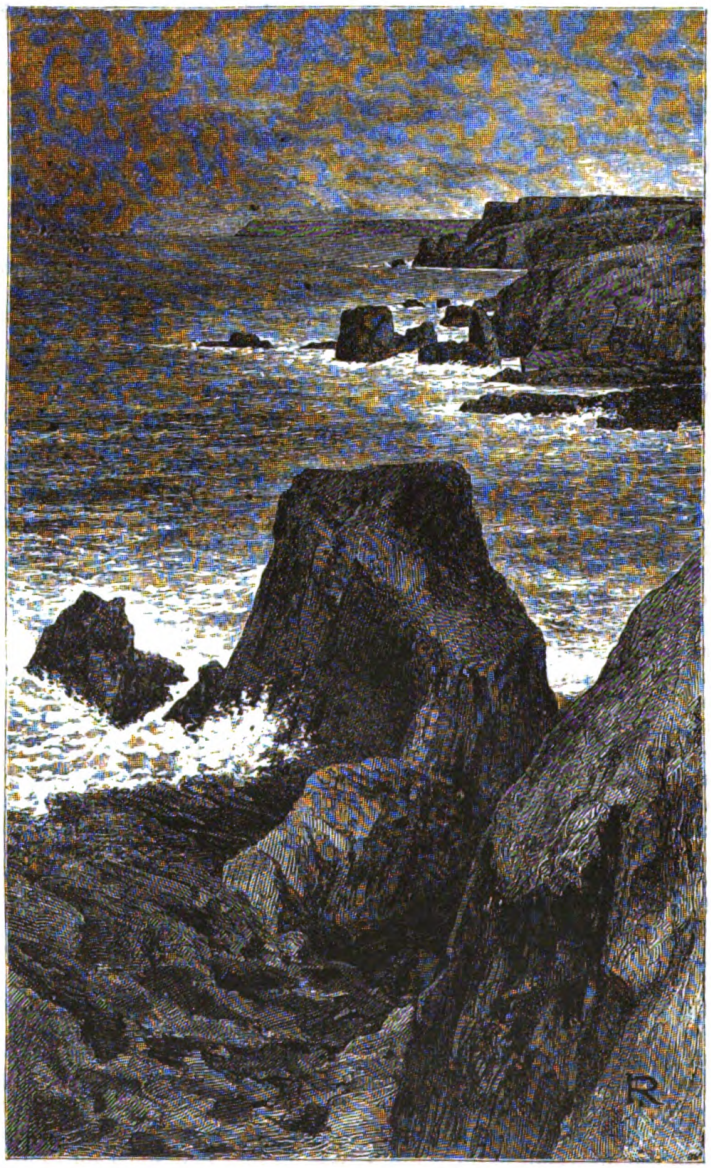
Edward got plenty of good advice from people who had seen his collection or had heard of his devotion to natural history, but outside of his own family he rarely received any practical assistance. For many years no one sent him books, and he had no money to buy them. A terrible fall over the rocky cliffs of Tarlair laid him up for many weeks, and he was compelled to sell a portion of a second collection of specimens to support his family during his illness. He was at length so fortunate as to interest a neighboring clergyman in his researches, and to obtain from his library the loan of some works on natural history. By this gentleman's advice he began to publish in the *Banffshire Journal* the results of his observations. Edward piled away the papers containing his articles; but on looking for them, at the request of Mr. Smiles, he found they had been mostly used for kindling fires.

Reports of Edward's researches at length began to attract the notice of scientific men in London and elsewhere, and his name was sometimes mentioned in scientific journals in connection with some interesting discovery. He also found a valuable friend and adviser in the Rev. Mr. Boyd, the parish minister of Crimond, whose house and library were always open to him. But sickness again assailed him. He was forced to give up his nightly rambles; and, worse than all, he found himself obliged to sell his third and best collection, with no hope of ever being able to replace it. He now resolved to abandon the country and devote himself to the natural history of the sea-shore. Here was a great field open for him. The Moray Firth had never been properly searched for marine productions. It was full of fish, and of the various objects and substances that fish feed upon. In this branch of natural history Edward made his most remarkable discoveries. He was helped by his children and by the fishermen—a more intelligent and observing class of men than the stolid tillers of the soil. His eldest daughter, Maggie, made many a good find while rummaging about the sands with her father. But

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he was still hampered by the want of means and of books. Unable to name his specimens, he used to send them to naturalists at a distance. Sometimes his letters remained unanswered; sometimes the specimens were kept, and thanks only returned. At last he sent none but those of which he had duplicates, preferring to keep them without a name to the risk of losing them altogether. In the face of all these difficulties, Edward made many valuable discoveries. Out of 294 species of crustacea found in the Moray Firth, twenty-six were discovered by the poor shoe-maker of Banff. He also discovered a large number of new fishes. In recognition of his services he was in 1866 elected an associate of the Linnæan Society. A few months later he was made a member of the Aberdeen Natural History Society, and of the Glasgow Natural History Society in 1867.

But these honors came to him empty-handed, and were in no sense an adequate recognition of his great services. Many of his discoveries have become facts of history, but a large proportion of them can never be known. His specimens were sent to others to be named, but many of them were never afterward heard of. This was particularly the case with his shrimps, insects, zoophytes,



CLIFFS OF TARLAIR.

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corals, sponges, sea-slugs, worms, tunicata or leathern-bag mollusks, fossils, and plants. "Had any one," he says, "taken pity on me in time (as has sometimes been done with others), and raised me from the dirt, I might have been able to name my own specimens, and thereby made my own discoveries known myself." He had another difficulty to contend with besides his want of means. When he published what he had observed with his own eyes, and not in books through the eyes of others, his statements were often discredited by naturalists of recognized standing; and it was only when his observations were confirmed by others, and could no longer be disputed, that his discoveries were acknowledged. Some feeble and unavailing efforts were made at one time to obtain for him a salaried position in a museum of natural history. He was, indeed, curator of the Banff Museum, on a salary of two guineas a year, increased a few years since to four guineas, and more recently made a little higher. But, with this exception, Thomas Edward has received no pecuniary compensation for his services as a naturalist. There are hundreds of names on the pension list far less deserving than his.

Old age has come prematurely upon him. No longer able to prosecute his researches, he has gone back to the shoe-maker's bench, after an unsuccessful effort to maintain his family by the less laborious work of a photographer, still cheerful, although no longer sustained by hope, and happy in the affection of his wife and children, and the respect of all who know him. In a worldly sense his life has been a failure. He says himself, "I dinna think there'll be sic a feel [fool] as me for mony a lang year to come!" Yet his life has not been unhappy. He had always some worthy object to pursue. He enjoyed the adventure, the chase, the capture, and often the triumph of discovery. He was always happy in his home. His children were brought up virtuously and well. There was no better-conducted family in Banff. When his wife was asked what she thought of his wanderings about at night, she replied, "Weel, he took such an interest in beasts that I didna compleen. Shoe-makers were then a very drucken set, but his beasts keepit him frae them. My man's been a sober man all his life, and he never negleckit his wark. Sae I let him be."

We can not better conclude this sketch of his career than with his own cheerful though touching words, written in June, 1875: "As a last and only remaining source [of subsistence], I betook myself to my old and time-honored friend, a friend of fifty years' standing, who has never yet forsaken me, nor refused help to my body when weary, nor rest to my limbs when tired—my well-worn cobbler's stool. AND HERE I AM STILL on the old boards, doing what little I can, with the aid of my well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family, with the certainty that instead of my getting the better of the lapstone and leather, they will very soon get the better of me. And although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of nature, as exhibited in the incomparable works of our adorable Creator."



"AND HERE I AM STILL."

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UNCLE ZEKE'S CONSCIENCE.

ON the banks of one of the numerous creeks that indent the western shore of the Lower Chesapeake stands a little house, built of pine slabs roughly riven, and ingeniously roofed with a combination of old shingles, pieces of board, pine straw, rags, and rubbish, wonderful to behold. The chimney, built of mud balls kneaded up with straw, as erstwhile by the Israelites in Egypt, stands outside one end of the mansion, and probably once pointed to the meridian; but years of service or some unrecorded revulsion of nature have caused it to recede from the perpendicular, and lean away from the house as though determined on its own downfall—a catastrophe which the ingenious proprietor has averted by propping the chimney with two pine poles, which at once uphold the integrity of the domestic hearth and afford scratching facilities to half a dozen long-nosed, slab-sided hogs which are rooting near by. A patch of about an acre of land behind the house is fenced in with pine rails laid snake fashion, and is dignified with the title of the garden. A score of thrifty fowls are scratching in various directions; a spectral-looking white horse is cropping the scanty grass, and a dilapidated two-wheeled cart rests under a shed near by. At a little wharf is moored an unpainted dirty dug-out, known in the vernacular of the district as a cunner, and by persons of education called a canoe, and on the shore lies an old pair of oyster tongs. An air of contented unthrift rather than of poverty is about the place. The horse is a shadowy and ghostly-looking animal, it is true, but still he *is* a horse, and in this part of the country the darky owner of a horse of any kind ranks among the colored aristocracy. The chickens are plump and thriving; an enormous pile of shells tells of a multitude of oysters, not lost, but gone before; the carcasses of a brace of old hares are hanging by the door, and nailed to the side of the house are half a dozen 'coon-skins drying in the sun. The black-walnut-colored damsel standing in the doorway shows no signs of poor feeding; and if her shoes are full of holes, and her frock torn and patched with various odd colors, she seems satisfied: and contentment is better than riches.



UNCLE ZEKE'S COTTAGE.

This establishment is the residence of Mr. Ezekiel Foster, known of white folks and the younger fry of darkies as Uncle Zeke, but addressed by the elder members

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of his church as Bro'r Zekel or Bro'r Foster. A sage and dignified old gentleman is Uncle Zeke, strictly polite to white ladies and "gemmen," but rather discouraging any familiarity on the part of "dem po' white trash 'at neber was no 'count 'fore de war, an' ain't so much 'count now." At church meetings his prayer is the loudest and most earnest, and at the shouting exercises on Sunday nights, when the old man strikes up the hymn,

"Rock o' my soul in de bosom ob Abraham,
'Rock o' my soul in de bosom ob Abraham,
Rock o' my soul in de bosom ob Abraham,
Lord, Rock o' my soul,"

his feet begin to move before the end of the first verse, and ere the close of the second he is jumping with a vigor indicative of the highest internal happiness and peace. Uncle Zeke always was remarkable for religious enthusiasm. His white wool curling close to his head, a fringe of snowy whisker surrounding his coffee-colored face, seamed and criss-crossed with wrinkles, and a benevolent smile upon his lips, he might sit to a painter as a model for an African bishop or for Uncle Tom.

And Uncle Zeke can talk too. Step into his cabin, having been properly introduced —for Uncle Zeke is apt to resent intrusion, and "don' make much 'count o' strange white folks 'quirin' round"—and the old man shall spin you yarns like any man-o'-war's man. With a flask of whiskey (for Uncle Zeke is no believer in temperance) or a bit of tobacco and a few civil words, you may keep him telling stories the livelong day—tales of the old days when he and his were slaves; how his first wife was taken from him. "Yes, Sar; done sole her 'way, an' 'e chillun too. Pow'ful fine woman she was, Nancy; hear ole marster say she done fotch de rise o' twel' hundred dollars—ke! ke!" And the old man chuckles as he recalls the pecuniary value of the abducted Nancy. He can tell you, too, how in old times the river swarmed with fish and was bottomed with oysters. "But sence de war de boys dey done go iseterin so much dey broke up all de iseters, an' 'pears like de fish dey done gone too. Well, well; ole man done see it all." Or if you wish to investigate the workings of the negro mind and learn its superstitions and its reasoning powers, you can have no better opportunity than in a talk with Uncle Zeke. Talk to him, as I did one day, about spiritualism, and listen to the old man's views on that point. "Well, now, I tell you, Mis' Long, you's got eddication an' all dat; but dere's a heap o' curus tings in dis worl' can' no man make out. I done had some queer sperences myself. I tell you some'in' happen me when I's a chile. Ain' neber tole you disser story 'fore, 'cause dem fool chillun allers been roun', an' 'pears like dey ain' got no 'spect for gray hairs: laugh at ole man jus' like he's a young gal or boy. Well, well, chillun is mighty curus, dat's sartin. Sarvent, Mis' Long, I take a small piece tobacco, sence you's so kind—sarvent, Sar.

"When I's a chile an' live to ole Maje Warner up in Gloucester dere—ah! had pow'ful fine place, de maje: flowers an' hot-house an' fruit, an' ebery ting o' de bes' could be had for money. An' ole Maje Warner he pow'ful fond o' water-melons; ebery year done sot out a patch, an' had de fus melons in all de neighborhood. An' one year melons dey was skase; mos' all de crap done fail; all de neighbors got none, an' ole maje he on'y make out raise a few.

"Well, Sar, one night de han's dey sont me in de patch fur git some melon, an' I take four. Next mornin' ole marster call all de han's togedder, an' 'low he miss four melon, an' dey mus' 'a stole 'em. Den he ax each one, 'Boy, you take dem melon?' Ebery one say, 'No, Sar.' Den ole maje say, 'I gwine fine out 'bout dis ting.' An' he sont in de chicken-yard an' cotch big rooster, an' put him in de ole kitchen, an' put big iron pot atop o' him. Den he make ebery man put his han' on dat pot, an' ax him ef he stole dem melon. By-an'-by come my turn. Ole maje say, 'Zeke, you steal dem melon?' I say, 'No, Sar.' An' dat rooster he crow—ke! ke! Yes, Sar, crow right out jus' like he was sayin', 'Zeke, you's a-lyin'.' Den ole maje say, 'Zeke, you's de man.' I say, 'Yes, Sar; no use fur 'ny it now.' An' den I cotch a lickin'. Now how you s'pose dat ar rooster know I take dem melon? Tell you, Sar, is some tings white folks don' un'stan', nor cullud pussons neider."

But there is one of his experiences that Uncle Zeke can never be persuaded to relate. No matter how he may be pressed, he has but one invariable answer, "Oh, g'way, Mis' Long; dat all foo'shness; don' like talk 'bout dat ar, noway." And if the questioning be pushed too far, old Zeke is apt to turn crusty, and will break off the conference with, "Mus' scuse me now, Sar; I got go iseterin," and hobble off to his canoe, muttering in high dudgeon. So, since the old man will not tell the story himself, I must do the best I can to relate it for him.

No man, however pure, can entirely escape the voice of slander, and there are not wanting unregenerate and narrow-minded people who aver that Uncle Zeke, with all his outward piety and obsequious respectfulness, is, as they phrase it, "one grand old scoundrel." Certain it is that, either in direct answer to prayer or in some equally abnormal manner, the necessities of Mr. Foster are often supplied with wonderful promptitude. Other darkies may be prevented by hard weather from oystering for days together, but Uncle Zeke always has a bushel or two to carry to "de sto'" to ex-

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change for groceries: and his canoe is often seen at night in suspicious proximity to beds of planted oysters. He grows little corn, but somehow never wants for meal; and though fried chicken is no unusual dish at his table, his stock of fowls seems never to diminish. But let us not be too hard upon Uncle Zeke's peculative peculiarities. Slavery was a wretched school of morality, and the man who saw all the fruits of his labor absorbed by another, naturally enough thought little harm of the abstraction of an occasional chicken or casual piece of meat.

Some years ago there moved to the neighborhood of Uncle Zeke's cabin a gentleman from New York, whose identity may be disguised under the name of Smith. The newcomer engaged vigorously in farming, and by liberal employment and prompt payment soon gained the good-will of all the colored men around him. Uncle Zeke in particular was never weary of chanting his praises, and many a bushel of oysters did Ezekiel convert into money at Bellevue, as Smith's estate was called. But all the goodwill of his humble neighbors did not suffice to protect Mr. Smith from pilferings. Shoats would disappear mysteriously during the night, geese and turkeys would take wing for parts unknown, and in particular the corn-crib would frequently show by unmistakable signs that its sanctity had been violated. To the story of these various losses would Uncle Zeke incline a sympathetic ear, and his "Well, now, who ever hear de like o' dat? clar to goodness dese yere boys is gittin' wusser an' wusser," evidenced alike his detestation of the crime and his contempt for the offender.

Smith's patience was at last exhausted, and he determined upon vigorous measures for the protection of his property. His first experiment was to place a large spring rat-trap, artistically concealed in a heap of shelled corn, close by the cat hole in the corn-crib door, expecting that the unwary thief, plunging his hand recklessly through the hole into the heap, would be caught and held till some one came to set him free. But lo! next morning the trap was found sprung and the heap of corn diminished, but the thief had vanished and left no trace behind.

At last a good-sized box arrived from New York, and the next day the local carpenter was ordered to fix two brass handles to the corn-crib; one to be put alongside the door for convenience, as Mr. Smith publicly explained, of steadying one's self while turning the other. The second handle had a latch attached to it by which the door was secured on the inside, and was set in such a position that any one turning it must hold on by the other knob to prevent being thrown backward by the opening door. Both handles were profusely decorated with glass, and elicited much admiration from the hands, who submitted them to a critical examination. The carpenter's work being finished, Smith, in presence of all his colored employés, solemnly repeated, in front of the corn-crib, the first two lines of the second book of Virgil's Æneid, and announced that his corn was thenceforward secure. A box, stated to contain seeds, was that afternoon deposited in the crib, and during the early part of the ensuing night the proprietor of Bellevue secretly busied himself with a coil of insulated wire.

Numerous and diverse were the speculations among the darkies. Jim Oakley "'lowed Mis' Smith done 'witched dat ar corn-house, sho 'nuff. Tell you, gemmen, you touch dem 'ere handles, evil sperit carry you 'way. No such ting's evil sperit? How you know dere no such ting? Hush, boy; go see what de Bible say 'bout dem ting." Pete Lee "didn' b'lieve in no sperits; got a gun fix somewhar inside dat house; turn de handle an' de gun go off. Seen dem tings afore up country, when I live in Goozleum." Another theorist averred that "while Mis' Smith sayin' dat ar Scripter ober dem handles, he seen a white pigeon come a-sailin' roun' an' roun' an' roun', and done light on de peak o' de corn-house roof. High! tell you, Sar, sumpin up, sho."

Uncle Zeke, like the rest, was troubled in his mind, but, unlike his fellows, he determined to waste no time in speculation, but to seek his information direct from headquarters. Prepared with half a bushel of oysters, as an excuse for conversation, he sought an interview with Mr. Smith, and boldly propounded his questions.

"Mis' Smith, what you bin a-doin' to dat ar crib o' yourn?"

"Why, Uncle Zeke, what do you want to know for?"

"Oh, nuffin, Sar; sorter curus like. Hearn all de boys talkin' 'bout it—neber see nuffin like dat afore."

"Well, Uncle Zeke, I can't very well explain it to you; but I just advise you—don't go near that crib after dark, or you may see something you won't like." And Uncle Zeke departed, revolving many things in his mind.

It was midnight—the hour when churchyards are said to yawn, not with exhaustion, but returning animation. In front of the enchanted corn-house stood Brother Ezekiel, a lengthy pole in his hand and a capacious meal bag over his shoulder. In silent meditation he stood for some five minutes, deliberating on the best plan of attack. The great Newfoundland watch-dog bounded toward him, evidently in rejoicing welcome. Forth from his pocket the old man drew a savory bit of fried bacon, which the faithless Bos'en eagerly devoured. The reflec-

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tion ended, the dog lay contentedly on the ground, and watched the subsequent proceedings with the air of a totally disinterested observer.

"Clar to goodness, now," muttered Uncle Zeke, "wish 't I un'stood 'bout dis ting.

Uncle Zeke paused, [illegible] meditatively, and then [illegible] oquy:

"Well, I deeclar' [illegible] preachin'! Mus' be a [illegible] no gun, den dere [illegible]



[illegible] no spring trap like a [illegible] spring fro[illegible]

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without effect. He went to the other side of the house and repeated his experiments on the second knob, but still all remained quiet.

Uncle Zeke now drew from his pocket a skeleton key, mounted the ladder, and in a trice had opened the padlock which held the door.

"Dar now, jus' 's I t'ought. De boss done humbug dem fool nigger, make um tink disser house 'witched. Ain' nuffin dar, sho 'nuff."

The old darky reached up and cautiously turned the handle. The door opened a little, and, casting away all fear, Uncle Zeke boldly reached for the other knob, to steady himself while he swung back the door.

Literally like a flash of lightning the electric discharge passed through him. The muscles of his fingers contracted, and he could not release his hold of the enchanted handles. At last his feet slipped from the ladder, and the weight of his body tore his hands adrift. Like a log the old man dropped to the ground, and lay groaning, praying, and generally bewildered.

"Oh, de lawsgoramity! Oh, my heabenly Marster! Who eber t'ought o' dat! My consc'ence done wake up! my consc'ence done wake up! Heern 'bout it often, an' now I knows it. Oh, my heabenly Marster! ef you lets up on me dis time, Uncle Zeke neber touch nuffin no mo'. Clar to goodness I's a change' man f'om dis day. B—r-r-r-r-r—" And what with the shock, the fright, and the fall, Uncle Zeke's senses seemed leaving him.

"EZEKIEL!" said a solemn voice. Instinctively Uncle Zeke answered, "Here me," and looked in the direction of the sound. Oh, horror! A figure clad in white was nearing him with slow and solemn steps. As the mysterious visitor approached, it seemed to rise until it towered to the height of at least ten feet. The wretched Ezekiel, on his hands and knees, his eyes protruding, and his jaw dropped, remained as if paralyzed.

Suddenly the phantom bowed itself, and its head descending with incredible swiftness, smote the unfortunate Uncle Zeke senseless to the earth.

Three days later, as poor Uncle Zeke lay, racked with rheumatism and tormented with spiritual fear, upon his bed in the single room at his cabin, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Smith, of Bellevue.

"Good-morning, Uncle Zeke. Why, what's the matter with you, old man?"

"Oh, Mis' Smith! oh, Mis' Smith! I done had some turrible sperences lately. De angel ob de Lord done wrastle wid me, an' my consc'ence done woke, an', oh, my heabenly Marster, I's one sufferin' sinner. Mis' Smith, is you bin—is you done—is you m-miss any ting wid dat ar c-corn-house o' yourn?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Zeke; nobody been near it. Every thing all right now."

"An' nobody done touch de lock? Dò' lock' ebery mornin'?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, who do you think would touch it, old man?"

Uncle Zeke answered not, but his lips moved convulsively as he muttered, "Knock me down fus, an' den lock de do' an' took de key. Now I *knows* it was de angel ob de Lord."

Needless to say that thenceforward Smith's premises were safe. Pigs might squeal, "Take me out, take me out;" barn and corn-crib might be left open; but the rumor of Uncle Zeke's terrible experience had gone abroad among the darkies, and not a man of them could have been induced for love or money to land on the shores of Bellevue after dark. Smith judiciously kept his counsel, and it was many months before he related to me how, with a powerful galvanic battery, he had shocked poor Uncle Zeke's nerves, and with the aid of a mask and a sheet on a hickory pole, enacted an elongating ghost. But he seldom failed when he met Uncle Zeke to inquire into the state of his conscience, and the awakened and repentant African would roll his eyes piously upward and reply,

"Much better, Sar, t'ank de Lord. Ain' trouble me in long time now, Sar."

But no persuasion has ever induced Uncle Zeke to relate the history of that awful night when his conscience awoke to trouble him, and the angel of the Lord appeared and smote him.

THE RAIN.

SUGGESTED BY ONE OF CHOPIN'S PRELUDES.

ALL the sky above me is dark and drear,
And a cold gray shadow infolds me here;
Through the stillness no human voice is heard,
On the drooping vine not a leaf is stirred,
While my heart keeps time with its bitter pain—
Keeps time to the pitiless dropping rain,
The pitiless rain, the sobbing rain,
The rain, the rain.

In the pool the black heron stands alone,
From afar comes the bittern's plaintive moan.
Ah, my dead Love, lost Love, is *all* Love vain?
Can not e'en the echo of Love remain?
While my heart keeps time with its bitter pain—
Keeps time to the pitiless dropping rain,
The pitiless rain, the sobbing rain,
The rain, the rain.

Since the grave of Love should be broad and deep,
Lest, alas! perchance it should wake and weep,
Should wake and shudder to hear rain fall
On its grassy flower-strewn fun'ral pall,
While my heart keeps time with its bitter pain—
Keeps time to the pitiless sobbing rain,
The pitiless rain, the sobbing rain,
The rain, the rain.

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A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER XX.

IT was piteous to see and hear. The blood would not stop; it spurted no longer, but it flowed alarmingly. Vizard sent Harris off in his own fly for a doctor, to save time. He called for ice. He cried out in agony to his servants, "Can none of you think of any thing? There—that hat. Here, you women; tear me the nap off with your fingers. My God! — what is to be done? She'll bleed to death." And he held her to his breast, and almost moaned with pity over her, as he pressed the cold sponge to her wound—in vain; for still the red blood would flow.

Wheels ground the gravel. Servants flew to the door, crying, "The doctor! the doctor!"

As if he could have been fetched in five minutes from three miles off.

Yet it was a doctor. Harris had met Miss Gale walking quietly down from Hillstoke. He had told her, in a few hurried words, and brought her as fast as the horses could go.

She glided in swiftly, keen, but self-possessed, and took it all in directly.

Vizard saw her, and cried, "Ah! Help! —she is bleeding to death!"

"She shall not," said Rhoda. Then to one footman, "Bring a footstool *you*;" to another, "*You* bring me a cork;" to Vizard, "*You* hold her toward me so. Now sponge the wound."

This done, she pinched the lips of the wound together with her neat, strong fingers. "See what I do," she said to Vizard. "You will have to do it, while I— Ah, the stool! Now lay her head on that; the other side, man. Now, Sir, compress the wound as I did, vigorously. Hold the cork, *you*, till I want it."

She took out of her pocket some adhesive plaster, and flakes of some strong styptic, and a piece of elastic. "Now," said she to Vizard, "give me a little opening in the middle to plaster these strips across the wound." He did so. Then in a moment she passed the elastic under the sufferer's head, drew it over with the styptic between her finger and thumb, and crack! the styptic was tight on the compressed wound. She forced in more styptic, increasing the pressure, then she whipped out a sort of surgical housewife, and with some cutting instrument reduced the cork, then cut it convex, and fastened it on the styptic by another elastic. There was no flutter, yet it was all done in fifty seconds.

"There," said she, "she will bleed no more, to speak of. Now seat her upright— Why! I have seen her before. This is— Sir, you can send the men away."

"Yes; and Harris, pack up Mr. Severne's things, and bring them down here this moment."

The male servants retired, the women held aloof. Fanny Dover came forward, pale and trembling, and helped to place Ina Klosking in the hall porter's chair. She was insensible still, but moaned faintly.

Her moans were echoed: all eyes turned. It was Zoe, seated apart, all bowed and broken—ghastly pale, and glaring straight before her.

"Poor girl!" said Vizard. "We forgot her. It is her heart that bleeds. Where is the scoundrel, that I may kill him?" and he rushed out at the door to look for him. The man's life would not have been worth much if Squire Vizard could have found him then.

But he soon came back to his wretched home, and eyed the dismal scene, and the havoc one man had made—the marble floor all stained with blood—Ina Klosking supported in a chair, white, and faintly moaning—Zoe still crushed and glaring at vacancy, and Fanny sobbing round her with pity and terror; for she knew there must be worse to come than this wild stupor.

"Take her to her room, Fanny dear," said Vizard, in a hurried, faltering voice, "and don't leave her; Rosa, help Miss Dover. Do not leave her alone, night nor day." Then to Miss Gale, "She will live? Tell me she will live."

"I hope so," said Rhoda Gale. "Oh, the blow will not kill her, nor yet the loss of blood. But I fear there will be distress of mind added to the bodily shock. And such a noble face! My own heart bleeds for her. Oh, Sir, do not send her away to strangers! Let me take her up to the farm. It is nursing she will need, and tact, when she comes to herself."

"Send her away to strangers!" cried Vizard. "Never! No. Not even to the farm. Here she received her wound; here all that you and I can do shall be done to save her. Ah, here's Harris, with the villain's things. Get the lady's boxes out, and put Mr. Severne's into the fly. Give the man two guineas, and let him leave them at the 'Swan,' in Taddington."

He then beckoned down the women, and had Ina Klosking carried up stairs to the very room Severne had occupied.

He then convened the servants, and placed them formally under Miss Gale's orders, and one female servant having made a remark, he turned her out of the house neck and crop directly with her month's wages. The others had to help her pack, only half an hour being allowed for her exit.

The house seemed all changed. Could this be Vizard Court? Dead gloom—hur-

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ried whispers — and every body walking softly, and scared — none knowing what might be the next calamity.

Vizard felt sick at heart and helpless. He had done all he could, and was reduced to that condition women bear far better than men—he must wait, and hope, and fear. He walked up and down the carpeted landing, racked with anxiety.

At last there came a single scream of agony from Ina Klosking's room.

It made the strong man quake.

He tapped softly at the door.

Rhoda opened it.

"What is it?" he faltered.

She replied, gravely, "Only what must be. She is beginning to realize what has befallen her. Don't come here. You can do no good. I will run down to you whenever I dare. Give me a nurse to help, this first night."

He went down and sent into the village for a woman who bore a great name for nursing. Then he wandered about disconsolate.

The leaden hours passed. He went to dress, and discovered Ina Klosking's blood upon his clothes. It shocked him first, and then it melted him: he felt an inexpressible tenderness at sight of it. The blood that had flowed in her veins seemed sacred to him. He folded that suit, and tied it up in a silk handkerchief, and locked it away.

In due course he sat down to dinner—we are all such creatures of habit. There was every thing as usual, except the familiar faces. There was the glittering plate on the polished sideboard, the pyramid of flowers surrounded with fruits. There were even chairs at the table, for the servants did not know he was to be quite alone. But he was. One delicate dish after another was brought him, and sent away untasted. Soon after dinner Rhoda Gale came down and told him her patient was in a precarious condition, and she feared fever and delirium. She begged him to send one servant up to the farm for certain medicaments she had there, and another to the chemist at Taddington. These were dispatched on swift horses, and both were back in half an hour.

By-and-by Fanny Dover came down to him, with red eyes, and brought him Zoe's love. "But," said she, "don't ask her to come down. She is ashamed to look any body in the face, poor girl."

"Why? what has *she* done?"

"Oh, Harrington, she has made no secret of her affection; and now, at sight of that woman, he has abandoned her."

"Tell her I love her more than I ever did, and respect her more. Where is her pride?"

"Pride! she is full of it; and it will help her—by-and-by. But she has a bitter time to go through first. You don't know how she loves him."

"What! love him still, after what he has done?"

"Yes! She interprets it this way and that. She can not bear to believe another woman has any real right to separate them."

"Separate them! The scoundrel knocked *her* down for loving him still, and fled from them both. Was ever guilt more clear? If she doubts that he is a villain, tell her from me he is a forger, and has given me bills with false names on them. The bankers gave me notice to-day, and I was coming home to order him out of the house when this miserable business happened."

"A forger! is it possible?" said Fanny. "But it is no use my telling her that sort of thing. If he had committed murder, and was true to her, she would cling to him. She never knew till now how she loved him, nor I neither. She put him in Coventry for telling a lie; but she was far more unhappy all the time than he was. There is nothing to do but to be kind to her, and let her hide her face. Don't hurry her."

"Not I. God help her! If she has a wish, it shall be gratified. I am powerless. She is young. Surely time will cure her of a villain, now he is detected."

Fanny said she hoped so.

The truth is, Zoe had not opened her heart to Fanny. She clung to her, and writhed in her arms; but she spoke little, and one broken sentence contradicted the other. But mental agony, like bodily, finds its vent, not in speech, the brain's great interpreter, but in inarticulate cries, and moans, and sighs, that prove us animals even in the throes of mind. Zoe was in that cruel stage of suffering.

So passed that miserable day.

CHAPTER XXI.

INA KLOSKING recovered her senses that evening, and asked Miss Gale where she was. Miss Gale told her she was in the house of a friend.

"What friend?"

"That," said Miss Gale, "I will tell you by-and-by. You are in good hands, and I am your physician."

"I have heard your voice before," said Ina. "But I know not where; and it is so dark! Why is it so dark?"

"Because too much light is not good for you. You have met with an accident."

"What accident, madam?"

"You fell and hurt your poor forehead. See, I have bandaged it, and now you must let me wet the bandage—to keep your brow cool."

"Thank you, madam," said Ina, in her own sweet but queenly way. "You are very good to me. I wish I could see your face more clearly. I know your voice."

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Then, after a silence, during which Miss Gale eyed her with anxiety, she said, like one groping her way to the truth, "I—fell—and—hurt—my forehead?—*Ah!*"

Then it was she uttered the cry that made Vizard quake at the door, and shook, for a moment, even Rhoda's nerves, though, as a rule, they were iron in a situation of this kind.

It had all come back to Ina Klosking.

After that piteous cry she never said a word. She did nothing but think, and put her hand to her head.

And soon after midnight she began to talk incoherently.

The physician could only proceed by physical means. She attacked the coming fever at once, with the remedies of the day, and also with an infusion of monk's-hood. That poison, promptly administered, did not deceive her. She obtained a slight perspiration, which was so much gained in the battle.

In the morning she got the patient shifted into another bed, and she slept a little after that. But soon she was awake, restless, and raving: still her character pervaded her delirium. No violence. Nothing any sore injured woman need be ashamed to have said: only it was all disconnected. One moment she was speaking to the leader of the orchestra, at another to Mr. Ashmead, at another, with divine tenderness, to her still faithful Severne. And though not hurried, as usual in these cases, it was almost incessant, and pitiable to hear, each observation was so wise and good, yet, all being disconnected, the hearer could not but feel that a noble mind lay before him, overthrown and broken into fragments like some Attic column.

In the middle of this the handle was softly turned, and Zoe Vizard came in, pale and sombre.

Long before this, she had said to Fanny, several times, "I ought to go and see her;" and Fanny had said, "Of course you ought."

So now she came. She folded her arms, and stood at the foot of the bed, and looked at her unhappy rival, unhappy as possible herself.

What contrary feelings fought in that young breast! Pity and hatred. She must hate the rival who had come between her and him she loved; she must pity the woman who lay there, pale, wounded, and little likely to recover.

And, with all this, a great desire to know whether this sufferer had any right to come and seize Edward Severne by the arm, and so draw down calamity on both the women who loved him.

She looked and listened, and Rhoda Gale thought it hard upon her patient.

But it was not in human nature the girl should do otherwise; so Rhoda said nothing.

What fell from Ina's lips was not of a kind to make Zoe more her friend.

Her mind seemed now like a bird tied by a long silken thread. It made large excursions, but constantly came back to her love. Sometimes that love was happy, sometimes unhappy. Often she said "Edward" in the exquisite tone of a loving woman; and whenever she did, Zoe received it with a sort of shiver, as if a dagger, fine as a needle, had passed through her whole body.

At last, after telling some tenor that he had sung F natural instead of F sharp, and praised somebody's rendering of a song in *Il Flauto Magico*, and told Ashmead to make no more engagements for her at present, for she was going to Vizard Court, the poor soul paused a minute, and uttered a deep moan.

"*Struck down by the very hand that was vowed to protect me!*" said she. Then was silent again. Then began to cry, and sob, and wring her hands.

Zoe put her hand to her heart, and moved feebly toward the door. However, she stopped a moment to say, "I am no use here. You would soon have me raving in the next bed. I will send Fanny." Then she drew herself up. "Miss Gale, every body here is at your command. Pray spare nothing you can think of to save—*my brother's guest.*"

There came out the bitter drop.

When she had said that, she stalked from the room like some red Indian bearing a mortal arrow in him, but too proud to show it.

But when she got to her own room she flung herself on her sofa, and writhed and sobbed in agony.

Fanny Dover came in and found her so, and flew to her.

But she ordered her out quite wildly. "No, no; go to *her*, like all the rest, and leave poor Zoe all alone. She *is* alone."

Then Fanny clung to her, and tried hard to comfort her.

This young lady now became very zealous and active. She divided her time between the two sufferers, and was indefatigable in their service. When she was not supporting Zoe, she was always at Miss Gale's elbow offering her services. "Do let me help you," she said. "Do pray let me help. We are poor at home, and there is nothing I can not do. I'm worth any three servants."

She always helped shift the patient into a fresh bed, and that was done very often. She would run to the cook or the butler for any thing that was wanted in a hurry. She flung gentility and humbug to the winds. Then she dressed in ten minutes, and went and dined with Vizard, and made excuses for Zoe's absence, to keep every thing smooth; and finally she insisted on sitting up with Ina Klosking till three in the morning, and made Miss Gale go to bed in the room. "Paid nurses!" said she; "they are no use except to snore and drink the patient's wine. You and I will watch her every moment of the

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night; and if I'm ever at a loss what to do, I will call you."

Miss Gale stared at her once, and then accepted this new phase of her character.

The fever was hot while it lasted; but it was so encountered with tonics, and port-wine, and strong beef soup—not your rubbishy beef tea—that in forty-eight hours it began to abate. Ina recognized Rhoda Gale as the lady who had saved Severne's life at Montpellier, and wept long and silently upon her neck. In due course Zoe, hearing there was a great change, came in again to look at her. She stood and eyed her. Soon Ina Klosking caught sight of her, and stared at her.

"You here!" said she. "Ah! you are Miss Vizard. I am in your house. I will get up and leave it;" and she made a feeble attempt to rise, but fell back, and the tears welled out of her eyes at her helplessness.

Zoe was indignant, but for the moment more shocked than any thing else. She moved away a little, and did not know what to say.

"Let me look at you," said the patient. "Ah! you are beautiful. When I saw you at the theatre you fascinated me. How much more a man! I will resist no more. You are too beautiful to be resisted. Take him, and let me die."

"I do her no good," said Zoe, half sullenly, half trembling.

"Indeed you do not," said Rhoda, bluntly, and almost bitterly. She was all nurse.

"I'll come here no more," said Zoe, sadly, but sternly, and left the room.

Then Ina turned to Miss Gale and said, patiently, "I hope I was not rude to that lady—who has broken my heart."

Fanny and Rhoda took each a hand, and told her she could not be rude to any body.

"My friends," said Ina, looking piteously to each in turn, "it is her house, you know, and she is very good to me now—after breaking my heart."

Then Fanny showed a deal of tact. "*Her* house!" said she. "It is no more hers than mine. Why, this house belongs to a gentleman, and he is mad after music. He knows you very well, though you don't know him, and he thinks you the first singer in Europe."

"You flatter me," said Ina, sadly.

"Well, he thinks so; and he is reckoned a very good judge. Ah! now I think of it, I will show you something, and then you will believe me."

She ran off to the library, snatched up Ina's picture set round with pearls, and came panting in with it. "There," said she; "now you look at that!" and she put it before her eyes. "Now, who is that, if you please?"

"Oh! It is Ina Klosking that was. Please bring me a glass."

The two ladies looked at each other. Miss Gale made a negative signal, and Fanny said, "By-and-by. This will do instead, for it is as like as two peas. Now ask yourself how this comes to be in the house, and set in pearls. Why, they are worth three hundred pounds. I assure you that the master of this house is *fanatico per la musica;* heard you sing Siebel at Homburg—raved about you—wanted to call on you. We had to drag him away from the place; and he declares you are the first singer in the world; and you can not doubt his sincerity, for *here are the pearls.*"

Ina Klosking's pale cheek colored, and then she opened her two arms wide, and put them round Fanny's neck, and kissed her. Her innocent vanity was gratified, and her gracious nature suggested gratitude to her, who had brought her the compliment, instead of the usual ungrateful bumptiousness praise elicits from vanity.

Then Miss Gale put in her word—"When you met with this unfortunate accident, I was for taking you up to my house. It is three miles off; but he would not hear of it. He said, 'No; here she got her wound, and here she must be cured.'"

"So," said Fanny, "pray set your mind at ease. My cousin Harrington is a very good soul, but rather arbitrary. If you want to leave this place, you must get thoroughly well and strong, for he will never let you go till you are."

Between these two ladies, clever and co-operating, Ina smiled, and seemed relieved; but she was too weak to converse any more just then.

Some hours afterward she beckoned Fanny to her, and said, "The master of the house—what is his name?"

"Harrington Vizard."

"What!—*her* father?"

"La, no; only her half-brother."

"If he is so kind to me because I sing, why comes he not to see me? *She* has come."

Fanny smiled. "It is plain you are not an Englishwoman, though you speak it so beautifully. An English gentleman does not intrude into a lady's room."

"It is his room."

"He would say that while you occupy it it is yours, and not his."

"He awaits my invitation, then."

"I dare say he would come if you were to invite him, but certainly not without."

"I wish to see him who has been so kind to me, and so loves music; but not to-day—I feel unable."

The next day she asked for a glass, and was distressed at her appearance. She begged for a cap.

"What kind of cap?" asked Fanny.

"One like that," said she, pointing to a portrait on the wall. It was of a lady in a plain brown silk dress and a little white

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shawl, and a neat cap with a narrow lace border all round her face.

This particular cap was out of date full sixty years; but the house had a store-room of relics, and Fanny, with Vizard's help, soon rummaged out a cap of the sort, with a narrow frill all round.

Her hair was smoothed, a white silk band passed over the now closed wound, and the cap fitted on her. She looked pale but angelic.

Fanny went down to Vizard, and invited him to come and see Mademoiselle Klosking —by her desire. "But," she added, "Miss Gale is very anxious lest you should get talking of Severne. She says the fever and loss of blood have weakened her terribly; and if we bring the fever on again, she can not answer for her life."

"Has she spoken of him to you?"

"Not once."

"Then why should she to me?"

"Because you are a man, and she may think to get the *truth* out of you: she knows *we* shall only say what is for the best. She is very deep, and we don't know her mind yet."

Vizard said he would be as guarded as he could; but if they saw him going wrong, they must send him away.

"Oh, Miss Gale will do that, you may be sure," said Fanny.

Thus prepared, Vizard followed Fanny up the stairs to the sick-room.

Either there is such a thing as love at first sight, or it is something more than first sight, when an observant man gazes at a woman for an hour in a blaze of light, and drinks in her looks, her walk, her voice, and all the outward signs of a beautiful soul; for the stout cynic's heart beat at entering that room as it had not beat for years. To be sure, he had not only seen her on the stage in all her glory, but had held her, pale and bleeding, to his manly breast, and his heart warmed to her all the more, and, indeed, fairly melted with tenderness.

Fanny went in and announced him. He followed softly, and looked at her.

Wealth can make even a sick-room pretty. The Klosking lay on snowy pillows whose glossy damask was edged with lace, and upon her form was an eider-down quilt covered with violet-colored satin, and her face was set in that sweet cap which hid her wound, and made her eloquent face less ghastly.

She turned to look at him, and he gazed at her in a way that spoke volumes.

"A seat," said she, softly.

Fanny was for putting one close to her.

"No," said Miss Gale, "lower down; then she need not turn her head."

So he sat down nearer her feet.

"My good host," said she, in her mellow voice, that retained its quality but not its power, "I desire to thank you for your goodness to a poor singer, struck down—by the hand that was bound to protect her."

Vizard faltered out that there was nothing to thank him for. He was proud to have her under his roof, though deeply grieved at the cause.

She looked at him, and her two nurses looked at her, and at each other, as much as to say, "She is going upon dangerous ground."

They were right. But she had not the courage, or perhaps, as most women are a little cat-like in this, that they go away once or twice from the subject nearest their heart before they turn and pounce on it, she must speak of other things first. Said she, "But if I was unfortunate in that, I was fortunate in this, that I fell into good hands. These ladies are sisters to me," and she gave Miss Gale her hand, and kissed the other hand to Fanny, though she could scarcely lift it; "and I have a host who loves music, and overrates my poor ability." Then, after a pause, "What have you heard me sing?"

"Siebel."

"Only Siebel! why, that is a poor little thing."

"So *I* thought, till I heard you sing it."

"And, after Siebel, you bought my photograph."

"Instantly."

"And wasted pearls on it."

"No, madam. I wasted it on pearls."

"If I were well, I should call that extravagant. But it is permitted to flatter the sick. It is kind. Me you overrate, I fear; but you do well to honor music. Ay, I, who lie here wounded and broken-hearted, do thank God for music. Our bodies are soon crushed, our loves decay or turn to hate, but art is immortal."

She could no longer roll this out in her grand contralto, but she could still raise her eyes with enthusiasm, and her pale face was illuminated. A grand soul shone through her, though she was pale, weak, and prostrate.

They admired her in silence.

After a while she resumed, and said, "If I live, I must live for my art alone."

Miss Gale saw her approaching a dangerous topic, so she said, hastily, "Don't say *if* you live, please, because that is arranged. You have been out of danger this twenty-four hours, provided you do not relapse; and I must take care of that."

"My kind friend," said Ina, "I shall not relapse; only my weakness is pitiable. Sometimes I can scarcely forbear crying, I feel so weak. When shall I be stronger?"

"You shall be a little stronger every three days. There are always ups and downs in convalescence."

"When shall I be strong enough to move?"

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"Let me answer that question," said Vizard. "When you are strong enough to sing us Siebel's great song."

"There," said Fanny Dover; "there is a mercenary host for you. He means to have a song out of you. Till then you are his prisoner."

"No, no; she is mine," said Miss Gale; "and she sha'n't go till she has sung me 'Hail, Columbia!' None of your Italian trash for me."

Ina smiled, and said it was a fair condition, provided that "Hail, Columbia," with which composition unfortunately she was unacquainted, was not beyond her powers. "I have often sung for money," said she, "but this time"—here she opened her grand arms, and took Rhoda Gale to her bosom—"I shall sing for love."

"Now we have settled that," said Vizard, "my mind is more at ease, and I will retire."

"One moment," said Ina, turning to him. Then, in a low and very meaning voice, "*There is something else.*"

"No doubt there is plenty," said Miss Gale, sharply; "and, by my authority, I postpone it all till you are stronger. Bid us good-by for the present, Mr. Vizard."

"I obey," said he. "But, madam, please remember I am always at your service. Send for me when you please, and the oftener the better for me."

"Thank you, my kind host. Oblige me with your hand."

He gave her his hand. She took it, and put her lips to it with pure and gentle and seemly gratitude, and with no loss of dignity, though the act was humble.

He turned his head away, to hide the emotion that act and the touch of her sweet lips caused him; Miss Gale hurried him out of the room.

"You naughty patient," said she, "you must do nothing to excite yourself."

"Sweet physician, loving nurse, I am not excited."

Miss Gale felt her heart to see.

"Gratitude does not excite," said Ina. "It is too tame a feeling in the best of us."

"That is a fact," said Miss Gale; "so let us all be grateful, and avoid exciting topics. Think what *I* should feel if you had a relapse. Why, you would break my heart."

"Should I?"

"I really think you would, tough as it is. One gets so fond of an unselfish patient. You can not think how rare they are, dear. You are a pearl. I can not afford to lose you."

"Then you shall not," said Ina, firmly. "Know that I, who seem so weak, am a woman of great resolution. I will follow good counsel; I will postpone all dangerous topics till I am stronger; I will live. For I will not grieve the true friends calamity has raised me."

Of course Fanny told Zoe all about this interview. She listened gloomily; and all she said was, "Sisters do not go for much when a man is in love."

"Do brothers, when a woman is?" said Fanny.

"I dare say they go for as much as they are worth."

"Zoe, that is not fair. Harrington is full of affection for you. But you will not go near him. Any other man would be very angry. Do pray make an effort, and come down to dinner to-day."

"No, no. He has you and his Klosking. And I have my broken heart. I *am* alone; and so I will be all alone."

She cried and sobbed, but she was obstinate, and Fanny could only let her have her own way in that.

Another question was soon disposed of. When Fanny invited her into the sick-room, she said, haughtily, "I go there no more. Cure her, and send her away—if Harrington will let her go. I dare say she is to be pitied."

"Of course she is. She is your fellow-victim, if you would only let yourself see it."

"Unfortunately, instead of pitying her, I hate her. She has destroyed my happiness, and done herself no good. He does not love her, and never will."

Fanny found herself getting angry, so she said no more; for she was determined nothing should make her quarrel with poor Zoe; but after dinner, being *tête-à-tête* with Vizard, she told him she was afraid Zoe could not see things as they were; and she asked him if he had any idea what had become of Severne.

"Fled the country, I suppose."

"Are you sure he is not lurking about?"

"What for?"

"To get a word with Zoe—alone."

"He will not come near this. I will break every bone in his skin if he does."

"But he is so sly; he might hang about."

"What for? She never goes out; and if she did, have you so poor an opinion of her as to think she would speak to him?"

"Oh no! and she would forbid him to speak to her. But he would be sure to persist, and he has such wonderful powers of explanation, and she is blinded by love; I think he would make her believe black was white, if he had a chance; and if he is about, he will get a chance some day. She is doing the very worst thing she could—shutting herself up so. Any moment she will turn wild, and rush out reckless. She is in a dangerous state, you mark my words; she is broken-hearted, and yet she is bitter against every body, except that young villain, and he is the only enemy she has in the world. I don't believe Mademoiselle Klosking ever wronged her, nor ever will. Appearances are against her; but she is a good

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woman, or I am a fool. Take my advice, Harrington, and be on your guard. If he had written a penitent letter to Mademoiselle Klosking, that would be a different thing; but he ignores her, and that frightens me for Zoe."

Harrington would not admit that Zoe needed any other safeguard against a detected scoundrel than her own sense of dignity. He consented, however, to take precautions, if Fanny would solemnly promise not to tell Zoe, and so wound her. On that condition, he would see his head keeper to-morrow, and all the keepers and watchers should be posted so as to encircle the parish with vigilance. He assured Fanny these fellows had a whole system of signals to the ear and eye, and Severne could not get within a mile of the house undetected. "But," said he, "I will not trust to that alone. I will send an advertisement to the local papers and the leading London journals, so worded that the scoundrel shall know his forgery is detected, and that he will be arrested on a magistrate's warrant if he sets foot in Barfordshire."

Fanny said that was capital, and, altogether, he had set her mind at rest.

"Then do as much for me," said Vizard. "Please explain a remarkable phenomenon. You were always a bright girl, and no fool; but not exactly what humdrum people would call a good girl. You are not offended?"

"The idea! Why, I have publicly disowned goodness again and again. You have heard me."

"So I have. But was not that rather deceitful of you? for you have turned out as good as gold. Anxiety has kept me at home of late, and I have watched you. You live for others; you are all over the house to serve two suffering *women*. That is real charity, not sexual charity, which humbugs the world, but not me. You are cook, housemaid, butler, nurse, and friend to both of them. In an interval of your time, so creditably employed, you come and cheer me up with your bright little face, and give me wise advice. I know that women are all humbugs; only you are a humbug reversed, and deserve a statue—and trimmings. You have been passing yourself off for a naughty girl, and all the time you were an extra good one."

"And that puzzles the woman-hater, the cynical student, who says he has fathomed woman! My poor dear Harrington, if you can not read so shallow a character as I am, how will you get on with those ladies up stairs—Zoe, who is as deep as the sea, and turbid with passion, and the Klosking, who is as deep as the ocean?"

She thought a moment, and said, "There, I will have pity on you. You shall understand one woman before you die, and that is me. I'll give you the clew to my seeming inconsistencies—if *you* will give *me* a cigarette."

"What! another hidden virtue? You smoke?"

"Not I, except when I happen to be with a noble soul, who won't tell."

Vizard found her a Russian cigarette, and lighted his own cigar, and she lectured as follows:

"What women love, and can't do without, if they are young and healthy, and spirited, is—Excitement. I am one who pines for it. Now society is so constructed that to get Excitement you must be naughty. Waltzing all night and flirting all day are Excitement. Crochet, and church, and examining girls in St. Matthew, and dining *en famille*, and going to bed at ten, are stagnation. Good girls—that means stagnant girls; I hate and despise the tame little wretches, and I never was one, and never will be. But now look here: We have two ladies in love with one villain—that is exciting. One gets nearly killed in the house—that is gloriously exciting. The other is broken-hearted. If I were to be a bad girl, and say, 'It is not my business; I will leave them to themselves, and go my little mill-round of selfishness as before,' why, what a fool I must be! I should lose Excitement. Instead of that, I run and get things for the Klosking—Excitement. I cook for her, and nurse her, and sit up half the night—Excitement. Then I run to Zoe, and do my best for her—and get snubbed—Excitement. Then I sit at the head of your table, and order you—Excitement. Oh, it is lovely!"

"Shall you not be sorry when they both get well, and Routine recommences?"

"Of course I shall. That is the sort of good girl I am. And, oh! when that fatal day comes, how I shall flirt! Heaven help my next flirtee! I shall soon flirt out the stigma of a good girl. You mark my words, I shall flirt with some *married man* after this. I never did that yet. But I shall; I know I shall.—Ah!—there, I have burned my finger."

"Never mind. That is exciting."

"As such I accept it. Good-by. I must go and relieve Miss Gale. Exit the good girl on her mission of charity—ha! ha! ha!" She hummed a *valse à deux temps*, and went dancing out with such a whirl that her petticoats, which were ample, and not, as now, like a sack tied at the knees, made quite a cool air in the room.

She had not been gone long when Miss Gale came down, full of her patient. She wanted to get her out of bed during the daytime, but said she was not strong enough to sit up. Would he order an invalid-couch down from London. She described the article, and where it was to be had.

He said Harris should go up in the morning and bring one down with him.

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He then put her several questions about her patient; and at last asked her, with an anxiety he in vain endeavored to conceal, what she thought was the relation between her and Severne.

Now it may be remembered that Miss Gale had once been on the point of telling him all she knew, and had written him a letter. But at that time the Klosking was not expected to appear on the scene in person. Were she now to say she had seen her and Severne living together, Rhoda felt that she should lower her patient. She had not the heart to do that.

Rhoda Gale was not of an amorous temperament, and she was all the more open to female attachments. With a little encouragement she would have loved Zoe, but she had now transferred her affection to the Klosking. She replied to Vizard almost like a male lover defending the object of his affection.

"The exact relation is more than I can tell; but I think he has lived upon her, for she was richer than he was; and I feel sure he has promised her marriage. And my great fear now is lest he should get hold of her and keep his promise. He is as poor as a rat, or a female physician; and she has a fortune in her voice, and has money besides, Miss Dover tells me. Pray keep her here till she is quite well, please."

"I will."

"And then let me have her up at Hillstoke. She is beginning to love me, and I dote on her."

"So do I."

"Ah, but you must not."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Well, why not?"

"She is not to love any man again who will not marry her. I won't let her. I'll kill her first, I love her so. A rogue she sha'n't marry, and I can't let you marry her, because her connection with that Severne is mysterious. She seems the soul of virtue, but I could not let *you* marry her until things are clearer."

"Make your mind easy. I will not marry her—nor any body else—till things are a great deal clearer than I have ever found them, where your sex is concerned."

Miss Gale approved the resolution.

Next day Vizard posted his keepers, and sent his advertisements to the London and country journals.

Fanny came into his study to tell him there was more trouble—Miss Maitland taken seriously ill, and had written to Zoe.

"Poor old soul!" said Vizard. "I have a great mind to ride over and see her."

"Somebody ought to go," said Fanny.

"Well, you go."

"How can I—with Zoe, and Mademoiselle Klosking, and you, to look after?"

"Instead of one old woman. Not much excitement in that."

"No, cousin. To think of your remembering! Why, you must have gone to bed sober."

"I often do."

"You were always an eccentric landowner."

"Don't you talk. You are a caricature."

This banter was interrupted by Miss Gale, who came to tell Harrington Mademoiselle Klosking desired to see him, at his leisure.

He said he would come directly.

"Before you go," said Miss Gale, "let us come to an understanding. She had only two days' fever; but that fever, and the loss of blood, and the shock to her nerves, brought her to death's door by exhaustion. Now she is slowly recovering her strength, because she has a healthy stomach, and I give her no stimulants to spur and then weaken her, but choice and simple esculents, the effect of which I watch, and vary them accordingly. But the convalescent period is always one of danger, especially from chills to the body, and excitements to the brain. At no period are more patients thrown away for want of vigilance. Now I can guard against chills and other bodily things, but not against excitements—unless you co-operate. The fact is, we must agree to avoid speaking about Mr. Severne. We must be on our guard. We must parry; we must evade; we must be deaf, stupid, slippery; but no Severne; for five or six days more at all events."

Thus forewarned, Vizard, in due course, paid his second visit to Ina Klosking.

He found her propped up with pillows this time. She begged him to be seated.

She had evidently something on her mind, and her nurses watched her like cats.

"You are fond of music, Sir?"

"Not of all music. I adore good music, I hate bad, and I despise mediocre. Silence is golden indeed compared with poor music."

"You are right, Sir. Have you good music in the house?"

"A little. I get all the operas, and you know there are generally one or two good things in an opera—among the rubbish. But the great bulk of our collection is rather old-fashioned. It is sacred music—oratorios, masses, anthems, services, chants. My mother was the collector. Her tastes were good, but narrow. Do you care for that sort of music?"

"Sacred music? Why, it is, of all music, the most divine, and soothes the troubled soul. Can I not see the books? I read music like words. By reading I almost hear."

"We will bring you up a dozen books to begin on."

He went down directly; and such was his pleasure in doing any thing for the Klosking that he executed the order in person,

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brought up a little pile of folios and quartos, beautifully bound and lettered, a lady having been the collector.

Now as he mounted the stairs, with his very chin upon the pile, who should he see looking over the rails at him but his sister Zoe.

She was sadly changed. There was a fixed ashen pallor on her cheek and a dark circle under her eyes.

He stopped to look at her. "My poor child," said he, "you look very ill."

"I am very ill, dear."

"Would you not be better for a change?"

"I might."

"Why coop yourself up in your own room? Why deny yourself a brother's sympathy?"

The girl trembled, and tears came to her eyes.

"Is it with me you sympathize?" said she.

"Can you doubt it, Zoe?"

Zoe hung her head a moment, and did not reply. Then she made a diversion. "What are those books? Oh, I see—your mother's music-books. Nothing is too good for *her*."

"Nothing in the way of music-books is too good for her. For shame—are you jealous of that unfortunate lady?"

Zoe made no reply.

She put her hands before her face, that Vizard might not see her mind.

Then he rested his books on a table, and came and took her head in his hands paternally. "Do not shut yourself up any longer. Solitude is dangerous to the afflicted. Be more with me than ever, and let this cruel blow bind us more closely, instead of disuniting us."

He kissed her lovingly; and his kind words set her tears flowing. But they did her little good. They were bitter tears. Between her and her brother there was now a barrier sisterly love could not pass. He hated and despised Edward Severne; and she only distrusted him, and feared he was a villain. She loved him still with every fibre of her heart, and pined for his explanation of all that seemed so dark.

So then he entered the sick-room with his music-books; and Zoe, after watching him in without seeming to do so, crept away to her own room.

Then there was rather a pretty little scene. Miss Gale and Miss Dover, on each side of the bed, held a heavy music-book, and Mademoiselle Klosking turned the leaves and read, when the composition was worth reading. If it was not, she quietly passed it over, without any injurious comment.

Vizard watched her from the foot of the bed, and could tell in a moment by her face whether the composition was good, bad, or indifferent. When bad, her face seemed to turn impassive, like marble; when good, to expand; and when she lighted on a masterpiece, she was almost transfigured, and her face shone with elevated joy.

This was a study to the enamored Vizard, and it did not escape the quick-sighted doctress. She despised music on its own merits, but she despised nothing that could be pressed into the service of medicine: and she said to herself, "I'll cure her with esculents and music."

The book was taken away to make room for another.

Then said Ina Klosking, "Mr. Vizard, I desire to say a word to you. Excuse me, my dear friends."

Miss Gale colored up. She had not foreseen a *tête-à-tête* between Vizard and her patient. However, there was no help for it, and she withdrew to a little distance with Fanny; but she said to Vizard, openly and expressively, "Remember!"

When they had withdrawn a little way, Ina Klosking fixed her eyes on Vizard, and said, in a low voice, "Your sister!"

Vizard started a little at the suddenness of this, but he said nothing: he did not know what to say.

When she had waited a little, and he said nothing, she spoke again. "Tell me something about her. Is she good? Forgive me: it is not that I doubt."

"She is good, according to her lights."

"Is she proud?"

"Yes."

"Is she just?"

"No. And I never met a woman that was."

"Indeed it is rare. Why does she not visit me?"

"I don't know."

"She blames me for all that has happened."

"I don't know, madam. My sister looks very ill, and keeps her own room. If she does not visit you, she holds equally aloof from us all. She has not taken a single meal with me for some days."

"Since I was your patient and your guest."

"Pray do not conclude from that— Who can interpret a woman?"

"Another woman. Enigmas to you, we are transparent to each other. Sir, will you grant me a favor? Will you persuade Miss Vizard to see me here alone—all alone? It will be a greater trial to me than to her, for I am weak. In this request I am not selfish. She can do nothing for me; but I can do a little for her, to pay the debt of gratitude I owe this hospitable house. May Heaven bless it, from the roof to the foundation-stone!"

"I will speak to my sister, and she shall visit you—with the consent of your physician."

"It is well," said Ina Klosking, and beckoned her friends, one of whom, Miss Gale, proceeded to feel her pulse, with suspicious glances at Vizard. But she found the pulse calm, and said so.

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Vizard took his leave, and went straight to Zoe's room. She was not there. He was glad of that, for it gave him hopes she was going to respect his advice, and give up her solitary life.

He went down stairs and on to the lawn to look for her. He could not see her any where.

At last, when he had given up looking for her, he found her in his study crouched in a corner.

She rose at sight of him and stood before him. "Harrington," said she, in rather a commanding way, "Aunt Maitland is ill, and I wish to go to her."

Harrington stared at her with surprise. "You are not well enough yourself."

"Quite well enough in body to go any where."

"Well, but—" said Harrington.

She caught him up impatiently. "Surely you can not object to my visiting Aunt Maitland. She is dangerously ill. I had a second letter this morning—see." And she held him out a letter.

Harrington was in a difficulty. He felt sure this was not her real motive; but he did not like to say so harshly to an unhappy girl. He took a moderate course. "Not just now, dear," said he.

"What! am I to wait till she dies?" cried Zoe, getting agitated at his opposition.

"Be reasonable, dear. You know you are the mistress of this house. Do not desert me just now. Consider the position. It is a very chattering county. I entertain Mademoiselle Klosking; I could not do otherwise when she was nearly killed in my hall. But for my sister to go away while she remains here would have a bad effect."

"It is too late to think of that, Harrington. The mischief is done, and you must plead your eccentricity. Why should I bear the blame? I never approved it."

"You would have sent her to an inn, eh?"

"No; but Miss Gale offered to take her."

"Then I am to understand that you propose to mark your reprobation of my conduct by leaving my house."

"What! publicly? Oh no. You may say to yourself that your sister could not bear to stay under the same roof with Mr. Severne's mistress. But this chattering county shall never know my mind. My aunt is dangerously ill. She lives but thirty miles off. She is a fit object of pity. She is a—respectable—lady; she is all alone: no female physician, no flirt turned Sister of Charity, no woman-hater—to fetch and carry for her. And so I shall go to her. I am your sister, not your slave. If you grudge me your horses, I will go on foot."

Vizard was white with wrath, but governed himself like a man. "Go on, young lady," said he; "go on. Jeer, and taunt, and wound the best brother any young madwoman ever had. But don't think I'll answer you as you deserve. I'm too cunning. If I was to say an unkind word to you I should suffer the tortures of the damned. So go on."

"No, no. Forgive me, Harrington. It is your opposition that drives me wild. Oh, have pity on me! I shall go mad if I stay here. Do, pray, pray, pray let me go to Aunt Maitland!"

"You shall go, Zoe. But I tell you plainly, this step will be a blow to our affection—the first."

Zoe cried at that. But as she did not withdraw her request, Harrington told her, with cold civility, that she must be good enough to be ready directly after breakfast to-morrow, and take as little luggage as she could with convenience to herself.

Horses were sent on that night to the "Fox," an inn half-way between Vizard Court and Miss Maitland's place.

In the morning a light barouche, with a sling for luggage, came round, and Zoe was soon seated in it. Then, to her surprise, Harrington came out and sat beside her.

She was pleased at this, and said, "What, are you going with me, dear, all that way?"

"Yes, to save appearances," said he; and took out a newspaper to read.

This froze Zoe, and she retired within herself.

It was a fine fresh morning; the coachman drove fast; the air fanned her cheek; the motion was enlivening; the horses' hoofs rang quick and clear upon the road. Fresh objects met the eye every moment. Her heart was as sad and aching as before, but there arose a faint encouraging sense that some day she might be better, or things might take some turn.

When they had rolled about ten miles, she said, in a low voice, "Harrington."

"Well?"

"You were right. Cooping one's self up is the way to go mad."

"Of course it is."

"I feel a little better now—a very little."

"I am glad of it."

But he was not hearty, and she said no more.

He was extremely attentive to her all the journey, and, indeed, had never been half so polite to her.

This, however, led to a result he did not intend nor anticipate. Zoe, being now cool, fell into a state of compunction and dismay. She saw his affection leaving her, and stiff politeness coming instead.

She leaned forward, put her hands on his knees, and looked, all scared, in his face. "Harrington," she cried, "I was wrong. What is Aunt Maitland to me? You are my all. Bid him turn the horses' heads and go home."

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"Why, we are only six miles from the place."

"What does that matter? We shall have had a good long drive together, and I will dine with you after it; and I will ride or drive with you every day, if you will let me."

Vizard could not help smiling. He was disarmed. "You impulsive young monkey," said he, "I shall do nothing of the kind. In the first place, I couldn't turn back from any thing; I'm only a man. In the next place, I have been thinking it over, as you have; and this is a good move of ours, though I was a little mortified at first. Occupation is the best cure of love, and this old lady will find you plenty. Besides, nursing improves the character. Look at that frivolous girl Fanny, how she has come out. And you know, Zoe, if you get sick of it in a day or two, you have only to write to me, and I will send for you directly. A short absence, with so reasonable a motive as visiting a sick aunt, will provoke no comments. It is all for the best."

This set Zoe at her ease, and brother and sister resumed their usual manners.

They reached Miss Maitland's house, and were admitted to her sick-room. She was really very ill, and thanked them so pathetically for coming to visit a poor lone old woman that now they were both glad they had come.

Zoe entered on her functions with an alacrity that surprised herself, and Vizard drove away. But he did not drive straight home. He had started from Vizard Court with other views. He had telegraphed Lord Uxmoor the night before, and now drove to his place, which was only five miles distant. He found him at home, and soon told him his errand. "Do you remember meeting a young fellow at my house, called Severne?"

"I do," said Lord Uxmoor, dryly enough.

"Well, he has turned out an impostor."

Uxmoor's eye flashed. He had always suspected Severne of being his rival, and a main cause of his defeat. "An impostor?" said he: "that is rather a strong word. Certainly I never heard a gentleman tell such a falsehood as he volunteered about —what's the fellow's name?—a detective."

"Oh, Poikilus. That is nothing. That was one of his white lies. He is a villain all round, and a forger by way of climax."

"A forger! What, a criminal?"

"Rather. Here are his drafts. The drawer and accepter do not exist. The whole thing was written by Edward Severne, whose indorsement figures on the bill. He got me to cash these bills. I deposit them with you, and I ask you for a warrant to commit him—if he should come this way."

"Is that likely?"

"Not at all; it is a hundred to one he never shows his nose again in Barfordshire. When he was found out, he bolted, and left his very clothes in my house. I packed them off to the 'Swan' at Taddington. He has never been heard of since; and I have warned him, by advertisement, that he will be arrested if ever he sets foot in Barfordshire."

"Well, then?"

"Well, then, I am not going to throw away a chance. The beggar had the impudence to spoon on my sister Zoe. That was my fault, not hers. He was an old college acquaintance, and I gave him opportunities —I deserve to be horsewhipped. However, I am not going to commit the same blunder twice. My sister is in your neighborhood for a few days."

"Ah!"

"And perhaps you will be good enough to keep your eye on her."

"I feel much honored by such a commission. But you have not told me where Miss Vizard is."

"With her aunt, Miss Maitland, at Somerville Villa, near Bagley. Apropos, I had better tell you what she is there for, or your good Dowager will be asking her to parties. She has come to nurse her aunt Maitland. The old lady is seriously ill, and all our young coquettes are going in for nursing. We have a sick lady at our house, I am sorry to say, and she is nursed like a queen by Doctress Gale and ex-Flirt Fanny Dover. Now is fulfilled the saying that was said,

'O woman! in our hours of ease—'

I spare you the rest, and simply remark that our Zoe, fired by the example of those two ladies, has devoted herself to nursing Aunt Maitland. It is very good of her, but experience tells me she will very soon find it extremely trying; and as she is a very pretty girl, and therefore a fit subject of male charity, you might pay her a visit now and then, and show her that this best of all possible worlds contains young gentlemen of distinction, with long and glossy beards, as well as peevish old women, who are extra selfish and tyrannical when they happen to be sick."

Uxmoor positively radiated as this programme was unfolded to him. Vizard observed that, and chuckled inwardly.

He then handed him the forged acceptances.

Lord Uxmoor begged him to write down the facts on paper, and also his application for the warrant. He did so. Lord Uxmoor locked the paper up, and the friends parted. Vizard drove off, easy in his mind, and congratulating himself, not unreasonably, on his little combination, by means of which he had provided his sister with a watch-dog, a companion, and an honorable lover, all in one.

Uxmoor put on his hat and strode forth

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into his own grounds, with his heart beating high at this strange turn of things in favor of his love.

Neither foresaw the strange combinations which were to arise out of an event that appeared so simple and one-sided.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE publication by the Bureau of Education of a special report upon the public libraries of the United States* is most opportune, and will be most welcome to those interested in the development of our national culture. The very idea of a public library—that is to say, of a library to be used by the people, not theoretically, but practically, and the success or failure of which should be estimated not by the number or the variety of the books it contains, but by the number of its readers and the quality of the books it circulates—is peculiarly a product of the modern era, and though the United States can not perhaps lay claim to having originated it, yet, from the evidence afforded by this report, it has met with such a hearty reception in this country, and has been so apt an aid to our system of popular education, that certainly it is here we may expect to find the best results arising from its practical realization.

The logic of events has taught us that before any class or individual in society can be politically free, political freedom must be enjoyed by all. It has been the destiny of our republic to demonstrate this, and herein lies the political difference separating the United States from all the republics of antiquity. In them political freedom meant the freedom of only a class, and their industrial society rested upon slavery. Similarly, heretofore in the world's history the education and culture of the class which has enjoyed the means for attaining these have presupposed the contemporary existence of an illiterate majority. But possibly it is reserved for the United States in the coming century of its national existence to demonstrate that real culture is possible to a class or to individuals in society only when all the members of it are cultured, or at least when the means and conditions of culture are at the disposal of each and every member of the body-politic.

The practical realization of so thorough a culture of the people may yet seem to many merely a Utopian dream, but whether it is or not, there can be no question that our common-school system, under the direction of so trained an army of teachers as our normal schools are steadily fitting themselves to prepare, and public libraries conceived in the spirit which now actuates the best of those in existence, and under the management of men who comprehend the educational function of their position as thoroughly as many of the librarians who have written articles for this special report, constitute a new and powerful force acting directly toward this end. These agencies, combined with the movement toward making education compulsory which has already obtained so strong a foot-hold as to justify the prediction that it will become general, furnish the whole apparatus and set it in motion for the culture of the people, such as has never before been dreamed of as a possibility.

Before attempting to forecast what may be the results of this practical popularization of culture, it will be well to epitomize the information which this report gives us, now for the first time in concrete form, concerning the growth and condition of the libraries of the United States.

In 1652 Hezekiah Usher, the first bookseller, began his business in Boston, Massachusetts. The first settlement of the town was made in 1630. The printing-press at Cambridge was in operation, and had been put under the control of Samuel Green, whose descendants—he had nineteen children—are so widely scattered, and so well known in the history of printing in the colonies. Green remained in the management of the Cambridge press nearly fifty years. Isaiah Thomas, the author of the *History of Printing*, collected nearly one hundred books he printed.

There must have been some demand for books in the Massachusetts colony at this time to have induced Usher to settle there as a bookseller. The fact, too, that he continued in the business over twenty years, and made a fortune in it, shows that he found a demand for his wares. That he was successful is known from the fact that in 1677 he advanced to the State of Massachusetts the purchase-money for Maine, the proprietary right to which the grandson of Gorges, the original grantee, sold for twelve hundred and fifty pounds. At this time, also, we have the information that there were four booksellers in Boston; Dunton, the London bookseller, having carried there an invoice of books on speculation, "most of them practical," and "well suited to the genius of New England," reports that he found this number of competitors on the ground. Usher was not only a bookseller, he was also a publisher, and in 1672 obtained from the General Court a monopoly for seven years for printing the laws of the col-

* *Public Libraries of the United States of America. Their History, Condition, and Management.* Special Report. Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education. Washington: Government Printing-office. 1876. Part I., p. xxxv. and 1187. Part II., p. 89. 8vo. Part II. consists of Rules for a printed Dictionary Catalogue, by Charles A. Cutter, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum.

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ony. He was the agent, also, of the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, and superintended their publications in Massachusetts. It was at the expense of this society that Eliot's translation of the Bible in the dialect of the Natick Indians was printed, and in this and similar works the society must have spent over two thousand pounds.

Boston, as the chief city of New England, continued to be the literary centre of the colonies into the middle of the next century. In fact, there was but little attention given to books in any of the other cities. A singular evidence of the rarity of books is given by Franklin in his life. In 1724, returning to Philadelphia from a visit he had made to Boston, he brought with him his collection of books, together with those belonging to his friend Collins. This collection he describes as "a pretty collection of mathematics and natural philosophy." He travelled from Boston to New York in a sloop, and having arrived in New York, he says: "The then Governor of New York, Burnet [son of Bishop Burnet], hearing from the captain that a young man, one of his passengers, had a great many books, desired he would bring me to see him. I waited upon him accordingly, and would have taken Collins with me but that he was not sober. The Governor treated me with great civility, showed me his library, which was a very large one, and we had a good deal of conversation about books and authors." Evidently the possession of a collection of books was rare enough in New York at that time to excite attention and comment.

In his life Franklin also speaks thus of the facilities of the colonies for literary culture: "At the time I established myself in Philadelphia there was not a good bookseller's shop in any of the colonies to the southward of Boston. In New York and Philadelphia, the printers were, indeed, stationers; they sold only paper, etc., almanacs, ballads, and a few common school-books. Those who loved reading were obliged to send for their books from England." In 1732 Franklin's scheme for a subscription library was put in operation. This library, which he calls "the mother of all the North American subscription libraries," exists today in the Philadelphia Library Company. He thus describes its organization: "I drew a sketch of the plan and rules that would be necessary, and got a skillful conveyancer, Mr. Charles Brockden, to put the whole in form of articles of agreement to be subscribed, by which each subscriber engaged to pay a certain sum down for the first purchase of books, and an annual contribution for increasing them. So few were the readers at that time in Philadelphia, and the majority of us so poor, that I was not able, with great industry, to find more than fifty persons, mostly young tradesmen, willing to pay down for this purpose forty shillings each and ten shillings per annum. On this little fund we began. The books were imported; the library was open one day in the week for lending to the subscribers, on their promissory notes to pay double the value if not duly returned. The institution soon manifested its ability; was imitated by other towns and in other provinces. The libraries were augmented by donations, reading became fashionable, and our people, having no public amusements to divert their attention from study, became better acquainted with books, and in a few years were observed by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank generally are in other countries." The librarian was in attendance on Wednesday one hour and on Saturday two hours, at the private house in which the books were kept, and he had authority to allow "any civil gentleman to peruse the books of the library in the library room, but not to lend, or to suffer to be taken out of the library, by any person who is not a subscribing member, any of the said books, Mr. James Logan only excepted."

The library was a private subscription one, and not a public one where every one was welcome. But to Philadelphia belongs the credit of the establishment of the first truly public library, and its founder was James Logan, the secretary of William Penn, and for so many years the chief man in the colonial government of Pennsylvania. It was in his favor that the library established by Franklin made its exception to its rules. Mr. Logan had been consulted concerning the selection of the books bought for the subscription library. He was a scholar as well as a bibliophile, and by his will left his collection of books to the public.

Having canceled this will with the purpose of making another, he died before he had finished it, and his wife and heirs by a trust-deed carried out his wishes. By this deed it was provided "that there should be a perpetual succession of trustees, part of whom should be of the descendants of James Logan, preferring the male line to the female, as long as any of his descendants remained; that one of his male descendants, taken in priority of birth, and preferring the male line to the female line, should be librarian of the said public library, with a power of appointing deputies; that the library should be opened for the public use of the citizens, and that the books might be borrowed thereout under certain restrictions."

This library in 1792, on application to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, obtained a law by which it was made a part of the Philadelphia Library, the books being kept apart. In the building, not yet finished, in Philadelphia, to be known as the Ridgway Li-

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brary, for the construction of which Dr. James Rush left his estate, valued at a million of dollars, both Franklin's subscription library and the Logan library will find their permanent refuge.

The Redwood Library, at Newport, Rhode Island, is another of the few pre-Revolutionary collections. In 1747 Abraham Redwood gave five hundred pounds for the purchase of a collection of books to a literary and philosophical society of Newport, in the formation of which, in 1730, Bishop Berkeley, then residing in Rhode Island, had taken part.

The town of Newport having given five hundred pounds for a building in 1750, the present one was erected on a lot given for this purpose by Henry Collins. During the occupation of Newport in the Revolution by the British, this library, like others in other cities, suffered from their depredation, many of the books being defaced and others carried off. When the library was purchased it was considered the finest collection on theology, history, and the arts and sciences in the colonies; and the building, designed by Peter Harrison, an English architect, who was the assistant in the construction of Blenheim House for the Duke of Marlborough, was considered a model. The dimensions of the building may be compared with others erected more recently for a similar purpose. The principal room for the library is thirty-seven feet long, twenty-six broad, and nineteen high. The wings, one on each side, furnish two rooms, each about twelve feet square. With the new life Newport has commenced as a summer resort the library has shared, and additions have been made to the original building in 1858 and 1875.

These slight sketches of the most important public libraries which existed prior to the Revolution will give some idea of the condition of the colonies with regard to the appliances of literary culture. Though from the inherent difficulty of making an accurate inventory of all the libraries of a public or semi-public character at the period of the Declaration of Independence, the list prepared in this special report may not be entirely accurate, yet it serves as the best attainable. From this it appears that in 1776 there were twenty-six public libraries in the colonies. Of these, Connecticut had four, containing an aggregate of 4400 volumes; of these, three were in Yale College, being the college library and those belonging to societies of the students. Maine had one, containing 93 volumes, in Portland: in strictness this should be classed with the Massachusetts collections. In Massachusetts there were five libraries, containing 8500, of which 7000 were in the libraries of Harvard College. New Jersey had one library, at the College of New Jersey, containing 1200 volumes. New York had two libraries, both in the city, one belonging to Columbia College, containing 1500 volumes, and the other to the Society Library, consisting of 4000 volumes. Pennsylvania had eight such libraries, containing about 14,000 volumes, of which 5000 were in the Logan collection and 4300 in that of the Library Company. Rhode Island had three libraries —the Redwood collection, at Newport, consisting of 1500 volumes; the library of Brown University, at Providence, containing 500 volumes; and the Providence Library, 1000. South Carolina had one library, that of the Library Society, at Charleston, containing 5000 volumes. Virginia had one library, at the college of William and Mary, containing about 2000 volumes. This makes the total amount of volumes in the colonies at the time of the Declaration, accessible to the public for purposes of culture, about 43,000. To this should be added the first circulating library, established by John Mein, at Boston, in 1765. It had a printed catalogue, and claimed to have 1200 volumes. The yearly subscription was twenty-eight shillings. Mein soon afterward advertised that his stock of books for sale consisted of 10,000 volumes.

The following figures will show the result of a century in obtaining at least the appliances of literary culture: from 1775 to 1800 there were established 30 libraries; from 1800 to 1825, 179; from 1825 to 1850, 551; and from 1850 to 1875, 2481. This calculation includes libraries of all kinds, classified under the heads, Academy and Schools, College, Society, Law, Medical, Theological, Scientific, Historical, Public, Mercantile, Social, Young Men's Christian Association, Government, State and Territory, Garrison, Asylum and Reformatory, and Miscellaneous. This gives us in 1875 a total of 3682 libraries, numbering in the aggregate 12,276,964 volumes, making an average of over 3000 volumes to each, the limit below which no library is included in the list being 300 volumes.

The classification of the libraries is thus explained in the report: The academy and school libraries comprise those of all schools, except colleges and professional schools, and include seminaries and institutes for both sexes, business colleges, normal schools, academies, and high schools. The society libraries include all those belonging to the societies formed by the students in colleges. Scientific embraces the libraries of scientific schools, including agricultural and mechanical colleges and scientific societies. Public libraries embrace all the libraries open without charge, or only a nominal fee, to the public. Social libraries embrace the athenæums, young men's associations, institutes, and subscription libraries in general. Asylums and reformatory include those in

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asylums, hospitals, work-houses, reform schools, and prisons. Miscellaneous embraces the libraries of secret and benevolent societies, and others which were so individual in character as not to be suited for a more specific classification.

Concerning the important matter of the financial basis of the public libraries of the country, the report says:

"The following table is presented with reluctance. Stated briefly, 358 libraries report permanent funds amounting to $6,105,581 in the aggregate; 1364 report that they have no permanent funds; and 1960, considerably more than one-half, do not report either way. It should be remarked that the value of lands and buildings, unless yielding a revenue, is not included in the following statement.

"If one chose, he might with some reason conjecture, taking the following table as a basis, that the permanent funds of American public libraries aggregate about $12,000,000; he might be nearly correct, and it is possible that he would be millions wide of the mark.

"The truth is that in the present state of library reports there is hardly a more difficult and thankless task than to undertake to prepare an acceptable statement of the finances of public libraries. The printed reports of some afford clear and intelligent statements of their funds, income, and expenditures; others may, perhaps, be comprehended by their makers; while others can hardly be intelligible to any one.

"As they gain experience, librarians will doubtless realize more fully the importance to themselves and their libraries of keeping more complete statistics."

By a classified table made up from the returns by sixty-two libraries, situated in California, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Illinois, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Texas, we learn the following facts concerning the circulation of their books, their expenses, and their income. These sixty-two libraries have an aggregate of 2,695,760 volumes; from forty-nine of these, containing 2,181,168 volumes, which gave a report of their circulation, it appears that there were taken out by readers during the year 4,455,514. To sixty of these libraries reporting, which have an aggregate amounting to 2,670,760 volumes, there were added in the year 154,924, showing an increase of nearly six per cent. The total yearly income reported by sixty-one of these libraries amounts to $799,256. Of these fifty-six reported their expenditure during the year for books, periodicals, and binding at $278,318, and fifty-eight their expenditures for salaries and incidental expenses as $467,555.

That the people are interested in the growth of the libraries is best shown by the promptness with which they rally to their support, not only as readers, but also as contributors, affording, it would seem, in all cases where the opportunity for so doing is offered them, their moral and pecuniary aid. In illustration of this point the report says: "It was designed to present a tabular view of the benefactions to public libraries, and strenuous efforts have been made to gather the necessary data for that purpose; but as it is found impracticable on account of its incompleteness to classify and tabulate properly the information received respecting the numerous gifts, it has been decided to substitute the following summary, showing by States the amount of the several benefactions, including gifts of money, land, and buildings, prepared from the special returns received, and from such printed reports as were found available for the purpose." From this it appears that the total amount for the United States is $14,920,657, divided thus among the various States: California, $1,022,000; Connecticut, $773,607; Delaware, $17,600; District of Columbia, $25,000; Georgia, $63,500; Illinois, $2,644,050; Indiana, $150,000; Iowa, $13,850; Kansas, $500; Louisiana, $15,000; Maine, $135,000; Maryland, $1,426,500; Massachusetts, $2,903,406; Minnesota, $15,300; Missouri, $194,637; Nebraska, $1100; New Hampshire, $58,379; New Jersey, $416,750; New York, $2,942,272; Ohio, $197,500; Oregon, $250; Pennsylvania, $1,448,473; Rhode Island, $294,781; South Carolina, $35,000; Tennessee, $450; Texas, $18,000; Vermont, $78,308; Virginia, $26,000; Wisconsin, $6500.

Large as this amount appears, yet the report says of it: "Information, much of which is doubtless reliable, though not in proper form for use, respecting many gifts not included above, and the fact that in a majority of instances where lands or buildings have been given they have simply been so reported, unaccompanied by estimates of their value, lead to the belief that it is not unsafe to estimate that the sum above reported does not represent more than about one-half the amount received by the public libraries of the United States from the benefactions of individuals, and that the real amount is nearer $30,000,000 than $15,000,000. And this does not include the books contributed from time to time, the number of which, in the present state of library statistics, it is simply useless to attempt to ascertain or estimate. Comparatively few libraries have the time to make an accurate return of such gifts covering the whole lifetime of their libraries, and many of them are debarred from doing so by imperfection or loss of records.

"It is fairly estimated that of the gifts of money, land, and buildings above recorded, at least five-sixths have been received within the last thirty-five years.

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"It must be remembered that the above figures rigorously exclude all grants or other government, State, or municipal aid, and include only private benefactions."

To know, with even approximate accuracy, what amount of the community's wealth is appropriated for the appliances of culture, is most desirable, and it is unfortunate that the Bureau has not attempted to collect what information it could gather upon this point concerning the appropriations made by the State and municipal governments. It has done this proximately with the general government, and from it we learn that from 1800 to 1874 the amount so expended was $3,326,497 70. The statement was prepared in the Treasury Department, at the request of the Bureau, but is said by the compiler to be "necessarily incomplete, owing to the manner of keeping the accounts in the earlier days of the government. Many books have been bought in all previous years for the different departments of the government, which, for want of a definite appropriation for that specific purpose, have been charged to general objects; and hence such expenditures can not be made to appear in the statement." Besides the contingent expenses, salaries, and so on, the statement contains such items as these: Maps and plans illustrative of French war and war of the Revolution, for Library of Congress, $1000; files of leading American newspapers, for the same, $9000; complete file of selections from European publications relative to the rebellion, $4000; libraries for the Territories—Congress gives each of them a library costing about $5000; library for the Executive Mansion, $4250; for the purchase of Jefferson's library, $23,950; that of James Pettigru, of South Carolina, $5000; the Peter Force collection, $100,000; the purchase of the books and papers of General Washington, $45,000; of Jefferson's manuscripts, $20,000, and printing the same, $16,200; of those of Madison, $68,000; of Monroe, $20,000; of Hamilton, $26,000; and various other purchases, the expenditures for which do not seem so judicious.

An admirable measure for the comparison of the progress the country has made in acquiring and organizing the means for literary culture during the century of its existence is afforded by this special report, in a chapter entitled "Public Libraries of ten principal Cities." These cities are Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Charleston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Four of these cities have themselves been brought into existence during the century. In comparing the condition of the country at the present time, in regard to its public libraries, with that it occupied a century ago, it will be found that Boston has regained the ascendency. Its Public Library, both for the enlarged spirit with which it is conceived and the generous liberality with which it is conducted, holds the first rank among the public libraries of the country, considered especially in their educational influence. Its organization embraces not only the central building, but also six branches, one each at East Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, Charlestown, Brighton, and Dorchester, at all of which books may be received and delivered. On July 1, 1875, its collection amounted to 280,709 volumes, the central building having been dedicated January 1, 1858. The public spirit with which the library is conducted has been so clearly recognized by the public that it has received many and valuable gifts of special collections. That it is really a public library is shown by the fact "that the total daily book delivery during the last library year" was for each open day more than 2500 volumes. To perform the varied duties necessarily implied in so large a business there is an ample staff, consisting of the superintendent, a secretary, dispatch clerk, auditor, and messenger, while each of the seven departments of the library has also its force: the Bates Hall circulating department, a keeper and six assistants; the Lower Hall circulating department, a keeper and twenty-two assistants; the catalogue department, a superintendent and fourteen assistants; the ordering and receiving department, a clerk and three assistants; the shelf department, a custodian and two assistants; the janitor's department, a chief and two assistants; the bindery, a foreman and eight assistants. In the six branches there are six librarians and forty-one assistants. This makes a force of 116 persons, of whom more than two-thirds are women.

The expenses of the administration are, for salaries, $61,000; books and binding, $36,000; other expenses, $26,000—making a total of $123,000. A quarterly bulletin, making an addition to the catalogue, is regularly published, and the accessions to the library are made first by the judgment of the regular purchasing agents of the library, and second by the demands made by the public for books not in the collection. These demands are made upon blanks furnished by the library for the purpose, and are provided as soon as possible, a notice being sent to the person making the demand. If the book is too costly, or any other sufficient reason prevents the purchase, the inquirer is notified. This excellent system gives to every one using the library the feeling that it is really a public library, and conducted in his interest as one of the public. The books of the library are free to the use of any one in the building. To take them away, the applicant registers his name and address; inquiry concerning him is made, if it is thought

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necessary; and when satisfactory, a card is given him on which his name is written. This serves as his authority for taking out books, he presenting it when he does so, and having it stamped, together with the slip for the book he obtains. These cards are registered; and thus the library has a directory of its customers, the list now reaching over ninety thousand. For the delinquents —those who do not bring back the books they have borrowed at the right time or in good order—there are penalties. After a certain number of days a fine commences. Then a messenger is sent after the offender, and until the account is settled, the library is closed to him. By a special statute, injury to the books is made punishable by fine and imprisonment. The experience of the Boston Library is the same as that which has been found to uniformly attend a system in which the customers were treated as honest until they had proved they were not. The loss of books is wholly inconsiderable, that for the year 1874–75 being one out of every 8921 books lent, or an average of one-ninetieth of one per cent. Suspicion and distrust are the marked characteristics of the savage. Every stranger is an enemy, and a striking instance of survival is seen in the persistent manifestation of this tendency even among persons calling themselves civilized. On the other hand, a confidence that is even long-suffering under deception is the surest evidence of culture, of that well-balanced self-consciousness which does not desire to elevate itself by the detraction of others. It is, therefore, most gratifying to find the special report using the following language concerning the losses sustained by public libraries through the negligence, dishonesty, or other default of borrowers, and through the ordinary wear of books in circulation. It gives a table showing the experience of twenty-three libraries for different periods, ranging from one to eighteen years. Of these libraries one is in San Francisco; one in Waterbury, Connecticut; one in Wilmington, Delaware; fourteen in Massachusetts, in as many different towns; one in St. Louis; three in New York—in New York city, Buffalo, and Albany; two in Ohio—at Cincinnati and Toledo; and one at Reading, Pennsylvania. The report says: "These libraries are conducted in the most liberal spirit as regards affording facilities to borrowers. Many of them are free to all the inhabitants of the towns and cities in which they are situated. Some of them are in small towns, others in large cities. They reach all classes of population in city and country, of all trades and occupations, and all grades of culture and refinement.

"The table shows that out of a total circulation of 6,475,346 volumes, 3068 were lost through borrowers, and 9089 were worn out, being a total loss of 12,157 volumes, or less than two-tenths of one per cent.....And it appears that nearly three times as many books wear out in honorable service as are lost through carelessness and dishonesty.

"This seems to prove three things—first, that the borrowers from American public libraries are decently honest; second, that they appreciate and treat as they deserve the books they read; third, that the administration of these twenty-three public libraries at least is efficient and vigilant.

"These things being true, it appears that the managers of all public libraries need not hesitate to open wide their doors and bid the public enter. Fidelity to their trust does not require that the way of the reader should be hedged about by illiberal restraints and requirements, but is consistent with his most liberal treatment."

Another point of interest to those interested in studying the practical effect of the public library as an educational influence is found in their Sunday use. It would certainly appear that if there can be no objection to Sunday-schools, there should certainly be no objection to using other educational influences on Sunday. And yet, in a professed deference to public opinion, the opportunities for the very best sort of educational influence which the opening on Sunday of the recent Centennial Exhibition would have given, were lost to the general public, though it seems that there was no objection to privately admitting parties who could bring the requisite influence to bear upon the management.

The opening of the public libraries on Sunday has, however, become sufficiently general, and the uniform testimony of the advantages of such a course is given by the editors of this special report. To the Free Public Library of Worcester, Massachusetts, belongs the credit of having inaugurated this new departure. In 1872 this was first done, and the record shows that in that year 5706 of the public made use of the privilege. This number has increased in 1873–74 to 7179, and in 1874–75 to 10,142. Other libraries, the chief among which are the Boston Public Library, the Cincinnati Public Library, the Chicago Public Library, and the Public School Library of St. Louis, have followed the example with the same increasing success. The superintendent of the Boston Public Library, in his report for 1873, says that the reading-room for periodicals of that institution was used "from one-half to three-quarters of the average week-day use. The frequenters were uniformly decorous, the most favorable feature of the result being that a large proportion of the Sunday visitors were not such as are seen in the rooms on week-days." In his report for 1875 he says "that from the start the use of the central reading-room has been abundantly commensurate, and has justified the move-

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ment." The librarian of the Cincinnati Public Library, the Rev. Thomas Vickers, says, in his report for 1875: "Certainly no one who will visit our various reading-rooms on Sunday, and observe the large attendance of the young men of the city, the earnest and thoughtful attitude of by far the larger part of them, and the quiet and decorum which every where prevail, can fail to see that the library, with its Sunday reading, is exciting a powerful influence for good upon the morals of the community." The Sunday use of this library has steadily increased, until it averages 1000 readers a day.

Satisfactory and gratifying as is the testimony of this special report concerning the promptness displayed by the public in making use of the public library as a means of culture, yet it is even more gratifying to find in its pages such evidence, afforded by the librarians themselves, that they comprehend the importance of their function as public educators, and are fully alive to the necessity for practically organizing their business. In fact, no better evidence can be afforded that the public library has already asserted itself as a new factor in American life than the consideration which, during the past few years, the long-felt need for a closer acquaintance with each other has received among American libraries, for the purpose of a more intimate co-operation, and the steps which have been taken toward this end by a convention, held in Philadelphia in the summer of 1876, and by the establishment of *The American Library Journal*. The first suggestion for a meeting of this kind was made in 1853 by Professor Jewett, who, with others, issued a call for a convention of librarians to meet in New York. About eighty librarians were present at the meeting on September 15 of that year. Enough was done at this meeting to show that there was need for a permanent organization, and the convention adjourned, subject to the call of a committee appointed upon this subject; but nothing further was done until the recurrence of the Centennial calling attention again to the subject, the meeting mentioned above was the result.

To the inconsiderate reader it may appear that more space than necessary is taken up in this report by considerations of the best methods of cataloguing. But in reality this feature of the report is one of the most encouraging. There is nothing which seems simpler, to a person unacquainted with its difficulty, than making a catalogue. There are the books, and how easy to catalogue them! So it seems to one who has never tried it, and to such the history of the experience of the British Museum in this respect may be of service. In 1850 there was published a "Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum." The commission had been long exercised with the question of a catalogue for the book collection of the museum; and their secretary, Mr. Payne Collier, whom all the students of early English poetry will readily recognize as a competent and industrious student in this branch of literature, undertook, as an extra duty, to show practically how easy it was to make a catalogue, and make it correctly, by producing a sample, prepared at his leisure, from books in his own collection, and with which it was consequently presumable he was perfectly familiar.

This sample he made, and presented as a specimen of how such a work should be done. It contained twenty-five titles, and the slips upon which it was written were given by Mr. Panizzi, the librarian of the museum at that time, to his assistant, Mr. Jones, who made the following report on them:

"These twenty-five titles contain almost every possible error which can be committed in cataloguing books, and are open to almost every possible objection which can be brought against concise titles. The faults may be classified as follows: 1. Incorrect or insufficient description, calculated to mislead as to the nature or condition of the work specified. 2. Omission of the names of editors, whereby we lose a most necessary guide in selecting among different editions of the same work. 3. Omission of the Christian names of authors, causing great confusion between the works of different authors who have the same surname—a confusion increasing in proportion to the extent of the catalogue. 4. Omission of the names of annotators. 5. Omission of the names of translators. 6. Omission of the number of the edition, thus rejecting a most important and direct evidence of the value of a work. 7. Adopting the name of the editor as a heading, when the name of the author appears on the title-page. 8. Adopting the name of the translator as a heading, when the name of the author appears on the title-page. 9. Adopting as a heading the title or name of the author merely as it appears on the title-page—a practice which would distribute the works of the Bishop of London under the names of Blomfield, Chester, and London, and those of Lord Ellesmere under Gowan, Egerton, and Ellesmere. 10. Using English or some other language instead of the language of the title-page. 11. Cataloguing anonymous works or works published under initials under the name of the supposed author; where this practice is adopted, the books so catalogued can be found only by those who possess the same information as the cataloguer, and uniformity of system is impossible unless the cataloguer know the author of every work published anonymously or under initials. 12. Errors in grammar. 13. Errors in description of the size of the book. We have here faults of thirteen different kinds in twenty-five titles, and the number of these faults amounts to more than two in each title....It is a fallacy to say that errors can be corrected on a subsequent perusal of the titles or in print, unless that perusal be an actual comparison of the title with the book. When we see such a result as is shown above, from an experiment made by a gentleman of education, accustomed to research and acquainted with books generally, upon only twenty-five works, taken from his own library, and of the most easy description, we may form some idea of what a catalogue would be, drawn up in the same manner by ten persons, of about six hundred thousand works, embracing every branch of human learning, and presenting difficulties of every possible description. The average number of faults being more than two to a title, the total is somewhat startling—about one million three hundred thousand faults for the six hundred

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thousand works; that is, supposing the proportion to continue the same. But it must be borne in mind that the proportion of errors would increase with the number of titles; that is to say, in drawing up each individual title, would be superadded the errors which would unavoidably occur in the process of arranging the titles, and subsequently in the printing. In short, I humbly conceive that it would be impossible to prove the inexpediency of Mr. Collier's plan more effectually than he has himself done; and I hope I may add, without giving offense, that had I seen these titles under any other circumstances than the present, I should have concluded that the object was to show how nearly worthless would be a catalogue the proposed advantages of which were short titles drawn up and printed within the shortest possible period of time."

Evidently the making a catalogue is no easy task, and the qualifications for it are seldom inborn, but come from patient study and experience. In the preparation, also, for a catalogue, or a system of cataloguing adapted to serve the purposes of the public libraries of America, the ideal should be not only to enable the inquirer to find in the readiest and most certain way what books are in the special collection for which it is made, but it should go further. It should seek to stimulate the reader, lead him on to study the subject in which he may be only partially interested, and, if possible, at least suggest to him, if he does not already know it, that there is a method in the use of books, as there is in every other intelligent pursuit. The Boston Public Library has issued the most suggestive catalogues of this kind. That of the collection in the lower hall may especially be mentioned as very nearly a model of what a catalogue of this kind, intended for popular use, may be. This catalogue embraces "History, Biography, and Travel, including the Histories of Literature, Art, Sects, etc., Politics, Geography, Voyages, Sketches, and Manners and Customs, together with notes for readers under subject references," and is so well made that it is an acquisition to every one who has had practical experience of the value of a catalogue.

The most important contribution, however, to the catalogue future of the country consists in the *Rules for a printed Dictionary Catalogue*, which forms the second part of this special report. The work is most admirably done, and its general acceptance would be of inestimable benefit in securing a uniformity of method and of practice in the public libraries. To bring about such a change in cataloguing would be as important a measure for the literary culture of the public as the introduction of a uniform system of orthography has been for the language itself; for to-day the cataloguers follow generally, as the spellers did before the introduction of the spelling-book, each the dictates of "his own sweet will," and with the same result of chaotic confusion where there should be an orderly uniformity.

Another suggestion, the practical common-sense of which must commend itself to every one, is concerning the saving of labor and expense which would result to the public libraries by the introduction of some cooperative plan in the preparation of their catalogues. As it is now, with the introduction of every newly published volume, every library which buys it has to enter it on its catalogue, and a thousand libraries doing this implies a thousand persons doing the work, each for himself, which could much more easily be done by one person for the whole thousand. This idea was suggested by Professor Otis H. Robinson, the librarian of the University of Rochester, and has occurred to the librarians in Europe; and a writer in the *Academy* says of it: "With a little arrangement, every English book might be catalogued at the British Museum, every French book at the Bibliothèque Nationale, every German book at the Royal Library at Berlin, every Russian book at St. Petersburg, etc. At a trifling expense these printed slips might be sent to every small or large library. Even when a library is too poor to buy a book, the slip might be useful in its catalogue. There are, of course, other ways in which the same object might be attained, if only the principal libraries would agree on a common line of action.....A few resolutions, carried at an international congress of librarians, might cause a saving of many thousands of pounds annually, and would certainly give us better catalogues than we find at present even in the best administered libraries."

Not only this, but the institution of some complete system for the preparation of such printed slips would easily find supporters among the students of the world, who could by a small subscription thus receive a weekly or monthly record of all the books published in the literary centres of the world, or of those specialties in which they are interested. As the diffusion of such intelligence is at present carried on, to obtain even the merest fragmentary knowledge of this kind requires persistent energy.

So thoroughly practical a system for making public libraries centres for the diffusion of public culture must, of course, react in turn upon the qualifications of the librarians themselves. No ignorant man can attempt to fulfill such a function in a cultured community of readers; it needs a man of natural ability and of special training. The Germans have recognized this, and use the term "library science" to express it. Dr. F. Rullman, the librarian of Freiburg University Library, in a recent work upon this subject, advocates its introduction as a special branch of university culture. He says: "In appointing librarians there is no such guarantees of their competency as is demanded of other aspirants to public office

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when they finish their studies. A most essential point is wanting here, viz., the opportunity for a suitable preparation; for the occupation of an assistant librarian seems to be scarcely a full equivalent for it. Aside from the fragmentary character of such a preparation, it can scarcely be taken into account, because there are comparatively few such places, and the choice for future librarians would be limited to a small number of persons.

"Schrettinger, in his *Manual of Library Science* (Vienna, 1834), was the first who advocated the necessity of a special school for educating librarians. He only touches the subject very briefly, and desires that such an education should be given at the chief library of the country, where his manual might form the basis of lectures on library science, and that only the future library officers of that country should have the advantage of such instruction. This, however, would scarcely supply the want of librarians for Germany, and we would therefore, instead of instruction at a library, recommend that library science be studied at the universities, not only in one state, but in the whole of Germany; *i. e.*, we desire that at one of the universities, gradually perhaps at several, lectures on library science should be delivered by competent men. This course of instruction should extend through three years.....After finishing such a course, the student would have to pass an examination before a special committee composed of the professors or persons lecturing on library science, and receive a certificate of qualification for the office of librarian. Such a certificate only should secure to a person the office of librarian."

Though the exhibit of the increase of our public libraries, and the evidence that they have become conscious of their function as public educators, is most satisfactory, yet it is evident that we have, as a nation, but entered upon this career. We start, however, better prepared for the realization of universal culture before the close of our next century's existence than the young States were for the attainment of universal manhood suffrage at the commencement of the century just ended.

VAIN WAITING.

One waits and watches all his days away
For what may never come. So looks alone
Some man upon a desert island thrown
For sails that pass not, till, too faint to pray,
He folds his hands and waits the eventful day
When death unintercepted claims his own,
Bids hope lie down by fear, stills the long moan,
And bids the weary feet no more to stray.
None know of the sad life and death, till, lo!
Men voyaging from afar, by fierce winds driven,
Cast anchor on that isle where, tempest-riven,
They see a tree-built house, by which they know
That one has lived and died there, hoped and striven.
They shed their unavailing tears and go.

MARRIED PEOPLE.

MRS. DANFORD went to the dépôt to meet her husband when he came back from the West. Three years ago the firm had taken him from his desk as book-keeper and sent him out on collecting tours: he had been coming and going ever since, but his wife never could get used to it. Before that she never left the house except to go to church or market, but now she went to the dépôt whenever he was coming home, after even a day's absence, once going to Harrisburg, when the train was delayed there, in the middle of the night. Her children thought their mother had all the good sense and even temper there was in the world; but her husband knew that nobody was so excitable and weak as she. It was curious to see how she could single out the stooped, red-headed little man in his linen duster among the thousands pouring out of the dépôt, and how, though she was one of the timidest women alive, she would go straight to him, as though the men about her were so many dead trunks of trees.

He always explained to her how it was impossible for her to go with him now as she used to do on those little excursions when they were first married.

"We haven't the money, Lizzy, and then, who would stay with the children?"

"Oh yes, I know, Richard, that I can't go."

Of course she knew, and he knew that she knew. But he explained it to her every time. If he noticed that her laugh was not steady, or that her chin was quivering, he would go on making droll adventures out of every little happening of his journey, until she laughed in good earnest, and gradually the talk would slip back to those old jaunts of theirs the time they went trout-fishing up to Nittany, or that week they spent in Baltimore when they were snow-bound at Havre-de-Grace. Elizabeth could remember every excuse the fat old conductor made. She had traveled very little.

"In about ten years Charley will be in business, and I shall have made my pile, and we will take Nelly and go to Europe."

That was a standing joke between them. But they seriously did hope that the time might come when they could afford to stay together. "The worst pull will be over when Charley has his schooling," Danford would say, "and then I can save up and go into some little business of my own. I'll never leave you then, Lizzy."

He knew she needed nothing more than that to make her life entirely contented. Yet any body looking at the two would wonder how the insignificant, ugly little man had brought a woman of so much finer grain than himself to love him. But he did not know what any body thought of his wife or himself.

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They rode home together this evening in the horse-cars, she carrying his overcoat while he took the valise. The ride was long and the car crowded, for it was raining. During the month that Danford had been gone, the family had taken possession of a little house which was to be their home. He had long ago joined one of those building societies by which, in Philadelphia, a man so easily secures his own house. Instead of building a new one, he had, to please her, bought one of those old stone cottages on the outskirts of Germantown; its hip-roof and orchard of old apple-trees gave it a picturesque dignity beside the staring blocks of its pretentious neighbors.

Mrs. Danford, in a half-whisper, was talking all the way, not giving her husband a chance to say a word. She was an exceptionally quiet person with every body but Richard, but with him the most inveterate of talkers.

"And the parlor carpet—you would be astonished to see how beautifully it fits; but I wrote to you about that. And I took the shelves out of the linen closet and made of it a work-room for Charley—his books and printing-press and rubbish, you know; and the room with two windows is to be Nelly's—"

"Baby's!" Danford chuckled, knowing that his wife, although baby was four years old, never slept until the little hands were nestled in her bosom.

"She must have a room of her own soon. You will give her that one?—promise me, Richard. I have papered it myself—pale blue—and her bed is all ready," she said, anxiously, touching his arm.

"You can arrange it as you choose," carelessly. "How long this ride out is!" glancing impatiently at the dropping rain outside.

"It is long. We might have taken the steam-cars for once," hesitating.

"No; we must save every penny now. There are the bills for moving to pay—What is the matter?"—for a sudden change had come over his wife's face as she looked over his shoulder. He turned sharply, and faced a tall man in an oil-skin coat, who was holding by a strap and watching Mrs. Danford with what appeared at the first glance to be a look of keen significance. It instantly deadened out of his face, and he turned to Danford a pair of heavy black eyes as unmeaning as the flabby, close-shaven cheeks below them.

"Why, I thought that fellow was going to speak to you," he said, as he helped her out of the car. He was used to seeing Lizzy attract notice. He always thought of her as his middle-aged wife—Charley's mother—unless when people turned to look after her as she came into a car, and then he saw how singular and delicate was the beauty that still hung about her, and how fine the smile in her pale face.

"Whew! how it pours!" he said. "Step up on this porch, Betty, until I hoist the umbrella."

Several other passengers had left the car, and stood huddled together, struggling with their umbrellas and the wind. Next to Mrs. Danford was the man in an oil-skin coat. His mouth was muffled in it, and the pelting rain drowned every other sound, but it seemed as though he spoke to her.

"To-morrow, at noon," she answered; "I shall be alone."

"Now, little woman!" Danford bustled up, lugging the valise and flapping umbrella. Usually she would have helped him with one of them, but now she hung heavily on his arm, lagging behind.

"Tired out, Betty?" Then, glancing down into her face, "You've been having one of those old headaches. Did you see Dr. Thayer, as I told you?"

"No, no. Dr. Thayer can not help me. Besides, I have no headache. Come; there is Nelly at the window."

There were fires in every room of the little house, the square windows glowed through the tracery of vines, and the wet trunks of the trees reflected the lights through the rain.

"See how pretty it is!" she said, stopping at the gate. "I told Charley to make an illumination. We won't think of expense—just for this night."

"That was right." Danford pushed on hurriedly. He felt a choking at his throat. They had worked so long for this home, and here it was at last—*home*.

Afterward, when he tried to remember the occurrences of the evening, knowing that life or death depended on his accuracy, he could recall little that was peculiar in his wife's conduct. She and the children had dragged him all over the house in a fever of delight and triumph. There was not a closet or cranny left unexplored. Charley acted as showman, baby clung to her mother as usual, old black Sally went before with the candle, the proudest of all. His wife said little, as was her habit, except when alone with him. He remembered how some boys came to the door to make plans for to-morrow's holiday with Charley, and how anxiously she asked who and what they were. "Why, it was only the other day," she said, with a quaver in her voice, "that Charley was a baby in my arms, and now he has his friends—his plans. He is going from us out into the world. And I have no hold on him—I have no hold on him!"

"Nonsense, Lizzy," Mr. Danford replied. "Never was a woman with as much influence over her children as you. We'll not let him leave Philadelphia until he's a man. The boy's safe enough when he can come home at night to such a mother as you."

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He remembered that she suddenly quailed at this, and was silent, in a way which seemed strange to him at the time. When the boy came back, Danford was sitting by the fire, his wife on a low stool beside him, her head on his knee. She had some childish, undignified ways, which somehow made the boy and his father look on her as a chum and a jolly good fellow.

"Father," said Charley, with the self-assertion of thirteen, "I think after this *I* shall go to meet you at the dépôt. It is hardly proper for mother to be out alone after dark."

"No harm will come to me, my son," she said, smiling.

"I don't want her to act as if she were a poor woman, Sir, with nobody to look after her," he cried, hotly. "Ladies in fine houses don't go about alone, and mother is—"

"Mother has her fine house too, and we two stout fellows will take care of her," laughed Danford. But his wife's head lay still upon his knee, and she did not laugh nor look up.

When the children were asleep he remembered that she began a strange talk, which he tried to check once or twice, of how her brothers (who were Kentuckians) had both gambled their property away.

"It's in the blood," she said. "If Charley should show any sign of it, you'll watch him, Richard, and be patient with him. A father ought to be as patient as God with his child."

Now Danford was apt to be irritable with the lad, and his mother always had stood between them. Before he could answer, however, she went on. "I know you'll bear with Nelly's faults; you understand women so well, Richard. Nobody could have borne with my folly as you did when we were first married."

"Are you so wise now, then?"

She laughed suddenly, and drawing down his head, kissed him swiftly on both eyes, so as to shut them. She had always odd, unexpected ways of caressing him, which used to make the overworked little man feel himself fresh and young again.

"What do you talk in this way for to-night, Betty? Let us be happy coming home the first night. There's no need to look into the future to find misery."

"No, there is no need. Maybe the misery will never come. God has always been so good to us!" The little joke seemed to have brought her by sudden reaction into her happy self again.

When she had gone to her room with Nelly, Danford opened his desk to put away the papers in his valise. He found it in thorough order, all business documents belonging to household affairs sorted and tickected.

"The milk bill paid, and Nott! Betty has worked hard while I was gone." Mrs. Danford had some way of adding to their income—leather-work or banner painting, we forget which. Beside these bills which she had paid there were two or three rolls of small notes, labeled, "For Charley's clothes for the winter," "For Nelly's."

Danford laughed. His wife was usually the most unsystematic woman alive. But he went to his room in high good humor. She was standing by the crib, opening the little white petticoats which Nelly had taken off, and hanging them up to air.

"You have provided for the children all winter," he cried, holding out the rolls of notes.

She turned quickly. "Oh, they will not need it. I shall be here to earn plenty more for them, and for you—I shall be here, Richard." She took up the sleeping child and walked about with it, straining it to her breast. Danford took it from her gently, and laid it down. "How white and fat her feet are!" he said, quietly. "Cover them up warm, mother. Now come and sit down. You've been working too hard, my poor girl."

Nature had made Danford in mind and body of coarser, commoner stuff than his wife. But he was a saner person than she, which explained all his power over her.

Danford took Charley with him into town the next day. They were to come out together in the evening. Before noon Mrs. Danford sent Sally (an old black servant, who had been a slave and her nurse in Kentucky) out on an errand which would detain her for an hour or two. Nelly was asleep in her crib. As the clock was on the stroke of twelve, the bell rang, and she admitted the man she had met the night before. They were closeted together for an hour; then they came into the little parlor. The man, whose habitual manner to women savored of familiarity, was grave and awkwardly respectful; Mrs. Danford's face was bloodless. He poured out a glass of water, and gave it to her.

"You have overtaxed your strength in keeping your secret, madam. In a man we would call such reticence heroic; but I find it not uncommon with women. I think they are prompted to it by—vanity," a disagreeable smile lurking on his mouth.

She bowed courteously, but he knew she had not heard a word. "Be seated. Wait one moment, doctor; I have a question to ask of you."

Dr. Prey sat down uncomfortably. Eminent specialist as he was, and used to dealing out life and death, "practicing among the wealthiest classes" (*vide* card), he could not feel at ease with this woman, whose clothes and house he had decided could scarcely be called genteel. "She does not

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consider E. M. Prey a gentleman!" he blustered inwardly, struggling to act as though he stood on the same level with her.

"A question, eh? Really, now, my dear madam, better ask no questions at all. The wise patient leaves all details to his physician. You are exhausting nervous power—"

"You have not given my disease a name to me."

"You assuredly must have guessed it," roughly.

Mrs. Danford looked quickly to the door, into the fire, as though in search of something. She did not speak for a moment. "Cancer?"

He nodded.

"Incurable?"

He hesitated. The fire crackled, the ashes fell on the fender. A little stir in the next room was heard in the silence. "Mamma!" cried Nelly.

"It is unusual for a patient to insist upon such questions. Measurably you take the case in your own hands."

She raised her hand with a quick gesture.

"If you will have it, then, I see no probability of cure. The case has peculiar features which I have met with in no other. All that can be done is to put yourself in my hands. I can alleviate your sufferings. My large experience," etc., etc.

He talked on until he observed that she did not hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the closed door behind which was her baby. When she spoke she did not look at him. "How long will it be?"

"About four months, probably. Certainly not more than that." He began to draw on his gloves briskly. There was no demand for sympathy, the woman took it so coolly.

"One moment. I have something more to ask." She had risen, and stood with her hands clasped over her head.

The doctor's eye swept over her. "She's had remarkable beauty in her day; but her day is over," he thought.

"Patients with this disease often— I have heard that it was loathsome, horrible beyond words. Shall I—" she stopped, swallowing once or twice.

Even in the man's vulgar face shone a sudden gleam of pity. But he was ashamed of it. "It is usually the case with patients in this disorder. I see no reason to hope that you will escape, Mrs. Danford."

"I thought so—I thought so," sharply. "Well, there is nothing to be done about it. Will you write me a general prescription—to alleviate pain, you said?"

"You do not wish me to attend you regularly, then?"—with a surprised glance.

"I may be removed out of your reach," she said, evasively.

When he had written the prescription and torn the leaf from his book, she handed him his fee, waited until he had left the house, and then went in to her baby.

When old Sally came in presently, she heard Nelly laughing and talking for an hour or more, and wondered that her mother made no sound in reply. Late in the afternoon a telegram came from Danford: "Will be detained at office until 10 P.M. Shall keep Charley until I go out."

Lizzy read it, and laid it down. "That is better," she said. "If I saw them again, I could not go." For she had quite made up her mind now what she would do. Her husband, her children, should not see her horrible end.

The house, the children's clothes, were in perfect order. But she went from place to place with Nelly in her arms. It was singular that it was only of their practical loss when she was gone that she thought. "Sally can cook; but who will keep the house, or make their clothes in the spring? Charley will have nobody to tell his stories about school to when he comes home. And Richard—" But she forced that back.

She sat down and rocked the child, looking by turns at its little feet, its hands, pushing back its hair. She thought of her at every age—a school-girl—grown up.

"She will have no mother—no mother." She had been a devout, prayerful woman, but she could not pray now. It seemed to her as if God did not know what He was doing when He did this thing.

She made herself up a bundle of clothes, fastened it in a shawl-strap, and laid a letter she had written on her husband's pillow. The evening had fallen cold and drizzling. She gave Nelly her supper, undressed and rocked her to sleep; then she laid her in her crib. Only yesterday she had been busy making a cover for the crib and Charley's bed. It was all over now. She would never do any thing for them again—never again.

It was time now. She put on her hat and cloak, took up her bundle. There was a blotted exercise which Charley had left half finished that morning; she took that with her, and the stocking which Nelly had just worn, still warm, the creases in it which the little foot had made. Then she went to her husband's old chair, where he had sat every evening for years, and knelt down by it. Sally, in the kitchen, thought she heard a call, "Richard! Richard!" but all was still.

As Lizzy knelt there she did not pray. She meant to bid good-by to her husband, but she could not. Would he ever forget her? Would he marry again? Those were her thoughts. There had been a certain Annie Ward, years ago, of whom Danford had made a friend.

Elizabeth sprang to her feet and walked straight to the glass. "I hope he will be happy. He ought to marry, for the children's sake," she said over and over. "But

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he will not remember me as loathsome. Annie Ward's face does not compare with mine now."

This new sharp pang gave her sudden strength. She staid alone with her child for a few moments, and then passed hastily out, stopping at the kitchen door. The old black woman was busy over the fire, singing a Methodist hymn.

"Goin' to de dépôt, Miss Betty? Got on yoh wraps?"—coming to the door.

Elizabeth put her hand on the skinny fingers. "Take care of the children for me, Sally."

"Sartin. Yoh's not goin' fur?"—with a vague alarm.

But Elizabeth made no answer, and disappeared in the darkness.

The letter which Danford found on his return contained these words:

"I have an incurable disease. I have but a little while to live, and I will not stay to become an object of disgust and loathing to you and the children. Do not try to find me. You never can do it. My measures are too well taken. You shall know when I am dead."

There was not a word of affection or of farewell. She could not trust herself to that.

In these practical days, whatever a man's agony, he acts promptly and practically. In a day Danford's friends had set all the machinery of advertising, telegraphing, detective agencies to work; but to no effect. They searched distant places first—the scenes of those old excursions of which she had talked so much, the homes of her school-mates, the county in Kentucky from which she came.

"She would not go out of sight of me and the children," poor Danford insisted; but nobody heeded him. Dr. Prey, for reasons of his own, never made himself known in the matter, and Elizabeth had not hinted her disorder to the old family physician. "He would tell Richard," she said. Simply because she had taken no measures of precaution, she had left no clew whatever.

Month after month passed. Danford was at work again at his desk. When work was over, he walked the streets until late at night. It seemed to him that every moment he would meet her or hear that she was dead. The horrible cruelty of her conduct to himself never occurred to him; it was only of her, dying alone, perhaps in want, that he thought. The police reported to him, from time to time, their superhuman efforts. But we all know to what these efforts usually amount in cases of disappearance.

Mrs. Danford knew the city was her best hiding-place. Nowhere could a human being sink as securely out of sight as in the monotonous blocks of Philadelphia, with their million of inhabitants. There was little that was distinctive about Lizzie. A thin, oldish-looking woman, who wore a cap and spectacles, lodged in a room over a baker's shop in Kensington, and earned a dollar or two a week by slop-work. She brushed against policemen every day. Sometimes at night, wrapped in a cloak, she carried a basket filled with shoe-laces and pins to the dépôt, and sat in a dark corner until the passengers to Germantown had gone out. She usually fell asleep, when her sun-bonnet covered her face. Richard and Charley came to that dépôt once or twice. Danford saw the wan white hand which held the basket, stopped, and then went on. Another night Charley asked her the price of something, but she made no answer.

After that she was not able to leave the house for weeks, until one night, feeling that the end was near, she took her basket, covered herself in a large cloak, and found her way out to the dépôt in Germantown. She sat down outside in the dark shadow made by a freight-car, and waited for the trains. Danford was in the last. Some people stopped him close beside her; she could have touched him by putting out her hand.

It was her husband whose clothes brushed hers, the man whose head had rested on her bosom. With feverish swiftness the old days when he was her lover came back to her, all the romance, the passion, of her life; she was a girl, beautiful, beloved; she heard that soft music again which sounds but once in a life. Then she was conscious of the horrible death whose grip was on her, of even the miserable cloak in which she was wrapped. It seemed to her cruel that when she was an outcast, her body given up to slow decay, that Danford should be coming home from his work quietly, as though nothing had happened. He was dressed carefully as usual, his whiskers neatly trimmed. Out of the car, too, stepped the very Annie Ward of whom she had thought so often lately. She stopped and shook hands with Richard.

When he went up to his own house, his wife followed him. He opened the door with his latch-key, went in and shut it, she standing opposite. The wind blew fiercely the snow and sleet full in her face. The shades were not down in his room. She saw him turn up the light and stoop over the crib. Then he walked across the floor with a little white-gowned figure in his arms.

"Nelly! Nelly!" cried her mother. She ran across the street, she raised her hand to beat upon the door, and then she turned quickly and went back to the dépôt, and so to town. A stout gray-haired man followed her, entered the same car, left it as she did, and, a moment after she reached her room over the bakery, was knocking at the door. She opened it.

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"Dr. Thayer!"

"Yes, Lizzy. Any fire? I'm half frozen"—bustling forward to the stove, so as not to look at her.

"You—you had no right to follow me"—standing at bay, her eyes blazing. "O my God! why didn't you come sooner?"—crouching on the floor beside him, sobbing over his hand like a hurt child.

He said nothing for a while, and then gave a chuckle. "I said all along that the way to find you was to keep Nelly in sight. How often have you seen her?"

"Every day when I could walk."

"Lizzy," the doctor said, turning sharply on her, "who told you your disease was incurable?"

"Dr. Prey."

"Damned quack! Now listen to me. I'm not going to betray your secret. I don't want you to die at home, an object of disgust to your husband. I can understand that feeling fully. But I do mean to know if there is a necessity for your dying at all."

"It's too late," said Lizzy.

Of course it was not too late, or this history would never have been written. Nobody has a right to give unwary readers a true bill of disease and death under cover of a story. Lizzy's disorder took another name, and disappeared slowly under the old doctor's care. After the pink began to creep into her cheeks again, one spring morning he took her home, and placed her in her chair by the fire, with Nelly in her arms, and there her two boys found her when they came home at night.

Shadwell, one of the partners in the Quaker firm which employs Danford, heard the current report of the affair, and was much scandalized by it. "It is eccentric conduct in a woman. I do not like eccentric women. I'll drop in there to-night and take a look at her. Better have no doubtful people connected with the house."

The old Quaker dropped in to Danford's little parlor several evenings after that; he talked with Richard. Lizzy was busy helping Charley with his lessons.

In the spring Danford received notice that the firm had given him a junior partnership.

"Thee has well deserved it of us," said Shadwell, meeting him that day. "If I were in thy place, Richard," he added, presently, "I would give thy wife a journey. She is not rugged, and thee can well afford it now. Thee has a remarkable woman for a wife, Richard."

Miss Annie Ward was another person who thought Mrs. Danford a remarkable woman. "What a lovely face she has!" she used to say, heartily. "Her husband is such a plodding, commonplace little man, too. I wonder what she saw in him. The earthen and porcelain pitchers again."

But Lizzy held Miss Ward at freezing distance. "I know very well she had designs on you when I was gone, Richard," she says.

"Such folly, Betty!" he cries, angrily.

But, after all, it is her folly that he loves in Elizabeth, not her housekeeping abilities or good sense.

They have started now on their journey into Kentucky. They are in no whit different outwardly from the other middle-aged, commonplace folk crowding the cars, equipped with the inevitable linen duster and shawl-straps and sachels. But at heart they are very much like the two children who set out to find the fairy pot of gold beneath the rainbow. They meet all the world coming this way, agog to see the Exposition; but they two go leisurely along, with their secret between them. Every trifle is an event, every chance meeting an adventure. They have left office and housekeeping and middle age behind them. It looks to other people like an ordinary railroad on which they travel, but they know that they are on their way to the enchanted land. And as they come nearer to the quiet hills behind the setting sun where they first knew each other, they are sure that they will find youth and its love and freshness there again, and will bring it all home with them.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

MADGE DANVER, beautiful, ambitious, brimming full of youthful life, would rather have died at once than suffer the hideous suspense of the minute that followed. A man's step, resolute and vigorous, was distinctly audible on the lower flight of stairs. Who could it be? Had some black fatality actually brought the police to the house—at this time of all times? Sam would never believe that it was not by her connivance, and she would never live to vindicate herself. He would murder her, if that resolute, vigorous step kept on up the garret stairs. He held her rigidly down, though she had entirely ceased struggling, and kept his narrow eyes fixed on her wide-open frightened ones, while he listened intently. Seconds went by like hours, and there was

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abundant room for thought and imagination. Madge reviewed all the incidents of her acquaintance with Sam, and recollected every thing that they had said to each other, together with the intonation given to each word. She bethought herself how she had always affected to be his superior, even when most favoring him; how she had fooled him and laughed at him; how she had kept him off and on, and had flippantly insulted him. And yet she fancied now that beneath all this arrogant behavior she had secretly feared him—nay, had foreseen this present moment, and herself lying helpless and at his mercy. It was but the fulfillment of her presentiment, and must have come to pass sooner or later. She was conquered—in the only way that such a woman as she could be conquered—by sheer physical force and brutality. As she crouched in the grasp of the man who might the next moment be her murderer, he became invested in her eyes with new and hitherto unsuspected qualities. He was the incarnation of masculine power, irresponsible and unrestrainable. He was greater, nobler, than he had ever been before. If he was her conqueror, he was worthy to be so. His merit was real and palpable—there was no arguing it away nor denying it; it was complete and satisfactory. While she stared into his half-shut, glittering eyes, she was able to note the pose of his whole figure, and to perceive how utterly he had her at advantage. She could see herself, too, pressed down into an unnatural position, and the group, with its accessories, finally imaged itself before her, and with such vividness that she could scarcely believe herself other than a detached observer of it. Yet ah! that sharp ridge of pain across her shoulders, where they were pressed down against the edge of the box, was real enough to bring her back to herself; not to speak of the cruel aching occasioned by his relentless grasp upon her arms. "After I am murdered," thought the girl, "when they lay me out, there will be those ugly black and blue marks on my beautiful white arms!" and the reflection caused an absurd feeling of annoyance to eddy on the surface of her profounder anguish. Then she began to speculate as to how he would kill her. Would he strangle her, or cut her throat, or stab her? She hoped he would stab; and she knew just the spot, low down on the left side of her bosom, where the knife ought to enter. Was not that the hilt of the knife peeping from the inner pocket of his coat? Madge wished it was somewhere in plain sight, for she was intensely curious to examine the instrument that was to put her out of existence. She trusted that there would be time to do so while he was taking it out and aiming it at her: and presently she took to imagining precisely what and how many movements he would have to make in committing the deed. First he would shake back the long black hair that had partly fallen over his low swarthy forehead. Then he would let go her right arm —she could feel by anticipation the momentary relief which would follow—and make a quick snatch for his knife hilt. He would be quick, from a fear lest she should attempt to escape; but here Madge once more smiled superior, thinking how little he knew the utterness of her defeat. If the knife were sheathed, he would take it between his teeth to unsheathe it, so as to avoid releasing the other arm. Then he would drive the sharp point into her body; and she fancied it would not be done with a swift thrust, but slowly, he still keeping his eyes fixed on hers, watching the changes that came into them as the first agony became dulled by the rapid anæsthesis of death. She would not live to see him wipe the blood from the knife and return it to its sheath, and replace the sheath in his pocket. Her body would topple over sideways, and would lie, Madge hoped, with the face upward; for she felt sure that she would still look supremely lovely after she was dead, and that Sam would bend over her and admire her, and perhaps wish that she might live again. And her only revenge upon him should be that, being dead, she would remain so.

All this time every movement of the unknown presence below had been listened to with strained attention by both herself and Sam. He had stopped on the bedroom floor; had gone into Cuthbert's room; and now Cuthbert and he seemed to have entered into conversation. The voices were too low to be recognized; much less was it possible to distinguish what was said. Was the stranger exhibiting his search-warrant and demanding information?

"Oh, I know who it is!" cried Madge, suddenly, breaking out into a faint, tremulous laugh. "Sam, it's all right. Let me go. Oh, I am so glad!"

"Hush!" snarled Sam again, pressing her down still harder. But the next moment, with an ejaculation of surprise, he loosed his hold, and Madge slowly lapsed over to the right, and lay limp and insensible on the floor. Her face, perfectly colorless, was turned upward, the eyes nearly closed, the white lips a little parted. Sam had never seen a countenance at once so lovely and so innocent. A feeling of selfish regret came over him—not that he had made her suffer, but that he had, perhaps, deprived himself of a source of enjoyment. He laid her straight out on the floor, and began to rub the palms of her hands between his own, looking about meanwhile for water or for some stimulant. All at once, however, he leaped noiselessly to his feet, stopped at the door, and laid his ear

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against it. After listening a moment, the sinister twist upon his features relaxed. He turned the latch of the door softly and held it open, and Nikomis hobbled in. Sam closed the door behind her.

"Who came?" whispered he.

"No one you know," replied the old woman, surlily. She caught sight of Madge and stopped short. "What you done to her?" she demanded, clutching him by the sleeve. "You fool! you killed her?"

"She just fainted, that's all; I've done nothing. Go on and do something for her, can't you? Such a cursed air up here, it's no wonder."

Nikomis stooped down over the girl's body, muttering to herself, undid the lace of her low bodice, and then taking the brandy flask from some inner folds of her garments, held it to the half-opened lips. Madge presently gasped and shuddered, and began gradually to revive, the color flowing timidly back to her cheeks and lips. Sam stood by in silence looking on.

At length Madge upraised herself giddily on one arm, and put her other hand over that spot on her bosom where she had expected Sam's knife would enter. Then she held up the fingers before her face, and looked at them to find out whether they were bloody.

"I thought you had done it," she said, shuddering slightly. "Were you sorry? Jack Selwyn, that's all. I knew he was coming, but I'd forgotten—"

Her voice died away, and her lips began to whiten again. Nikomis once more held the brandy toward her, and the girl drank the fiery stuff as if it had been water. The old Indian next brought forth a roll of blankets from the wigwam, and placed them as a pillow for Madge to lean against. There she lay, silent and pale, watching Sam Kineo with her dark eyes. Sam felt ill at ease. The glow of his ferocity had cooled, and he did not question that he had made a settled enemy of one who might greatly have assisted him. Had Nikomis not been there, he would have attempted a reconciliation; but that grim personage happening likewise to hold him in present disfavor, he felt that luck was against him. The extremity of peril could brace him up to the commission of any desperate or outrageous deed; but when the crisis was past, he was not always in a humor to indorse what he had done. In the present case he had probably been carried somewhat beyond his original intentions by mere savage excitement reacting upon itself, and he was abashed to think how narrowly he had escaped a crime not only useless, but in its consequences to himself fatally disastrous, and how even in escaping it he had contrived to insure as much as possible of its ill effect.

"Who did you say was come?" he asked at length, seating himself near Madge, and endeavoring to put on an engaging manner. "Come now, forgive and forget—eh? What's the use of bearing malice between you and me, Madge? We know each other."

"I think I know you now, Sam," returned Madge, in a low tone, still gazing gravely at him. "You are a real devil, aren't you?"

"Look here now—" he began, smoothing out a scowl; but she continued, with an odd, nervous smile:

"You shouldn't mind my telling you that, I'm sure. I rather think a devil is what I need. Only he must be a real one—never sorry or apologetic. You were terrible enough for a while. Seems to me I can never forget that." She shuddered again, but nevertheless appeared to regard him with a kind of fascination, if not fondness. "No one but you would ever have treated me so," said she—"I'm too beautiful. With any other man but you, there would have been some relenting. What can you be made of?"

"Flesh and blood—same as you are," replied Sam.

"Well, perhaps." She paused, observing him narrowly. "Can you really be the best I am to expect? I should think you would be hateful to me; I could call you hateful names enough. But still, you were stronger than I, and you frightened me. I always wanted to feel myself conquered—but then I never thought I could be. It wasn't so pleasant, after all. I have a great mind to hate you."

"Oh, I wouldn't have done you any harm," said Sam, re-assuringly.

"If I thought that," returned Madge, sitting up again with a kind of beautiful fierceness in her aspect, "how I would hate you, and despise you too! But I know it's false. I'm not to be frightened by any make-believe. It was real, Sam Kineo, and you are stupid to pretend it wasn't." She rose to her feet and went up to him, walking a little unsteadily, and put her hands on his arms. "Don't you be disappointing, Sam," she said, half smiling, and yet with a vibration of piteous appeal in her voice. "You don't understand me," she added, impatiently. "Well, I suppose I don't understand myself. But I have tried so many things—I'm tired. I only know that I felt more alive just at the moment when you had me helpless, and were going to murder me, than—oh, for ever so long before! No, don't say any more about it; you'd only be stupid again. Let's talk of something else. That was Jack Selwyn that came."

Sam did not, indeed, precisely understand what was in Madge's mind, or rather in her heart; but he was shrewd enough to perceive that his violent conduct had for some reason not entirely displeased her. He had tamed horses in his time; and perhaps there might be some women who, like some horses,

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could not be contented and affectionate until they had been subdued by force and severity. It was a novel idea to him, and seemed almost too good to be true. If the right way to woo was simply to show a readiness to murder, he ought to proceed with confidence. However evil may be a man's qualities or deeds, he can generally be persuaded that there is more or less of involuntary virtue mixed up with them; and however bad he may be, the persuasion flatters him. Accordingly Sam was gratified and in a good humor, being at once satisfied with what he had done, and confident of knowing how to manage in the future. He looked audaciously at Madge, and found himself wondrous kindly disposed toward her. If he had followed his inclination, he would have seized her and kissed her; that he did not do so was perhaps due to the recollection of how short a time since he had laid hands upon her with far different motives. It would be more convenient, he thought, to hold a little amicable converse in the first place, leading on to more tender relations by degrees. Besides, when one was not in a deadly humor with Madge, it was not so very easy to take liberties with her. So long as she was treated as a woman, and not merely as a weaker man, a chap had need to stand upon some sort of ceremony.

"Jack Selwyn, was it? Well, who's he?" inquired the half-breed; "and how did you know it was he—eh?"

"He is a friend of Garth's, and was in Europe with him," said the girl, returning to her roll of blankets and sitting down upon it. "I should think you might have seen him."

"Selwyn—hold on! a thin, sharp-eyed chap, always dressed well? By the devil, Madge, I believe I do know him, sure enough! What's he here for, I'd like to know? He knew Golightley; and he was sweet on Elinor too, and that set him and Golightley at loggerheads. Selwyn—I know him; lucky he don't know me! I used to have a notion that he suspected something, too—cursed sharp chap. You knew he was coming, eh?"

"Yes, three weeks ago. He may not know you, but I think he has come after you. At any rate, he knows all about the robbery; and he agreed with Mrs. Tenterden, before she and Elinor came over here, to engage detectives and hunt down the robbers. Of course, if he was in love with Elinor, that might explain it; and it would make him hunt all the more carefully, too." All this Madge spoke in a listless, uninterested tone, as if the information in no way concerned either her listener or herself. Sam remained quite still, his dark face set in an expression of keen, malevolent abstraction. His brief good humor had flickered out, and he was dangerous once more. Madge still kept her eyes fixed upon him, as she had done ever since regaining her consciousness; she would not have been surprised had he sprung at her again with his knife; but a mood of cold recklessness had come over her, and she felt no fear. Nikomis had retired into the wigwam some minutes previous, and at this juncture it is probable that both Sam and Madge had forgotten her.

"Do you think Mr. Selwyn has brought any one with him?" demanded the half-breed at last, resuming his whisper, and adopting a tone of menacing banter.

"No," said Madge, folding her hands about her knee; "not unless he knows that you're in this house; and if he does know it, it's your fault."

Sam reflected a while longer. "How did you happen to know any thing about this before I told you?" was his next inquiry.

"Mrs. Tenterden told me all she knew; and Golightley told me what he thought I knew already; and I got the rest from a letter," Madge replied, nonchalantly.

"The devil you did! whose letter—eh?"

"A letter from Jack Selwyn, of course," said Madge, with a smile.

"He writes to you, does he?" hissed Sam, throwing off his pretense of composure, and showing the edges of his teeth again.

Madge laughed softly, with a defiant look, and was apparently on the point of returning a contemptuous reply. But she checked it on her lips, and only sighed. If she despised Sam, she did not wish to reveal the fact either to herself or him: as she had said a little time before, she had tried many things, and was tired.

"He writes to Garth, Sam Kineo, and I saw the letter."

"Is Garth such a fool as that—to show a letter like that to you? Come now, that won't do! If you saw the letter, it began, 'Maggie dearest,' or 'My sweet mistress,' or something in that way—eh?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Madge, with an angry flash in her eyes, and a slow mounting of color up her face. She was ripe for revolt again. A woman will endure bullying far more easily than coarseness. "If you know how it began, you may find out what was in it. Jack Selwyn is a better gentleman than you will ever be. He would never have said such a thing to me—and it's false!"

Sam instantly perceived that he had made a mistake, and since he particularly wished to hear more about the letter, he was anxious to retrieve it. He did not believe that he had wronged Madge in principle, but possibly he had done so in this special instance, and he knew enough of human nature to understand that an unjust suspicion is never so unendurable as when it might just as well have been true. He therefore altered his tone and manner, awkwardly

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enough, and did his best in the way of apologizing. But Madge impatiently stopped him half-way; she felt so keenly how ill the language of repentance became him as to be unwilling to listen to it even in her own favor.

"Never mind, never mind," she said. "You were stupid again, that's all. I said I saw the letter, not that Garth showed it me. He doesn't know I saw it."

"Oh, I see!" whispered Sam, with a glance of crafty significance. "You—eh?"

Madge had an impulse to admit the whole truth, and own herself no less superior to the *meum* and *tuum* law than was this man whom she bore with so remarkably. But the native tendency to duplicity was even then too strong for her, and the feminine instinct always to wear the cleanest garment at command added its weight. "He lost it on picnic day last month," she said. "I found it, without its envelope, in the woods, and read it; and after that I had to keep it, because Selwyn said in it that no one except Mr. Urmson was to be allowed to see it."

"You've got it?" said Sam, eagerly, holding out his long knotty-fingered hand. "Why didn't you say so before? Where is it?"

Madge took from her pocket a fold of blue paper, written over with a bold and widely spaced handwriting, and gave it to him. He read it diligently to the end, and repeated the signature half aloud, coupling it with an abusive epithet.

"So he's the chap that's been tracking after me every where? I'd like to catch him alone some night out here in the woods. Did you show this to Golightley?"

"No, nor to any one else. You are very silly to be so suspicious of me, Sam Kineo. If I chose to deceive you, I could do it without your suspecting. I didn't want to frighten Uncle Golightley away, nor to let him know how I knew so much about him. But you can do me no good, nor any harm—except the kind you have done this morning."

There was a pathetic sincerity in Madge's tones: sincerity in her was pathetic, because it postulated so much internal stress and topsy-turviness. It was pathetic, too, that she could be sincere only to a fellow like this half-breed, who deserved the compliment as little as he cared for it. However, he did believe her in the present instance, and was even impressed by a sense of her handsome behavior toward him. He got up with a jerk from his seat on the hand-organ box, and threw himself down in an easy reclining posture at Madge's feet.

"I've been shabby to you, my little beauty," said he, "and I'm sorry—by the devil, I am! Come now, we'll make it up—for good, eh? You don't want Sam Kineo to be nabbed by Jack Selwyn and his damned detectives, do you? We'll fool 'em yet, Madge my dear, the whole gang of 'em, and come out top of the heap, too. Tell you what, now; I'll trust you. Just you get round this chap Selwyn, and talk to him, and find out how much he knows. If he s'pects I'm any where 'n this part of the world, just you throw him off, d'ye see? Or maybe we might arrange an interview, 'nd work up something that way, 'cording as it turns out. There! I'll trust it all to you. You've got brains. Just you do the best you know with 'em for me, 'nd I'm satisfied."

"I should think you might be, Mr. Sam," rejoined Madge, demurely. "And what shall I get in return for all this devotion? So far as I can see, you'll never have any thing to give me. Uncle Golightley is too clever for you. Don't you see why he's determined on marrying Elinor? As soon as he's her husband, he's sure of the money, no matter what happens."

"Marrying the woman you've robbed isn't a bad notion," assented Sam, with a grunt. "She wouldn't see much good in prosecuting you, even if she found you out. By the devil—eh? We'll have to stop that off, anyway."

"When do you mean to see Golightley?" inquired Madge.

"Oh, I'll see him soon enough; and I'll have something to give you, don't you fear. If that chap Selwyn wants to marry her too, maybe he wouldn't be too hard down on a chap that can prove his rival's a thief—eh? Just you stand by me, Madge Danver, and we'll get the better of 'em one way or another."

"What do you think of me, Sam?" asked Madge, abruptly breaking a pause.

"The sweetest piece of flesh ever I came across," replied he, promptly and with unction. "What more do you want?"

"Nothing, I suppose," said she, with a short and somewhat metallic laugh. Indeed, her beauty had always heretofore been her chief boast, and it would have been unreasonable in her to covet admiration based on other grounds. Sam regarded her as a beautiful piece of flesh, and if she craved a different sort of homage, she should have sought it from a different man, and consistently with a different kind of philosophy. Perhaps, like people in fairy tales, she liked the realization of desire less than the desiring.

"I mean," she said again, "you don't seem to think I'd stop at any thing, no matter what, if I wanted to gain something, or even to help you gain something. But I've never done any thing very wicked, and I don't see why I ever should."

Sam ducked his head in noiseless cachinnation. "You look innocent enough—and that's the wickedest part of you, Madge Danver. I know you. You love deviltry

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just for its own sake, and you can't keep your fingers off it. That's what started you to run away with me ten years ago, and that's what kept you hankering after me ever since. If I was to go to meeting next Sunday and confess my sins, you'd be cured of me pretty quick. Garth don't see through you, nor Golightley either, for all he's so clever. I know you, and I know how to make you stick." He ended with another chuckle.

Madge started up angrily. "It isn't true," she cried, excitedly. "I like good people and good things best—only—"

Sam had risen too, and stood in front of her. He caught both her hands in his, and peered with a penetrating grimace into her eyes. "No, you don't—no, you don't—no, you don't," he repeated, shaking his head slowly, and smiling with covered teeth. "No use, Madge my dear; you should have said that before that picnic day that you and I and Garth went to. Too late now—eh? The devil's got you—better give in to him."

She flushed, and tears started to her eyes; then she grew pale, and smiled. She and Sam exchanged a peculiar glance. He threw his arm round her waist, and, before she could prevent him, had kissed her, not reverently, upon the mouth—kissed those lips which, alas! were poisoned now, if never before.

She partly freed herself from him, and at the same moment they both, by a common impulse, looked toward the opening of the wigwam. There appeared the grotesque visage of Nikomis, swarthy and framed in darkness; but her black eyes seemed to gleam approval of the event which had taken place.

POPULAR EXPOSITION OF SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

PART II.—ABOUT FLAME AND THE COMBUSTION OF SUBSTANCES.

IGNITION, as we have seen in Part I., is the emission of light by the mere accumulation of heat in bodies; it involves no chemical changes in them. Combustion is attended by the wasting away or disappearance of a portion of the burning substance.

The production of light and heat by the combustion of various bodies is, of all chemical processes, that which ministers most to the comfort and well-being of man. One would suppose that, of a phenomenon on which so much of our personal and social happiness depends, and which must have been witnessed by every one, all the particulars ought to have been long ago known. Among scientific men its importance has been universally recognized. The earlier theories of chemistry, such as those of Stahl and Lavoisier, are essentially theories of combustion.

It is nevertheless remarkable how little positive knowledge, until quite recently, was possessed on this subject. Some chemists thought that the light emitted by flames is due to electric discharges; others, regarding light and heat as material bodies which can be incorporated or united with ponderable substances, supposed that they are disengaged as chemical changes go on. In this confusion of opinions a multitude of interesting questions present themselves. It is known that different substances, when burning, emit rays of different colors. Thus sulphur burns blue, wax yellow; and the pyrotechnist prides himself on the production and skillful combination of all kinds of tints. What are the chemical conditions that determine these singular differences? How is it that, by changing the conditions of combustion, we can vary the nature of the light? We turn aside the flame of a candle by means of a blow-pipe, and a neat blue cone appears. Why does it shine with a blue light?

Such inquiries might be multiplied without end; but a little consideration shows that their various answers depend on the determination of a much more general problem, viz., Can any connection be traced between the chemical nature of a substance, or the conditions under which it burns, and the nature of the light it emits? Between 1844 and 1848 I made many experiments to elucidate this subject, publishing several of them in the beginning of the latter year. They bear a significant relation to what has since been designated spectrum analysis.

Already two important circumstances in relation to the nature of flames had been made known—first, all common flames are incandescent shells, the interior of which is dark; second, the light they emit depends on the temporary disengagement of solid particles of carbon.

The true theory of combustion, whatever it may prove to be, is necessarily one of the fundamental theories of chemistry. This subject is, therefore, not only interesting in a popular sense, but of great importance in its scientific connections.

I shall now describe some experiments I made with a view of determining the structure of an ordinary candle, lamp, or gas flame, and also of flames burning under various disturbed conditions, as, for instance, when air is introduced into their interiors. From this examination it will appear that an ordinary flame consists of a succession of luminous shells covering a dark nucleus or interior, the shells emitting differently colored rays, the innermost being red, the

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outermost violet, and the intermediate ones in the order of their refrangibilities. This, the true flame, is veiled over by an exterior envelope consisting of the products of combustion, and tinted with a faint monochromatic yellow by sodium, compounds of which are always present in the atmospheric air or in the burning material.

For the ready comprehension of the facts to be stated, it is useful to recall what was proved in the previous paper, viz., that any solid substance raised to 977° F. begins to emit light, the least refrangible or red ray being the first that appears, and in succession, as the temperature increases, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and at length the violet or most refrangible ray. If these tints be superposed, they of course produce white light. At a temperature of about 2000° F. all the colors are present.

Then I shall turn to an investigation of the sources from which the heat or light thus set free has been derived. This involves a consideration of the mode of production of combustible material, which in all cases is, either directly or indirectly, accomplished by plants. It will be found that the force emitted by a flame under the form of radiant energy was obtained from the sun.

The instrumental arrangement I resorted to for the determination of the structure of a flame may be thus described: The rays of the flame of which the examination was to be made passed through a horizontal slit, one-thirtieth of an inch wide and one inch long, in a metallic screen, and were received at a distance of six or eight feet on a flint-glass prism, the axis of which was parallel to the slit. After passing the prism, they entered a telescope, which had a divided micrometer and parallel wires in its eye-piece. Through this telescope the resulting spectrum was viewed. In this form of spectroscope no collimating lens was used.

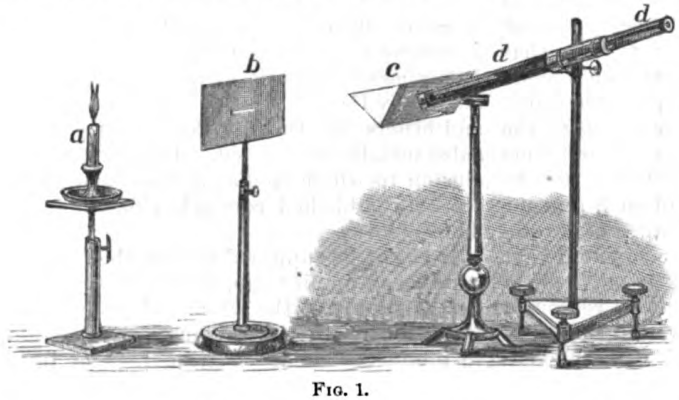


Fig. 1.

In Fig. 1, *a* is the candle, the flame of which is to be examined, *b* the screen with a horizontal slit, *c* the prism, *d d* the telescope.

If it be the flame of a lamp of any kind that is to be examined, by using a movable stand we are able to raise or lower it, and thus analyze different *horizontal elements* in its lower, its middle, or its upper parts at pleasure. If, instead of a horizontal, we wish to examine a *vertical element* of the flame, the slit and the prism must, of course, be set vertically.

I took from the fire a mass of burning anthracite coal, and placed it on a support so as to present a plane surface to the slit in the metal screen. The rays coming from it and passing the slit were received on a flint-glass prism, and viewed through the telescope.

When the coal was first taken from the fire, and was burning very intensely, on looking through the telescope, all the colored rays of the spectrum were seen in their proper order. I had previously passed through the slit a beam of sunlight reflected from a mirror, so as to have a reference spectrum with fixed lines. Now when the coal was burning at its utmost vigor, the spectrum it gave did not seem to differ, either as respects length or the distribution of its colors, from the spectrum of sunlight; but as the combustion declined and the coal burned less brightly, its spectrum became less and less, the shortening taking place first at the more refrangible extremity, one ray after another disappearing in due succession. First the violet became extinct, then the indigo, then the blue, then the green, until at last the red, with an ash-gray light, occupying the place of the yellow, was alone visible, and presently this also went out.

From numerous experiments of this kind, I concluded that *there is a connection between the refrangibility of the light which a burning body yields and the intensity of the chemical action going on, and that the refrangibility always increases as the chemical action increases.* It might, perhaps, be objected that, in the form of experiment here introduced, two totally different things are confounded, and that the burning coal not only gives forth its rays as a combustible body, strictly speaking, but also as an incandescent mass.

To avoid this objection as far as possible, and also to reach a much higher temperature than could have been otherwise obtained, I threw a stream of oxygen gas on that part of the anthracite which was opposite the slit; but my expectations were disappointed, for, instead of the combustion being increased, the coal was actually extinguished by the jet playing on it. I there-

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fore replaced the anthracite with a flat piece of well-burned charcoal, kindled at the portion opposite the slit, and throwing a stream of oxygen on this part, the combustion was greatly increased. A spectrum rivaling that of the sunbeam in brilliancy was produced, all the colors from the extreme red to the extreme violet being present.

On shutting off the supply of oxygen, the combustion, of course, declined, and while this was going on, the violet, the indigo, the blue, the green, etc., faded away in succession. By merely turning the gas on or off, the original colors could be re-established or made to decline. It was very interesting to see with what regularity, as the chemical action became more intense, the more refrangible colors were developed, and how, as it declined, they disappeared in due succession.

All common flames, as is well known, consist of a thin shell of ignited matter, the interior being dark, the combustion taking effect on those points only which are in contact with the air. From the circumstances under which the air is usually supplied, this ignited shell can not be a mere mathematical superficies, but must have a sensible thickness. If we imagine it to consist of a series of cone-like strata, it is obvious that the phenomena of combustion are different in each. The outer stratum is in contact with the air, and there the combustion is most perfect; but by reason of the rapid diffusion of gases into one another, currents, and other such causes, the atmospheric air must necessarily pervade the burning shell to a certain depth, and in the successive strata, as we advance inward, the activity of the burning must decline. On the exterior stratum oxygen is in excess, at the interior the combustible vapor, and between these limits there must be an admixture of the two, which differs at different depths. Admitting the results of the foregoing experiments with anthracite coal and charcoal to be true, viz., that as the combustion is more active, rays of a higher degree of refrangibility are evolved, it follows that each point of the superficies of such a flame must yield all the colors of the spectrum, the violet coming from the outer strata, the yellow from the intermediate, the red from those within. If we could isolate an elementary horizontal section of such a flame, it should exhibit the appearance of a rainbow ring, and when those compound rays are received on the face of a prism, the constituent colors are parted out by reason of their different refrangibility, and the eye is thus made sensible of their actual existence.

In Fig. 2 we have such a section of a flame, the central region, *a*, being dark; surrounding it there is a ring, *r*, emitting red light, and in succession other rings that are

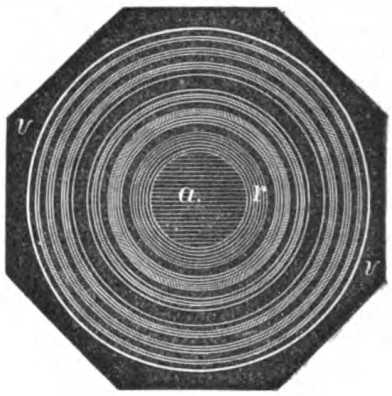


Fig. 2.

orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, the outermost one, *v v*, being violet.

When thus by the aid of a prism we analyze the light coming from any portion of the superficies of a flame, we in effect dissect out in a convenient manner and arrange together side by side rays that have come from different strata of the burning shell. These, without the prism, would have pursued the same normal path, and produced a commixed effect as white light on the eye, but with it are separated transversely, and each becomes perceptible.

It is immaterial whether we impute the light emitted by an ordinary flame to the liberation of solid particles of carbon in an ignited condition, and becoming hotter and hotter as they pass outwardly toward the surface, or consider these particles to be in a state of combustion. The experiments of an ignited wire in one case, and of charcoal in presence of oxygen in the other, lead to the same explanation. We are not to suppose that it is simply a gas which is burning; we are examining the light emitted by an incandescent solid—the carbon particles that for the moment are set free.

This explanation, that the luminosity of a flame is due to the temporary extrication of solid carbon, was given by Sir H. Davy. It has been called in question by Frankland. Experiments and criticisms have since been offered by Deville, Knapp, Stein, Blockmann, and others, but Davy's theory still remains substantially unaffected. This is the conclusion to which Heumann has come in his recently published researches on luminous flames (1876).

It might be supposed that in the familiar instance of an oil lamp, if we put any check on the supply of the air, and thereby check the intensity of the combustion, we ought to produce a flame emitting rays of light the refrangibility of which becomes less and less, and which, from their being originally white, should pass through various shades of orange, and end in a dull red. This to a certain extent is the case.

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It now becomes a curious subject to determine what takes place when an ordinary flame is disturbed by the introduction of air into its interior. When a blow-pipe jet is thrown through the flame of an oil lamp, the sharp blue cone which forms indicates, on the principles here set forth, that the combustion is much more active. But if the colors of the common flame come from different depths, the red being the innermost, it is clear that the introduction of a jet of air by a blow-pipe should make the combustion rapid where before it was slowest, and the less refrangible colors ought to be destroyed. A prismatic analysis should exhibit the spectrum of a blow-pipe flame without any red or orange.

In this examination no slit is required, as in the former experiments, for the cone itself, when at a distance of six or eight feet, is narrow enough for the purpose. It yielded a very extraordinary spectrum. As I anticipated, all the red rays were gone; not a vestige of either them or of the orange could be found. But the spectrum was divided into five well-marked regions, separated from one another by dark spaces. There were five distinct images of the blue cone: one yellow, two green, one blue, and one violet.

This experiment may be verified without a telescope. On looking through a prism, set horizontally at its angle of minimum deviation, at a blow-pipe cone some six or eight feet distant, there will be seen a spectrum of that part of the flame which does not join in the production of the blue cone. It contains, of course, all the prismatic colors. But projecting from this are five colored images of the cone—one yellow, two green, one blue, and one violet. They are entirely distinct from one another, and are parted by dark spaces.

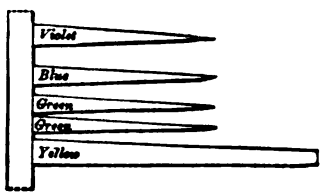


FIG. 3.

Such is the effect of introducing air into the interior of a flame, and destroying those strata that yield the red and orange colors. The effect of a blow-pipe is to produce a double stratum of blue light, one being external, the other internal; also two strata of green, one again external, the other internal, and the escaping products of combustion, steam and carbonic acid, mingled with atmospheric air, constitute the oxidizing flame, which envelopes the blue cone.

In the original memoir which was thus published many years ago (1848), and from which these experiments are extracted, I imputed the yellow ray, discovered subsequently by Swan to be due to sodium, to the products of combustion. I also published a chart of the spectra of various flames, co-ordinating them with a reference spectrum of sunlight, and arranging them as has since been commonly done. This chart is here reproduced.

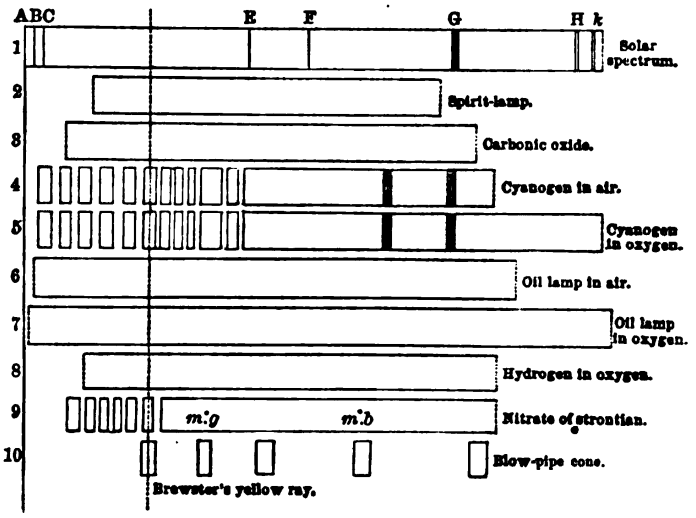


FIG. 4.

On the evidence furnished by the foregoing experiments I was led to regard a common flame as consisting of a shell of ignited matter in which combustion is going on with different degrees of rapidity at different depths, being most rapid at the exterior, where there is a more perfect contact with the atmosphere, and diminishing inward. In a horizontal section, the interior space consisting of unburned vapor is black; this is surrounded by a ring where the combustion is incipient, and from which red light issues; then follow orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet circles in succession, the production of each of these tints being dependent on the rapidity with which chemical action is going forward—that is, on the amount of oxygen present—the tints gradually shading off into one another and forming, as I have said, a circular rainbow. An eye placed on the exterior of such a flame sees all the colors conjointly, and from their general admixture arises the predominant tint.

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An examination of the flame of a candle vertically confirms this conclusion, for the red projects on the top of the flame, and the blue toward the bottom.

Do not the various facts here brought forward prove that chemical combinations are attended by a rapid vibratory motion of the particles of the combining bodies, which vibrations become more frequent as the chemical action is more intense?

The burning particles constituting the inner shell of a flame are executing about four hundred billions of vibrations in one second; those in the middle about six hundred billions, and those on the exterior, in contact with the air, about eight hundred billions in the same time. The quality of the emitted light, as respects its color, depending on the frequency with which these vibrations are accomplished, increases in refrangibility as the violence of the chemical action becomes greater.

The parts of all material bodies are in a state of incessant vibration; that which we call *temperature* depends on the frequency and amplitude of these vibrations conjointly. If by any process, as by chemical agencies, we increase that frequency to between four and eight hundred billions of vibrations in one second, ignition or combustion results. In the case of the former of these numbers, the temperature is 977° F. At this temperature, the waves propagated in the ether impress the organ of vision with a red light. This also is the temperature of the innermost shell of a flame. If the frequency of vibration still increases, the temperature correspondingly rises, and the light successively becomes orange, yellow, green, blue, etc., and this condition obtains in the successive strata of a flame, as we pass from its interior to its exterior surface.

The general conclusion at which I arrived from this series of experiments was that there is a connection between the energy with which chemical affinity is satisfied and the refrangibility of the resulting light. And this is a direct consequence of the undulatory theory. If all chemical changes be attended by vibratory movements of the particles of the bodies engaged, those vibrations should increase in frequency as the action becomes more violent. But an increased frequency of vibration is the same thing as an increased refrangibility.

Such is the structure of an ordinary flame. Its light is derived from particles of solid carbon issuing from combustible matters with which the wick or the gas jet is fed, these solid particles passing from a low temperature to a white heat, and undergoing eventually complete oxidation, escaping into the atmosphere as carbonic acid gas.

We now encounter a question of imposing interest: Whence has the force which thus manifests itself as heat and light been derived? Force can not be created; it can not spring forth spontaneously out of nothing.

It may be said, without much error, of such flame-giving compounds as we are here considering, that they are for the most part compounds of carbon with hydrogen. To regard them as such will very much simplify the facts we have now to present.

Under the form of oils and fats these combustible substances are derived directly or indirectly from the vegetable world; directly, as, for instance, in the case of olive-oil; indirectly, as in the case of animal oils and fats. These have been collected by the animals from which we obtain them out of their vegetable food. Even fats derived from the carnivora have been procured from the herbivora, and came originally from plants.

This brings us therefore to a consideration of the chemical facts connected with the life of plants.

If a seed be planted in moist earth, the air having access and the temperature that of a pleasant spring day, germination in the course of a few hours will take place. Should the process be conducted in total darkness, as in a closet, the young plant shoots upward, pale, or at most of a faint tawny tint. We can easily verify this statement by placing a few turnip seeds in a flower-pot containing earth, put into a closet or drawer from which light has been carefully excluded.

A sickly-looking plant thus springs from a seed in the dark. It is etiolated, as botanists say. If we examine it carefully, making allowance for the water it contains, we shall find that no matter how tall it may be, its weight has not increased beyond the original weight of the seed from which it came. It has been developing at the expense of the seed, the substance of which has been suffering exhaustion for its supply of nourishment. We can not continue this development in the dark indefinitely, for the seed-supply is soon exhausted, and then the shoot dies.

But if instead of exposing the seed which is the subject of our experiment to darkness, we cause the germination to take place in the open day, a very different train of consequences ensues. There is no longer that immoderate extension of a sickly etiolated stem upward, but the parts emerging into the light turn green. Very soon, to use a significant expression, they are weaned from the seed; they no longer use the material collected for them in the preceding year by the parent plant, and stored up for their use, but their leaves, expanding, turn green, and expose themselves to receive the rays of the sun. If they be now examined as in the previous instance, making allowance for the water they contain, it will be

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found that from day to day their weight is increasing; they are living independently of the seed. They are obtaining carbon and hydrogen, the former from carbonic acid, and the latter from water and ammonia—compounds existing in the air or furnished from the ground.

If a seedling, germinated in darkness and permitted to grow to a certain extent, be then exposed to light, provided its dark life has not continued too long, its etiolated aspect will soon disappear; it turns green, and assumes all the characters of a healthy plant. This is in effect the natural process. For we bury seeds a little under the surface, covering them lightly with earth, the opacity of which secures the necessary darkness; but the mould being moist, the air having a ready access, and the temperature of the season suitable, all the conditions needful for germination—water, air, warmth, darkness—are present. The plumule, or shoot, makes its way out of the obscurity into the light, its reliance for nutrition on the seed ends, its independent life begins; it obtains carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, from the air, and saline substances and water from the soil.

The facts which we thus bring into relief, as necessary for the further exposition of the subject, are these: In the first stage of the life of a plant, its dark life, there is, excluding water, a diminution in the weight; in the second, or light life, there is an increase, due very largely to the appropriation of carbon from the air. The atmospheric carbonic acid has been decomposed, its oxygen set free and, for the most part, permitted to escape, its other constituent, carbon, now ministering to the growth of the plant.

A stone trough standing in a garden received the waste water from a pump. There had accumulated on its sides a green slimy growth (conferva). From this growth, on the west side of the trough, which was receiving the morning rays of the sun, bubbles of gas were continually forming; and these, as they attained a sufficient size, rose through the water and escaped into the air. This effect on the west side diminished as the sun passed toward the meridian, but at mid-day the north side of the trough was in full activity. As evening came on, that in its turn gave forth fewer bubbles, and was succeeded in activity by the east side. At first it was thought that these bubbles were nothing more than the gas which is dissolved in all water, and analogous in composition to atmospheric air, but closer examination showed that it was oxygen, nearly pure. During the night no gas whatever was disengaged.

Priestley, Ingenhousz, Rumford, and other experimenters of the last century investigated these facts carefully. The conclusions to which they came may be thus summarized: All ordinary natural waters contain carbonic acid in solution; leaves or other green parts of plants placed in such water and kept in darkness exert no action upon it, but in the sunshine they decompose the carbonic acid, appropriating its carbon and setting its oxygen free, as gas. Soon, however, the supply in the sample of water is exhausted, and the action even in the sunlight ceases. It is again resumed if more carbonic acid be artificially dissolved in the water; and since the air expired from the lungs in the act of breathing contains much of that gas, it is sufficient, by the aid of a tube, or in any other suitable manner, to conduct such expired air into the water for the disengagement of oxygen to go on.

The experiments of these earlier chemists had thus established the important fact that from carbonic acid, which is extensively diffused through the atmosphere and in water, and even in the soil, through the influence of sunlight, oxygen is obtained. The sunlight, then, is the force which carries into effect the decomposition.

There is thus a perpetual drain on the supply of carbonic acid, a perpetual tendency to its diminution, and hence, for the order of nature to continue, there must be an incessant supply. The source of that supply was very strikingly indicated by some of Priestley's experiments. Having rendered a quantity of air thoroughly noxious by mice breathing and dying in it, he divided it into two receivers inverted in water, introducing a few green leaves into one, and keeping the other receiver unaltered; the former was placed in light, the latter in darkness. After a certain time he found that the air in the former had become respirable, for a mouse lived very well in it, but that in the latter was still noxious, for a mouse died the moment it was put into it.

To Priestley chiefly, though he was aided by other investigators, we must refer the honor of one of the greatest discoveries of the last century. It was this, that the two great kingdoms of nature, the animal and the vegetable, stand at once in antagonism and alliance. What is done by the one is undone by the other. Each is absolutely essential to the existence of the other. There is a never-ending cycle through which material atoms run. Now they are in the atmosphere, then they are parts of plants, then they are transferred to animals, and by them they are conducted back to the atmosphere, to run through the same circle of changes again. The sunlight supplies the force that carries them through these revolutions.

Previously to 1834 I had turned my attention to this interesting subject. It had been asserted by Rumford that many other substances besides the leaves of plants would evolve oxygen gas. He specified

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raw silk and cotton fibres. My investigation commenced by an examination of this assertion. I soon found that two totally distinct things had been confounded. Ordinary water contains, as has been said, carbonic acid in solution, but it also necessarily contains the ingredients of atmospheric air. To this, for the sake of distinctness, the perhaps incorrect designation of water-gas may be given. Since oxygen is very much more soluble than nitrogen, this dissolved gas differs in composition from atmospheric air. It is relatively richer in oxygen.

I very soon found, on exposing raw silk, spun glass, and other such fibres, immersed in water, to the sun, that Rumford's assertion was correct—gas bubbles were set free; but his inference was incorrect—the gas did not come from decomposed carbonic acid; it was merely the water-gas of the water. I was thus able to separate the true from the false portion of the experiment. And though I thus dispose of the subject in a few words, it is perhaps due to the labor that was expended to say that it cost several weeks of uninterrupted work and many scores of analyses before I felt absolutely certain that this was the indisputable interpretation of Rumford's experiments.

Now as a guide to a correct exposition of the experiments that I have to relate, it must be borne in mind that the assumption of a green color by a germinating plant and the decomposition of carbonic acid by it are identical events. Or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, the latter is the cause, the former the effect.

At that time very incorrect views of the nature of the sun rays were entertained. It was believed that they contained three distinct principles, (1) heat, (2) light, (3) chemical or deoxidizing radiations. In common with all other chemists I accepted this view, and proposed to myself to determine to which of these principles the decomposition of carbonic acid and the greening of plant leaves are due.

And first, to ascertain if it were the heat radiation, I converged by the aid of a large metallic mirror the dark or invisible radiations emitted by an iron stove on some leaves placed in water. The gas which was set free was nothing more than the water-gas; there was no decomposition of carbonic acid.

In Fig. 5, *a* is the concave mirror, *b* an inverted flask containing the leaves and water; it dips into a glass, *c*, also containing water, and receives the radiations of the stove, *d d*.

Then I tried a similar experiment, using the radiations emitted by a brightly burning wood fire. The result was the same as the preceding, and I even pushed the experiment so far that the water became very hot, a portion of its carbonic acid effervesced from it, and the leaves lost their

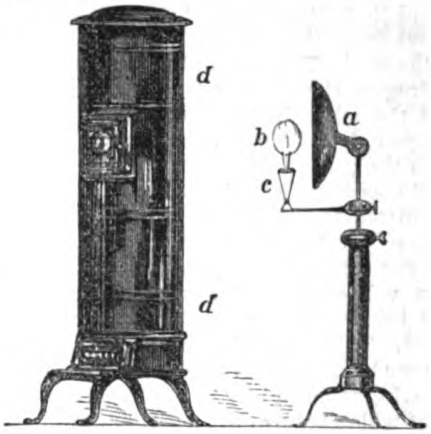


Fig. 5.

bright green color. Still no decomposition of the carbonic acid could be detected.

At this time it was generally received that the essential characteristic of the more refrangible—the violet—rays is that they produce deoxidation. In accordance with this opinion a name—deoxidizing—had been given them. Now since the decomposition of carbonic acid is an effect of deoxidation, I was not surprised at the issue of the foregoing experiments, and expected to find that though the less refrangible radiations, those of heat, were inoperative, the more refrangible, the chemical or deoxidizing, would decompose carbonic acid readily.

But some collateral experiments had thrown a difficulty in the way of this conclusion. I had caused seeds to germinate in three little closets, into which, by means of panes of colored glass, or through troughs filled with colored liquids—red, yellow, and violet—light could respectively be admitted. I remarked with very great surprise that the seeds in the red-light closet and those in the violet one were just as much etiolated as they would have been had they grown in darkness; those in the yellow closet promptly assumed a green color, and developed themselves as well as if growing under natural circumstances.

Fig. 6 represents one of these closets; *a a* is its side of stained glass, *b b* the door.

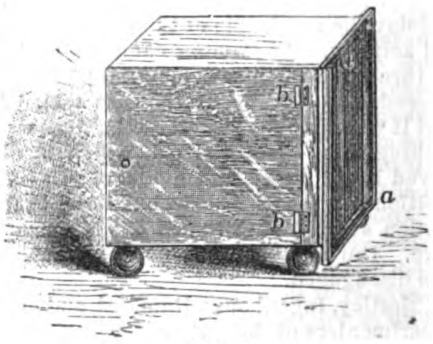


Fig. 6.

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But the light that comes through stained glass and colored solutions is far from being homogeneous; it contains rays of many refrangibilities. I therefore determined to attempt the greening of plants and the decomposition of carbonic acid by their leaves—phenomena which, as has been said, are equivalent—in the solar spectrum itself.

I arranged things so as to have a horizontal solar spectrum of several inches in length, kept motionless by a heliostat. I had previously caused to germinate in a wooden box filled with earth, and of corresponding length, a crop of seeds. They were etiolated or blanched, for the germination had taken place in the dark. These young plants I placed so as to receive the spectrum. Very soon those that were in the yellow space turned green, but those in the extreme red and extreme violet underwent no change, though the exposure might be kept up the whole day.

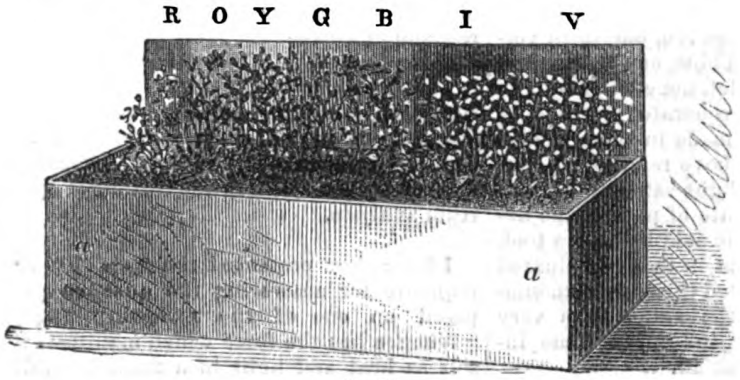


Fig. 7.

In Fig. 7, *a a* is the box containing the germinating seeds, and placed so as to receive the colored spaces R, O, Y, G, B, I, V—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—of the spectrum.

Many repetitions of this experiment satisfied me that it is the yellow and adjacent regions of the spectrum which occasion the greening of plants; the heat rays and the chemical rays have nothing whatever to do with it.

Next I attempted the decomposition of carbonic acid in the spectrum, and succeeded. I read before the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, at its centennial celebration in 1843, an account of this experiment. The memoir was subsequently published in several foreign languages. Perhaps I can not do better than give an extract from it here:

"Having, by long boiling and subsequent cooling, obtained water free from dissolved air, I saturated it with carbonic acid gas. Some grass leaves, the surfaces of which were carefully freed from any adhering bubbles or films of air by having been kept beneath carbonated water for three or four days, were provided. Seven glass tubes, each half an inch in diameter and six inches long, were filled with carbonated water, and in the upper part of each the same number of blades of grass were placed, care being taken to have all as nearly as could be alike. The tubes were inserted side by side in a small pneumatic trough of porcelain. It is to be particularly remarked that the leaves were of a pure green aspect as seen in the water; no glistening air film, such as is always on freshly gathered leaves, nor any air bubbles were attached to them.

"The little trough was now placed in such a position that a solar spectrum, kept motionless by the heliostat, and dispersed by a flint-glass prism in a horizontal direction, fell upon the tubes. By bringing the trough nearer to the prism, or moving it farther off, the different colored spaces could be made to fall at pleasure on the inverted tubes. In a few minutes after the beginning of the experiment, the tubes on which the orange, yellow, and green lights fell commenced giving off minute gas bubbles, and in about an hour and a half a quantity was collected sufficient for accurate measurement."

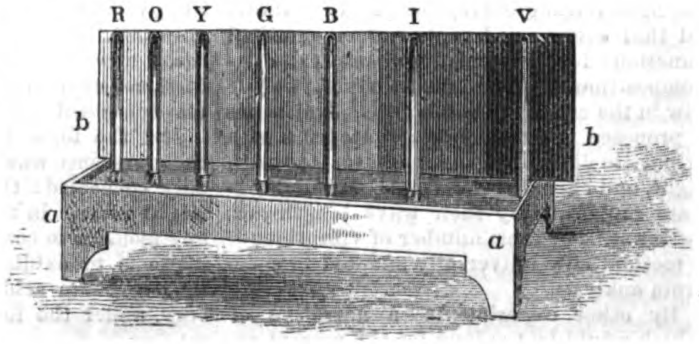


Fig. 8.

In Fig. 8, *a a* represents the trough, and R, O, Y, etc., the tubes containing the leaves

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and carbonated water placed so as to receive the spectrum, *b b*.

"The gas thus collected in each tube having been transferred to another vessel, and its quantity determined, the little trough with all its tubes was freely exposed to the sunshine. All the tubes now commenced actively evolving gas, which, when collected and measured, served to show the capacity of each tube for carrying on the process. If the leaves in one were more sluggish or exposed a smaller surface than the others, the quantity of gas evolved in that tube was correspondingly less. And though I could never get the tubes to act precisely alike, after a little practice I brought them sufficiently near for my purpose. In no instance was this testing process of the power of each tube for evolving gas omitted after the experiment on the spectrum was over."

One of these experiments furnished the following results: The quantity of gas evolved by the yellow and green rays was thirty-six volumes; by the red and orange, twenty; by the extreme red, one-third volume; by the green and blue, one-tenth; and by the indigo and violet, none whatever.

This result was corroborated by causing the experiment to be made in tubes placed in the small closets above referred to. In that to which yellow light came in through a solution of bichromate of potash, the decomposition of carbonic acid by leaves took place very actively, but in that illuminated by blue light transmitted through ammonia-sulphate of copper, the action was very greatly retarded, and, indeed, in some instances did not go on at all.

The gas set free in these decompositions, and designated oxygen, is not that substance in a condition of purity; it contains variable quantities of nitrogen.

In addition to the special interest of these experiments on plant life, they had a very important bearing on the general principles of actino-chemistry. They proved that it is altogether incorrect to suppose that chemical changes are brought about by the more refrangible rays only. They showed that every ray has its proper chemical function; for instance, the violet in the decomposition of compounds of silver, the yellow in the case of carbonic acid. And hence I proposed to abandon the conception of a tripartite division of the spectrum into heat, light, and chemical radiations, and to designate radiations by their wave-lengths, or, better still, by their number of vibrations—a method now universally adopted in spectrum analysis.

By other experiments—a narrative of which would be too long for the present occasion—I established this result: that for any ray to produce a chemical effect, it must be absorbed. For instance, when a ray has passed through a mixture of chlorine and hydrogen gases, and by causing them to unite has produced hydrochloric acid, it can no longer produce the same effect if made to pass through a second portion of the same mixture; its acting part has been detained or absorbed by the first. So, too, the radiations which have fallen on a daguerreotype plate, and impressed their image upon it, have lost the quality of producing a similar effect on a second plate that may be placed to receive them. Their active portion has been taken up or absorbed by the first. *The essential preliminary of all chemical changes by radiation is absorption.*

But it must not be supposed that the rays thus absorbed are annihilated or lost. They are simply held in reserve, ready to be surrendered again, undiminished and unimpaired, if the conditions under which they were absorbed are reversed. They may appear under some other form—as heat, electricity, motion—but their absolute energy remains unchanged. This is a necessary consequence of the theory of the Conservation and Correlation of Force.

From this point of view how interesting is that great discovery made by Angström, that an ignited gas emits the same rays it absorbs—a discovery that explained the Fraunhofer lines of the solar spectrum, and constituted an epoch in the history of spectrum analysis.

I have now presented the facts that are requisite for answering the question proposed on one of the foregoing pages: "Whence has the force which manifests itself as heat and light in a flame been derived? Force can not be created; it can not spring forth spontaneously out of nothing."

The answer is, it came from THE SUN.

Under the influence of his rays the growing plant decomposed carbonic acid obtained from the atmosphere, appropriating its carbon and setting its oxygen free. To accomplish this decomposition, this appropriation, it was necessary that a portion of the energy contained in those rays should be absorbed. Associated with this, the carbon could now form part of the plant, and, indeed, constituted the solid basis of which it was composed.

But the force thus associated with the carbon atoms was not annihilated; it was only concealed: through countless ages it might remain in this latent state, ready at any moment to come forth. All that is requisite is to oxidize the carbon, to turn it into carbonic acid, and the associated energy, under the form of heat and light, is set free.

When we read by gas or by the rays of a petroleum lamp, the light we use was derived from the sun perhaps millions of years ago. The plants of those ancient days, act-

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ing, as plants do now, under the influence of sunshine, separated carbon from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere by associating it with the radiant energy they had absorbed, and this remained for an indefinite time inclosed, as it were, in the now combustible material, ready to be disengaged as soon as the reverse action, oxidation, takes place, returning then to commingle as heat with the active forces of the world.

Much of what has here been said applies to hydrogen as well as to carbon. Hydrogen is derived, under similar conditions, from the decomposition of water or ammonia. When its oxidation recurs, it delivers up, under the form of heat, the energy it had absorbed. As, however, I am here speaking of the source of light in flames, in which carbon takes the leading and hydrogen only an indirect or subordinate part, it is not necessary to trace in further detail the action of the latter element.

A very interesting illustration of the principles here under consideration occurs in the case of the decomposition of water by an electric current. The constituents of the water, hydrogen and oxygen, are set free in the gaseous form. But for them to assume that form, they must be furnished with caloric of elasticity. The current supplies them with this, and, indeed, the decomposition can only go on at the rate which is regulated by that supply. The heat they have thus assumed remains insensible in them, imparting to them their elastic or gaseous condition, until they are caused to reunite and re-form water, when it is at once given up. The part that is played by that portion of the electric current which is thus transformed into heat—and furnishing their caloric of elasticity to the evolving gases is absolutely essential to the decomposition—has been hitherto too much overlooked by chemists.

Nature thus furnishes us in the instance we have been considering in this paper a striking illustration of the transmigration of matter and of force. Plants obtain carbon from the atmosphere; it constitutes the basis of their combustible portions. Sooner or later it suffers oxidation, turns back into the condition of carbonic acid, and is diffused again into the atmosphere. There is a never-ending series of cycles through which it runs: now it is in the air, now a part of a plant, now back again in the air. And the same is true as regards the energy with which it was associated. Derived from the sunbeam, it lay hidden in the plant, awaiting re-oxidation; then it was delivered, escaping under the form of heat or light, and remingling with the universal cosmic force from which it had been of old derived by the sun, or from which, perhaps more correctly speaking, the sun himself was derived, for he is the issue of nebular condensation.

I can not close this paper without making reference to a point of surpassing interest. What goes on in the case of a flame, goes on in the case of an animal. Either from other animals or from plants, combustible material is obtained and used as food. Directly or indirectly it undergoes oxidation in the system, brought about by the air introduced through the process of respiration. Speaking in a general manner, though there are many intermediate products, the issue of this chemical action is the evolution of carbonic acid, ammonia, water, which pass into a common receptacle, the atmosphere. Thence their ingredients are taken by plants, and, under the agency of the sunlight, combustible material—food—is re-formed. The same particle is, therefore, now in the air, now in the plant, now in the animal, now back again in the air. It suffers a perpetual transmigration.

But in the case of an animal the oxidation may not be so sudden, so complete, as it is in the case of a flame. It may, and indeed generally does, go on stage by stage, step by step, partial oxidations occurring. It is thus that, from one original hydrocarbon, a long catalogue of fatty and oily substances may arise; the inevitable issue, however, is total oxidation. As the partial degradations go on, in corresponding degrees the latent energy or force is set free. It may assume any correlated form as muscular motion; or, as heat, it may give warmth to the body; in certain fishes, as the gymnotus, it may turn into an electrical or nerve current; in certain insects, such as the fire-fly, into light.

As a cataract is only a form which any river may assume if it comes to a precipitous descent—a form which, though it may be outwardly unchanging, is interiorly never for two successive moments the same, for it is perpetually fed from above and is wasting away below—so the flame of a lamp is only a form, the aspect of which is determined by its environment. The changes it is undergoing issue in the liberation, the escape, of force, chiefly under the aspect of light and heat. Its life is very transitory. It dies out as soon as the oil that fed it is exhausted. We blow upon it, and it passes into nonentity.

And so, too, with an animal, the appearance of identity it presents is altogether deceptive. At no two successive moments are its parts the same. In a very short time all the old have been removed, and new ones have taken their places. The force that it derived from its food has been manifested in various ways, such as muscular motion or heat. But the material particles have not been destroyed; they have merely gone back into the atmosphere, and will be used by nature for the fabrication of other plant and animal forms over and over again. And so, too, the energy they have displayed, it has

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not ceased to exist; the heat, for instance, that once vivified them has merely mingled with that of the outer world, and is ready to discharge its special functions again and again. In the world there is thus an unceasing transmigration of matter, an unceasing transmigration of force.

I have now finished what I proposed to say about flame and the combustion of substances—not but that there are many other thoughts of abounding interest which the facts here considered suggest, especially if they be viewed by the light of the modern theory of the conservation and correlation of force. The analogy between the flame of a lamp and human life has long been a favorite idea in poetry; not unfrequently it gives force to some of our most beautiful hymns and noblest religious compositions. In the more severe domain of science it loses none of its interest.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

[Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Inarimé), and there wrote the ode upon his death which gained her the title of Divine.]

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé,
I see thy purple hills!—once more
I hear the billows of the bay
Wash the white pebbles on thy shore!

High o'er the sea-surge and the sands,
Like a great galleon wrecked and cast
Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,
A mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see
A phantom gliding to and fro;
It is Colonna—it is she
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,
The type of perfect womanhood,
Whose life was love, the life of life,
That time and change and death withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band
In others, only closer pressed
The wedding ring upon her hand,
And closer locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who nevermore would come again.

The shadows of the chestnut-trees,
The odor of the orange blooms,
The song of birds, and, more than these,
The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea,
The soft caresses of the air,
All things in nature seemed to be
But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long
Imprisoned in itself, found vent
And voice in one impassioned song
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from sight,
Transmutes to gold the leaden mist,
Her life was interfused with light,
From realms that, though unseen, exist.

Inarimé! Inarimé!
Thy castle on the crags above
In dust shall crumble and decay,
But not the memory of her love.

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EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER XXII.

BETSY BOWEN.

So far, then, there was nobody found to go into my case, and to think with me, and to give me friendly countenance, with the exception of Firm Gundry. And I feared that he tried to think with me because of his faithful and manly love, more than from balance of evidence. The Sawyer, of course, held my father guiltless, through his own fidelity and simple ways; but he could not enter into my set thought of a stern duty laid upon me, because to his mind the opinion of the world mattered nothing so long as a man did aright. For wisdom like this, if wisdom it is, I was a great deal too young and ardent; and to me fair fame was of almost equal value with clear conscience. And therefore, wise or foolish, rich or poor, beloved or unloved, I must be listless about other things, and restless in all, until I should establish truth and justice.

However, I did my best to be neither ungrateful nor stupidly obstinate, and, beginning more and more to allow for honest though hateful opinions, I yielded to dear Mrs. Hockin's wish that I should not do any thing out of keeping with English ideas and habits. In a word, I accepted the Major's kind offer to see me quite safe in good hands in London, or else bring me straightway back again. And I took only just things enough for a day or two, meaning to come back by the end of the week. And I kissed Mrs. Hockin just enough for that.

It would not be a new thing for me to say that "we never know what is going to happen;" but, new or stale, it was true enough, as old common sayings of commonsense (though spurned when not wanted) show themselves. At first, indeed, it seemed as if I were come for nothing, at least as concerned what I thought the chief business of my journey. The Major had wished to go first to the bank, and appeared to think nothing of any thing else; but I, on the other hand, did not want him there, preferring to keep him out of my money matters, and so he was obliged to let me have my way.

I always am sorry when I have been perverse, and it seemed to serve me right for willfulness when no Betsy Bowen could be discovered either at the place which we tried first, or that to which we were sent thence. Major Hockin looked at me till I could have cried, as much as to hint that the whole of my story was all of a piece, all a wild-goose chase. And being more curious than ever now to go to the bank and ransack, he actually called out to the cabman to drive without delay to Messrs. Shovelin, Wayte, and Shovelin. But I begged him to allow me just one minute while I spoke to the servant-maid alone. Then I showed her a sovereign, at which she opened her mouth in more ways than one, for she told me that "though she had faithfully promised to say nothing about it, because of a dreadful quarrel between her mistress and Mrs. Strouss that was now, and a jealousy between them that was quite beyond belief, she could not refuse such a nice young lady, if I would promise faithfully not to tell." This promise I gave with fidelity, and returning to the cabman, directed him to drive not to Messrs. Shovelin, Wayte, and Shovelin just yet, but to No. 17 European Square, St. Katharine's.

From a maze of streets and rugged corners, and ins and outs nearly as crooked as those of a narrow human nature, we turned at last into European Square, which was no square at all, but an oblong opening pitched with rough granite, and distinguished with a pump. There were great thoroughfares within a hundred yards, but the place itself seemed unnaturally quiet upon turning suddenly into it, only murmurous with distant London din, as the spires of a shell hold the heavings of the sea. After driving three or four times round the pump, for the houses were numbered anyhow, we found No. 17, and I jumped out.

"Now don't be in such a fierce hurry, Miss Wood," cried the Major, who was now a little crusty; "English ladies allow themselves to be handed out, without hurrying the gentlemen who have the honor."

"But I wanted to save you the honor," I said. "I will come back immediately, if you will kindly wait." And with this I ran up the old steps, and rang and knocked, while several bearded faces came and gazed through dingy windows.

"Can I see Mrs. Strouss?" I asked, when a queer old man in faded brown livery came to the door with a candle in his hand, though the sun was shining.

"I am the Meesther Strouss; when you see me, you behold the good Meeses Strouss also."

"Thank you, but that will not do," I replied; "my business is with Mrs. Strouss alone."

He did not seem to like this at first sight, but politely put the chain-bolt on the door while he retired to take advice; and the Major looked out of the cab and laughed.

"You had better come back while you can," he said, "though they seem in no hurry to swallow you."

This was intended to vex me, and I did not even turn my head to him. The house looked very respectable, and there were railings to the area.

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"The house is very respectable," continued Major Hockin, who always seemed to know what I was thinking of, and now in his quick manner ran up the steps; "just look, the scraper is clean. You never see that, or at least not often, except with respectable people, Erema."

"Pray what would my scraper be? and who is Erema?" cried a strong, clear voice, as the chain of the door was set free, and a stout, tall woman with a flush in her cheeks confronted us. "I never knew more than one Erema— Good mercy!"

My eyes met hers, and she turned as pale as death, and fell back into a lobby chair. She knew me by my likeness to my father, falling on the memories started by my name; and strong as she was, the surprise overcame her, at the sound of which up rushed the small Herr Strouss.

"Vhat are you doing dere, all of you? vhat have you enterprised with my frau? Explain, Vilhelmina, or I call de policemans, vhat I should say de peelers."

"Stop!" cried the Major, and he stopped at once, not for the word, which would have had no power, although I knew nothing about it then, but because he had received a sign which assured him that here was a brother Mason. In a moment the infuriated husband vanished into the rational and docile brother.

"Ladies and gentlemans, valk in, if you please," he said, to my great astonishment; "Vilhelmina and my good self make you velcome to our poor house. Vilhelmina, arise and say so."

"Go to the back kitchen, Hans," replied Wilhelmina, whose name was "Betsy," "and don't come out until I tell you. You will find work to do there, and remember to pump up. I wish to hear things that you are not to hear, mind you. Shut yourself in, and if you soap the door to deceive me, I shall know it."

"Vere goot, vere goot," said the philosophical German; "I never meddle with nothing, Vilhelmina, no more than vhat I do for de money and de house."

Betsy, however, was not quite so sure of that. With no more ceremony she locked him in, and then came back to us, who could not make things out.

"My husband is the bravest of the brave," she told us, while she put down his key on the table; "and a nobler man never lived; I am sure of that. But every one of them foreigners—excuse me, Sir, you are an Englishman?"

"I am," replied the Major, pulling up his little whiskers; "I am so, madam, and nothing you can say will in any way hurt my feelings. I am above nationalities."

"Just so, Sir. Then you will feel with me when I say that they foreigners is dreadful. Oh, the day that I ever married one of 'em—but there, I ought to be ashamed of myself, and my lord's daughter facing me."

"Do you know me?" I asked, with hot color in my face, and my eyes, I dare say, glistening. "Are you sure that you know me? And then please to tell me how."

As I spoke I was taking off the close silk bonnet which I had worn for travelling, and my hair, having caught in a pin, fell round me, and before I could put it up, or even think of it, I lay in the great arms of Betsy Bowen, as I used to lie when I was a little baby, and when my father was in his own land, with a home and wife and seven little ones. And to think of this made me keep her company in crying, and it was some time before we did any thing else.

"Well, well," replied the Major, who detested scenes, except when he had made them; "I shall be off. You are in good hands; and the cabman pulled out his watch when we stopped. So did I. But he is sure to beat me. They draw the minute hand on with a magnet, I am told, while the watch hangs on their badge, and they can swear they never opened it. Wonderful age, very wonderful age, since the time when you and I were young, ma'am."

"Yes, Sir; to be sure, Sir!" Mrs. Strouss replied, as she wiped her eyes to speak of things; "but the most wonderfulest of all things, don't you think, is the going of the time, Sir? No cabby can make it go faster while he waits, or slower while he is a-driving, than the minds inside of us manage it. Why, Sir, it were only like yesterday that this here tall, elegant, royal young lady was a-lying on my breast, and what a hand she was to kick! And I said that her hair was sure to grow like this. If I was to tell you only half what comes across me—"

"If you did, ma'am, the cabman would make his fortune, and I should lose mine, which is more than I can afford. Erema, after dinner I shall look you up. I know a good woman when I see her, Mrs. Strouss, which does not happen every day. I can trust Miss Castlewood with you. Good-by, good-by for the present."

It was the first time he had ever called me by my proper name, and that made me all the more pleased with it.

"You see, Sir, why I were obliged to lock him in," cried the "good woman," following to the door, to clear every blur from her virtues; "for his own sake I done it, for I felt my cry a-coming, and to see me cry—Lord bless you, the effect upon him is to call out for a walking-stick and a pint of beer."

"All right, ma'am, all right!" the Major answered, in a tone which appeared to me unfeeling. "Cabman, are you asleep there? Bring the lady's bag this moment."

As the cab disappeared without my even knowing where to find that good protector again in this vast maze of millions, I could

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not help letting a little cold fear encroach on the warmth of my outburst. I had heard so much in America of the dark, subtle places of London, and the wicked things that happen all along the Thames, discovered or invented by great writers of their own, that the neighborhood of the docks and the thought of rats (to which I could never grow accustomed) made me look with a flash perhaps of doubt at my new old friend.

"You are not sure of me, Miss Erema," said Mrs. Strouss, without taking offense. "After all that has happened, who can blame it on you? But your father was not so suspicious, miss. It might have been better for him if he had—according, leastways, to my belief, which a team of wild horses will never drag out."

"Oh, only let me hear you talk of that!" I exclaimed, forgetting all other things. "You know more about it than any body I have ever met with, except my own father, who would never tell a word."

"And quite right he was, miss, according to his views. But come to my little room, unless you are afraid. I can tell you some things that your father never knew."

"Afraid! do you think I am a baby still? But I can not bear that Mr. Strouss should be locked up on my account."

"Then he shall come out," said Mrs. Strouss, looking at me very pleasantly. "That was just like your father, Miss Erema. But I fall into the foreign ways, being so much with the foreigners." Whether she thought it the custom among "foreigners" for wives to lock their husbands in back kitchens was more than she ever took the trouble to explain. But she walked away, in her stout, firm manner, and presently returned with Mr. Strouss, who seemed to be quite contented, and made me a bow with a very placid smile.

"He is harmless; his ideas are most grand and good," his wife explained to me, with a nod at him. "But I could not have you in with the gentleman, Hans. He always makes mistakes with the gentlemen, miss, but with the ladies he behaves quite well."

"Yes, yes, with the ladies I am nearly always goot," Herr Strouss replied, with diffidence. "The ladies comprehend me right, all right, because I am so habitual with my wife. But the gentlemans in London have no comprehension of me."

"Then the loss is on their side," I answered, with a smile; and he said, "Yes, yes, they lose vere much by me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

BETSY'S TALE.

NOW I scarcely know whether it would be more clear to put into narrative what I heard from Betsy Bowen, now Wilhelmina Strouss, or to let her tell the whole in her own words, exactly as she herself told it then to me. The story was so dark and sad—or at least to myself it so appeared—that even the little breaks and turns of lighter thought or livelier manner, which could scarcely fail to vary now and then the speaker's voice, seemed almost to grate and jar upon its sombre monotone. On the other hand, by omitting these, and departing from her homely style, I might do more of harm than good through failing to convey impressions, or even facts, so accurately. Whereas the gist and core and pivot of my father's life and fate are so involved (though not evolved) that I would not miss a single point for want of time or diligence. Therefore let me not deny Mrs. Strouss, my nurse, the right to put her words in her own way. And before she began to do this she took the trouble to have every thing cleared away and the trays brought down, that her boarders (chiefly German) might leave their plates and be driven to their pipes.

"If you please, Miss Castlewood," Mrs. Strouss said, grandly, "do you or do you not approve of the presence of 'my man,' as he calls himself?—an improper expression, in my opinion; such, however, is their nature. He can hold his tongue as well as any man, though none of them are very sure at that. And he knows pretty nigh as much as I do, so far as his English can put things together, being better accustomed in German. For when we were courting I was fain to tell him all, not to join him under any false pretenses, miss, which might give him grounds against me."

"Yes, yes, it is all vere goot and true—so goot and true as can be."

"And you might find him come very handy, my dear, to run of any kind of messages. He can do that very well, I assure you, miss—better than any Englishman."

Seeing that he wished to stay, and that she desired it, I begged him to stop, though it would have been more to my liking to hear the tale alone.

"Then sit by the door, Hans, and keep off the draught," said his Wilhelmina, kindly. "He is not very tall, miss, but he has good shoulders; I scarcely know what I should do without him. Well, now, to begin at the very beginning: I am a Welshwoman, as you may have heard. My father was a farmer near Abergavenny, holding land under Sir Watkin Williams, an old friend of your family. My father had too many girls, and my mother scarcely knew what to do with the lot of us. So some of us went out to service, while the boys staid at home to work the land. One of my sisters was lady's-maid to Lady Williams, Sir Watkin's wife, at the time when your father came visiting there for the shooting of the moor-fowl, soon after his marriage with your mother. What a

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sweet good lady your mother was! I never saw the like before or since. No sooner did I set eyes upon her but she so took my fancy that I would have gone round the world with her. We Welsh are a very hot people, they say—not cold-blooded, as the English are. So, wise or foolish, right, wrong, or what might be, nothing would do for me but to take service, if I could, under Mrs. Castlewood. Your father was called Captain Castlewood then—as fine a young man as ever clinked a spur, but without any boast or conceit about him; and they said that your grandfather, the old lord, kept him very close and spare, although he was the only son. Now this must have been—let me see, how long ago?—about five-and-twenty years, I think. How old are you now, Miss Erema? I can keep the weeks better than the years, miss."

"I was eighteen on my last birthday. But never mind about the time—go on."

"But the time makes all the difference, miss, although at the time we may never think so. Well, then, it must have been better than six-and-twenty year agone; for though you came pretty fast, in the Lord's will, there was eight years between you and the first-born babe, who was only just a-thinking of when I begin to tell. But to come back to myself, as was—mother had got too many of us still, and she was glad enough to let me go, however much she might cry over it, as soon as Lady Williams got me the place. My place was to wait upon the lady first, and make myself generally useful, as they say. But it was not very long before I was wanted in other more important ways, and having been brought up among so many children, they found me very handy with the little ones; and being in a poor way, as they were then—for people, I mean, of their birth and place—they were glad enough soon to make head nurse of me, although I was under-two-and-twenty.

"We did not live at the old lord's place, which is under the hills looking on the river Thames, but we had a quiet little house in Hampshire; for the Captain was still with his regiment, and only came to and fro to us. But a happier little place there could not be, with the flowers, and the cow, and the birds all day, and the children running gradually according to their age, and the pretty brook shining in the valley. And as to the paying of their way, it is true that neither of them was a great manager. The Captain could not bear to keep his pretty wife close; and she, poor thing, was trying always to surprise him with other presents besides all the beautiful babies. But they never were in debt all round, as the liars said when the trouble burst; and if they owed two or three hundred pounds, who could justly blame them?

"For the old lord, instead of going on as he should, and widening his purse to the number of the mouths, was niggling at them always for offense or excuse, to take away what little he allowed them. The Captain had his pay, which would go in one hand, and the lady had a little money of her own; but still it was cruel for brought-up people to have nothing better to go on with. Not that the old lord was a miser neither; but it was said, and how far true I know not, that he never would forgive your father for marrying the daughter of a man he hated. And some went so far as to say that if he could have done it, he would have cut your father out of all the old family estates. But such a thing never could I believe of a nobleman having his own flesh and blood.

"But, money or no money, rich or poor, your father and mother, I assure you, my dear, were as happy as the day was long. For they loved one another and their children dearly, and they did not care for any mixing with the world. The Captain had enough of that when put away in quarters; likewise his wife could do without it better and better at every birth, though once she had been the very gayest of the gay, which you never will be, Miss Erema.

"Now, my dear, you look so sad and so 'solid,' as we used to say, that if I can go on at all, I must have something ready. I am quite an old nurse now, remember. Hans, go across the square, and turn on the left hand round the corner, and then three more streets toward the right, and you see one going toward the left, and you go about seven doors down it, and then you see a corner with a lamp-post."

"Vilhelmina, I do see de lamp-post at de every corner."

"That will teach you to look more bright, Hans. Then you find a shop window with three blue bottles, and a green one in the middle."

"How can be any middle to three, without it is one of them?"

"Then let it be two of them. How you contradict me! Take this little bottle, and the man with a gold braid round a cap, and a tassel with a tail to it, will fill it for fourpence when you tell him who you are."

"Yes, yes; I do now comprehend. You send me vhere I never find de vay, because I am in de vay, Vilhelmina!"

I was most thankful to Mrs. Strouss for sending her husband (however good and kind-hearted he might be) to wander among many shops of chemists, rather than to keep his eyes on me, while I listened to things that were almost sure to make me want my eyes my own. My nurse had seen, as any good nurse must, that, grown and formed as I might be, the nature of the little child that cries for its mother was in me still.

"It is very sad now," Mrs. Strouss began again, without replying to my grateful

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glance; "Miss Erema, it is so sad that I wish I had never begun with it. But I see by your eyes—so like your father's, but softer, my dear, and less troublesome—that you will have the whole of it out, as he would with me once when I told him a story for the sake of another servant. It was just about a month before you were born, when the trouble began to break on us. And when once it began, it never stopped until all that were left ran away from it. I have read in the newspapers many and many sad things coming over whole families, such as they call 'shocking tragedies;' but none of them, to my mind, could be more galling than what I had to see with my very own eyes.

"It must have been close upon the middle of September when old Lord Castlewood came himself to see his son's house and family at Shoxford. We heard that he came down a little on the sudden to see to the truth of some rumors which had reached him about our style of living. It was the first time he had ever been there; for although he had very often been invited, he could not bear to be under the roof of the daughter, as he said, of his enemy. The Captain, just happening to come home on leave for his autumn holiday, met his father quite at his own door—the very last place to expect him. He afterward acknowledged that he was not pleased for his father to come 'like a thief in the night.' However, they took him in and made him welcome, and covered up their feelings nicely, as high-bred people do.

"What passed among them was unknown to any but themselves, except so far as now I tell you. A better dinner than usual for two was ready, to celebrate the master's return and the beginning of his holiday; and the old lord, having travelled far that day, was persuaded to sit down with them. The five eldest children (making all except the baby, for you was not born, miss, if you please) they were to have sat up at table, as pretty as could be—three with their high cushioned stools, and two in their arm-chairs screwed on mahogany, stuffed with horse-hair, and with rods in front, that the little dears might not tumble out in feeding, which they did—it was a sight to see them! And how they would give to one another, with their fingers wet and shining, and saying, 'Oo, dat for oo.' Oh dear, Miss Erema, you were never born to see it! What a blessing for you! All those six dear darlings laid in their little graves within six weeks, with their mother planted under them; and the only wonder is that you yourself was not upon her breast.

"Pay you no heed to me, Miss Erema, when you see me a-whimpering in and out while I am about it. It makes my chest go easy, miss, I do assure you, though not at the time of life to understand it. All they children was to have sat up for the sake of their dear father, as I said just now; but because of their grandfather all was ordered back. And back they come, as good as gold, with Master George at the head of them, and asked me what milk-teeth was. Grandpa had said that 'a dinner was no dinner if milk-teeth were allowed at it.' The hard old man, with his own teeth false! He deserved to sit down to no other dinner—and he never did, miss.

"You may be sure that I had enough to do to manage all the little ones and answer all their questions; but never having seen a live lord before, and wanting to know if the children would be like him before so very long, I went quietly down stairs, and the biggest of my dears peeped after me. And then, by favor of the parlor-maid—for they kept neither butler nor footman now—I saw the Lord Castlewood, sitting at his ease, with a glass of port-wine before him, and my sweet mistress (the Captain's wife, and your mother, if you understand, miss) doing her very best, thinking of her children, to please him and make the polite to him. To me he seemed very much to be thawing to her—if you can understand, miss, what my meaning is—and the Captain was looking at them with a smile, as if it were just what he had hoped for. From my own eyesight I can contradict the lies put about by nobody knows who, that the father and the son were at hot words even then.

"And I even heard my master, when they went out at the door, vainly persuading his father to take such a bed as they could offer him. And good enough it would have been for ten lords; for I saw nothing wonderful in him, nor fit to compare any way with the Captain. But he would not have it, for no other reason of ill-will or temper, but only because he had ordered his bed at the Moonstock Inn, where his coach and four were resting.

"'I expect you to call me in the morning, George,' I heard him say, as clear as could be, while his son was helping his coat on. 'I am glad I have seen you. There are worse than you. And when the times get better, I will see what I can do.'

"With him this meant more than it might have done; for he was not a man of much promises, as you might tell by his face almost, with his nose so stern, and his mouth screwed down, and the wrinkles the wrong way for smiling. I could not tell what the Captain answered, for the door banged on them, and it woke the baby, who was dreaming, perhaps, about his lordship's face, and his little teeth gave him the wind on his chest, and his lungs was like bellows—bless him!

"Well, that stopped me, Miss Erema, from being truly accurate in my testimony. What

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with walking the floor, and thumping his back, and rattling of the rings to please him —when they put me on the Testament, cruel as they did, with the lawyers' eyes eating into me, and both my ears buzzing with sorrow and fright, I may have gone too far, with my heart in my mouth, for my mind to keep out of contradiction, wishful as I was to tell the whole truth in a manner to hurt nobody. And without any single lie or glaze of mine, I do assure you, miss, that I did more harm than good; every body in the room—a court they called it, and no bigger than my best parlor—one and all they were convinced that I would swear black was white to save my master and mistress! And certainly I would have done so, and the Lord in heaven thought the better of me, for the sake of all they children, if I could have made it stick together, as they do with practice."

At thought of the little good she had done, and perhaps the great mischief, through excess of zeal, Mrs. Strouss was obliged to stop, and put her hand to her side, and sigh. And eager as I was for every word of this miserable tale, no selfish eagerness could deny her need of refreshment, and even of rest; for her round cheeks were white, and her full breast trembled. And now she was beginning to make snatches at my hand, as if she saw things she could only tell thus.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BETSY'S TALE.—(*Continued.*)

"I AM only astonished, my dear," said my nurse, as soon as she had had some tea and toast, and scarcely the soft roe of a red herring, "that you can put up so well, and abide with my instincts in the way you do. None of your family could have done it, to my knowledge of their dispositions, much less the baby that was next above you. But it often comes about to go in turns like that; 'one, three, five, and seven is sweet, while two, four, and six is a-squalling with their feet.' But the Lord forgive me for an ill word of them, with their precious little bodies washed, and laying in their patterns till the judgment-day.

"But putting by the words I said in the dirty little room they pleased to call a 'court,' and the Testament so filthy that no lips could have a hold of it, my meaning is to tell you, miss, the very things that happened, so that you may fairly judge of them. The Captain came back from going with his father, I am sure, in less than twenty minutes, and smoking a cigar in his elegant way, quite happy and contented, for I saw him down the staircase. As for sign of any haste about him, or wiping of his forehead, or fumbling with his handkerchief, or being in a stew in any sort of way—as the stupid cook who let him in declared, by reason of her own having been at the beer-barrel—solemnly, miss, as I hope to go to heaven, there was nothing of the sort about him.

"He went into the dining-room, and mistress, who had been up stairs to see about the baby, went down to him; and there I heard them talking as pleasant and as natural as they always were together. Not one of them had the smallest sense of trouble hanging over them; and they put away both the decanters and cruets, and came up to bed in their proper order, the master stopping down just to finish his cigar and see to the doors and the bringing up the silver, because there was no man-servant now. And I heard him laughing at some little joke he made as he went into the bedroom. A happier household never went to bed, nor one with better hopes of a happy time to come. And the baby slept beside his parents in his little cot, as his mother liked to have him, with his blessed mouth wide open.

"Now we three (cook and Susan and myself) were accustomed to have a good time of it whenever the master first came home and the mistress was taken up with him. We used to count half an hour more in bed, without any of that wicked bell-clack, and then go on to things according to their order, without any body to say any thing. Accordingly we were all snug in bed, and turning over for another tuck of sleep, when there came a most vicious ringing of the outer bell. 'You get up, Susan,' I heard the cook say, for there only was a door between us; and Susan said, 'Blest if I will! Only Tuesday you put me down about it when the baker came.' Not a peg would either of them stir, no more than to call names on one another; so I slipped on my things, with the bell going clatter all the while, like the day of judgment. I felt it to be hard upon me, and I went down cross a little—just enough to give it well to a body I were not afraid of.

"But the Lord in His mercy remember me, miss! When I opened the door, I had no blood left. There stood two men, with a hurdle on their shoulders, and on the hurdle a body, with the head hanging down, and the front of it slouching, like a sack that has been stolen from; and behind it there was an authority with two buttons on his back, and he waited for me to say something; but to do so was beyond me. Not a bit of caution or of fear about my sham dress-up, as the bad folk put it afterward; the whole of such thoughts was beyond me outright, and no thought of any thing came inside me, only to wait and wonder.

"'This corpse belongeth here, as I am informed,' said the man, who seemed to be the master of it, and was proud to be so. 'Young

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woman, don't you please to stand like that, or every duffer in the parish will be here, and the boys that come hankering after it. You be off!' he cried out to a boy who was calling some more round the corner. 'Now, young woman, we must come in if you please, and the least said the soonest mended.'

"'Oh, but my mistress, my mistress!' I cried; 'and her time up, as nigh as may be, any day or night before new moon. 'Oh, Mr. Constable, Mr. Rural Polishman, take it to the tool shed, if you ever had a wife, Sir.' Now even this was turned against us as if I had expected it. They said that I must have known who it was, and to a certain length so I did, miss, but only by the dress and the manner of the corpse, and lying with an attitude there was no contradicting.

"I can not tell you now, my dear, exactly how things followed. My mind was gone all hollow with the sudden shock upon it. However, I had thought enough to make no noise immediate, nor tell the other foolish girls, who would have set up bellowing. Having years to deal with little ones brings knowledge of the rest to us. I think that I must have gone to master's door, where Susan's orders were to put his shaving water in a tin, and fetched him out, with no disturbance, only in his dressing-gown. And when I told him what it was, his rosy color turned like sheets, and he just said, 'Hush!' and nothing more. And guessing what he meant, I ran and put my things on properly.

"But having time to think, the shock began to work upon me, and I was fit for nothing when I saw the children smiling up with their tongues out for their bread and milk, as they used to begin the day with. And I do assure you, Miss Erema, my bitterest thought was of your coming, though unknown whether male or female, but both most inconvenient then, with things in such a state of things. You have much to answer for, miss, about it; but how was you to help it, though?

"The tool-shed door was too narrow to let the hurdle and the body in, and finding some large sea-kale pots standing out of use against the door, the two men (who were tired with the weight and fright, I dare say) set down their burden upon these, under a row of hollyhocks, at the end of the row of bee-hives. And here they wiped their foreheads with some rags they had for handkerchiefs, or one of them with his own sleeve, I should say, and, gaining their breath, they began to talk with the boldness of the sunrise over them. But Mr. Rural Polishman, as he was called in those parts, was walking up and down on guard, and despising of their foolish words.

"My master, the Captain, your father, miss, came out of a window and down the cross-walk, while I was at the green door peeping, for I thought that I might be wanted, if only to take orders what was to be done inside. The constable stiffly touched his hat, and marched to the head of the hurdle, and said,

"'Do you know this gentleman?'

"Your father took no more notice of him than if he had been a stiff hollyhock, which he might have resembled if he had been good-looking. The Captain thought highly of discipline always, and no kinder gentleman could there be to those who gave his dues to him. But that man's voice had a low and dirty impertinent sort of a twang with it. Nothing could have been more unlucky. Every thing depended on that fellow in an ignorant neighborhood like that; and his lordship, for such he was now, of course, would not even deign to answer him. He stood over his head in his upright way by a good foot, and ordered him here and there, as the fellow had been expecting, I do believe, to order his lordship. And that made the bitterest enemy of him, being newly sent into these parts, and puffed up with authority. And the two miller's men could not help grinning, for he had waved them about like a pair of dogs.

"But to suppose that my master 'was unmoved, and took it brutally' (as that wretch of a fellow swore afterward), only shows what a stuck-up dolt he was. For when my master had examined his father, and made his poor body be brought in and spread on the couch in the dining-room, and sent me hot-foot for old Dr. Diggory down at the bottom of Shoxford, Susan peeped in through the crack of the door, with the cook to hold her hand behind, and there she saw the Captain on his knees at the side of his father's corpse, not saying a word, only with his head down. And when the doctor came back with me, with his night-gown positive under his coat, the first thing he said was, 'My dear Sir—my lord, I mean—don't take on so; such things will always happen in this world;' which shows that my master was no brute.

"Then the Captain stood up in his strength and height, without any pride and without any shame, only in the power of a simple heart, and he said words fit to hang him:

"'This is my doing! There is no one else to blame. If my father is dead, I have killed him!'

"Several of us now were looking in, and the news going out like a winnowing woman with no one to shut the door after her; our passage was crowding with people that should have had a tar-brush in their faces. And of course a good score of them ran away to tell that the Captain had murdered his father. The milk-man stood there with his yoke and cans, and his naily boots on our new oil-cloth, and, not being able to hide himself plainly, he pulled out his slate and began to make his bill.

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"'Away with you all!' your father said, coming suddenly out of the dining-room, while the doctor was unbuttoning my lord, who was dead with all his day clothes on; and every body brushed away like flies at the depth of his voice and his stature. Then he bolted the door, with only our own people and the doctor and the constable inside. Your mother was sleeping like a lamb, as I could swear, having had a very tiring day the day before, and being well away from the noise of the passage, as well as at a time when they must sleep whenever sleep will come, miss. Bless her gentle heart, what a blessing to be out of all that scare of it!

"All this time, you must understand, there was no sign yet what had happened to his lordship, over and above his being dead. All of us thought, if our minds made bold to think, that it must have pleased the Lord to take his lordship either with an apple-plexy or a sudden heart-stroke, or, at any rate, some other gracious way not having any flow of blood in it. But now, while your father was gone up stairs—for he knew that his father was dead enough—to be sure that your mother was quiet, and perhaps to smooth her down for trouble, and while I was run away to stop the ranting of the children, old Dr. Diggory and that rural officer were handling poor Lord Castlewood. They set him to their liking, and they cut his clothes off—so Susan told me afterward—and then they found why they were forced to do so, which I need not try to tell you, miss. Only they found that he was not dead from any wise visitation, but because he had been shot with a bullet through his heart.

"Old Dr. Diggory came out shaking, and without any wholesome sense to meet what had arisen, after all his practice with dead men, and he called out 'Murder!' with a long thing in his hand, till my master leaped down the stairs, twelve at a time, and laid his strong hand on the old fool's mouth.

"'Would you kill my wife?' he said; 'you shall not kill my wife.'

"'Captain Castlewood,' the constable answered, pulling out his staff importantly, 'consider yourself my prisoner.'

"The Captain could have throttled him with one hand, and Susan thought he would have done it. But, instead of that, he said, 'Very well; do your duty. But let me see what you mean by it.' Then he walked back again to the body of his father, and saw that he had been murdered.

"But, oh, Miss Erema, you are so pale! Not a bit of food have you had for hours. I ought not to have told you such a deal of it to once. Let me undo all your things, my dear, and give you something cordial; and then lie down and sleep a bit."

"No, thank you, nurse," I answered, calling all my little courage back. "No sleep for me until I know every word. And to think of all my father had to see and bear! I am not fit to be his daughter."

CHAPTER XXV.

BETSY'S TALE.—(*Concluded.*)

"WELL, now," continued Mrs. Strouss, as soon as I could persuade her to go on, "if I were to tell you every little thing that went on among them, miss, I should go on from this to this day week, or I might say this day fortnight, and then not half be done with it. And the worst of it is that those little things make all the odds in a case of that sort, showing what the great things were. But only a counselor at the Old Bailey could make head or tail of the goings on that followed.

"For some reason of his own, unknown to any living being but himself, whether it were pride (as I always said) or something deeper (as other people thought), he refused to have any one on earth to help him, when he ought to have had the deepest lawyer to be found. The constable cautioned him to say nothing, as it seems is laid down in their orders, for fear of crimination. And he smiled at this, with a high contempt, very fine to see, but not bodily wise. But even that jack-in-office could perceive that the poor Captain thought of his sick wife up stairs, and his little children, ten times for one thought he ever gave to his own position. And yet I must tell you that he would have no denial, but to know what it was that had killed his parent. When old Dr. Diggory's hands were shaking so that his instrument would not bite on the thing lodged in his lordship's back, after passing through and through him, and he was calling for somebody to run for his assistant, who do you think did it for him, Miss Erema? As sure as I sit here, the Captain! His face was like a rock, and his hands no less; and he said, 'Allow me, doctor. I have been in action.' And he fetched out the bullet—which showed awful nerve, according to my way of thinking—as if he had been a man with three rows of teeth.

"'This bullet is just like those of my own pistol!' he cried, and he sat down hard with amazement. You may suppose how this went against him, when all he desired was to know and tell the truth; and people said that 'of course he got it out, after a bottleful of doctors failed, because he knew best how it was put in.'

"'I shall now go and see the place, if you please, or whether you please or not,' my master said. 'Constable, you may come and point it out, unless you prefer going to your breakfast. My word is enough that I shall not run away. Otherwise, as you have act-

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ed on your own authority, I shall act on mine, and tie you until you have obtained a warrant. Take your choice, my man; and make it quickly, while I offer it.'

"The rural polishman stared at this, being used on the other hand to be made much of. But seeing how capable the Captain was of acting up to any thing, he made a sulky scrape, and said, 'Sir, as you please for the present,' weighting his voice on those last three words, as much as to say, 'Pretty soon you will be handcuffed.' 'Then,' said my master, 'I shall also insist on the presence of two persons, simply to use their eyes without any fear or favor. One is my gardener, a very honest man, but apt to be late in the morning. The other is a faithful servant, who has been with us for several years. Their names are Jacob Rigg and Betsy Bowen. You may also bring two witnesses, if you choose. And the miller's men, of course, will come. But order back all others.'

"'That is perfectly fair and straightforward, my lord,' the constable answered, falling naturally into abeyance to orders. 'I am sure that all of us wishes your lordship kindly out of this rum scrape. But my duty is my duty.'

"With a few more words we all set forth, six in number, and no more; for the constable said that the miller's men, who had first found the late Lord Castlewood, were witnesses enough for him. And Jacob Rigg, whose legs were far apart (as he said) from trenching celery, took us through the kitchen-garden, and out at a gap, which saved every body knowing.

"Then we passed through a copse or two, and across a meadow, and then along the turnpike-road, as far as now I can remember. And along that we went to a stile on the right, without any house for a long way off. And from that stile a foot-path led down a slope of grass land to the little river, and over a hand-bridge, and up another meadow full of trees and bushes, to a gate which came out into the road again a little to this side of the Moonstock Inn, saving a quarter of a mile of road, which ran straight up the valley and turned square at the stone bridge to get to the same inn.

"I can not expect to be clear to you, miss, though I see it all now as I saw it then, every tree, and hump, and hedge of it; only about the distances from this to that, and that to the other, they would be beyond me. You must be on the place itself; and I never could carry distances—no, nor even clever men, I have heard my master say. But when he came to that stile he stopped and turned upon all of us clearly, and as straight as any man of men could be. 'Here I saw my father last, at a quarter past ten o'clock last night, or within a few minutes of that time. I wished to see him to his inn, but he would not let me do so, and he never bore contradiction. He said that he knew the way well, having fished more than thirty years ago up and down this stream. He crossed this stile, and we shook hands over it, and the moon being bright, I looked into his face, and he said, "My boy, God bless you!" Knowing his short ways, I did not even look after him, but turned away, and went straight home along this road. Upon my word as an Englishman, and as an officer of her Majesty, that is all I know of it. Now let us go on to the—to the other place.'

"We all of us knew in our hearts, I am sure, that the Captain spoke the simple truth, and his face was grand as he looked at us. But the constable thought it his duty to ask,

"'Did you hear no sound of a shot, my lord? For he fell within a hundred yards of this.'

"'I heard no sound of any shot whatever. I heard an owl hooting as I went home, and then the rattle of a heavy wagon, and the bells of horses. I have said enough. Let us go forward.'

"We obeyed him at once; and even the constable looked right and left, as if he had been wrong. He signed to the miller's man to lead the way, and my lord walked proudly after him. The path was only a little narrow track, with the grass, like a front of hair, falling over it on the upper side and on the under, dropping away like side curls; such a little path that I was wondering how a great lord could walk over it. Then we came down a steep place to a narrow bridge across a shallow river—a bridge made of only two planks and a rail, with a prop or two to carry them. And one end of the hand-rail was fastened into a hollow and stubby old hawthorn-tree, overhanging the bridge and the water a good way. And just above this tree, and under its shadow, there came a dry cut into the little river, not more than a yard or two above the wooden bridge, a water-trough such as we have in Wales, miss, for the water to run in, when the farmer pleases; but now there was no water in it, only gravel.

"The cleverest of the miller's men, though neither of them had much intellect, stepped down at a beck from the constable, right beneath the old ancient tree, and showed us the marks on the grass and the gravel made by his lordship where he fell and lay. And it seemed that he must have fallen off the bridge, yet not into the water, but so as to have room for his body, if you see, miss, partly on the bank, and partly in the hollow of the meadow trough.

"'Have you searched the place well?' the Captain asked. 'Have you found any weapon or implement?'

"'We have found nothing but the corpse, so far,' the constable answered, in a surly voice, not liking to be taught his business.

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'My first duty was to save life, if I could. These men, upon finding the body, ran for me, and knowing who it was, I came with it to your house.'

"'You acted for the best, my man. Now search the place carefully, while I stand here. I am on my parole, I shall not run away. Jacob, go down and help them.'

"Whether from being in the army, or what, your father always spoke in such a way that the most stiff-neckedest people began without thinking to obey him. So the constable and the rest went down, while the Captain and I stood upon the plank, looking at the four of them.

"For a long time they looked about, according to their attitudes, without finding any thing more than the signs of the manner in which the poor lord fell, and of these the constable pulled out a book and made a pencil memorial. But presently Jacob, a spry sort of man, cried, 'Hulloa! whatever have I got hold of here? Many a good craw-fish have I pulled out from this bank when the water comes down the gully, but never one exactly like this here afore.'

"'Name of the Lord!' cried the constable, jumping behind the hawthorn stump; 'don't point it at me, you looby! It's loaded, loaded one barrel, don't you see? Put it down, with the muzzle away from me.'

"'Hand it to me, Jacob,' the Captain said. 'You understand a gun, and this goes off just the same.' Constable Jobbins have no fear. 'Yes, it is exactly as I thought. This pistol is one of the double-barreled pair which I bought to take to India. The barrels are rifled; it shoots as true as any rifle, and almost as hard up to fifty yards. The right barrel has been fired, the other is still loaded. The bullet I took from my father's body most certainly came from this pistol.'

"'Can 'e say, can 'e say then, who done it, master?' asked Jacob, a man very sparing of speech, but ready at a beck to jump at constable and miller's men, if only law was with him. 'Can 'e give a clear account, and let me chuck 'un in the river?'

"'No, Jacob, I can do nothing of the kind,' your father answered; while the rural man came up and faced things, not being afraid of a fight half so much as he was of an accident; by reason of his own mother having been blown up by a gunpowder start at Dartford, yet came down all right, miss, and had him three months afterward, according to his own confession; nevertheless, he came up now as if he had always been upright in the world, and he said, 'My lord, can you explain all this?'

"Your father looked at him with one of his strange gazes, as if he were measuring the man while trying his own inward doing of his own mind. Proud as your father was, as proud as ever can be without cruelty, it is my firm belief, Miss Erema, going on a woman's judgment, that if the man's eyes had come up to my master's sense of what was virtuous, my master would have up and told him the depth and contents of his mind and heart, although totally gone beyond him.

"But Jobbins looked back at my lord with a grin, and his little eyes, hard to put up with. 'Have you nothing to say, my lord? Then I am afeared I must ask you just to come along of me.' And my master went with him, miss, as quiet as a lamb; which Jobbins said, and even Jacob fancied, was a conscience sign of guilt.

"Now after I have told you all this, Miss Erema, you know very nearly as much as I do. To tell how the grief was broken to your mother, and what her state of mind was, and how she sat up on the pillows and cried, while things went on from bad to worse, and a verdict of 'willful murder' was brought against your father by the crowner's men, and you come headlong, without so much as the birds in the ivy to chirp about you, right into the thick of the worst of it. I do assure you, Miss Erema, when I look at your bright eyes and clear figure, the Lord in heaven, who has made many cripples, must have looked down special to have brought you as you are. For trouble upon trouble fell in heaps, faster than I can wipe my eyes to think. To begin with, all the servants but myself and gardener Jacob ran away. They said that the old lord haunted the house, and walked with his hand in the middle of his heart, pulling out a bullet if he met any body, and sighing 'murder' three times, till every hair was crawling. I took it on myself to fetch the Vicar of the parish to lay the evil spirit, as they do in Wales. A nice kind gentleman he was as you could see, and wore a velvet skull-cap, and waited with his legs up. But whether he felt that the power was not in him, or whether his old lordship was frightened of the Church, they never made any opportunity between them to meet and have it out, miss.

"Then it seemed as if Heaven, to avenge his lordship, rained down pestilence upon that house. A horrible disease, the worst I ever met, broke out upon the little harmless dears, the pride of my heart and of every body's eyes, for lovelier or better ones never came from heaven. They was all gone to heaven in a fortnight and three days, and laid in the church-yard at one another's side, with little beds of mould to the measure of their stature, and their little carts and drums, as they made me promise, ready for the judgment-day. Oh, my heart was broken, miss, my heart was broken! I cried so, I thought I could never cry more.

"But when your dear mother, who knew nothing of all this (for we put all their illness, by the doctor's orders, away at the fur-

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ther end of the house), when she was a little better of grievous pain and misery (for being so upset her time was hard), when she sat up on the pillow, looking like a bride almost, except that she had what brides hasn't—a little red thing in white flannel at her side—then she says to me, 'I am ready, Betsy; it is high time for all of them to see their little sister. They always love the baby so, whenever there is a new one. And they are such men and women to it. They have been so good this time that I have never heard them once. And I am sure that I can trust them, Betsy, not to make the baby cry. I do so long to see the darlings. Now do not even whisper to them not to make a noise. They are too good to require it; and it would hurt their little feelings.'

"I had better have been shot, my dear, according as the old lord was, than have the pain that went through all my heart, to see the mother so. She sat up, leaning on one arm, with the hand of the other round your little head, and her beautiful hair was come out of its loops, and the color in her cheeks was like a shell. Past the fringe of the curtain, and behind it too, her soft bright eyes were a-looking here and there for the first to come in of her children. The Lord only knows what lies I told her, so as to be satisfied without them. First I said they were all gone for a walk; and then that the doctor had ordered them away; and then that they had got the measles. That last she believed, because it was worse than what I had said before of them; and she begged to see Dr. Diggory about it, and I promised that she should as soon as he had done his dinner. And then, with a little sigh, being very weak, she went down into her nest again, with only you to keep her company.

"Well, that was bad enough, as any mortal sufferer might have said; enough for one day at any rate. But there was almost worse to come. For when I was having a little sit down stairs, with my supper and half pint of ale (that comes like drawing a long breath to us when spared out of sick-rooms, miss), and having no nursery now on my mind, was thinking of all the sad business, with only a little girl in the back kitchen come in to muck up the dishes, there appeared a good knock at the garden door, and I knew it for the thumb of the Captain. I locked the young girl up, by knowing what their tongues are, and then I let your father in, and the candle-sight of him made my heart go low.

"He had come out of prison; and although not being tried, his clothes were still in decency, they had great holes in them, and the gloss all gone to a smell of mere hedges and ditches. The hat on his head was quite out of the fashion, even if it could be called a hat at all, and his beautiful beard had no sign of a comb, and he looked as old again as he had looked a month ago.

"'I know all about it. You need not be afraid,' he said, as I took him to the breakfast-room, where no one up stairs could hear us. 'I know that my children are all dead and buried, except the one that was not born yet. Ill news flies quick. I know all about it. George, Henrietta, Jack, Alf, little Vi, and Tiny. I have seen their graves and counted them, while the fool of a policeman beat his gloves through the hedge within a rod of me. Oh yes, I have much to be thankful for. My life is in my own hand now.'

"'Oh, master; oh, Captain; oh, my lord!' I cried; 'for the sake of God in heaven, don't talk like that. Think of your sweet wife, your dear lady.'

"'Betsy,' he answered, with his eyes full upon me, noble, yet frightful to look at, 'I am come to see my wife. Go and let her know it, according to your own discretion.'

"My discretion would have been not to let him see her, but go on and write to her from foreign countries, with the salt sea between them; but I give you my word that I had no discretion, but from pity and majesty obeyed him. I knew that he must have broken prison, and by good rights ought to be starving. But I could no more offer him the cold ham and pullet than take him by his beard and shake him.

"'Is he come, at last, at last?' my poor mistress said, whose wits were wandering after her children. 'At last, at last! Then he will find them all.'

"'Yes, ma'am, at last, at the last he will,' I answered, while I thought of the burial service, which I had heard three times in a week—for the little ones went to their graves in pairs to save ceremony; likewise of the Epistle of Saint Paul, which is not like our Lord's way of talking at all, but arguing instead of comforting. And not to catch her up in that weak state, I said, 'He will find every one of them, ma'am.'

"'Oh, but I want him for himself, for himself, as much as all the rest put together,' my dear lady said, without listening to me, but putting her hand to her ear to hearken for even so much as a mouse on the stairs. 'Do bring him, Betsy; only bring him, Betsy, and then let me go where my children are.'

"I was surprised at her manner of speaking, which I would not have allowed to her, but more than all about her children, which she could only have been dreaming yet, for nobody else came nigh her except only me, miss, and you, miss, and for you to breathe words was impossible. All you did was to lie very quiet, tucked up into your mother's side; and as regular as the time-piece went, wide came your eyes and your mouth

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to be fed. If your nature had been cross or squally, 'baby's coffin No. 7' would have come after all the other six, which the thief of a carpenter put down on his bill as if it was so many shavings.

"Well, now, to tell you the downright truth, I have a lot of work to do to-morrow, miss, with three basketfuls of washing coming home, and a man about a tap that leaks and floods the inside of the fender; and if I were to try to put before you the way that those two for the last time of their lives went on to one another—the one like a man and the other like a woman, full of sobs and choking—my eyes would be in such a state to-morrow that the whole of them would pity and cheat me. And I ought to think of you as well, miss, who has been sadly harrowed listening when you was not born yet. And to hear what went on, full of weeping, when yourself was in the world, and able to cry for yourself, and all done over your own little self, would leave you red eyes and no spirit for the night, and no appetite in the morning; and so I will pass it all over, if you please, and let him go out of the back-door again.

"This he was obliged to do quick, and no mistake, glad as he might have been to say more words, because the fellows who call themselves officers, without any commission, were after him. False it was to say, as was said, that he got out of Winchester jail through money. That story was quite of a piece with the rest. His own strength and skill it was that brought him out triumphantly, as the scratches on his hands and cheeks might show. He did it for the sake of his wife, no doubt. When he heard that the children were all in their graves, and their mother in the way to follow them, madness was better than his state of mind, as the officers told me when they could not catch him—and sorry they would have been to do it, I believe.

"To overhear my betters is the thing of all things most against my nature; and my poor lady being unfit to get up, there was nothing said on the landing, which is the weakest part of gentlefolks. They must have said 'Good-by' to one another quite in silence, and the Captain, as firm a man as ever lived, had lines on his face that were waiting for tears, if nature should overcome bringing up. Then I heard the words, 'for my sake,' and the other said, 'for your sake,' a pledge that passed between them, making breath more long than life is. But when your poor father was by the back-door, going out toward the woods and coppices, he turned sharp round, and he said, 'Betsy Bowen!' and I answered, 'Yes, at your service, Sir.' 'You have been the best woman in the world,' he said—'the bravest, best, and kindest. I leave my wife and my last child to you. The Lord has been hard on me, but He will spare me those two. I do hope and believe He will.'

"We heard a noise of horses in the valley, and the clank of swords—no doubt the mounted police from Winchester a-crossing of the Moonstock Bridge to search our house for the runaway. And the Captain took my hand, and said, 'I trust them to you. Hide the clothes I took off, that they may not know I have been here. I trust my wife and little babe to you, and may God bless you, Betsy!'

"He had changed all his clothes, and he looked very nice, but a sadder face was never seen. As he slipped through the hollyhocks I said to myself, 'There goes a broken-hearted man, and he leaves a broken heart behind.' And your dear mother died on the Saturday night. Oh my! oh my! how sad it was!"

TENERIFFE.

THERE is an isle which I have seen,
Whose slopes and vales are fadeless green,
Whose flowers are evermore in bloom,
And all the seasons breathe perfume—
The fairest of the Happy Isles
Whereon eternal summer smiles.
There the dark cypress rears its spire
Against the sunset's tropic fire;
There the palm lifts its bronze-like shaft,
Slow rocking when the sea winds waft
The capirote's* song of love
Where black-eyed Spanish maidens rove,
And roses cull for festal days,
And on the passing wanderer gaze
With glances passionate and keen,
Yet full of tenderness, I ween.

The lizard basks upon the walls
On which the yellow sunlight falls,
Or darts amid the cactus spines,
Or where the purple-loaded vines
Over the trellis weave a bower,
And deck the gray, embattled tower.
The music of the sea-beat shores
Up through the stilly twilight soars,
An eerie, plaintive, requiem lay
For a lost race long passed away†—
A pastoral race, whose bones were laid
In the dread cavern's sunless shade;
The mystic murmurs soft and low
By the old patriarch gently flow—
The Dragon-tree, whose crest upbears
The burden of four thousand years.

By pathways where the ocean laves
Their footsteps with its harmless waves,
The islesmen in procession wend,
Or over craggy mountains tend,
To dance about the Virgin's shrine,
While maidens form in merry line
And hail the shimmering evening star
With tinkling of the gay guitar.
The chime from ancient campaniles
O'er lovely Orotava steals;

* The chief singing bird of the island.
† The Guanches.

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From slope to slope the music swells,
Till Realejo's silvery bells
Respond among the mountain dells,
And all the fragrant evening air
Repeats the melody of prayer.

Around the isle volcanic capes,
In huge and castellated shapes,
And ruddy rocks, grotesque and weird,
Like giants of the deep are reared;
And, age to age, for evermore,
The surges roll with sullen roar
Upon the lava-laden shore.
Enthroned on precipices grand,
Serene above that summer land,
Gray Teneriffe in solitude
Commands the ocean's mighty flood,
And his fire-riven breast enshrouds
With the majestic pomp of clouds,
While from the crater peak on high,
Outlined stupendous in the sky,
Fair wreaths of smoke perpetual rise,
Like daily smoke of sacrifice
Offered to the immortals in the skies.
But when the sun draws near the verge
Of the receding westering surge,
Oh, then across the eastern sea,
Like shadow of eternity,
Impalpable, mysterious, vast,
The shadow of the Peak is cast,
A purple mist against the arch
Through which the constellations march,
Until night's curtains are unfurled,
And darkness veils the sleeping world.

Editor's Easy Chair.

SIGNOR BLITZ said, in his good-humored way, that there were some thirty-three of him amusing the public. His name had become so famous, and the personality of a prestidigitateur is so vague, that other conjurers wore the name of Blitz as a mask, and bespoke for themselves the kind regard which it was sure to secure. The name had been familiar for a generation. The children had seen Blitz, and the parents had seen him when they were children. When he began to juggle, nobody could distinctly say. He was what is called an institution. His very multiplicity made him so. Others came and went. Hermann and Heller were the wonders of a day. But Blitz remained. Above the clouds the sun was still shining; and young mothers thought with joy, as they contemplated the new-born babe, that he would see Blitz. But they can think so no more. And now that we know what he said of his doubles and his triples and his quadruples, we must all wonder, indeed, whether any of us have really seen Blitz, or only some one of the pseudo-conjurers. Was it really he whom the Easy Chair saw in a little village among the hills one pleasant summer evening? The audience was painfully small; but magician never had more delighted and devoted attention, and his amused good nature at the scant attendance was the best of the performance. At the end he announced that the next evening he would show how some of the tricks were done. But the audience on that promising occasion was even smaller. It was perhaps as small an assembly as could justly be called an audience—not a dozen elders, and a handful of children. But the magician kept his word, and, with the same amused smile, performed his tricks neatly, and then showed us how they were done. The explanation was more baffling than the tricks; and when, eluding our sharpest scrutiny to detect what he said that he was doing, he concluded, innocently, "That is all," the response was instinctive, "'Tis as easy as lying."

How are we ever to know if it were really Blitz? and how is any body else to know that the Blitz he saw was Blitz? The thirty-three vanished together. The incomparable conjurer was greatest at the last, and his final trick left us all in doubt whether we ever saw him. The gayety of nurseries is eclipsed; and the true praise of the magician is that he deserved the affection of the nursery. When he was buried, the clergyman said of him: "Who has not heard the name of Blitz? I remember having seen him in my childhood, and the memory of what he did then is as fresh in my mind now as it is in that of any child present who saw him but a short time ago. He was a kind husband, an affectionate parent, and a friend to every one; and he was also a charitable man, for one of his greatest delights was to administer pleasure by exhibiting his skill to school-children, the inmates of public institutions, and the poor." During the war he went often to the hospitals near Philadelphia and amused the sick and wounded soldiers. He was a kind, modest missionary of good humor, and for nearly fifty years he had been making his rounds in this country. It is his true glory that at the end he could be so affectionately praised with so general an amen. He wrote an autobiography, in which there are many amusing anecdotes of his career. It was impossible, indeed, to hear his ventriloquism and not think of the infinite practical fun it could afford him if he had a sense of humor. Perhaps nobody without a sense of humor can develop the faculty. Or might Calvin have been a ventriloquist? When Blitz was but sixteen, he was summoned before the church council in Exeter, in England, to answer for being an idle, mischievous person. But the ecclesiastical Dons could find him guilty of no graver crime than high spirits and cleverness, and the wise boy not only forgave them, but heaped coals of fire on their heads by amusing them. He showed them a watch, and then, by a magical Presto! change! conveyed it under the pulpit cushion, where it was found. Perhaps the congregation would have wished it left upon the cushion. He met Paganini in Glasgow, and as the violinist held his instrument, an infant's cry came from within it. The astounded artist cried, "My God! what is this?" and from a neighboring closet a woman's irritated voice replied, "*You* know whose child it is." Blitz's laugh relieved Paganini's superstitious terrors.

The Mathers would have given Blitz short shrift, but he would have had his revenge. When a Connecticut clergyman remonstrated with him, as

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if he were a professor of the black-art and had dealings with the Black Man, admonishing him that jugglery was dangerous to the welfare of mankind, the neat conjurer drew a pack of playing-cards from the clergyman's pocket, and took a dice-box and dice from his hat. He did not always retaliate, however. In the island of St. John he offered to give the proceeds of an evening's amusement to the poor. But the village pastor refused. "I can not," he said, "receive alms for the poor from a wizard, a bewitched hand. Oh no. What spiritual grace would flow upon the objects in distress?" If celestial natures can still derive amusement from sublunary follies, such a village pastor must have been even more entertaining than Blitz to earthly apprehension. Spiritual grace certainly did flow from the innocent diversions of the generous magician —the grace of kindly sympathy and good humor, of the blameless delight of children and of men and women. When he died, there was a spontaneous and general tribute to his upright life and genial character, and the verdict of experience and memory is that his exquisite legerdemain was not dangerous to the welfare of mankind.

THE most notable achievement of Lord Beaconsfield's administration will apparently be the assumption of the imperial title by the Queen—an event which would have been peculiarly grateful to Vivian Grey. It was intended to impress the Oriental imagination. But that imagination can be profitably impressed by England in one way only—by deeds, not by words. Clive and Warren Hastings, not Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield, will probably have most significantly touched the mind of India. The London papers gave the detailed story of the ceremony of the proclamation by the Viceroy. Due preparation had been made. A platform eight feet high was built in the plain near Delhi, covered by a canopy of red, white, and gold; the upper part of the canopy was of silver, and rose to a point, on which was poised a gilded cushion bearing the imperial crown. Opposite to the platform was a large semicircle of seats, under a white canopy, fringed with blue, and supported by white and gold pillars festooned with flags. Here sat the princes of India. There was every kind of dignified personage—the Khan of Kelat, the Governor-General of Goa, deputations from Siam, Muscat, and Nepaul; and on two sides of the pavilion upon the plain were arrayed the English troops and those of the native princes.

Early in the morning the music of many bands filled the air. Scarlet troops were marching to the ground in the bright sunshine. Gayly decorated elephants and camels, and quaint vehicles with a motley crowd in brilliant costumes, were pressing on in a confused mass, and by eleven o'clock the jeweled princes in gorgeous robes were seated. Above their chairs were displayed their satin banners: Odeypore's golden sun on a red disk; the Guicowar's blue elephant; the Nizam's full moon on a green standard; and the historic fish of the Begum of Bhopal. Behind the seats of the princes stood a hundred elephants in unwieldy lines. At half past twelve Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton), clad in the robes of the Grand Master of the Star of India, preceded by herald and trumpets and followed by a dazzling staff, ascended the steps of the dais amidst the harmony of all the bands pealing the national anthem of England. Under the imperial crown, that flashed high over his head, he seated himself upon the throne of state, and commanded the chief herald to read the proclamation of the Queen's assumption of the title of Empress. It was repeated in an Urdu translation. There was a loud and long flourish of trumpets, the royal standard was raised, and the cannon and musketry roared a salute. Then Lord Lytton rose and read a speech; the national anthem followed; the troops cheered; the Viceroy withdrew with the same state that marked his arrival. The ceremony was ended, and the Queen of England had been solemnly proclaimed Empress of India.

But the festivities had continued for some days. During the previous week the Viceroy had received seventy visits of state at the Durbar. The Mahratta chiefs Scindiah and Holkar, the Maharajah of Cashmere, the Begum of Bhopal, greater and lesser princes of every degree, came to pay homage to the representative of the Empress. His reception of them varied according to their grandeur. He advanced to the very edge of the red carpet upon which he stood to receive the highest potentates, but the less exalted personages he met half-way between the throne and the door. The attendant nobles followed, each laying gifts at the Viceroy's feet. He touched the gifts in sign of acceptance, and his own in return were then brought in and displayed upon the ground. Then two servants in scarlet brought a vessel of attar of roses, which the Viceroy handed to the chiefs, who, upon that signal, with low salams, backed out of the vice-regal presence. The Khan of Kelat came from beyond the border, and had never entered British India before. He was entirely uncivilized, but was totally unabashed by the splendors of the Durbar. Quite at his ease, he answered the Viceroy's questions, who gave him shawls, guns, and other gifts, with a commemorative gold medal as a personal present from the Empress. Binding a jeweled sword around the waist of his guest, the Viceroy said that he trusted it might never be drawn except against the common enemies of England and—Kelat. As the Khan went out he found a magnificent elephant awaiting him, a final gift which greatly pleased him. Various honors were bestowed upon the chiefs of highest rank. They were made honorary Councilors of the Empire —although there is no Council; and generals of the British army—without authority or command of troops. But they will be entitled to the salutes of a general. And it is the increased number of guns in the salutes that they receive which pleased the princes most. Only the Nizam, the Guicowar, and the rulers of the Mysore have been entitled to twenty-one guns in British territory. Even Holkar and Scindiah received only a paltry nineteen. Now, however, to mark the auspicious imperial epoch, the Maharajahs of Cashmere, Odeypore, and Travancore are added to the list of princes that are to receive twenty-one guns. Several others, to crown with joy the auspicious occasion, have had their salutes raised from seventeen to nineteen, from fifteen to seventeen, while, as a culminating bliss, some of the less illustrious, who have hitherto not been entitled to any guns at all, are now to receive the salute of nine. But these are not hereditary

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guns, and will not necessarily be continued to their princely successors.

It would be interesting to know what the Indian princes secretly thought of these proceedings. Before the throne in the Durbar on which the Viceroy sat, two sturdy Highlanders supported the imperial banner, and rising and grasping the pole, the Viceroy said to each of the princes, "Wherever this banner is unfurled, let it remind you of the relations between your princely house and the paramount power." The ghost of Warren Hastings, whom Edmund Burke impeached "in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot and whose country he has turned into a desert," must have smiled triumphantly as he heard the words, and remembered that he was the final founder of the British Empire of India.

THE political history of the English-speaking race is the history of party spirit. Macaulay said of the House of Peers: "It is certain that no man has the least confidence in their impartiality when a great public functionary, charged with a great state crime, is brought to their bar. They are all politicians. There is hardly one among them whose vote on an impeachment may not be confidently predicted before a witness has been examined." American experience does not entirely confirm this opinion. The most famous impeachment in our history, although decided by a political assembly, was not decided by party spirit, and it is to the American branch of the English-speaking race that we must look for the most signal self-restraints of that spirit. Contrary to the general impression, and notwithstanding the melancholy head-shakings of many prophets of evil, it is plain that the fury of party was greater at the beginning of the century than it is now, both in England and in this country. Our Congressional debates are often hot and angry, but we seldom hear such remarks as those which were made in the British House of Commons in 1782. The orator was speaking of the Prime Minister, and he said that "if Lord Shelburne was not a Catiline or a Borgia in morals, it must not be ascribed to any thing but his understanding." It was no tyro or shallow-pate who said it. The orator was Edmund Burke. And Fox said that he had no doubt that the ministry "would now strengthen themselves by any means which corruption could procure."

In this country, party feeling was never more intense and bitter than during the Genet troubles under Washington's administration, and in the discussion about the Jay treaty, nor has any President been so personally insulted as Washington upon his retirement, except in one recent instance, in which the offender acknowledged the enormity of his conduct and apologized. That fact alone is full of significance. The election of Jefferson was another Saturnalia of party spirit. There were multitudes of intelligent men who thought it presaged the destruction of all that was most precious in our system of government, and who apprehended a kind of cataclysm of immorality and wickedness, in which the nation would disappear. They were mistaken. It did not follow that because their side of the shield was golden, the other side might not be silver, or even *vice versa*. When the bill abolishing the slave-trade passed the House of Lords, Lord St. Vincent declared that the British Constitution and the great bulwarks of society had been swept away. That is always the opinion of every body who feels strongly when his plans have been baffled and his party beaten. It is but natural, for an honest and well-meaning man belongs to this or that party because he believes that it more truly promotes the public welfare. Just in the degree of his sincerity, therefore, is his apprehension under defeat. When we add to this the interests of patronage, the pride of power, the greed of ambition, we have all the elements of tremendous strife.

The best sedative in times of great political excitement is history. When a party is beaten, it thinks the country is going to the dogs. In the life of Lord Shelburne, an interesting chapter of English history at the end of the last century, it appears that his lordship said a hundred years ago—although he was a disciple of Lord Chatham and a friend of America—"The moment that the independence of America is agreed to by our government, the sun of Great Britain is set, and we shall no longer be a powerful or respectable people." Lord Shelburne was very positive. But it happened that he was the minister who afterward virtually concluded the negotiation for peace and the acknowledgment of independence. He was as positive as Benedick when he flouted women. He was as sure as Fisher Ames when Jefferson was elected. But he lived to see America independent, and to say that he meant to prepare for the rising of the star of Great Britain with greater lustre than ever. In this country the opponents of the Constitution of 1787—our happy Constitution—were quite as sure that that terrible instrument would destroy popular liberty as Lord Shelburne was that the British star would set if America became independent. "'Tis really astonishing," said Richard Henry Lee, "that the same people who have just emerged from a long and cruel war in defense of liberty should now agree to fix an elective despotism upon themselves and their posterity." "Some of the powers must be abridged," said Samuel Chase, "or public liberty will be endangered, and in time destroyed." Joshua Atherton congratulated anti-Constitution members of the New York Convention that they had the opportunity "to save our devoted country from impending ruin." George Clinton said of the same Convention: "The friends to the rights of mankind outnumber the advocates of despotism nearly two to one."

Nor was the opposition confined to words. The spirit of party was fierce. Mr. John C. Hamilton asserts that there was a party combination to take the life of his father, the great champion of the Constitution, by the duel; and Colonel Oswald did certainly challenge him, but upon explanation withdrew the challenge. On the 3d of July, 1788, twenty days before the New York Convention adopted the Constitution, came the news of the ratification by Virginia. The friends of the new charter marched to the fort in Albany, read it aloud with exultation, and fired a salute. The next day, the Fourth of July, the opponents of the Constitution, who believed that its adoption would be the setting of the star of American liberty, marched to the fort and burned the charter. Its friends, rejoicing in prospective victory, attempted to pass triumphantly the house where the other party were holding their celebration. But the latter fell upon them and drove them

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back. The Constitutionalists rallied, and approached by another street. But again the other party were ready, and had planted a small cannon loaded with stones to repel the assaulting column. The Constitutionalists pressed on, and as the dragoons at their head began the charge, the anti-Constitutionalists tried to fire the cannon. But it had been spiked, like the gun in Governor Dorr's assault upon the Providence arsenal in 1842, or the priming was wet, and it would not explode. A conflict followed, and the stony battle of Green Street is historical.

In the city of New York, after the Constitution was adopted, its friends resolved to punish its opponents by destroying the press of the publisher Greenleaf, whose paper had been the organ of opposition. They assaulted his house. He fired a pistol among them, and gallantly defended his castle. But the mob triumphed. Greenleaf and his friends fled, and the publication of the paper was suspended for many days. The rioters also proposed to visit General John Lamb, a tough old soldier of the Revolution, who was Collector of the Port under the State government, and who was subsequently appointed to the same position under the new Constitution by President Washington. Lamb was as brave as a lion. He made due preparation. Four veterans of the war, two young men, and a colored servant who had attended Lamb at the battle of Monmouth, composed the garrison of the house. The general directed in person. His house was on the south side of Wall Street, midway between Pearl and William streets, about the present site of the banking house of Brown Brothers. He had laid in fifteen or twenty stand of arms, with proper ammunition and side-arms. The lower doors and windows were barred, the hall was barricaded with the furniture of the dining-room, the stairway was obstructed in the same manner, and the garrison was massed in the second story. The boys were stationed at the magazine to hand fresh muskets and to load. The general placed each man, with strict orders not to fire until he should begin the action, and all the lights in the house were extinguished except at the arsenal. Loop-holes were cut in the window-shutters for observation, and the general calmly awaited the assault. The rioters arrived. They filled the street in a dense throng. They roared, threatened, and challenged. But there was no reply. The house was dark and silent. The leaders of the mob held a council of war. They decided that the house was either deserted or garrisoned. They knew General Lamb, and concluded that it was probably not deserted. Then embracing the better part of valor, and shouting defiance, they withdrew.

The Constitution so bitterly opposed was adopted. But it has not ruined our devoted country, as Joshua Atherton feared, nor have the rights of mankind been imperiled, as George Clinton believed. The desponding American to-day, as he hears gloomy forebodings that we have surely reached the end, that liberty has now been finally overthrown, and that only accumulating disaster remains, should carefully inquire whether Jeremiah belongs to a party that has won or lost, and remember Lord Shelburne, Burke, Benedick, Clinton, and the Constitution that was to destroy America.

In the very heart of the bustle of the city of New York, just below the junction of the two great highways, Broadway and the Bowery, is Saint Paul's Church and church-yard. The church is that which Washington attended, and the most conspicuous monument in the church-yard is that of General Montgomery. It stands near the thoroughfare

> "Filled with an ever shifting train,
> Amid the sound of steps that beat
> The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
> * * * * * * *
> "These struggling tides of life, that seem
> In wayward, aimless course to tend,
> Are eddies of the mighty stream
> That rolls to its appointed end."

The loiterer along Broadway, who stops and peers through the massive iron fence at Montgomery's monument, recalls, perhaps, the pictures and the stories that commemorate the young soldier—one of the first and most famous of the Revolutionary heroes. But the inscription which Dr. Franklin wrote records all that is generally known of a man whose name is so familiar:

"This monument is erected by order of Congress, 25th January, 1776, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotic conduct, enterprise, and perseverance of Major-General Richard Montgomery, who, after a series of successes amidst the most discouraging difficulties, fell in the attack on Quebec 31st December, 1775. Aged 37 years."

It is a pleasant task, therefore, which a descendant of his wife's family has modestly and tastefully performed, a hundred years after his death, in preparing a brief sketch of General Montgomery's career, including letters hitherto unpublished. It is a very simple and pathetic story. The young soldier, not long married, leaves his bride, hoping soon to return victorious, but returns no more; and the young bride, growing old in faithful remembrance, after forty-three years of widowhood, falls senseless as she sees below her upon the river the steamer draped in sables slowly bearing the remains of her husband, amidst the music of wailing horns and muffled drums, to an honorable burial. Montgomery was an Irishman who, early entering the British army, served in America during the seven years' French war. Friendly with Fox, Burke, and Barré, he held their views of the rights of the colonies, and disappointed in his military prospects, he left England to make America his home. His heart led the way, for during his service in this country he had stopped, with other officers, at the country-house of Chancellor Livingston, and had there seen his daughter Janet. In May, 1773, Captain Montgomery, from his farm at Kingsbridge, wrote a stately letter to Chancellor Livingston asking the parental sanction of his suit to Miss Janet. In June the Chancellor responded favorably, and in July the marriage took place.

The new home was at Rhinebeck, and Montgomery was so active and public-spirited a citizen that in 1775 he was chosen from Dutchess County one of the Council of Fifty. When the New York troops were raised, Schuyler was appointed Major-General, and the Brigadier's appointment was offered to Montgomery. His wife was naturally anxious, but he said to her that as a politician he could not serve his fellow-citizens, but as a soldier he thought he could. She acquiesced, and they went to New York, where Schuyler and Montgomery were to receive their commissions and instructions. While they were there, General Washington passed on his way to Cambridge and the headquarters of the army. "He drove a sulky," wrote

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Mrs. Montgomery, "with a pair of white horses. His dress was blue, with purple ribbon sash; a lovely plume of feathers in his hat." The news of the battle of Bunker Hill filled the town with sad faces. "Gentlemen," said Montgomery, "I am content. What I feared has not happened. The Americans will fight, and I am well pleased at this experiment." Mrs. Montgomery, whose valuable and interesting notes have been carefully copied from the manuscript by the author of the sketch, adds, "No gentlemen offered to take commissions in the army. The mechanics alone offered, and General Montgomery accepted them without demur. When the brigade was filled, several gentlemen came forward, but he refused them the places, telling them they should have been first, and were too late."

Montgomery went with four thousand men to Ticonderoga. Schuyler was ill. There was intolerable delay. Promises were broken. Confusion was universal, and Montgomery three times offered his resignation, which Congress refused to accept. Montreal surrendered. Carleton escaped, but Prescott gave himself up. Montgomery said it was an act of base poltroonery, but that Prescott was a prize. "He is a cruel rascal. I have treated him with the sovereign contempt his inhumanity and barbarity merit." Later in the war Prescott was cunningly captured by Colonel Barton and a few men on Rhode Island, near Newport. Barton crossed the bay and went up at night from the shore with a picked party. They seized and gagged the sentinels and surrounded the house. Barton entered Prescott's room and told him that he was his prisoner. Prescott asked him to stand outside the chamber door for a moment while he pulled on his clothes. Barton assented, and Prescott, slipping on his breeches, opened the window softly and dropped out quietly—into the arms of Barton's men.

Benedict Arnold's expedition up the Kennebec and into Canada compelled Montgomery to change his plan of wintering at Montreal. "If it succeed," he wrote, "it will be a great stroke." Leaving Montreal, he writes to his wife with tender domestic thoughtfulness, "I long to see you in your new house. If the winter set in soon, don't forget to send for the lath to fence the garden, and also to have chestnut posts cut for the same purpose. I wish you could get a stove fixed in the hall; they are the most comfortable things imaginable." The vision of home was very sweet and alluring to the husband who saw it from Canadian snows. Yet the weather for the season was gentle, and on the 5th of December he writes from near Quebec, "I sha'n't forget your beaver blanket if I get safe out of this affair, nor your mother's marten-skins." In the same letter, just before, he says, "I wish it were well over, with all my heart, and sigh for home like a New Englander." This was his last letter. Schuyler was too ill to conduct the campaign, and the troops were demoralized. But Montgomery was cheerful and hopeful, and with reason, for his campaign, however difficult, had been successful. It is a familiar story that Wolfe, before his attack upon Quebec, repeated Gray's "Elegy" as he floated silently in the starlight across the river. Montgomery, just before his attack, spoke to his aid-de-camp of his loss of ambition, his longing for the retirement of his home, and of a sense of duty as the sole spring of his military action. It was that which buoyed him above all the doubts and perils of his position. The day of the attack arrived, the 31st of December, 1775. "Men of New York," he exclaimed, "you will not fear to follow where your general leads. March on!" It was two in the morning, and the snow was falling heavily. Montgomery pressed forward, and instantly fell dead at the first and only fire of the British artillery.

An inventory of his effects was made, from which it appears that a large part of his wardrobe—ruffled shirts, silk neckcloth, linen and silk handkerchiefs, cassimere waistcoat and breeches, a pair of moccasins, with six silver table-spoons and as many tea-spoons, with five table-cloths—were bought by Benedict Arnold, and one buffalo-skin and a clothes-brush by Aaron Burr. The momentary mingling of these names with that of Montgomery is significant. The one is the synonym of that patriotic loyalty and pure principle that made the Revolution successful. The others, of that treachery and selfishness that always hover about great and glorious contests, as carrion crows haunt a battle-field. In 1818, when De Witt Clinton was Governor of New York, the State reclaimed the body of her famous citizen, and with the utmost magnificence of funereal pomp the remains of Montgomery were brought from Quebec and laid under the monument in St. Paul's church-yard in New York. His widow still lived at Montgomery Place, near Barrytown, upon the Hudson. Governor Clinton had respectfully consulted her in regard to all the details of the ceremony. He had told her when the boat bearing all that visibly remained of her husband would pass down the river. She asked to be left alone upon the piazza, and was found senseless when the boat had passed. She afterward tenderly described the scene: "At length they came by with all that remained of a beloved husband, who left me in the bloom of manhood, a perfect being. Alas! how did he return? However gratifying to my heart, yet to my feelings every pang I felt was renewed. The pomp with which it was conducted added to my woe. When the steamboat passed with slow and solemn movement, stopping before my house, the troops under arms, the Dead March from the muffled drum, the mournful music, the splendid coffin canopied with crape and crowned by plumes, you may conceive my anguish: I can not describe it."

The sketch is privately printed, but the author's contribution to "Centennial" remembrances is not only a work of family pride and love, but it is a charming chapter of the romance of the Revolution that appeals to public interest and sympathy.

A CORRESPONDENT who was surgeon at Bellevue Hospital when the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* exploded, with terrible loss of life, thinks that there is but one sure way of preventing the burning of theatres and the falling of railway bridges, and the various disasters that are due to corporations and companies. The remedy that he suggests is not "legislation," and he satirizes the loud demand of the press after every great disaster for "stringent legislation." The Brooklyn Theatre burns, the Ashtabula bridge falls; there is the most pitiful suffering, the most awful slaughter, followed by an indignant chorus insist-

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ing upon "stringent legislation." And this is followed by—nothing, except the same futile outcry when the next accident happens. Indeed, says our correspondent, and he is a man whose experience has sharpened his thoughts upon the subject, and who is very impatient of the suggestion of more "stringent legislation" as a remedy for such catastrophes as that of the Brooklyn Theatre, "it is certain that all the legislation in the world, with the fullest and best-paid corps of inspectors for this, that, and every thing, will never prevent a single one of these accidents." This is unquestionably true, if the inspectors are not made severely punishable for neglect of duty, and if nobody would be sufficiently interested to ascertain the neglect. There is a law regulating the inspection of steamboats. If that law held every inspector who gave a certificate to a boat that blew up responsible for manslaughter, and the law were enforced, the public safety would be more promoted by such a law than by none whatever. So if inspectors of buildings and the proprietors and lessees of places of public amusement were also criminally responsible when loss of life occurred from neglect of the law, and the public officers held them to their responsibility, the Millennium would not immediately dawn, but a great many accidents would be prevented. The remedy would be of the general kind recommended by *Punch* for railway accidents in England—tying a director in front of the locomotive.

And to this same class of remedies belongs that recommended by our correspondent. Money is the life-blood of corporations and companies, and our surgeon naturally proposes blood-letting.

"Mulct the guilty parties; mulct them heavily. Take the Ashtabula victims, for instance. Let the living and the representatives of the dead get together and bring suits against the corporation, or against such members thereof as have had any thing to do with the bridge; let them retain Mr. Evarts and Charles O'Conor and two or three more lawyers of national reputation; let them write to the papers and call public attention to what they are doing, and call on all good citizens to support them, the chief sufferers, not only in obtaining redress in money, but also in giving a lesson to those who abuse the trust of the care of human life, worth the restraining effect of ten thousand legislative enactments. Such a pressure would be brought on the courts, the weight of power, monetary and moral, would lie so heavily in the scale of right, that neither judge nor jury would dare to shirk their duty. Suppose the heirs of each dead victim received $5000, and each maimed survivor $5000, plus the value in damages at which his injury was assessed. Suppose, further, that with such a stimulus the good work went on, and that throughout the country, wherever there had been a great accident caused by carelessness and inattention on the part of those whose business it was to be careful and attentive, or, at least, not criminally negligent, suits were brought and heavy sums recovered. Suppose these things to occur, and what would be the result? What an overhauling of railroad bridges, and what anxiety on the part of hitherto careless officials that not a defective rail should cumber the sleepers an instant longer! What a vast number of defective boilers would be replaced by sound ones, and how great a demand there would be for skilled engineers! Strangest of all, too, how careful would become theatre managers to see that even the gallery gods were provided with straight places for their feet! In a word, without a penny of State or national money, without the presence of a single 'bloated' office-holder, things would be generally put to rights, and we should become moderately secure against death or maiming from accident, and hesitate to spend twenty cents for an accident policy."

Our surgeon thinks that "stringent legislation" is useless. The reason is that the laws would not be enforced. But mulcting is a legal process. Damages are obtainable only according to law. And the law exists. It is upon the statute-book. Why do not the Ashtabula sufferers proceed to sue? Our correspondent has dropped the important stitch. He has omitted to show how the sufferers are to be compelled to do what they ought to do. And if he can show this, he can undoubtedly show how "the fullest and best-paid corps of inspectors of this, that, and every thing" can be made to do their duty. One is no more difficult than the other. If "stringent legislation" be useless, the mere power to sue for damages and to write to the papers is no more effective, if it be not exercised. And why is it not exercised? In the case of the *Westfield* many suits were brought, and the company paid large sums in damages. But still the Ashtabula bridge fell and the Brooklyn Theatre burned. What other explanation of the failure to bring suits is there than that those who were most interested did not care to do it? The Easy Chair is still of opinion that "stringent legislation" in regard to the safety of places of public amusement is very desirable. Not less so is stringent enforcement of the laws when made. Add to these, suits for damages vigorously pressed, and the means of remedy would seem to be exhausted. Meanwhile it seems to be no more of an illusion to "believe in stringent legislation" than to believe that sufferers will sue for damages because they have a right to do so. How many representatives of the victims of the awful Brooklyn calamity have sued? Yet how such suits would have been facilitated and assured had there been a specific and detailed law in regard to building theatres!

Editor's Literary Record.

The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants, by R. J. Dodge (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is by a late lieutenant-colonel of the United States army, who has been familiar with the plains and the Indians for nearly thirty years, and here gives the results of his observations and experiences in a handsome volume of 450 pages, with a map of the Western States and Territories, and nineteen full-page illustrations. The book is divided in three parts, Part I. treating of the plains, their climate and characteristics, Part II. of the game to be found in them, and Part III. of the Indians. It is this part which gives the book its chief interest, and to which the critic turns at once to look for evidences as to the author's judgment, and to form an opinion of the value of his work. The result which is forced upon him is the conclusion that thirty years on the plains and among the Indians does not afford the best preparation for a wise judgment respecting them. Colonel Dodge regards the Indian as thoroughly savage: "his religion inculcates neither obligation nor duty either to God or man;" "his idea of right is the enforcement of his own will; of wrong, the enforcement of another will in opposition to his." The author has no faith in humane

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and philanthropic influences. "Civilization has many restoring influences—religion, morality, honor, pride, and fear. The Indian has but one. This solitary influence is fear." Thirty years of immediate contact with the savages dulls one's own moral perceptions, and one's appreciation of the real power of the higher motives on even the lowest natures. Mr. Dodge's theories are not only opposed to universal experience in dealing with the worst savages of other lands, as witness Baker's and Livingstone's experiences in Africa, in controlling the most criminal in our own land, and, hardest of all, the most violent maniacs, but it is directly opposed to the testimony of missionaries and others who have tried the effect of religion, morality, honor, and pride on the Indian, and are able to point to the results in the semi-civilized tribes. The experience of a single man, the testimony of a single witness, is not sufficient to set aside a law of human development attested by so many experiments and by so many witnesses. As a picture of the outer life of the Indians the volume contains much that is valuable; as a piece of character painting it must be regarded as an army officer's view of the Indian, and must be read with the allowances due to one whose life-long training has led him to regard the red man not as a savage to be educated, but as an enemy to be fought. Experience proves that the view which the humanitarian takes of the criminal is more nearly right than the view of the policeman.

The last volume in the library of romance which Africa has been the means of furnishing to the world is *Central Africa*, by Colonel C. Chaillé Long, of the Egyptian staff (Harper and Brothers). It contains an account of two expeditions, one a personal expedition to the lake Victoria Nyanza, the other a military expedition to the country of the Makraka and Niam-Niam. Colonel Long describes his journal as "naked truths of naked people," and despite the alliteration, the phrase is accurately descriptive. It does not possess the peculiar interest which the Christian and philanthropic zeal impart to the pages of Livingstone, nor the curiously commingled scientific and romantic interest which makes the pages of Schweinfurth so fascinating, nor the scenic effects which lend interest, despite the skepticism they awaken, to the pages of Baker, but it possesses a realism which is quite its own. In these previous volumes we have sat in the auditorium and looked upon the stage. Colonel Long takes us on the stage, and we find that at least some of the thunder is only sheet-iron, and some of the forests and mountains are only canvas. The intolerable discomforts of the journey, the real barbarism of the people, the dismal repulsiveness of the uninteresting country, the dangerous and almost deadly characteristics of the climate, are told as prosaic facts. The hope of evangelizing Africa which Livingstone had awakened is dimmed by reading of the barbaric hospitality of M'Tse; the dream of a renovated land opened eventually to civilization and commerce, which is stimulated if not justified by Baker, is dispelled by the accounts of marshes apparently beyond possibility of drainage, and wildernesses almost hopeless of cultivation. It is true that Colonel Long made his first journey to the lake Victoria Nyanza during the rainy season. He therefore saw the country at its worst. But it is also true that he studiously avoids the attempt to brighten a gloomy picture by the aid of either imagination or enthusiasm, and that his book is more like a soldier's official record of a most hazardous and dangerous expedition than the story which the same soldier may tell in after-years to his grandchildren, when the prosaic dangers and discomforts are forgotten, and only the romance remains in mind. The book is indeed full of romance; the expedition is one among the most romantic that even the history of Africa has afforded; but the romance is that of actual fact, of naked truth. The illustrations, from the author's original sketches, add to both the attractiveness and the value of the work.

The judicial reader will take Mr. Julius Chambers's *Mad World and its Inhabitants* (D. Appleton and Co.) with some allowance. The author, editorially connected with the New York *Tribune*, feigned madness, and secured his incarceration in the Bloomingdale Asylum. His object was to make an interior examination of its character and the treatment accorded to its patients. He spent a fortnight within its walls. In this volume he gives an account of his experiences. Such a writer is put under a strong temptation to make a harrowing story. Yet notwithstanding this, Mr. Chambers has demonstrated a need of thorough reform in our lunatic asylums and in our laws respecting lunacy. No adequate protection is afforded against commitment by a careless magistrate, and on insufficient evidence; no adequate opportunities are given to friends to visit patients, or to patients to communicate by letter or otherwise with friends outside; no adequate provision has been made in the past for legal supervision over the superintendent and keepers, who are, or at least have been, practically irresponsible jailers. Whether Drs. Baldric and Quotidian—we preserve the author's fictitious names—are all that his fancy has painted them or no, it is certain that the power given to them is power that ought to be intrusted to no man, whatever his character may be. And the facts that within thirty-six hours after the discharge of Mr. Chambers in court twelve patients were discharged by the physician in charge as cured, that a State commission subsequently appointed disclosed grave abuses in this particular asylum, and that a Commission of Lunacy has since been appointed whose entire time is given to the frequent visitation and inspection of every insane asylum in the State, are of themselves sufficient evidence that, however highly colored, the narrative of Mr. Chambers is not a fictitious one, and that the abuses which he has exposed are real and serious, though possibly not quite as aggravated as in his pages they appear.

Tennyson's new drama, *Harold* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is less unique in conception than his *Queen Mary*. There is no one piece of character drawing in it so subtle and so original as the queen. There are certainly not so many fine poetic passages. It deals, too, with an issue purely historic, the conflict between Norman and Saxon, ending in the conquest of England by William, and therefore lacks the present interest which attaches to a poem that hinges on the character and claims of the Romish Church. The issue between Norman and Saxon is wholly dead; the issue between Protestant and papist has changed, but is as vital to-day as in the days of Queen Mary. Nevertheless *Harold* is the more dramatic work of the two. It is more likely to be popu-

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lar; it is far more likely to find a place upon the stage; the motives of action are more ordinary and more easily comprehended; the action is more rapid, and the passion more effective because less intense. There is a hero, the reader's sympathy for whom is not lessened by his one fatal fault, and a heroine, whose character is not strongly drawn, but whose fortunes and fate compel the interest of the reader from the opening of the story. There are some single scenes of great power, and some which, effectively produced upon the stage, would move any audience. Such is the interview between Harold and William in Normandy, in which, yielding to the persuasions of others, and led on unconsciously step by step, Harold is induced to take the oath which he never means to keep; and such, too, though a quieter scene, is the deathbed of King Edward. Harold himself is the only really fine character in the drama, and there is a certain sketchy indistinctness about most of the other personations which gives to the whole poem the character of a literary drama—one adapted, if not intended, rather for quiet reading than for the stage. The poet's study of history has been very close. The poem is deserving of careful study simply as a piece of fine historical painting, not certainly impaired, in an artistic point of view, by the admixture of the legendary with the historic in some notable passages.

What the legends of the Round Table are to England, that are the sagas to the literature of Norway and Sweden, and what Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" are to the legends of the Round Table, that is Tegner's poem, *Fridthjof's Saga*, to these old Norse legends. A comparatively new chapter in romance is therefore opened to most American readers by the two volumes, *Viking Tales of the North*, translated by Professor R. B. ANDERSON, and *Fridthjof's Saga*, translated from the Swedish of ELIAS TEGNER by THOMAS and MARTHA HOLCOMB, both from the press of S. C. Griggs and Co. The former of these books is really in the nature of a special chapter in the study of literature. It gives an account of this Norwegian lore; it gives specimens of various sagas, but in their pure form; it gives a pretty full biography of Bishop Tegner; and the translation of his poetical version of "Fridthjof's Saga," though it occupies a considerable proportion of the book, is in reality in the nature of a supplement or an appendix. The other volume is simply a translation of Tegner's work, and it is exceedingly well done. The vigor of the verse, which in its form closely follows the original, has a notable appropriateness to the theme. This is not the first attempt to reproduce Tegner's famous work in English, but we believe it to be quite the most successful. Certainly the authors have caught remarkably the spirit of the scenes, and given, though in an English verse, a poem which has all the flavor of Norse literature. The whole theme of the poem turns on the fact that Fridthjof, by an inadvertence, brings himself under the ban of a Norwegian deity, and, till this is finally removed, his career is a constant succession of conflicts with the avenging god. But, in ancient Norwegian thought, the difference in power between a hero like Fridthjof and a god is not so great that there is not room for considerable dramatic interest in the solution of the question which is to be victor.

Salvation Here and Hereafter, by Rev. JOHN SERVICE (Macmillan and Co.), is a volume of sermons and essays, remarkable in two respects: first, because we are not accustomed to find so broad and liberal a theology in the Scotch pulpit; and second, because, quite apart from some peculiarities of theological view, there is a spiritual insight, a perception and a portrayal of realities of experiences that underlie and give all their real vital value to dogmatic results, such as is not very common in the pulpit of any land. They are spiritual and practical, not because the author draws practical deductions from his doctrines, but because he sees and values only the spiritual and experimental aspects of doctrine. Whatever there is valuable in Matthew Arnold's persistence in interpreting the Bible by literary rather than by purely theological standards of criticism, Mr. Service avails himself of in interpreting Scripture, without leading the reader into the extraordinary dogmatism into which Matthew Arnold runs with such curious and naïve unconsciousness.—As a popular expositor of Scripture, Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., has no superior, if, indeed, he has any equal, in the American pulpit. His *Peter the Apostle* (Harper and Brothers) is a companion volume to his *David* and his *Elijah the Prophet*. It would be easy to point out particulars in which we are not able to accept his interpretation; they are all the result of a general inclination, well-nigh universal among Scripture interpreters, to lighten the faults and exaggerate the virtues of the Scripture saints. As a piece of character painting it would be improved by something more of that spirit which has enabled Dean Stanley to bring all Biblical characters out of the land of religious myth and romance on to the plane of ordinary humanity. Nevertheless, as models of expository lectures, they are worthy of careful study by preachers; as a book of Sunday reading, the volume will be welcomed by many laymen.—The immediate and direct purpose of *The Psalter a Witness to the Divine Origin of the Bible*, by TALBOT W. CHAMBERS, D.D. (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), is to demonstrate the inspiration of the Scriptures by a consideration of the moral and spiritual excellence of the Book of Psalms. The author takes conservative ground on all disputed questions, defending, for example, the imprecating psalms as inspired utterances intended for all time as a Divine expression of holy wrath against the enemies of God. Quite irrespective of its apologetic character, the book will be found a popular aid to a comprehension of the general spirit of the Psalms, and the implied doctrine contained in them concerning God, Man, the Messiah, and the Future Life.—The object of *The Judgment of Jerusalem*, by WILLIAM PATTEN, D.D. (Robert Carter and Brothers), is also apparently apologetic. It endeavors to commend the authority of Christ by showing that His prophecies of the destruction of Jerusalem were literally fulfilled by the event. As a concise history of the city and the Temple and their destruction the book will be useful, especially to youthful students; but, to give it any value as a treatise on the evidences, Dr. Patten should have shown, as he has not done, that the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew refers to the destruction of Jerusalem, not, as the latest and best expositors think, to the destruction of the world.—Mr. ROBERT D. WEEKS adds another to the very many attempts to unfold the psychology of the Deity in *Jehovah-Jesus: the Oneness of God: the true Trinity* (Dodd, Mead, and Co.). He really

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repudiates the doctrine of the Trinity in its commonly received form, maintaining by an elaborate examination of Scripture that "the only personal Trinity is comprehended in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Supreme God, the only begotten Son of God, and the Son of Man." He is both an independent thinker and a thorough and careful student of the Bible; but the problem he undertakes to solve is an insoluble one, and his book is far more valuable as a witness against the dogmatic definitions of the Deity heretofore attempted than as a new definition in the same line.

The Life and Industrial Labors of William Wheelwright in South America, by J. B. ALBÉRDI, with an introduction by the Hon. CALEB CUSHING, United States minister to Spain (Boston, A. Williams and Co.; New York, Charles T. Dillingham). Mr. Cushing introduces this exceedingly interesting sketch of the character and labors of his distinguished townsman and friend with an appropriate notice. In this there is high praise from a high source of one whose modesty never sought distinction, but whose merit is entitled to all that is accorded him in the pages before us. While comparatively few of his own countrymen have even heard the name of William Wheelwright, it may be said that in the southern continent of this hemisphere it is known and venerated as the name of Washington is among us of the north. For as Washington led the armies of our republic to conquer liberty from political oppression, so Mr. Wheelwright led the forces of improvement—steam-ships, railroads, telegraphs, and education—to batter down the strongholds of indolence, ignorance, and bigotry which at his advent were binding the South American republics with heavier chains than those of Spain from which they had been recently set free. The record of his life has been first suitably and gratefully written in Spanish by Señor Albérdi, a distinguished citizen of the land of his adoption. This work has been translated, and an appendix touching upon Mr. Wheelwright's private life, as that of Señor Albérdi chiefly represents him in a public capacity, is now offered to the English-reading public of this country and of Great Britain, where Mr. Wheelwright was perhaps better known than at home. Connected there with Mr. Brassey, the well-known railroad contractor, he was enabled to develop his schemes of improvement in South America for which capital could not be obtained in the United States.

There is something romantic in the history of these small beginnings which arrived at such magnificent results. Born and reared in his boyhood in the old-fashioned sea-port town of Newbury, with principles of unswerving honor and persevering integrity instilled by parental teachings, his enterprising spirit sought the ocean for its exercise. At the early age of nineteen he was already in command of a merchant ship, and two years afterward he was wrecked on the coast of South America. From that day, more than half a century ago, that region became his second home. He brought around Cape Horn to it the first steam-ship that ever navigated the Pacific; there he first discovered coal, introduced gas-works, built the first railroads, and but for his death, at the advanced age of seventy-five years, while still at work, would have triumphantly completed the scheme nearest his heart, and which he had partially accomplished, of grasping the Andes with the iron bands that should bind the continent from shore to shore. All this he did not only from an inherent spirit of enterprise, but from higher motives—the love of progress and the good of humanity. Those who can appreciate such a life of untiring activity and persevering industry will be amply repaid for the time occupied in the perusal of this book.

Madcap Violet (Harper and Brothers) is by no means the most attractive of Mr. BLACK'S novels; it will not find as many readers, nor among its readers as many admirers, as *The Princess of Thule;* but it is one of his strongest. Violet herself is an admirable piece of character drawing, and this may equally be said of the other principal characters in the story. The tragic ending casts a shadow over the whole story, in the recollection of the reader, and makes it less attractive in the memory than on the first reading. When one knows the end, he reads with pity the otherwise humorous and enjoyable story of Violet's pranks in her school-girl life. We do not think, however, that Mr. Black can be fairly accused of evading a difficulty by the tragic close of his story; rather he seems to us to shadow forth the truth, which perhaps many young readers of novels need to learn, that the freaks and folly of an untrained and ungoverned nature, however charming in youth they may be, become full of danger, and often lead to terrible wreck in later life. The antics of the colt are very pretty, but if he is not broken to harness in youth, he becomes dangerous to others and to himself in his maturity. We are glad, in this connection, to note that the Harpers are issuing a library edition of Black's novels. They well deserve this place in the library of fiction.—*Joshua Haggard's Daughter*, by Miss BRADDON (Harper and Brothers), possesses in a marked degree the characteristics of that prolific writer in her later stories. Melodramatic in some sense it certainly is, but its dramatic effects are genuine; its characters are strongly drawn; the scenic effects are admirably produced, as in the opening description of the storm at Comb-hollow; and while the contrast between Joshua Haggard the Christian and preacher and Joshua Haggard the duelist and murderer is almost too strong for credence, Miss Braddon so manages it that the story does not seem unnatural, certainly not impossible. Like all Miss Braddon's later novels, the moral lesson is predominant, and is one emphatically of Christian truth: a lesson of caution to the strong to take heed lest they fall through their very strength, and a lesson of hope in Divine mercy to the fallen, be their sin what it may.—*From Dreams to Waking* (Harper and Brothers) has at least two qualifications that will recommend it to busy people who have little time to spend over romance: it is short, only fifty pages, and it moves with rapidity, requiring no closeness of attention to follow its current from the beginning to the close. It is brief and brisk. It is a pleasing rather than a strong novel.—*Kismet* (Roberts Brothers), the latest volume of the "No Name Series," is a love story, with travellers on the Nile for characters. It may be characterized briefly as a commedietta; the plot is entirely artificial, but the play of coquetry makes rather pleasant reading.—*Sidonie* (Estes and Lauriat) is unquestionably the novel of the season, if not of the era, in France. It has reached in Paris a sale of upward of sixty thou-

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sand copies, has been dramatized in a famous and popular play, and has been crowned by the French Academy. Its pure tone and its intense passion combine to make it a novelty in French literature, and to give it clearly a recognized place in the French school. Sidonie, the heroine, has been compared to Becky Sharp, but the comparison does not do her justice. She is, at all events, a Parisian Becky, and the story of her toils and intrigues is artistically epitomized on the cover of the book by the spider's web. In the contrasts of character, in the intricate interweaving of lives, in the conflict of purity and passion, in the tracing of the bitterness of sin to its bitter fruits, it is a remarkable story; in its lesson of fidelity in the marital relation it is, perhaps, more novel and more needed in France than in either England or America.—The world has had about enough of JULES VERNE'S impossible romances. Those that have not will find as much that seems real and is yet incredible in *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), as in the preceding romances from the same pen. The adventures of a Russian courier, sent from the Czar to his brother in one of the provinces, constitute the material out of which the story is woven. The real adventures of a Eugene Schuyler or a Captain Burnaby are quite as entertaining and more instructive reading.—PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, in *Wenderholme* (Roberts Brothers), gives a carefully and skillfully elaborated painting of life in Lancashire and Yorkshire. The antipodes of the sensational school, for a novel it moves too slowly. We live in this region of England, see its ordinary life, and have it interpreted to us by the author. A Meissonier in literature, he perfects every picture, and by the skill of his art makes attractive even repulsive details. Incidentally his book presents some of the sociological problems presented by the conflict between an old aristocracy and new capital.

Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay (Harper and Brothers) possesses a character which distinguishes it from such books as the *Beauties of Ruskin* or the *Anthology of Carlyle*. It gives to the reader, of course, some idea, and a not wholly inadequate one, of the style of Lord Macaulay, his artistic character as a scene and portrait painter, and his philosophical character. But quite apart from this it is a book of value as a collection of essays in historical and literary subjects. In historical scenes, the siege of Londonderry, the battle of the Boyne, the Black Hole of Calcutta, the impeachment of Warren Hastings; in historical portraits, William of Orange, Judge Jeffreys, Frederick the Great; in historical sketches, the Church of Rome, the Jesuits; in literary criticisms, Milton's poetry, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Lord Byron, are among the themes here treated. Concerning them the reader may get a just idea, from the greatest historian in the English language, though he has no time to read through the voluminous works of Lord Macaulay, and no skill to select what he will and can read. It is to be added that Macaulay finished every detail with such perfectness that single pictures or figures may be taken from his work, much as single figures are often copied with success from the canvas of a Titian or a Raphael.

Two very entertaining books of travel are Captain BURNABY'S *Ride to Khiva* and Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD'S *Through Persia by Caravan*, both from the press of Harper and Brothers, and both by English travellers. Captain Burnaby is a capital story-teller, and he has a very interesting story to tell. A ride across the Steppes of Eastern Russia is of itself no mean adventure, and the captain is one of those adventurous men who meet with striking and romantic experiences wherever they go. He would not be able to take a trip in France or England without adventures. In this volume each chapter is a distinct story. He possesses, too, in a remarkable degree the inimitable art of a genuine story-teller, and knows how to put the romantic aspects of his journey in due and not in undue prominence. His romance does not awaken incredulity. He traversed, in fact, the same ground as that traversed by Eugene Schuyler in his *Turkistan;* but his book is much shorter, there is but little philosophical study of the land and its people, while his narrative is more dramatic and lively and his pictures more graphic. Mr. Arthur Arnold's volume is of a different type. Commencing at Warsaw, he went to St. Petersburg; thence southward to Astrakhan; traversed the Caspian Sea from north to south, landing at Enzelli; rode through the whole length of Persia, a distance of more than a thousand miles, arriving at the Persian Gulf four months after leaving the Caspian Sea. Mr. Arnold's tour was less dangerous and adventurous than that of Captain Burnaby, but his more thoughtful observations on the character and even the psychology of the people give to his pages a peculiar interest to the student of human nature who desires to know what other civilizations than his own have accomplished and what they are accomplishing for other peoples. Both books give some insight into the interior administration of the Russian provinces, and they will not stimulate any enthusiastic desire to put the Christian provinces of Turkey under the rule of the Czar.

The Land Birds and Game Birds of New England, by H. D. MINOT (the Naturalist Agency, Salem, Massachusetts). In this work the author has undertaken "to fill a place hitherto vacant in ornithological literature," by supplying a cheap book about land birds for beginners in ornithology, that should form at once a text-book guiding to the study, a key for the identification of the species, and a history of the birds themselves as they appear at home in the fields and woods. His arrangements of his information under his various heads and sub-heads, his keys and reference indexes, are far from perfect, but his abilities as an observer are remarkable. It is especially in the full and original descriptions of the habits of birds that the true worth of the book appears. Mr. Minot has evidently watched the birds carefully, and knowing what to look for and how best to find it, has seen and recorded a great deal which advanced students will be glad to know, and which is written in a sufficiently free and pleasant way to commend it to the attention of all who care for out-door sights and sounds.

The author writes especially from the standpoint of an oologist, and to collectors his descriptions of nests and eggs will be very valuable, and his accounts of the tunes and behavior of many of the woodland songsters are original and interesting. It is a book whose general accuracy and value cause us the more strongly to regret that the writer's treatment of the subject is in some respects faulty and unsatisfactory.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—Asteroids 170 and 171 were discovered in January and February by Peters and Borelly respectively. Comet I., 1877, was discovered February 8, by Borelly, at Marseilles, in Ophiuchus. Washington observations by Harkness and Holden (February 9 and 13) show it to have a spectrum similar to Encke's comet.

Langley, of Pittsburg, publishes in the *Mon. Not.*, R. A. S., a paper on the measurement of the direct effect of sun spots on terrestrial temperature. It is not intended to show that the earth is, on the whole, cooler in maximum sun-spot years, as the discussions on the paper (as reported in the *Astronomical Register*) indicate it to have been misinterpreted to mean. The observations consisted in measuring the relative amounts of umbral, penumbral, and photospheric radiation. The relative umbral, penumbral, and photospheric areas were deduced from the Kew observations of spots; and from a consideration of these data, and confining the question strictly to changes of terrestrial temperature due to this cause alone, Langley deduces the result that "sun spots do exercise a direct effect on terrestrial temperature by decreasing the mean temperature of the earth at their maximum." This change is, however, very small, as "it is represented by a change in the mean temperature of our globe in eleven years not *greater* than 0.3° C., and not *less* than 0.05° C."

All the observations of the transit of Venus made by Russian expeditions will be collected and published in one volume, which is preparing at the Pulkova Observatory. Captain J. Waterhouse, of India, publishes a very complete account (illustrated with photographs) of the preparations by himself and Tacchini to observe the solar eclipse of 1875, April 6, in the Nicobar Islands. No photographs of the spectrum of the corona were obtained, on account of cloudy weather, but the details of the methods adopted are of value. Huggins communicates to the Royal Society a paper on the photograph of the spectrum of *Alpha Lyræ*, with an enlarged print from one of his negatives. Dr. Henry Draper has distributed among several American physicists photographs of the same spectrum and that of Venus, and has also succeeded in getting good negatives of *Alpha Aquilæ*. Tisserand, in *Comptes Rendus*, gives the results of his investigation of the orbit of Iapetus, Saturn's eighth satellite. No. 2 of the publications of the Cincinnati Observatory gives Mitchel's observations of 176 double and triple stars. It is edited by Professor Stone, the present director of the observatory.

The *Annales* of the Paris Observatory (observations) for 1874 is published, and that for 1875 will appear early in 1877. The first contains Meridian Observations, Determination of the Longitude of Vienna, Equatorial and Meteorological Observations.

Leverrier has set up at the door of the Paris Observatory a public clock for the use of chronometer makers. Such a clock has long existed at Greenwich.

Sir George Airy sends to *Nature* a list of thirty-seven ancient eclipses which have been computed by Hind, and of which the original manuscript calculations are preserved at the Royal Observatory. The earliest of these is B.C. 885, the latest 1652 A.D. There are twenty-one previous to the Christian era, and sixteen after it, and the whole is a most valuable contribution to chronology and the history of astronomy. Celoria, of Milan, has also published in No. XI. of the publications of that observatory a discussion of the solar eclipses of 1239, June 3, and of 1241, October 6.

Safford, of Williams College, has prepared for the use of the United States Engineer Department Survey under Lieutenant Wheeler a catalogue of the declinations of 2018 stars, which is now passing through the press.

Redier describes in the *Comptes Rendus* a simple device for correcting the going of clocks for changes in rate due to changes of atmospheric pressure by means of a small aneroid barometer fastened to the pendulum bob.

Christie has recently investigated the interesting case of wear in the micrometer screws of the microscopes of the Greenwich transit circle, and publishes the results in *Monthly Notices*, Royal Astronomical Society, for November, 1876.

The eleventh annual report of the Board of Visitors of the Melbourne Observatory describes the work of the past year (to 1876, June), which has been the usual meridian observations, drawings of over seventy of southern nebulæ, daily photographs of the sun, etc., etc., and describes a plan for enlarged meteorological activity, which will probably be adopted.

Professor Hall has discussed his observations of a bright spot on Saturn (discovered December 7), which has been followed at Washington, and by Boss of Albany, Clark of Cambridge, Mitchell of Vassar, and Edgecomb of Hartford, through sixty-one revolutions of Saturn's ball. The resulting rotation time is 10 h. 14 m. 23.8 s. ± 2.30 s., which differs from Sir William Herschel's determination (10 h. 16 m. 0.4 s.) by less than 2 m.

Young, of Dartmouth College, has, it is said, been elected to the Professorship of Astronomy at Princeton.

Meteorology.—During a portion of December and January both Great Britain and the eastern portion of the United States were visited by a succession of storms, in which high winds, heavy rains or snows, and very low barometric pressures were remarkably frequent. In the United States the tracks of the storm centres, or areas of lowest pressure, as they moved eastward covered a region apparently far to the south of that which they ordinarily occupy, while their progress was generally very rapid. In Great Britain, on the other hand, the progress of storm centres was unusually slow, frequently even stationary or retrograde, while the general path of the storm centres was, as in America, far to the south of its usual position. In British America, on the other hand, and in Russia, low temperatures and high barometers have been experienced. The minimum temperature recorded at St. Petersburg was on December 22, −43.4° F., being the lowest observed during the last 124 years. Further eastward, namely, in Siberia, an unusual prevalence of warm weather has been reported; and in the extreme west, on the Pacific coast of North America, un-

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usually little rain and high temperatures have prevailed. In fact, a general review of the movements of the atmosphere during these two months shows that there has been an excess of cold dry air in northern latitudes and in the interior of both continents, while over the Atlantic Ocean pressure has been low, and temperature and moisture have been high. Both these conditions, therefore, have caused a special development of the tendency to a cyclonic motion around the Atlantic basin.

These oceanic cyclones, as distinguished from smaller storms on the one hand and the polar cyclones on the other, must, according to our present knowledge of meteorology, vary in their intensity with any change in the solar radiation, and the phenomena of the past winter harmonize entirely with the conclusion that during the present period of few sun spots the northern hemisphere has received slightly less heat than when the spots were large and numerous. A similar agreement between meteorological phenomena and this theory was noted by us about two years ago, but the satisfactory pursuit of these investigations can hardly be undertaken until we have a daily weather map of the whole world, or at least of the northern hemisphere.

With the 1st of January the weather maps published by the meteorological offices in Germany and Austria have received considerable enlargement and improvements. The daily weather map published at Vienna is for Europe the best that has as yet appeared, being upon a large scale, and very clear in all its details. The Hydrographic Office at Berlin has begun the publication of monthly weather reviews for Europe. The numbers for January and February, 1876, have already appeared. Its articles are compiled by well-known meteorologists; and as it appears only a long time after the month to which it refers, its scope and objects are evidently somewhat different from those of the reviews published by our Army Signal Office within fifteen days of the close of each month.

Of the larger meteorological publications that have issued from the government printing-office at Washington, perhaps the most imposing is the first of the three volumes containing the observations and results of the physical work done by Dr. Bessels and his assistants on the *Polaris* north pole expedition.

At a recent social meeting of the London Society of Telegraph Engineers, Mr. Saunders, of the Eastern Telegraph Company, exhibited some diagrams showing some results of simultaneous observations of the earth currents observed at both ends of the broken cable between Suez and Aden. A striking coincidence is seen between the currents observed on the two sections of the cable.

A remarkable meteor was visible from Kansas to New York on the evening of the 21st of December, and approximate determinations of its movements have been published by Kirkwood, Abbe, and Newton; the latter states that previous to encountering the earth's atmosphere it must have been coming from a point near to and a little south of the ecliptic, in the southern or eastern part of the constellation Capricornus; he solicits additional observations from those who saw this meteor.

We learn from the *Japan Weekly Mail* that an excellent pamphlet on meteorology has been published by Mr. Joyner, of the Meteorological Department at Tokio, in which he advocates strongly the establishment in Japan of an extended system of observations by carefully trained observers. Such observations have hitherto been made by Mr. M'Vean and Mr. Joyner for the Department of Public Surveys, and by some of the Americans stationed as professors in the other government institutions.

In *Physics*, Matthey has presented to the French Academy the bar of platinum-iridium made for the four-meter standard, to the order of the International Geodetic Association. To make it, 450 ounces of platinum and 55 of iridium were melted by a jet of coal gas and oxygen, and cast into an ingot. Five ingots thus made were cut into small fragments by hydraulic pressure, melted together and kept in fusion for a long time, and then poured into a single ingot. This was forged, then rolled into bars, which were then fused in rectangular troughs. After forging, the metal appeared homogeneous, and gave a bar 35 cm. long, 7.5 wide, and 2.5 thick, the density of which at 0° was 21.522. A third was cut off, and the other two-thirds again forged into a bar 95 cm. long, 2.5 cm. wide, and 2 cm. thick, having a density of 21.648. This was rolled between polished rolls nearly to the dimensions required—4.1 meters long, 2.1 centimeters wide, and 5 millimeters thick, and then finished by passing it through a steel draw-plate. During all these rolling operations it was repeatedly annealed. In some remarks on this paper, H. Sainte-Claire Deville gave the results of his analysis of this alloy. He found 89.42 of platinum, 10.22 of iridium, 0.16 of rhodium, 0.10 of ruthenium, and 0.06 of iron. The density calculated from this composition is 21.51; that actually observed by him, 21.515. The third cut off of the bar above mentioned has been made by Deville into two tubes more than a meter long, closed at both ends, one of which has a capacity of more than a liter, designed for the determination of boiling-points. Both tubes carry marks exactly one meter apart. One of them communicates by means of a capillary tube with a Regnault manometer, and acts as an air thermometer; the pressure being determined by the manometer and the temperature by the elongation of the tube, compared with its fellow kept in ice, the expansion-coefficient being known.

De la Grye has studied the changes of form which are produced when two liquids of different densities are superposed and rotated with different velocities. If the more viscous of the two be uppermost, as in the case of oil and water, the oil becomes thinner in the centre, and if a more viscous liquid still, as a solution of gutta-percha in benzene, be used in place of oil, the appearances presented recall remarkably those of sun spots. If, however, the more viscous liquid be below, as, for example, oil and alcohol, the upper layer becomes thicker in the middle. It would hence appear that if the solar spots are formed by centrifugal force, the photospheric layer must have more cohesion than the gaseous substratum beneath it, and than the overlying chromosphere.

Jeannel has observed that the radiometer is influenced by sound vibrations. In a dim light, when three radiometers were placed on the sounding-board of a parlor organ, all moved, two in the direction produced by light, the other in the op-

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posite. He explains the result by the transmission of the vibrations mechanically to the vanes.

Mercadier has further studied the laws of the vibrations of tuning-forks, considering especially their isochronism with varying amplitudes. Three methods were used: in the first, the amplitude was maintained constant during each experiment, but was lessened from one experiment to another, the vibrations being recorded on a rotating cylinder; in the second, a large amplitude of vibration was given and then suffered to die out, the vibrations per second at various times being noted; in the third, a Lissajous curve was inspected as the amplitude of the fork lessened. The author concludes, 1st, that the duration of the vibration period of forks varies with the amplitude and in the same direction; 2d, that this variation, even for amplitudes as great as one centimeter, is small, affecting only the second decimal place; and 3d, that if a certain limit, say, four millimeters, be not surpassed, the duration of the period may be regarded as constant.

The radiometer continues to be the subject of extensive experimentation. Among the papers which have appeared upon it, one of the most noteworthy, perhaps, is that of Mr. Crookes, in *Nature*, in which he says: "The results I have obtained seem to show conclusively that the true explanation of the action of the radiometer is that given by Mr. Johnstone Stoney, according to which the repulsion is due to the internal movements of the molecules of the residual gas." He gives a number of highly interesting experiments with this instrument. Alvergniat seems to have made an *experimentum crucis* with the radiometer. By making the vanes of aluminum and silver, and by maintaining the globe during exhaustion at 400° C. in the vapor of sulphur, he obtained a vacuum so perfect that there was no rotation. On admitting a trace of air, however, rotation recommenced. Salet has modified the instrument in a very simple way in order to show the correctness of the molecular bombardment theory. The vanes are fastened immovably to the glass support, and near them moves a disk of mica, suspended from its centre. Exposed to light, the disk is caused to rotate rapidly by the molecules projected from the black surface.

Jabloschkoff has devised a new form of electric lamp, very simple in its construction, having absolutely none of the mechanical arrangements ordinarily used. It consists of two carbons permanently fastened parallel to each other, and at a small distance apart, separated by some insulating substance capable of disappearing in some way as the carbons burn, the substance used by the discoverer being a mixture of sand and powdered glass. The light is double that given by a regulator, and with an ordinary Gramme machine current, three lights were produced at the same time.

Bertrand has experimented on the electrolytic preparation of the metals, and has prepared aluminum, magnesium, cadmium, bismuth, antimony, and palladium from their aqueous solutions in this way. The current employed should be strong, and the concentration of the solution carefully regulated.

Among the *Chemical* papers of the month we note one by Berthelot on certain chemical phenomena produced by the electricity of tension. In these experiments a Holtz machine was employed, one electrode of which was connected by means of a platinum wire with the internal coating of a sealed tube containing the substance to be acted on, the external coating being connected with the internal one of the next tube, and so on, the second electrode of the machine being put in communication with the last outer coating. No spark can possibly occur within the tubes, though they are incessantly charged and discharged, but always with the same kind of electricity. He finds that ozone is formed from oxygen equally well by positive or negative charges, though the amount produced is increased with the tension, being five or six per cent. for sparks one centimeter long, while with sparks of half a millimeter, only one or two thousandths is formed. No production of nitrous compounds was observed with a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen. Acetylene was formed in quantity when organic vapors were placed in the tubes. Nitrogen was freely absorbed by organic bodies such as paper and dextrin. Experiments are in progress to determine the cause of the special action thus exerted.

Coquillion has re-investigated the conditions under which a mixture of fire-damp and air explodes, originally determined by Davy. He finds the minimum quantity of air which will cause an explosion, when mixed with one volume of marsh gas, to be six volumes, and the maximum quantity sixteen volumes—a very wide range. He also observed that while the mixture producing the most violent explosion could be readily ignited by a flame or an electric spark, an ignited palladium wire, carried even to whiteness, caused no explosion, but only a rapid diminution of the gases.

Jean has proposed a method of titrition for the sulphates of the alkalies, which is as follows: The aqueous solution of the sulphate is treated first with baryta water in excess, then with carbonic acid water decanted from the mixed precipitate of barium sulphate and carbonate, the liquid boiled, the whole filtered, the precipitate washed out, the filtrate and washings concentrated and titered as usual with a standard sulphuric acid. From the quantity of free alkali carbonate present, the quantity of sulphate originally united to it is known, being the exact quantity employed in neutralizing the alkaline filtrate.

Boisbaudran has presented to the French Academy a specimen of gallium crystallized in the form of octahedrons truncated at the base. They appear to be clinorhombic.

H. Sainte-Claire Deville and Debray have prepared ruthenium in a pure form, and have carefully examined its properties. Its density they find to be 12.261. A number of new compounds of this metal are described. They also prepared pure osmium, and find that is the heaviest of the platinum metals, its density being 22.447.

Microscopy.—Professor Tyndall has shown that in air which is optically pure—*i. e.*, which will transmit a beam of light without revealing its path—sterilized but putrescible fluids remain sterile. If, however, the same fluids are put in contact with an atmosphere charged in the ordinary way with motes, they become "infallibly smitten" with putrescence. The inference is that germs or spores, or the bacterial equivalents of these, must be among the motes or particles in the atmosphere,

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and that their development depends upon the deposition in suitable fluids. In order to test this theory the Rev. W. H. Dallinger has recently made numerous experiments with a sterile putrescible fluid, exposed alternately to an atmosphere charged with organic germs of extreme minuteness and to one optically pure. The results of these experiments are detailed in the December number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*. Enormous numbers of the *calycine* and *springing* monads, when entering freely into the spore-emitting and sac condition, were carefully heated at a temperature of 150° F. until quite dry, flaky, extremely friable, and crumbling into dust with the least pressure. Suitable vessels, covered, and partially filled with a nutritive fluid, were placed in a chamber, the air of which could be optically tested for the presence of motes or germs by transmitting the condensed beam of an oxyhydrogen lime-light. At the end of four days the searching beam still showed the presence of floating motes, though in greatly diminished quantity, and a few of the vessels, which had meanwhile been uncovered, were now examined. In every drop from these the larger, or *calycine* monad, was found, but the *springing* monad was comparatively rare. Two days after, four of the vessels, which had in the mean while been opened and exposed to the air with the diminished number of motes, were examined, and proved to be almost destitute of the *calycine* monad, but the *springing* monad was much more abundant. The explanation of this is that the heavier germs of the larger monad had nearly all fallen before the expiration of two days, but those of the smaller were still lingering in the air. To test this still further, an infusion, twelve months old, and composed almost entirely of the very minute *uniflagellate monad*, was carefully dried at 150° F., reduced to fine powder, and intimately mixed with that containing the *calycine* and *springing* monads, and diffused in a chamber so that the air could be tested as before by the beam of light. When all the larger particles had fallen, nine vessels of the nutritive fluid were introduced. Three of these were open; the rest were covered. At the end of twenty-four hours two more were opened, and the remaining four were uncovered at the end of forty-two hours. The first set, on examination, yielded all the forms in the ratio of their magnitude, the next set was almost entirely destitute of the larger forms, and the last four absolutely so. Each set was exposed five days. Afterward, when the beam showed the air to be moteless, four more vessels with the same nutritive fluid were exposed for five days, at the end of which time not a trace of a monad could be found in any of them; and bacteria which had been more or less present in all the other instances were only sparsely to be seen. The inference is irresistible, that in regard to the very minute bacteria germs, though we do not yet know how they are produced, nor can we detect them with the microscope, yet they do exist, and remain floating long after all others are deposited.

In the Proceedings of the Royal Society, No. 170, Mr. J. Murray gives a report of the *Challenger* expedition, and remarks especially, with reference to *Globigerina* ooze, that it was not found in any of the inclosed seas in the Southern Ocean, south of latitude 50° south, nor in the North Pacific, north of latitude 10° north. In the Southern Ocean, only one small species was found in the surface waters. The *Globigerina* ooze occurs in irregular patches at depths less than 1800 fathoms, but its presence or absence at greater depths is determined by conditions at present unknown. Some specimens are white, others rose-color, and others red or dark brown, from presence of oxides of iron and manganese.

In the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for January, 1877, Mr. Worthington G. Smith has an interesting paper entitled "Notes on Pollen," and illustrated by four plates, which show how extremely pollen grains differ in size, form, and external marking; giving sometimes a valuable clew to a plant's relationships, though sometimes pointing in various contrary directions, since plants have not descended one from another in a straight line, but possess complicated relationships with plants belonging to several different natural orders.

In the *American Naturalist* for December, Dr. R. H. Ward briefly reviews the exhibition of microscopes at the Centennial Exhibition. The Continental microscopes were chiefly represented by the exhibit of Nachet, the English department by that of Ross, so far as attractiveness of appearance was concerned, for R. and J. Beck's exhibit was more complete, but badly displayed; Crouch also exhibited a full series of instruments of excellent workmanship, and at moderate prices. The only American display of any note was by Zeutmayer, of Philadelphia. Messrs. Bausch and Lomb, of Rochester, however, exhibited a large series of entirely new designs, elaborated under charge of E. Gundlach, formerly of Germany, and chiefly remarkable for excellent workmanship and high optical qualities at greatly reduced price. The other American exhibitors were T. H. M'Allister, George Wale, and J. W. Queen and Co. Powell and Lealand, Hartnack, Zeiss, Spencer, and Tolles were conspicuous by their absence.

In *Anthropology*, Mr. G. D. Thane, in an illustrated description of the brain of a gorilla, taken from photographs by Dr. Bolan, compares the upper, the outer, and the inner surface of the brain in the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, Bush-woman, and European: "The frontal lobes of the gorilla are broad, and show a remarkable approximation to the square form of the human brain. The length of the hemisphere being 100, the distance in a horizontal line from the anterior extremity to the upper end of the fissure of Rolando—*i. e.*, the extreme length of the frontal lobe being *a*, thence to the parieto-occipital fissure, length of the parietal lobe, being *b*, and from that to the hinder extremity, occipital lobe, being *c*—we obtain:

	a.	*b.*	*c.*
Gorilla	57	29	14
Chimpanzee	49	28	23
Orang	52	27	21
Bush-woman	65	17.5	17.5
European	57	23	20

In the Journal of the Anthropological Institute for October, 1876, Dr. Comrie describes the New Guinea tribes living on the coast between East Cape and Astrolabe Bay. Fifteen crania are accurately reported. The average height of the people is five feet one and three-quarter inches. The hair is not tufted, is tape-like, and elaborately dressed. The skin is lighter colored than that of the inland tribes. In addition to their physical peculiarities, Dr. Comrie has graphically described their government and religion, dwell-

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ings, social customs, dress and ornaments, implements, weapons, and food.

Under the direction of the Rev. J. S. Whitmee, a series of Polynesian grammars and dictionaries is being compiled by the missionaries at work in the various groups. They are intended to furnish the material of a comparative Malayo-Polynesian grammar and dictionary, which Mr. Whitmee will prepare in person.

Dr. Hermann Heinrich Ploss has published recently in Stuttgart an anthropological study in two volumes, entitled *Das Kind in Brauch und Sitte der Völker*. The object of this elaborate work is to record systematically every custom and belief in Germany referring to maternity, and the treatment of children in birth, baptism, naming, etc., and to compare these with similar practices among peoples in different grades of culture. Special treatises of this kind are exceedingly valuable to the student of comparative culture in making up his results.

The course of free lectures on anthropology by the Institute at Paris opened under the most favorable auspices. M. De Mortillet, lecturer on archæology, divides his subject into Times, Ages, Periods, and Epochs. The Times, actual or geological, are prehistoric, protohistoric, and historic. The last two embrace the age of iron, the Merovingian, Roman, and Galatian periods. The prehistoric time is divided into the age of bronze and the age of stone. The age of bronze is called the Bohemian period, and the age of stone is divided into the neolithic, the paleolithic, and the eolithic periods. The Merovingian period comprises the Wabenian, the Merovingian, the Burgundian, and the Germanic epochs; the Roman period, the Champdolian and Lugdunian epochs; the Galatian, the Marnian and the Hallstattian epochs; the Bohemian, the Lamaudian and Morgian epochs; the neolithic, the Robenhausian epoch; the paleolithic, the Magdalenian, the Solutréan, the Moustérian, and the Acheulean epochs; the eolithic, the Thenaisian epoch. As we regard the thorough division of labor in this free course of lectures, we can not help mourning over the backwardness of our own country in all such matters.

Zoology.—Among recent contributions to the developmental history of animals is a paper on the development of a sea-cucumber (*Cucumaria doliolum*). After fecundation the nucleus diminishes, and becomes a mere drop of protoplasm, inside which a germinal speck appears in an hour or two. The segmentation of the yolk goes on until 250 cylindrical flagellate cells are formed. After the formation of the single-layered blastoderm, the embryo breaks through the egg skin, and swims freely by means of its ciliated membrane. As the flagella gradually disappear, its activity is reduced to a backward and forward motion, and when the tentacles are protruded, it sinks to the ground, and moves only by crawling. The early development of the mammalian embryo (the cat) is treated of by Mr. E. A. Schaefer in the Proceedings of the Royal Society.

Under the title of "Scientific Results of the Exploration of Alaska by the Parties under the Charge of W. H. Dall," Vol. I., No. 1, Mr. Dall has begun the publication of the results of his researches on the marine animals of the Northwest. The present number contains an introductory note on the marine faunal regions of the North Pacific, and an article on the extrusion of the seminal products in limpets, with remarks on the phylogeny of the *Docoglossa*, by Mr. Dall, while a report on the Hydroid polyps, illustrated with ten plates, is contributed by Mr. S. F. Clark.

Important papers on the anatomy of the sea stars and urchins have been published by R. Teuscher in the Jena *Zeitschrift*, illustrated by excellent plates. The last number contains a useful *résumé* of his researches on the circulatory, water, and nervous systems, and on the integument.

The fresh-water crustacea of Illinois have been enumerated and new forms described by Mr. S. A. Forbes in the Bulletin of the Illinois Museum of Natural History, No. 1. A number of new cray-fish are described, and it would seem as if there was no limit to the number of species of this genus. The same journal contains a list of the grasshoppers of Illinois by Professor Cyrus Thomas, and a partial catalogue of the fishes of Illinois by E. W. Nelson.

In a late memoir on the fauna of water deprived of light, M. Ph. de Rougemont, in his studies on the crustaceans *Gammarus puteanus* and *Asellus sieboldiv*, also the snail *Hydrobius*, brings out the fact of the excessive development of the organs of smell in these animals, in which the eye is either absent or very rudimentary.

Some entomological papers of importance appear in the last Berlin *Entomologischer Zeitschrift*, especially certain notes on deformities in insects, mostly beetles. In 1875 H. Mocquérys published an account of twenty such cases among beetles.

A sketch of the habits of a sand-darter (*Pleurolepis pellucidus*), which lives in Western rivers, is given in the *American Naturalist* by Messrs. Jordan and Copeland. Before the publication of the paper, the latter gentleman, Mr. Herbert E. Copeland, died from the effects of exposure in collecting and studying the fishes of Indiana.

The natural history of the Fanning Islands is discussed by Dr. T. H. Streets in the February number of the *American Naturalist*. It contains some fresh and new facts regarding the habits of the birds, particularly a lory (*Coriphilus kuhli*), and certain sea birds, particularly the gannet, which build in low shrubbery.

Wallace's work, *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, will command the attention of naturalists from the treasury of facts it contains relative to the present distribution of life on the globe, and from the great importance he attributes to past changes in the contour of islands and continents, which have both produced extinctions of old forms and the origination of new organisms. It is the outcome of the hints given us in the author's *Malay Peninsula*, and is written in the light of recent geological views and the theory of evolution. The general conclusions of the book are that the present distribution of life is due to geological changes, and that "the greatest and most radical differences in the productions of any part of the globe must be dependent on isolation by the most effectual and most permanent barriers. That ocean which has remained broadest and deepest from the most remote geological epochs will separate countries the productions of which most widely and radically differ, while the most recently depressed seas or the last-formed mountain ranges will separate countries the productions of which are almost or quite identical."

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It is a little curious that the name of Humboldt, the founder of the science of the geographical distribution of life, is not once mentioned in Mr. Wallace's work, nor even the names of Dana, Schou, Berghaus, or Schmarda, who have done their part, particularly Dana, in laying down the laws of the geographical distribution of animals as well as plants. Mr. Wallace ignores quite completely the influence of temperature in the distribution of life. He relies entirely on past geological changes and consequent migrations—while we should add to this factor one of nearly equal importance, that of temperature. Mr. Wallace adopts Sclater's arbitrary divisions for his "regions," which divisions ignore the great similarity in the circumpolar life of the two hemispheres, the result of the glacial period. We would contend that much of Mr. Wallace's work is based on hypothesis, and not on existing facts of temperature, and that his general conclusions and his division of the earth into zoological regions are based too much on what was the probable distribution of life at the close of the tertiary period rather than at the close of the quaternary.

While the work is indispensable to the working naturalist, it will attract the general reader by the interest of the subject and the author's clear and happy style of dealing with a mass of hitherto undigested facts.

In *Botany*, we have to record a paper read by Professor Asa Gray before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in which new American species were described, and figures given of *Arctomecon californicum* and *Canbya candida*. De Candolle, in the Bulletin of the Botanical Society of France, discusses the method of describing the spiral arrangement of plants. Kamienski, of Warsaw, gives an account of the development of the *Utricularieæ*, accompanied by good plates. Dr. Hermann Banke has published an essay on the pycnidia of fungi. By artificial culture he was able to watch the development of the pycnidial spores of several species, and confirms the views of Tulasne that, in most instances, pycnidia are forms of species of *Pyrenomycetes*.

In the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Cracow, Janczewski has two papers; one on the development of two new nostocs, and one on the terminal growth of the roots of *Angiosperms*. He finds that sieve-cells are always present in the roots of *Angiosperms*, but always wanting in those of *Gymnosperms*. In a third paper on Fermentation, Brefeld discusses the two questions, In what vegetable organisms does alcoholic fermentation naturally take place? and Can the phenomena of fermentation, where it does not arise naturally, be produced artificially? In answer to the first question, he states that *Mucor racemosus* and *Mucor stolonifer* produce alcoholic fermentation, although to a much less marked extent than the yeast plant.

Engineering.—A meeting of persons interested in canal navigation was lately held in Buffalo to devise measures for improving the efficiency of their water ways as a means of traffic. Several systems of steam propulsion were discussed, and among others the Belgian cable-towing plan was warmly advocated, and additional steps suggested for its general introduction.

The English journals are full of comments on the late competitive trials of continuous brakes. The system of Mr. Westinghouse appears to have met with as great favor abroad as at home. It has just been adopted by the North British Railway Company.

The editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, who has devoted great labor to the elaboration of reliable statistics of our domestic coal production, has lately published a series of tables of great value, from which we glean the following: The total production of coal in the United States was for the year ending December 31, 1874—anthracite, 21,684,386 tons (of 2240 lbs.); bituminous, 25,330,539 tons; post-carboniferous, 799,000 tons. For the year ending December 31, 1875—anthracite, 20,654,509 tons; bituminous, 26,031,726 tons; post-carboniferous, 827,000 tons. Total of all kinds for 1874, 47,813,925 tons; for 1875, 47,513,235 tons. Our authority affirms that it is too early to estimate with any degree of dependence the production of 1876, but believes that it will reach to about 45,500,000 tons, showing a deficiency of about 2,500,000 tons as compared with the figures of 1875. He further states that the total production of Pennsylvania anthracite, from the commencement of its mining and shipment, amounts to 360,564,832 gross tons. His estimate of anthracite production for 1876, it may be added, is 19,000,000 tons—figures which he believes will not vary one per cent. from the truth.

Our contemporary, the *Railroad Gazette*, in a late issue gives the following details of the construction of the 2442½ miles of new railroad completed in the United States during the year 1876—to wit:

	Miles.		Miles.
Maine	20	Rhode Island	9
Massachusetts	5	New York	69¼
Connecticut	7	Pennsylvania	90⅛
New Jersey	84	Virginia	10
Maryland	15	South Carolina	17
North Carolina	43	Mississippi	10
Georgia	44	Arkansas	49
Texas	387⅛	Tennessee	7⅛
Indian Territory	2	Ohio	270
Kentucky	188	Indiana	72⅛
Michigan	46	Wisconsin	123⅛
Illinois	49	Iowa	86⅛
Minnesota	84	Missouri	109⅛
Nebraska	52	Colorado	154⅛
Kansas	76	California	350⅛
New Hampshire	9¼		

making an aggregate of 76,640 miles in the Union at the termination of the year above named. Of the above, there was a total of 537 miles of narrow-gauge road constructed during the year.

The secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association has just published in the *Bulletin* the figures of pig-iron production for the year 1876, which show a total make of 2,050,000 net tons, as compared with 2,266,581 net tons in 1875—a decrease of 216,581 net tons, or about ten per cent. Of this total production of 1876, 287,000 tons were charcoal, 777,000 tons anthracite, and 986,000 tons bituminous coal and coke pig-iron. Our imports of pig-iron in 1876 were about 50,000 net tons. In 1875 they aggregated 66,000 net tons. Our exports of pig-iron in 1876 amounted to about 4000 net tons, against 8700 net tons in 1875.

Dr. Rudolph Wagner, in a paper on the chemical industries at the Centennial Exhibition, reaffirms the opinion expressed in his review of the same department at Vienna in 1873, that the ammonia-soda process is destined to work a revolution in this industry. He attributes the want of success met with by certain German manufacturers who had introduced the process, to inexperience and an unfortunate selection of superintendents.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of February.—Little has been done in Congress except in connection with the counting of the electoral vote. The bill prescribing the method of counting the vote, of which a summary was given in our last Record, was passed by both Houses—in the House of Representatives, January 26, by a vote of 191 to 86; in the Senate, January 25, by a vote of 47 to 17. The opposition to the bill proceeded mainly from prominent Republicans, both in the debate and in the vote. In the House, 158 Democrats and 33 Republicans voted in favor of the bill, while 18 Democrats and 68 Republicans voted against it. In the Senate, there was only one Democratic vote against the bill, the Republican vote standing 21 for and 16 against. The bill was signed by the President, January 29. On the 30th the Senate and the House each elected five members to serve on the Electoral Commission, the Senate electing Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman, and Bayard, and the House electing Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Garfield, and Hoar. On the 31st, a communication was received by both Houses from the four United States Associate Justices—Clifford, Miller, Field, and Strong—chosen as members of the judicial branch of the Commission, announcing that they had chosen as the fifth member Associate Justice Joseph P. Bradley. The joint convention of Congress to count the electoral vote assembled in the hall of the House of Representatives, February 1. The President of the Senate proceeded to open the certificates of the several States in their alphabetical order. The votes from six States having been counted, that of Florida was reached, from which State there were three certificates that, under the provisions of the Electoral Bill, were submitted to the Electoral Commission. Two questions were raised in the Commission, and fully debated by counsel on either side: First, whether evidence should be admitted going back of the State returns; and second, as to the eligibility of F. C. Humphreys, one of the electors. On the 7th, the Commission decided the first of these questions in the negative, and after hearing evidence as to the eligibility of Humphreys, that body, by a vote of 8 to 7, resolved to report Florida as for Hayes and Wheeler. Upon the reception of this report in joint convention, objection being offered in due form, the two Houses separated. Re-assembling, February 12, the two Houses not concurring in the objection to the decision of the Commission, the vote of Florida was counted for Hayes and Wheeler. The count then proceeded until the double returns from Louisiana were presented, when these were referred to the Commission. The decision of the Commission, reached February 16, was the same, and sustained by the same vote as in the case of Florida. On the 20th, the vote of Louisiana was, in joint convention, recorded for Hayes and Wheeler, and the count proceeded until the vote of Michigan was reached, to which objection was made, but not being sustained by both Houses, the count proceeded. Objection was made to the vote of Nevada, but was not sustained. On the 21st, Oregon was reached in the count, and the returns from that State went to the Commission. On the 24th, Oregon was counted for Hayes and Wheeler.

In the House, January 31, resolutions were passed declaring Colorado a State, and admitting to a seat in the House Mr. Belford as Representative of that State.

The Invalid Pension Bill has become a law. The Consular and Diplomatic Bill has passed both Houses, and awaits the President's signature. The Navy, the Deficiency, the Legislative, the Indian, the Fortification, the Post-office, and the Military Academy bills are in conference.

A message was received in the House from the President, February 3, recommending the early resumption of specie payment. On the 22d, Senator Sherman reported a bill to the same effect.

A bill appropriating $250,000 for the erection of a national museum has been passed by both Houses.

Judge David Davis, of the United States Supreme Court, was elected, January 25, United States Senator from Illinois. Benjamin H. Hill, Representative from Georgia, was, January 26, elected United States Senator from that State.

The British Parliament was opened by the Queen in person, February 8.

The German Reichstag was opened by the Emperor, February 22.

Negotiations for a treaty of peace have been arranged between Turkey and Servia.

DISASTERS.

February 5.—News received of the foundering of the steamer *George Washington* off Cape Race. Loss of twenty-five lives.

February 16.—News of the loss of the steamship *George Cromwell* off Cape Race. Thirty lives lost.

January 28.—Fire in a colliery near Bolton, England. Fifteen lives lost.

February 14.—Colliery explosion at Graissessac, France. Fifty-five lives lost.

OBITUARY.

January 28.—In Philadelphia, Signor Antonio Blitz, the prestidigitateur, aged sixty-seven years.

February 6.—In San Francisco, Rear-Admiral James Alden, of the United States navy.

February 7.—In New York, Professor Henry B. Smith, professor in the Union Theological Seminary, aged sixty-one years.

February 8.—In Washington, Rear-Admiral Charles Wilkes, one of the oldest officers in the United States navy, aged seventy-six years.

February 10.—In Washington, Rear-Admiral Theodorus Bailey, of the United States navy, aged seventy-two years.

February 18.—In Annapolis, Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, of the United States navy, aged seventy-one years.

February 20.—In Washington, Rear-Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough, of the United States navy, aged seventy-two years.

February 11.—In London, England, Sir William Fergusson, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, aged sixty-nine years.

February 14.—In Paris, France, Nicholas Changarnier, the senior general in the French Army, aged eighty-four years.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE brightest Scotchman of his time, who allied wit to wisdom—Lord Neaves—has recently deceased at the ripe age of seventy-six. He was the oldest member of the Scotch College of Justice. He was the last, if not the best, of a set of jovial Edinburgh pessimists, who wore wigs till five o'clock in the afternoon, then threw them aside for "soft nights and splendid dinners," at which they cracked innumerable jokes, improvised innumerable verses, passed innumerable bottles, quoted Horace and Anacreon, and at an early hour in the morning declared the country had gone to the dogs. Lord Neaves was present at the dinner at which Scott lifted up the mask of the "Great Unknown;" he "assisted" at the dinner at which, under the presidency of Wilson, Edinburgh did honor to Dickens; he was chairman at the dinner at which Edinburgh did honor to Thackeray; he was, in fact, the best public and private diner-out of his city and country; his oratory and the songs of his own composing and singing were the delight of every company he entered; and when in these later years old age forbade him the luxury of late hours, and the announcement of "Lord Neaves's carriage" interrupted that flow of soul which to intelligent auditors was in its own way a feast of reason, a loss was felt in the crowded drawing-room which no symphony or fantasia, however brilliantly executed, could supply.

Lawyers have a fancy for making dryly humorous verses about their professional avocations; witness the *Leading Cases Done into English* and Outram's *Legal Lyrics*, both published within the last few years. But Neaves was a great deal more than a mere legal versifier; he was, after a fashion, the anticipator of the *vers de société* of the future, and certain lispers of "Boudoir Ballads," who can write of nothing but some "darling little" imbecility in seal-skin or muslin, would probably put a gag into the mouth of their Muse after reading the verses of Neaves. He has not the light touch of some writers of such verse; he probably had no interest in such a being as Thackeray's Peg of Limavaddy, though

> Braided is her hair,
> Soft her look and modest;
> Slim her little waist,
> Comfortably bodiced.

Nor could he have so gently as Praed rebuked sectarianism:

> I think, while zealots fast and frown,
> And fight for two or seven,
> That there are fifty roads to town,
> And rather more to heaven.

Neaves is more in earnest on certain questions, perhaps because the people he attacks were also more in earnest. Thus he does not hesitate to describe Sabbatarians who are resolutely "unhappy on Sunday" as being "zealots made up of stiff clay." But in the society of the future, when people generally, and women specially, shall have reached a higher educational level, it may be taken for granted that *vers de société*, instead of gushing over the waists or the furs of "dear girls," or mildly satirizing social peccadilloes, will seek to cause intellectual excitement by presenting the humorous side of topics of general interest—will, in fact, do for society what *Punch* does for the ordinary public. It is in such verses that Lord Neaves especially excels. From his own point of view, his description of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's measure, as

> A little simple bill,
> That wishes to pass *incog.*,
> To *permit* me to *prevent* you
> From having your glass of grog,

although unfortunately hackneyed, is perfect. Then, although we by no means agree with Lord Neaves's comic refutations of the theories of Mr. Mill and Mr. Darwin, there is, of course, a comic side to the evolution hypothesis and modern cerebro-psychology; and if it is right that such should be given, what could be neater or even fairer than the nonsense about

> A deer with a neck that was longer by half
> Than the rest of the family (try not to laugh)
> By stretching and stretching became a giraffe—
> Which nobody can deny.

Take, again, such verses as this, from "Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter:"

> But had I skill like Stuart Mill,
> His own position I could shatter;
> The weight of Mill I count as Nil,
> If Mill has neither Mind nor Matter.
> Mill, when *minus* Mind and Matter,
> Though he made a kind of chatter,
> Must himself first mount the shelf,
> And there be laid with Mind and Matter.

Or this, from "Platonic Paradoxes," as good things as which can be got out of such pieces as "The Leather Bottel," "Dust and Disease," "The Origin of Language," etc., and from other pieces with which Neaves's name is not yet identified:

> There can nothing be left
> Where no property's left
> To give Meum and Tuum their weight O;
> And when all's a dead level,
> Starvation and revel
> Alike are excluded by Plato.
> These Communist doctrines of Plato
> Have again come into fashion of late O!
> But the makers of money,
> The hoarders of honey,
> Won't be pleased with these prospects of Plato.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

> KNEELING beside her 'mid a kneeling throng
> In the dim twilight of the temple, where
> The Easter buds, scent-laden, filled the air
> With sweet aroma, and the solemn song,
> Low chanted, floated through the holy place,
> I watched the curtains of her melting eyes
> Veil their soft radiance, and o'er that fair face
> Stole reverent stillness, as with gentle sighs
> Sins from her sinless lips were soon confessed.
> (Ah, fairest saint, were all sins but as thine!)
> Then lifting her white forehead from its pillowed rest,
> Turning her sad sweet visage, pure with thought divine,
> She murmured, bending toward me as I sat,
> "Charles, Mrs. Smith yet wears her winter hat!"

THIS little dramatic incident, so very French, comes to us by the last steamer:

A French soldier was sitting, a short time back, on the summit of a hill overlooking a garrison town; his horse was picketed near by; the man was smoking leisurely, and from time to time glancing from the esplanade to a big official envelope he had in his hand. A comrade passed by, and said, "What are you doing there?"

"I am bearing the President M'Mahon's pardon for our friend Flichmann, who is to be shot this morning," replied the smoker. "Well, then,

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you should hurry along with your pardon," said his comrade.

"Oh no. See, there is hardly a soul on the esplanade, and the firing platoon has not yet been formed. You surely would not have me rob my appearance of all dramatic effect?"

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Solomon Schaff was a cunning knave,
Eager to make and ready to save,
Fond as a barber might be of a "shave,"
If only the law its sanction gave.
Now the reason for this recital
Is merely to show that in saving his pelf
This cunning sharper outwitted himself,
And met with a fit requital.

On his fortieth birthday Solomon Schaff
Began to dream of a "better half,"
And to tire of his bachelor living;
Of course, as *he* was abnormally thin,
He fancied a fair one with double chin.
"I'm lean and she's fat,
There's profit in that,"
Quoth he; "I get more than I'm giving."

"Courtship's a very extravagant thing,"
Said Solomon Schaff. "She'll look for a ring,
For bonbons, bouquets, and all that;
But shall *I* waste my cash
On such profitless trash?
No, indeed, I'm too sharp for a flat!"

Howe'er, when the wedding day drew near,
Mr. Schaff was seized with a bright idea,
So he found out an artist needy.
"I want a portrait, you want some cash,"
Briefly he said to young Rubens Flash;
"A half-length will do,
That's half-price for you,
You'd better agree, you're so seedy."

Well, Flash was in want, so the bargain was struck.
"Ho! ho!" said Solomon, "I'm in luck!"
And he scarce could smother a titter.
Flash worked away like a busy elf,
But he whistled softly and laughed to himself,
As he gazed at his scheming sitter.

A week had sped, then, to Schaff's delight,
Flash wrote thus: "*Your picture is finished quite,*
And sent as you gave me direction,
Most carefully packed, to Miss Caroline Reed;
Please hand to the bearer the price as agreed,
And be sure, worthy friend,
Such a present must tend
To increase her respect and affection."

Quickly the check was written and sent,
And the evening brought Solomon, well content,
To sit by the side of his charmer;
But, alas! what a cruel reversal is this!
She turns away from his proffered kiss,
And with looks of scorn
She bids him "Begone!"
As if his mere presence could harm her.

"What is it?" poor Solomon, wondering, cries.
The lady surveys him with wrathful surprise,
Then suddenly raising a curtain:
"Your present!" in angriest tones she exclaimed;
And there stood a picture most showily framed,
But veiled in a shadow uncertain.

Nearer, still nearer, then Solomon drew,
But he started aghast—what is this meets his view?
A half-length the artist had painted;
But, dreadful to tell, the *half* that Flash chose
Began at Sol's watch chain and stopped at his toes!

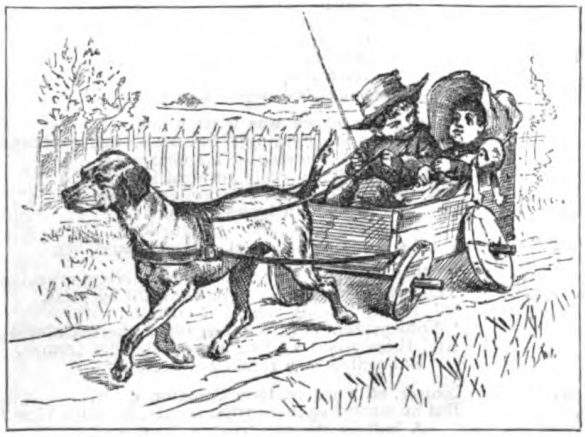


SOLOMON SCHAFF'S PORTRAIT.

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'Twas too fearful a joke!
Poor Schaff never spoke,
But prone on the carpet he fainted.

My story is told—
Miss Reed, stern and cold,
Would listen to no explanation;
And Solomon's life
Was uncheered by a wife,
To his own great chagrin and vexation.



"BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

THE late Admiral Bailey was a hero of the war of the rebellion whose modesty was almost equal to his courage. After the capture of New Orleans, at a dinner given at the Astor House, in New York, he was called upon to reply to the toast of "The Navy," the president of the occasion prefacing the sentiment with some deservedly eulogistic remarks. As in duty bound, the old sailor straightened himself up for the task, first taking a nipper of Champagne to give him a "Dutch courage" he never required in battle. "Mr. President," he said, "and gentlemen — hem — thank ye." And then, after a long pause, during which he took a fore-and-aft survey of the table, he continued: "Well, I suppose you want to hear about that New Orleans affair?" "Yes! yes!" echoed through the hall, amidst the clatter of glasses and the stamping of feet. "Well, d'ye see, this was the way of it," resumed the orator, hitching up his trowsers, and taking another pull at his sparkling assistant. "We were laying down the river, below the forts, and Farragut he—he signaled us to go in and take 'em. Being as we were already hove short, it didn't take much time to get under way, so that wasn't so much of a job as you seem to think; and then the engineers they run the ships, so all we had to do was to blaze away when we got up to the forts, and take 'em, according to orders. That's just all there was about it." And the concise narrator, feeling that he had accomplished every thing demanded of him, sat down in the midst of thunders of applause.

THE admiral was once cited as a witness in a civil lawsuit, an ordeal to which he was totally unaccustomed; but he had read about judges and juries, and had conceived an extravagant idea of the solemn position of a witness upon the stand. This impression was confirmed by the proffered warnings of some of his nautical friends, who cautioned him to beware of the tricks of the lawyers, who did not go about their business in the straightforward way of courts-martial, but were always intent upon making a witness contradict himself, and thus convict him of being a liar and a perjurer. Nothing could be more calculated to alarm the conscientious old salt than the prospect of having his own word questioned by himself. He could not sleep, and he lost his appetite, until the day of trial. At last it came, and he was called to the stand. The first question asked after being sworn—a process which did not trouble him, but rather gave him confidence, as he was accustomed to an occasional oath—was,

"What is your name?"

Here was a matter for deep reflection and for a study of the probable disposition of the lawyer to make him forswear himself. He carefully weighed every consideration in his mind, and was seemingly lost in abstraction, until the question was repeated, sharply and incisively,

"What is your name, Sir?"

There was no more time allowed for reflection, and the answer was jerked out of him like the spasmodic heavings of the capstan on breaking ground:

"The-o-do-rus Bailey—*or words to that effect.*"



WEARY TRAVELLER. "Is either of these seats disengaged, madam?"

And he added, after a long breath, "If that's perjury, make the most of it. I won't say another ——— word to criminate myself!"

AFTER his active services in the war, Admiral Bailey was stationed in command of the Navy-

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yard near Portsmouth, New Hampshire. One Christmas-day he came up to attend worship in St. John's Church, in that town. There was to be a Sunday-school gathering after service, and the rector, having seen the admiral in the audience, conceived the idea that he could "ring him in" to be of use upon the occasion; so he fell aboard of him before he could get out of the door.

"Admiral," said he, grasping his hand, "I am delighted to see you here; and now we are about to have a little celebration by our Sunday-school, we should all be so much pleased [here was an extra squeeze of the old man's flipper] to have you say a few words to the children. Won't you?" (Another squeeze.)

Now a Sunday-school was an affair as new to him, if not as formidable, as a court-room. He rapidly cast about in his mind the chances of "tricks that are vain" being played upon him, and though he came to the conclusion that he was safe on this score, he naturally objected to appearing in the new character of a Sunday-school teacher. So he declined the invitation, with thanks. But the rector was loath to forego the opportunity of seizing upon his distinguished hearer and making him useful to his purposes.

"Oh, now, admiral," he urged, persuasively, "only say a few words; the children would be *so* gratified, and you could not refuse the little lambs of the flock," and the squeeze was like that of a vise. He was an insinuating, unctuous preacher, and such are always successful. He at last conquered the admiral, as he had long ago conquered every woman of his parish. It was in vain for him to insist that he knew not what to say, and that he could not say what he did know. All these objections were met by a persuasive look and a beseeching "Do!" The result was that the victim was led into the school-room, and introduced to the youthful audience as "our distinguished friend, who takes a deep interest in your welfare, and will address you."

There was no exhilarating glass now by his side on which he could rely for inspiration, and all he could depend upon was his plug of tobacco and the jerk at his waistband. The little wistful eyes gazing at his face melted his heart, but they could not thaw out his voice. Quite as much embarrassed as before the court, though from different emotions, he commenced: "Chil'n, your rector wants me to say a few words on this occasion. Well, chil'n, this is a great day—a very great day. Yes, it's a great day—one of the greatest days out. In fact, I call it the greatest. It is very great indeed—remarkably so. There isn't any day like it—can't find one any where. As I said before, it's a—very—great day!" After a considerable pause, in which he realized that he had stood on this tack about long enough, he continued, as if warming up to his subject, "Yes, chil'n, this is a day you ought always to remember, for it's the day on which our Lord died to save your souls!" At this point he felt a sudden pull upon his coat tails, and looking around at the rector behind him, he exclaimed, "Well, what's up now?"

"Why, admiral," replied the clergyman, "this is not Good-Friday; it is Christmas, the day on which our Lord was born."

Abashed, but defiant, the orator turned upon him with, "How do you know, parson? You were not there. That's a difference of doctrine. I was brought up a Presbyterian, and we don't agree with your Church about it. But if you think you can run this Sunday-school better than I can, just take the wheel yourself!" And then he sat down, and wiping the perspiration from his figure-head, congratulated himself upon having his watch relieved so much to his own satisfaction.



PARTIALITY.



TRYING IT ON.

"Golly! no wonder Missus don't git up till 10 o'clock!"

Recently a justice of the peace in Michigan, having been hunted up with some difficulty by a telegraphic messenger with a dispatch announcing his father's death, refused to pay the charge of one dollar for delivery. He said, "I ain't going to pay for that news, for I've been expecting the old man to die for some time."

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"For I was a Widdy Woman, and he was a Widdy Man."

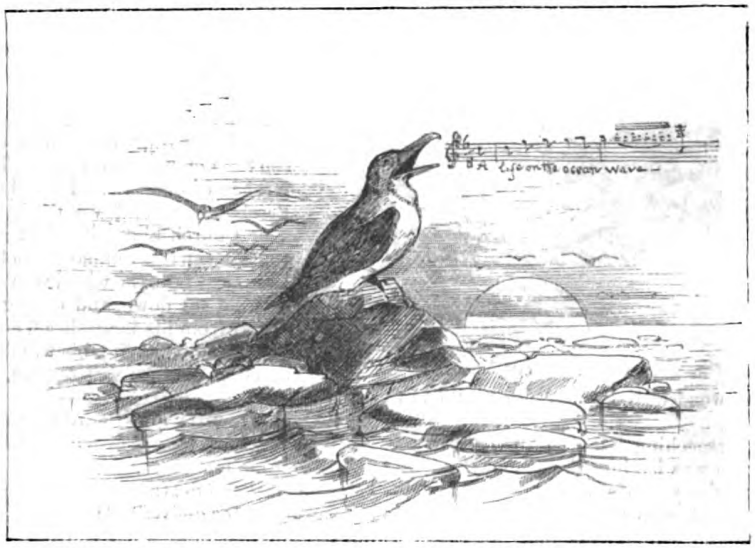
WHY BIDDY AND PAT MARRIED.

"Oh, why did you marry him, Biddy?
Why *did* you take Pat for your spouse?
Sure he's neither purty nor witty,
And his hair is as red as a cow's!
You might had your pick had you waited;
You done a dale better with Tim;
And Phelim O'Toole was expectin'—
You couldn't do better nor him.
You talk of us young people courtin'—
Pray tell how *your* courtin' began,
When you were a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

"Tim and Pat, miss, ye see, was acquainted
Before they came over the sea,
When Pat was a-courtin' Norah,
And Tim was a-courtin' me.
She did not know much, the poor Norah,
Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat;
He had not the instinct of *some one*,
But no one had then told him that;
But he soon found it out for himself,
For life at best's but a span—
When I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"I helped him to take care of Norah,
And when he compared her with me,
He saw, as he whispered one evening,
What a woman *one* woman could be.
She went out like the snuff of a candle;
Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together—
It was such a comfort to him.
I was not alone in my weeping,
Our tears in the same channel ran—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, mavourneen,
Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;
And we both knew by this what we wanted,
And were willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married,
And before the long twelvemonth had flown
We had made up our minds it was better
Not to live any longer alone:
We wasted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, miss, and Master Dan—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."



"This Music crept by me upon the Waters."—*Shakspeare's Tempest.*

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXIV.—MAY, 1877.—Vol. LIV.

OUR FAMILIAR BIRDS.

[Second Paper.]

IN a former paper I gave my experience with some of the familiar birds of the North. I will now try to put in words my experience with the familiar birds of the South. But no pen nor pencil can portray the wonderful beauty and charming ways of these bright denizens of the Florida groves.

The birds of Florida are more numerous and more brilliant in plumage than their Northern relatives, but with all their beautiful dress and coquettish ways, they can not win me from the earlier, deeper love that draws me to the more soberly attired songsters of the North.



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

My observations are confined to the birds which frequent the grounds connected with the cottage where I reside. The cottage is situated on the banks of the St. Johns River, surrounded with native trees: live and water oaks and the great-flowered magnolia (*Magnolia grandiflora*) form the larger part of the grove. A hedge of Spanish-bayonets (*Yucca aloifolia*) extends along the front of the cottage. The yellow jasmine and other vines cling about the piazzas or trail over trees. These natural advantages, with a little judicious training, make the place a favorite resort for many birds. During six months of the year they are sole possessors of the premises, and by natural right are more at home than the legal proprietors.

It is very amusing to note the curiosity manifested by these feathered denizens upon the arrival of the family. They peer down upon us from their leafy screens, and chatter and warble, or stand out in bold relief, and fairly enchant us with their songs of welcome.

A fine mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*) is king of the grove, but his more immediate dominion is in close proximity to the house. Near the hedge of Spanish-bayonets is a small cypress completely covered by a native grape-vine, forming a pyramid of living green. This is his throne which he mounts, and where he eclipses all the songsters of the grove with his wonderful and varied music, and at the same time he can overlook the hedge, which he considers his exclusive property.

The fruit of the Spanish-bayonet is about the size of the banana, and grows in a large cluster at the top of the plant. When fully ripe it is soft and sweet, and highly relished by many birds. The cardinal-grosbeak, long-billed thrush, and the cat-bird, as well as the mocking-bird, are all fond of the fruit, and sometimes attempt to plunder; but while this tyrant mocking king is on guard, no bird except his mate is allowed to touch it.

His throne forms a very pretty arbor, where he retires at night and during rainy days. When he is away from home I often step in; but he is seldom so far away but that his keen eye sees me, and I hear his scolding note, which I always promptly obey. Nothing will so quickly make a bird familiar as to show him that he can drive us; and following this up with patience and care, he will soon confide in us, and learn our voice, and manifest delight upon meeting us. This

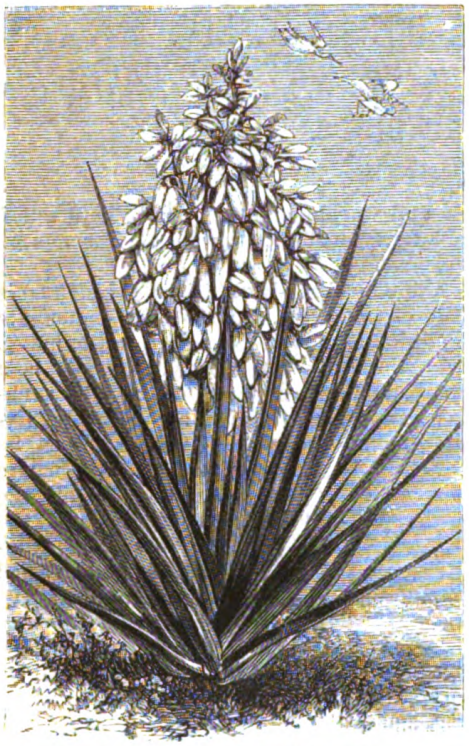
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is specially true of the mocking-bird, and his cousin the cat-bird. But the mocking-bird of East Florida is less confiding than our Northern cat-bird, for the very good reason that he looks upon man as an enemy who



THE SPANISH-BAYONET IN FLOWER.

robs him of his young; and this shyness or distrust upon the part of this glorious bird of song is in a large part attributable to the rapacity of Northern visitors, who sometimes pay as high as fifty dollars for a good singer. As long as this continues we can not expect the birds to confide in us without much care and labor.

Nearly two weeks, with the greatest caution upon my part, were necessary before I could approach this mocking king's dominion without hearing his threatening cry. He seemed determined to keep at a safe distance until he found he could drive me; then he ventured nearer; and now I have gained his confidence, sufficiently so that he listens to my nonsense. He turns his head in a comical manner, first one side and then the other, and looks down upon me in a sort of patronizing way, as if pitying my poor attempts at bird language. Then he raises himself in a dignified manner, and pours forth such a strain of music that I am humbled in his presence.

This characteristic ruling power of the mocking-bird is made available by good observers. A Methodist clergyman, residing across the river, in the neighborhood of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, informs me that a mocking-bird saved his grapes. One bird will do comparatively no damage in a vineyard; he is a light feeder of fruit, and has a habit of returning to the same spot. In the great cluster of fruit of the Spanish-bayonet he works systematically; he does not peck the whole cluster indiscriminately, but takes one berry at a time, and this one lasts him several days. So among grapes, he has a particular spot when he feeds, but he overlooks and takes care of all within his dominion. If these birds are unmolested by man, they will regulate their own affairs so as to assist him.

The clergyman above mentioned had a near neighbor, who, finding a mocking-bird eating his grapes, shot him. Lawlessness now reigned among the birds, and the neighbor kept on shooting until a large number were slaughtered. The result was, he lost all of his grapes.

The most familiar bird that frequents the grounds is the great Carolina wren (*Thryothorus ludovicianus*). This bold and voluble songster is about six inches in length, considerably larger than the house wren (*Troglodytes ædon*), and very inquisitive and egotistic withal. He comes into my study while I sit quietly at the table, and asserts his importance, while he looks me squarely in the eye, and then coolly proceeds to inspect the various things in the room. He peers behind the pictures on the wall and looks in every nook and corner. Evidently he is thinking of taking up permanent quarters in my room, without as much as saying, "By your leave." The mate is more timid; she simply stands in the doorway while her self-complacent lord is making his tour of observation. Yet meek and quiet as she



THE GREAT CAROLINA WREN.

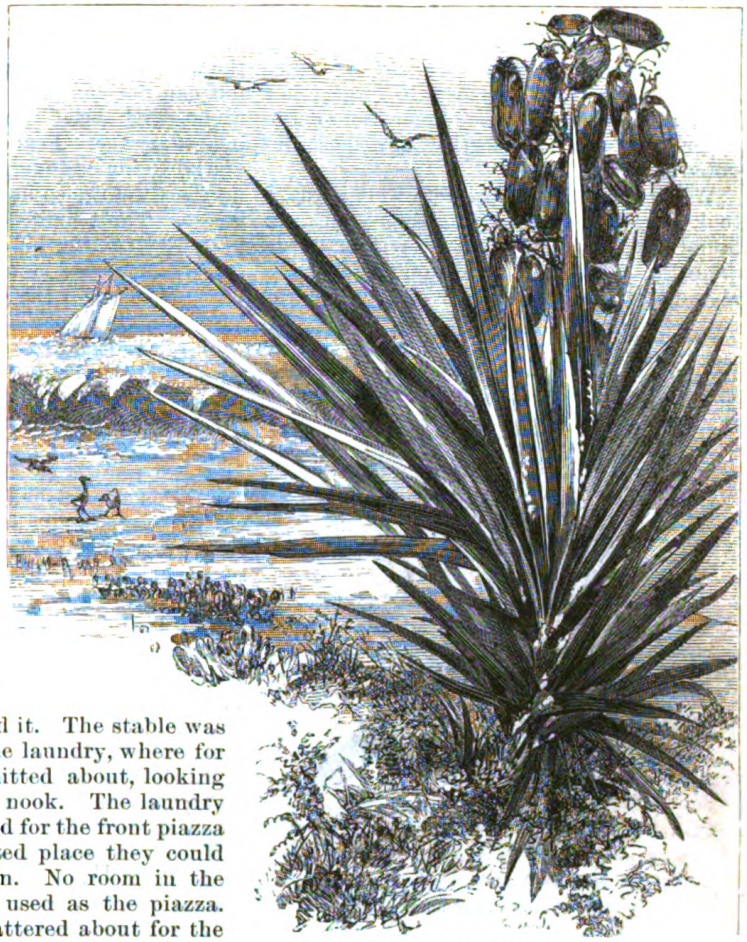
seems, she is, in truth, the master-spirit, and has her own way at last.

My study is a small one-roomed cottage, a few rods distant from the main cottage, embowered in trees, and in this quiet re-

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treat I am visited by many birds, who seem curious to learn whether it is safe to tolerate me.

The wrens were a long time in deciding upon an eligible spot to erect their domicile. The study was abandoned because the door was often closed, and screens at the windows prevented an entrance there. Next the stable was thought of, and they commenced building behind a pile of boxes; but a colored man employed about the stable caught one of the builders, and was carrying it away, when I rescued it. The stable was then given up for the laundry, where for several days they flitted about, looking into every available nook. The laundry was finally abandoned for the front piazza—the most frequented place they could possibly have chosen. No room in the house was so much used as the piazza. Easy-chairs were scattered about for the use of the family and for chance visitors; a table also stood here for the daily mail, where we read and discussed the questions of the day. And here this persistent, wide-awake couple chose to erect their domicile. They commenced building in a corner on the plate just under the roof.



FRUIT OF THE SPANISH-BAYONET.

Unlike the house wren, they do not use sticks in the construction of their nest, but an abundance of the softest material they can get. We had brought from the woods a quantity of a beautiful fern-like moss which we had stripped from decaying logs, and had placed it on the ground beneath one of the trees. This moss, so light and spongy, was just the thing for the little builders—ever so much better than the long gray *Tillandsia* which they had been using. They would alight upon it and chatter over its merits, and both seemed agreed as to its excellent qualities as a building material.

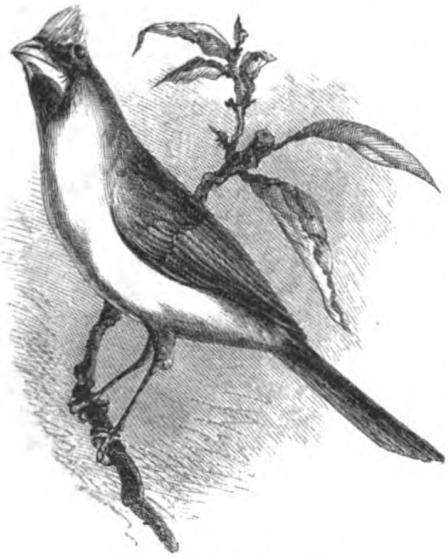
They worked harmoniously together for several days, the male stopping every now and then to express his happiness in a loud, prolonged strain of music. But the female proved very fickle-minded. All at once, without any apparent reason, she changed her mind with regard to the location of the domicile, and chose the other end of the piazza, near where we most frequently sat. Evidently the male did not like this. She had already changed the location several times, and he had quietly submitted, but now he seemed to be reasoning with her, and was determined not to yield to this new whim of hers, and she was as fully bent on having her way. He continued work where they had commenced, and she persistently went on in the other corner. Occasionally he prevailed upon her to come and inspect his work, and with heads close together they would chatter over it. Then he would drop down upon the railing of the piazza, and throw up his head and express his delight in rapturous song. But it was no use; he could not win her back, neither could she prevail upon him to assist her in the other corner; they would meet upon the ground, and chatter over the moss, and then fly with it to their respective corners, looking askance at one another.

The female worked very diligently for more than a week, while the male, with less to do, devoted half his time to song and vain attempts to lure her back. It was May when they finished building; and now

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the male, fairly beaten, yielded gracefully. He accompanied her to her cozy nest, and lovingly chattered over the pearly treasure deposited there; he seemed to forgive her then and there, and no longer visited the other nest, and henceforth was a most devoted partner.

While the little proprietors were away, I took occasion to examine their work. I found both corners filled in with a large quantity of material, and in one side of this abundant mass was the soft symmetrical



THE CARDINAL-GROSBEAK.

nest. The eggs were nearly or quite white. The nest that the male completed was more beautiful than the female's, and how she could have refused such cozy quarters is a mystery.

During the winter a number of cardinal-grosbeaks (*Cardinalis virginianus*) were at home about the grounds, living harmoniously together; but toward spring, as early as February, they began to manifest a quarrelsome disposition, which finally ended in fierce battles. Jealousy seemed to be the sole cause of the disturbances, for they never attacked a bird of any other species.

At last one stands alone, the proud possessor of a quiet, soberly attired partner, who looks up to him as the hero of many hard-won battles. This daring conqueror is of striking appearance, a conspicuous crest ornaments his head, his plumage elegant, with a rich vermilion hue, and a fine musical performer withal, his loud rolling notes even drowning those of the mocking-bird.

They selected a clump of native shrubs close to the study, where they have decided to rear their family. Although the unobtrusive partner attends strictly to her domestic duties, yet this brilliant hero is excessively jealous; he sees a lurking red-coat in the stable—his own image reflected in the window-glass—which he fiercely assails, but can not conquer. From morning until night, with brief intervals, he fights this imaginary foe. Fearing that he will fall a victim to his ungovernable passion, I try to fix the windows so he can no longer see his image. The windows slide in a groove: I push them back; he comes into the stable and looks around astonished, but only for a few moments, for the glass against the dark background of boards still proves a good reflector, so his antagonist has only gone inside, and here the battle is renewed. I frighten him away, but he soon returns—the enemy must be conquered at all hazards. At last I place boards over one window and hang a cloth over another. Now the foe is vanquished! so he tries his powers of song, swells his throat, droops his rosy wings, and makes the whole grove resound, as if in defiance of all lurking enemies, or challenging any red-coat to venture within his domain.

The diminutive ground-dove (*Chamæpeleia passerina*) is also an inhabitant of the grove. This charming species is about six inches in length. The general color is a lustrous steel-blue, but the sides of the head and neck are purplish-red color, more brilliant in the male; slender lines of black ornament the upper surface of the wings, while the under surface is suffused with a bright pink hue. These little doves are fully as tame as most domesticated pigeons.

Like the cardinal-grosbeak, during winter they live together harmoniously in communities; but toward spring the monogamic family relation is assumed, but so quietly do they arrange their domestic affairs that we do not know how or when it is accomplished; we only see that the ranks are thinning. A pair select a new home, and no longer return to the old, notwithstanding the bread and cracker crumbs with which they have been regaled.

Early in April all are gone but one pair, and these are becoming very tame. By the middle of April they no longer appear together—first one and then the other feeds about the door. In their domestic affairs they seem to maintain the same customs as their larger relatives, the male spending full half the time on the nest.

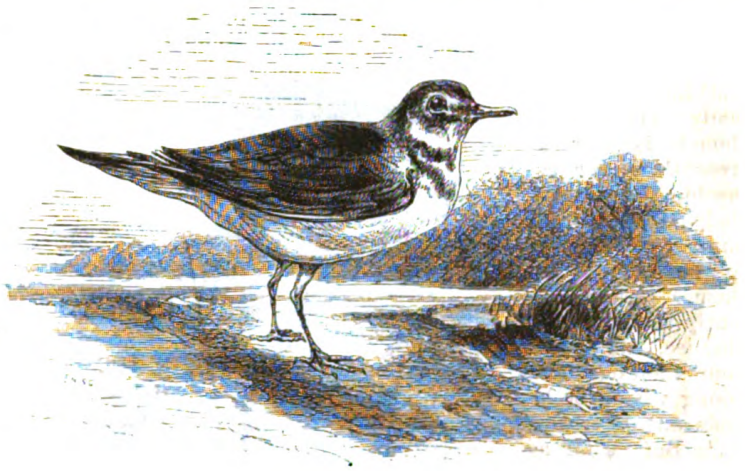
Meek and innocent as they appear, they are altogether too cunning for me. I have spent hours looking for the nest, but they delude and elude me; take me into the most dreadful places, and leave me there—a depth of depravity that I should not expect in such innocent-looking creatures.

While the doves are feeding, almost invariably, a long-billed thrush drops down from a tree, as if curious to know what they are eating; if he comes too close, they raise their

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wings in such a way that the two upper surfaces meet back to back, thus displaying the beautiful rosy tinge beneath. I suppose this is a defensive attitude, but I have never seen them attack any thing; and the thrush, which is larger, would scorn to attack any bird smaller than himself.

The thrush, satisfied that they are not feeding upon any thing which he particularly relishes, takes an acorn and proceeds to pound it on the ground until it is freed from the shell, and then breaks it into dainty bits before swallowing.



KILLDEE PLOVER.

This thrush is a beautiful bird, with fine manners, and a good singer, yet he seems to be a confirmed bachelor. All winter he has been the sole representative of his species, and now, in spring, when all the other denizens of the grove have taken partners, he still remains in single blessedness.

He must be the bird mentioned by Coues, in his *North American Birds*, as the variety of the common brown thrush (*Harporhynchus longirostris*). The locality of this variety is given as occurring in Mexico to the Rio Grande, but it answers exactly to the description of *longirostris*.

During the winter the Florida jay (*Aphelocoma floridana*) is a frequenter of the grove; his shrill cry is echoed from tree to tree, and he goes where he will unmolested. This species is about the size of our well-known blue jay, twelve inches in length, and its habits are similar. The general color is blue, but it is not crested, and the wings are not barred with black, as in the other species.

Notwithstanding the bad reputation of the jays, I must confess to a lurking regard for them. Their plumage is beautiful, and their droll, comical ways are enough to bring a smile upon the face of the most sedate observer.

In the winter the Florida jay was so well behaved—feeding upon acorns of the live and water oaks—that I began to think that he in a measure redeemed the bad reputation of his family. The other feathered denizens of the grove did not molest him, and he in turn seemed peaceably inclined, except upon one occasion, when the taunting tones of a mocking-bird seemed to irritate him. He was answering the cry of a companion from a neighboring tree, when the mocking-bird, perched on his throne of grape-vine, took up the cry in a derisive tone. The jay turns and looks upon the mocker, who, seeing his movement, for a few moments is quiet. The jay renews the colloquy. The mocking-bird, unable to resist a spirit of mischief, cautiously resumes the jeering cry, at first low, not attracting the attention of the jay, but soon he becomes more bold, and raises the key-note. To be mocked at and insulted in this way is too much for the self-conceited jay to pass by without attempting to resent. With a sudden wheel he flies at the derider, who eludes him by slipping beneath his throne; the jay peers beneath, then follows, but the mocking-bird flits out and alights upon a little cypress bending over the river. The jay, satisfied that he is gone, comes out and takes his position on the throne, and recommences his cry. The mimic, not yet quelled, and now thoroughly indignant with the usurper of his throne, mocks him even louder than before. The angry jay again starts after him; he now flies directly out over the river. The river at this point is five miles across. The jay followed only a short distance, returned, and went out of the neighborhood. The mocking-bird made a curve in his flight, and was soon back, looking cautiously around; finally he ventures on the hedge of Spanish-bayonets, and from thence to his throne.

In the spring there is a marked change in the behavior of the jay; he no longer comes openly and boldly upon the grounds, but glides in noiselessly, for he knows the birds of other species in a common interest will concentrate their forces; and as soon as he is discovered, a note of alarm will be sounded, when in flock the troops to the rescue. They seem to come from all quarters; even

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the smaller birds—wrens and sparrows—help to swell the ranks; and the intruder makes an inglorious retreat, followed by the justly indignant guardians of households. Audubon says, "The cardinal-grosbeak will challenge him, and beat him off the ground. The red thrush, the mocking-bird, and many others, although inferior in strength, never allow him to approach their nests with impunity; and the jay, to be even with them, creeps silently to it in their absence, and devours their eggs and young whenever he finds an opportunity." But, as far as my observation extends, he seldom finds an opportunity: nests are not often left unguarded.



KINGFISHER.

A pair of killdee plovers (*Ægialites rociferus*) are at home on the lower terrace adjoining the river. The plumage of this bird is beautiful—a soft orange-brown color on the rump and upper tail coverts, the head white, with a clearly defined black band across the crown, and two others encircling the white neck and breast.

These elegant, graceful creatures are not very trustful; they will not allow a too close familiarity; I have spent much time in trying to cultivate their acquaintance, but they keep a measured distance between us, seeming to say, "So far, and no farther." If I remain very quiet, they sometimes glide along within a few feet of me, with an air of sublime indifference, as if I was scarcely worth a second look. They take their bath and arrange their toilet with me as spectator: wading out into the river a short distance, they plash a while in the water, and then return to the terrace, and spread themselves in the sun to dry; when nearly dry, they arrange their feathers with their stout beaks. They always announce their arrival and departure from the terrace with the not unmusical cry of killdee, killdee! dee, dee, dee!

The belted kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*) is another familiar bird that frequents the grounds. His name indicates his occupation, and a very successful fisher he is. His fishing post is on the railing that runs along the wharf. The wharf extends from the grounds about two hundred and fifty feet into the river. Whether he remains at this post the entire year I do not know; we find him here upon our arrival, and leave him here when we depart for the North. I am inclined to think this his permanent residence; at all events, he objects to being disturbed, as if he had been sole manager too long to yield the ground without a loud protest. If more than one person goes upon the wharf, he leaves with a clang and clatter which sound like a watchman's rattle, and usually flies to the terrace, and alights upon a small tree bending over the water, where he can overlook and watch proceedings. But he does not seem to be afraid of one person alone: if I go upon the wharf unaccompanied, he flits along before me, alighting upon the railing, often not more than fifteen or twenty feet distant, and faces about as if to intimidate me, and I quietly drop upon a seat; for really, with his rumpled crest and fierce-looking black eyes, he looks rather formidable, being a foot or more in length. Seeming to be satisfied that I am under subjection, he goes on with his fishing, in which he is very expert. Motionless he eyes the finny tribes beneath him until one comes within his range to suit his taste, when he dives into the water and brings it up, and now beating it upon the railing until it is quite limp, he swallows it. Small fish-scales are scattered along the entire length of the railing, where he has dressed his fish preparatory to taking his meals.

Notwithstanding the public wharf is only a few rods distant, with the confusion and noise consequent upon the landing of steamers, and crowds of people so near, yet this intrepid fisher continues his occupation as unconcerned as if alone in the wilderness.

This species is the only representative of the family in the United States. Although it is not classed by ornithologists among the *Raptores*, yet it has characteristics in common with this large order. After a meal it ejects from its mouth a large pellet made up of the indigestible bones and scales of the fish it has swallowed. The pellet seems to be so out of proportion to the size of the bird that it is something of a marvel how it manages to eject it, but it does not seem to cost it much of an effort; a little stretching of the neck upward, with the head thrown forward, and the feat is accomplished.

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A SEA-SIDE STORY.

I.—THE MERMAIDEN.

THERE were jubilant sails on the ocean,
And skeleton wrecks on the land;
There were laughters of billows in motion,
To dance and to die on the sand.

There were shadowy Thules of islands,
Where Edens of lovers might be;
There was sea to the far-away sky-lands—
Swift, mighty heart-beatings of sea.

There were sea-gods and nymphs in the waters
Which burnished the beach with their spray;
All the beautiful sons and the daughters
Of ocean had gathered to play.

But the marvel of all and the jewel
Was a heart that had worshiped for years,
Which a mermaiden, laughing and cruel,
Had flung to an ocean of tears.

II.—THE SEA-SIDE LAKE.

A lake beside the ocean's brim,
Where saintly lilies whitely swim,
And rushes nod amid the whisper
Of ripples shimmering cool and dim.

Anear the longing tempest cries:
It comes from love's lost paradise;
It leaps against the barring beaches;
It foams in agony, writhes and dies.

In vain the surges sob and break:
They can not reach the vestal lake,
Nor stir the crystal of its ripples,
Nor kiss one silvery flower awake.

O love, our lives are shored apart,
And all the cyclones of my heart
Can never fling one throbbing billow
Among the refuges where thou art.

III.—THE MEETING.

Do you remember the night
Of crescented, star-robed glamour,
The beaches brindled with light,
The foam and the billowy clamor?

Do you remember the bliss
So stealthily sought and hidden,
The clasp, the pressure, the kiss,
Which all the gods had forbidden?

Alas that a love for life
Must live and die without token!
That the dearest of words, "My wife,"
Must be forever unspoken!

As God is my witness, I
Had gladly cherished that woman
In face of the sea and sky,
Of earth and of all things human.

Years hence that evening will beam
Athwart life's ocean of sadness,
And I shall see it, and dream
That loving was naught but gladness.

IV.—REMEMBRANCE.

I had thought to see her no more,
But I dwell in Thules of fancy,
And she haunteth their every shore
With her beautiful necromancy.

In the midnight's hiddenmost lair,
In the morning's vividest portal,
I discern her, aslant on air,
Like a spirit who greets a mortal.

Oh, the tender, delicate gleam
Of the carven, Parian features,
Such as sculptors delight to dream
Of in marble for godlike creatures

For a moment she seems to chase
All of sombreness from my story,
And around me infinite space
Overbrims one moment with glory.

But a moment; and then the spot
Is a cell for the broken-hearted,
And that portraiture, thus forgot,
Is another angel departed.

THE FAWN.

I LAY close down beside the river,
My bow well strung, well filled my quiver.

The god that dwells among the reeds
Sang sweetly from their tangled bredes.

The soft-tongued water murmured low,
Swinging the flag leaves to and fro.

Beyond the river, fold on fold,
The hills gleamed through a film of gold.

The feathery osiers waved and shone
Like silver thread in tangles blown.

A bird, fire-winged, with ruby throat,
Down the slow, sleepy wind did float,

And drift and flit and stray along,
A very focal flame of song.

A white sand isle midmost the stream
Lay sleeping by its shoals of bream.

In lilied pools, alert and calm,
Great bass through lucent circles swam;

And farther by a rushy brink
A shadowy fawn stole down to drink,

Where tall thin birds unbalanced stood
In sandy shallows of the flood.

And what did I beside the river
With bow well strung and well-filled quiver?

I lay quite still, with half-closed eyes,
Lapped in a dream of paradise,

Until I heard a bow cord ring,
And from the reeds an arrow sing.

How quickly brother's merry shout
Put my sweet summer dream to rout!

I knew not what had been his luck,
If well or ill his shaft had struck;

But up I sprang, my bow half drawn,
With keen desire to slay the fawn.

Where was it, then? Gone like my dream!
I only heard the fish-hawk scream,

And the strong, striped bass leap up
Beside the lily's floating cup.

I only felt the cool wind go
Across my face with steady flow;

I only saw those thin birds stand
Unbalanced on the river sand,

Low peering at some dappled thing
In the green rushes quivering.

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ON THE USK.

THE river Usk traverses from its source to its mouth that fair land which the ancient Romans called Siluria, and which, with the adjoining kingdom of Demetia, occupied the domain now known as South Wales. The river has its rise in three springs of a dusky Welsh mountain called the Caermarthenshire Van. It is a wild region where the river thus begins its journey to the sea, near the little village of Trecastle; but the course of the stream, after it passes under the one-arched stone bridge of the village, is through an old and fair country, which has been for centuries under the cultivating and beautifying hand of man. For something like forty miles from its source it follows an easterly direction, until it reaches the town of Abergavenny, when it bends southward; and from this point to its mouth the beautiful river wanders through a land whose every league is alive with tales of knights and "ladyes fayre" throughout two thousand years of time.

The special charm of Abergavenny town is its situation at the base of and surrounded by mountains, and shadowed in the near distance by the russet peak called Mynydd Pen y Fal, about 2000 feet high.

A clean, quaint collection of stone houses is Abergavenny, with half a dozen comely churches and chapels, and a ruined castle. The map-makers have the effrontery to tell us that Abergavenny is not in Wales, but in England—a statement which would be disproved, one would suppose, by the Welsh name of the town, its Welsh customs, Welsh history, and Welsh people; but if any obstinate person should side with the geographers in spite of these, let him be crushed by an invitation to a concert at the Cymreigyddion Hall, in Tudor Street, Abergavenny. It must be a bold spirit which would call Cymreigyddion Hall an English place of entertainment. Although we entered Monmouthshire when we crossed the stone bridge of thirteen arches which spans the Usk at Abergavenny, and although Monmouthshire was numbered among the forty



USK CASTLE FROM WITHIN.

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ABERGAVENNY.

counties of England when Henry VIII. was king, we are certainly still in Wales, by the testimony of all our senses, as well as by the evidence of history.

The mere fact that England conquered this region a little earlier than the rest does not take it out of Wales. Now Abergavenny has been a place of importance since the days of the primitive Welsh in the ages before Christ, for it commands one of the great mountain passes into the land of Arthur and Merlin, and it was successively held by the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, and the Normans. You shall find military remains of the ancient Britons on the very summits hereabout; and on the old Roman maps it is seen that here stood the important city called Gobannium. Ancient Roman coins, bricks, and pottery have from time to time been exhumed in the priory meadow and in other fields. The Norman occupancy is plainly revealed by the ruined castles, one of which stands on an eminence overlooking the streets of Abergavenny on the south. Though only a few crumbling towers remain, there are clear evidences that it was a fortress of considerable extent.

Abergavenny, however, is but a fair specimen of a Welsh town in matters of interest to the stranger. It would be impossible to find in all Wales a community of 5000 inhabitants without its rich mine of legend, centring around its crumbling ruin, its ancient landing-place, its mystic well, its historic cave, or something of the sort; and in general these relics of antiquity are counted by threes and fours in the neighborhood of every town you visit. If you were to be shot out of a catapult—a violent supposition, certainly—and should drop in any inhabited part of Wales, you might ask the first person you met where the castle was, with the utmost confidence that he would immediately point it out to you. He might, indeed, ask you which castle, but he would be most unlikely to answer that he knew of none in the neighborhood; the worst that would be likely to happen would be the offer of a ruined abbey or palace in lieu of a castle.

Leaving Abergavenny, and wending our way down the river to the town of Usk, we pass unnoticed ruined castles, old-fashioned hamlets, ancient churches, and mouldering abbeys: the Cistercian abbey Dore, near Llangattock, with its five eastern chapels and procession path; Raolstone Church, with its swinging brackets and quaint sculptures; and other venerable ruins, whose very names are unrecorded, standing alone and forsaken of all save their clinging parasites, the mistletoe and the ivy. There is hardly a rod of this ground which would not yield curious and interesting details for the pen of the writer, were there no limits to the pages of the Magazine. At Llangattock-juxta-Usk I encounter an old man with astonished eyes, who, if I may judge from his own account of things, inhabits a centre than which none on earth is more fascinating.

"Not seen Llangattock Church, Sir!" he exclaims, in excess of wonder. "Woy, 'tis one o' the ancientest churches in Wales. The gentry comes from far about to see Llangattock Church. Not goin' to stop in Llangattock at all! 'Deed, Sir, but you ought. There is finer farms about Llangat-

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"FROM AMERICA!"

tock—well, you'll go far, beggin' your pardon, Sir, afore you'll see finer farms than Park Lettice, Llewyn Cecil, and Bryn Cainge. Not been to Llangattock Lingoed! Oh, sewerly, that's strange. Woy, 'tis there the school-master o' Devauden was born. Never 'eerd o' the school-master o' Devauden—the idol o' the poor o' Monmouthshire! Sir Thomas Phillips did write his life in a book, an' what's more, Sir, he did help to bear the pall at school-master's funeral. Ah, you must 'ave come from far parts, Sir, never to 'ave 'eerd o' James Davis, the school-master o' Devauden: from Lunnon, perhaps, Sir? *From America!*" And I leave him with a new wrinkle of astonishment on his forehead, which surely had no need of more.

Where now stands the pretty and quiet town of Usk, once proudly flourished the Roman city of Burrium. Three ranges of pavement underneath the present earth surface have been found in Usk in the course of cellar-excavating and well-digging, and in a field near the town there was discovered, in 1796, a roadway under-ground, some ten feet broad, and solidly constructed of dressed stones planted edgewise. It is not doubted that this was a street of the old Roman city. Traces of several ancient camps are found in the fields about, some of them clearly Roman, and others dating to the still earlier period when the naked and painted Britons occupied the land, nor dreamed of the day when Cæsar should come to make trouble for them.

In entering this fair village of Usk to-day you pass down a pleasant walled and shaded street, where the trees on either side grow so luxuriantly that they seem almost to shut out the sky overhead, catching glimpses down leafy lanes, over rustic bridges, of well-kept country villas upon whose lawns blooming British girls are playing croquet, or its more recent fashionable rival, lawn tennis.

As I walk about in Usk I become impressed with the fact that the place is a favorite with the gentry, whose residences are numerous and beautiful. The walk brings me presently to a graceful stone bridge spanning the river Usk, which here so bends and curves that it is out of sight above and below, forming almost a complete circle.

You might search the horizon of this village on every hand, from your point of observation here on the bridge, without discovering the castle. It is there, on the opposite side of the town, on a goodly eminence, and is itself of a goodly height and presence, but it is so densely overgrown



VALLEY OF THE USK.

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with ivy that amidst the green of the tree-tops you can not from a distance see one stone of its grand old crumbling towers and walls. And it is a castle among castles, even in Wales, because in one of its rooms the hump-backed tyrant Richard III. was born. He was born in the fifteenth century, and I believe he was born here; it is certain he married Ann Nevil, whose father was lord of Abergavenny Castle under Henry VI.

A sixteenth-century poet thus describes the castle in his day:

"A castle there in Oske doth yet remain,
A seat where kings and princes have been borne;
It stands full ore a goodly pleasant plaine,
The walls whereof and towers are all too torne
With weather's blast, and tyme that weares all out;
And yet it hath a fayre prospect about."

This is a very good description of the ruin as it still is. The Duke of Beaufort is the present owner, and is very careful of it, as he is of all his old castles, keeping it safely locked up.

Penetrating to the inner court of the castle, we find that we stand almost completely surrounded by green, so wildly luxuriant grow the velvety leaves of the thick ivy on their rope-like clinging stems. Before us stands the great keep-tower, with a stone staircase leading from the top of the wall into the broken doorway. The irregular and wild Owen Glendower repeatedly attacked this castle in the course of his tempestuous career, and on one occasion was very badly beaten here by the royal troops. Up to that time the terrible Welshman had had matters pretty much his own way, and King Henry IV. was very much afraid of him. Shakspeare made Henry say to Hotspur:

"I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy."

Some ladies who visited the castle a few days before me were speaking of the Welsh chieftains, when an English gentleman in their company observed that the old fellows were cattle-stealers and filibusters, whereupon one of the ladies, whose nationality needs no blush, drew herself up proudly, and flashing a fierce look upon him, said, "Cattle-stealers, Sir! They were patriots!" Yet in general the Welsh say that they have no feeling whatever on the subject of those old fighting times; are proud to consider themselves English, and let past quarrels be forgotten; but in a corner of their hearts—a soft, sentimental corner, where they cherish the sweet words home, mother, and lover—they have a *sanctum sanctorum* for the original glories of dear little Wales.



"CATTLE-STEALERS, SIR!"

There was an old chronicler named John Leland, under Henry VIII., who was chaplain and librarian to that monarch, and who wrote an itinerary of all this country, published in nine stout octavo volumes, wherein he spoke of "Uske, a priory of nunnes at faire Uske, on the river-side, a flite shot from the castel. It is a V miles upwarde on

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USK CHURCH AND PRIORY.

the river from Cairlleon." By a "flite shot" Leland no doubt meant the distance which an arrow would fly if shot from the castle walls. Close by the castle stands the priory and the ancient church with its ponderous square tower. The priory has not been entirely rebuilt, but restored, and the old arches opened out; still it has not a very ancient look. It is private property, and is the residence of a gentleman of means. The church exhibits the anomaly in ancient church architecture of a tower which faces the east. The explanation of this peculiarity is that the tower occupied the centre of the structure in those old times when monks and nuns were tolerated. The western portion, which is standing, was the parochial church; the eastern portion, which was on the other side of the tower, belonged to the monastery; but though they were under one roof, they were as distinct as if miles had separated them. At the time of the dissolution the half that belonged to the monks was pulled down. There is an inscription in the church, on a brass plate, which is celebrated throughout Wales for the amount of botheration it has afforded antiquaries:

Nole clode yr ethrode yar lleyn adnocade llawn hade
Innden Abarnonrbede breynt amle tynevaioty hanab
Seliff sunnocir sinn a seadam yske eval kuske
Deke knwmode doctor Kymmen llena loe i llawn a lene

Many be they who have racked their brains over this puzzler, and fantastical enough are some of the interpretations which have been offered. The inscription is doubtless Welsh of an ancient and corrupt dialect of Gwent, and sings the praises of an illustrious man whose ashes rest beneath. "Noted also as an astrologer, Seliff lies in silken slumbers here in Usk."

The distance from Usk to Caerleon may be traversed by rail, but he who likes, as I do, to trudge along the hedge-embowered roads by the river-side, will pass through many a quaint and pleasant village: Llangibby, with its castle of Trergreg, "communely called Llankibby," says Leland, "bycawse yt is in the paroche of Kibby;" Llanhenog, whose church was built by Taliesin, and in whose "great house" died Sir Digby Mackworth. You may sup at the "Mackworth Arms" in many a Welsh town, for the motto thereof was a right sturdy one, and more popular in Wales than "Ich Dien:" "Gwell angau na cywilydd"—Rather death than shame!

My first view of Caerleon was near the close of a beautiful September day. Here was a magnificent city, with palaces, theatres, baths, temples, towers, and crowded streets, in the days when Adrian reigned, and the fierce Silures chafed under

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the yoke of Roman power. I walked down the lane leading to the centre of the city (for city it is in name), and stood in its lonely main street—an empty thoroughfare where grass grows, lined by poor houses of stone: a city forsaken of man, a wretched little hamlet of perhaps a thousand people, all told. But every foot of this ground is saturated with olden history. Here stood the ancient capital of Britannia Secunda, the "City of the Legions;" and here, half a century after the Romans had taken their last leave of the island where they had been masters for nearly 400 years, King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table held their dazzling court.

The blank of the empty street is enlivened by footsteps—the slow, uncertain footsteps of a boy with nothing to do. I accost him.

"Do you know any body who could act as a guide for me?"

"Gide, Zur?"

"Yes—any body who could show me about the place?"

"Noa, Zur."

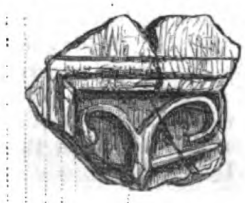
"Do you know a place hereabout called Arthur's Round Table?" The answer is a delightful surprise.

"Yees, Zur."

"Come, then; I'll give you a sixpence to show it to me."

"A saxpence!"

Every reserved force in the boy's body appears to be called into activity by the prospect of such earnings. He wakes up as by a jerk; and I may say at once that I never encountered a more intelligent boy of that low rank in life in all my journeyings on foreign soil. He piloted me





ROMAN DOG SCULPTURE, CAERLEON MUSEUM.



"A SAXPENCE!"

about like a little hero, and he pointed out the lions of Caerleon and commented on them in a way that showed he knew something about the wonderful history of the decayed city where it had been his fate to be born.

On the subject of inns, the boy informed me that the Gold Croft was as good as any, and would be able to give me a decent supper. I should hardly have pinned my hungry faith to the Gold Croft on the strength of its appearance. It was a poor little stone house, with low walls, and no sign of life any where about it. I went in, and had hardly taken ten steps beyond the threshold when I seemed to find myself in the kitchen. A bare-armed woman was at work there, who looked up at me in surprise. There was no time for apologies, however, and I plumped the question of possible supper. What would I like, the woman asked. "Any thing you have," I answered. If I would tell her what I wanted—some bread and cheese, now, or what? "Can you give me chops?" She thought so. After some hesitation chops were settled upon—to be ready in an hour; and secure in this promise, I beckon to the boy, who has been waiting outside, and off we start.

Around two or three corners—I do not remember a village with more corners in it, for its size, than Caerleon—and down a narrow street. In a small square or open place at the foot of a street ambitiously called Broadway the boy begins his performance of the novel duties of guide by pointing out

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to me "the museum, Zur." The museum is exactly like a pocket edition of the New York Sub-Treasury; that is to say, a miniature Greek temple, than which certainly nothing could be more incongruous in this city, where Roman power so long held sway, nothing more out of keeping with this village, which poverty seems to have made its own. The museum was built here, on the spot where its contents have been dug from the ground, by a local antiquarian society. It must not be supposed, from the picture I give of Caerleon, that there are not men of wealth here and hereabout. One never loses sight of the elegant abodes of well-to-do people in this fair land of Wales, even when a poor little village occupies the centre of the scene.



FRAGMENT OF SAMIAN-WARE.

Subsequent acquaintance with the contents of Caerleon Museum proved them to be profoundly interesting. Brass and silver coins of Julia Augusta, Vespasian, Antoninus Pius, Hadrian, Nerva, Claudius, Constantine, Constantinus, Valentian, and Salustius; fragments of crosses, lamps, statues, altars, columns, friezes, sarcophagi, intaglios, rings, seals, fibulæ, vases—all these are in Caerleon's public or private collections. Of some of the most interesting I had careful drawings made. The sculpture of a dog attacking a wild beast was dug up in a cottage garden in Caerleon a few years ago, and has excited great interest among antiquaries and comparative anatomists. The tablet was doubtless part of a monument erected in commemoration of a valiant dog killed in the arena in fight with a lion. Martial wrote an epitaph on a dog famed in this way, whose name was Lydia:



FRAGMENT OF ROMAN TILE.

"A thunderous boar's tusk sent me to the shades,
Huge as the dread of the Erymanthian glades.
Though early snatched away, I murmur not:
No end more glorious could have crowned my lot."

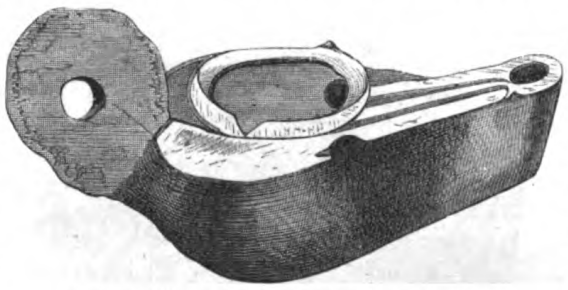
Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, learned in comparative anatomy, contributed to the museum an elaborate paper, in which he decided that the dog was a *Canis molossus mastivus*, and very like an English mastiff of his acquaintance "in Oxford, where it is studying at present"—which remark is the only joke, I think, included in the contents of Caerleon Museum.

Very grim and impressive are the faces on the two *antefixa* for whose excavation the world is indebted to Sir Digby Mackworth. These were Roman tiles used as ornaments on the roof of a temple, where they were set up, instead of a parapet, at regular intervals, being fixed in place by a projection behind. These specimens show on the back a mark like a reversed U, where the projections have been broken off. The

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faces are very rude and fantastic—one almost triangular, and the other elliptical. The whole tile was a triangle in shape, and the space not occupied by the faces is ornamented by trees and a chariot wheel.

Great numbers of specimens of the beautiful pottery known as Samian-ware have been found at Caerleon; the fragment illustrated was exhumed in digging the foundation of the Red Lion Inn. It represents a gladiator attacking a lion. The structure of this ware is peculiarly close-grained, and the exterior surface polished with a beauty exceeding modern glazing. Such fragments are almost always numerous on the sites of the old Roman stations in Britain, and indicate a knowledge of pottery surpassing the science of the present day. But many scholars think this ware was brought to Britain from some foreign shore, and that only the coarser specimens were of home manufacture. A large quantity of the ware has been dredged up from the sand at the mouth of the Thames, and its presence there has been variously accounted for. Some antiquaries suppose there was anciently a large pottery there, and that the sea has since encroached on its site. Others think—and this also is the popular notion—that a vessel freighted with this ware was wrecked here in old times.



ROMAN LAMP FOUND IN CAERLEON CHURCH-YARD.

Another kind of pottery, of which the lamp found in the church-yard is an illustration, is of coarse red clay; but the shape of the lamp is extremely graceful.

Turning to the right by the museum, and walking down Broadway a few paces, we are in the open country. At the left of the road is the field of Arthur's Round Table. A well-worn stone stile leads into the field; and on the opposite side of the road I observe another like stile, which would indicate the presence of some feature of interest in that field also. The boy explains:

"Do you see tha' pool, Zur? They do say as that were a bath o' the Roomans. There be always water there, Zur, wet weather or dry—always water there. 'Tis called the Bear-house Field, Zur; an' they do say the animals did use to be kep' there, Zur, for the Rooman sports."

But in the presence of Arthur's Round Table I do not tarry at the field of the defunct bears, but hasten to climb the stile at the left and enter the field of the immortal knights.

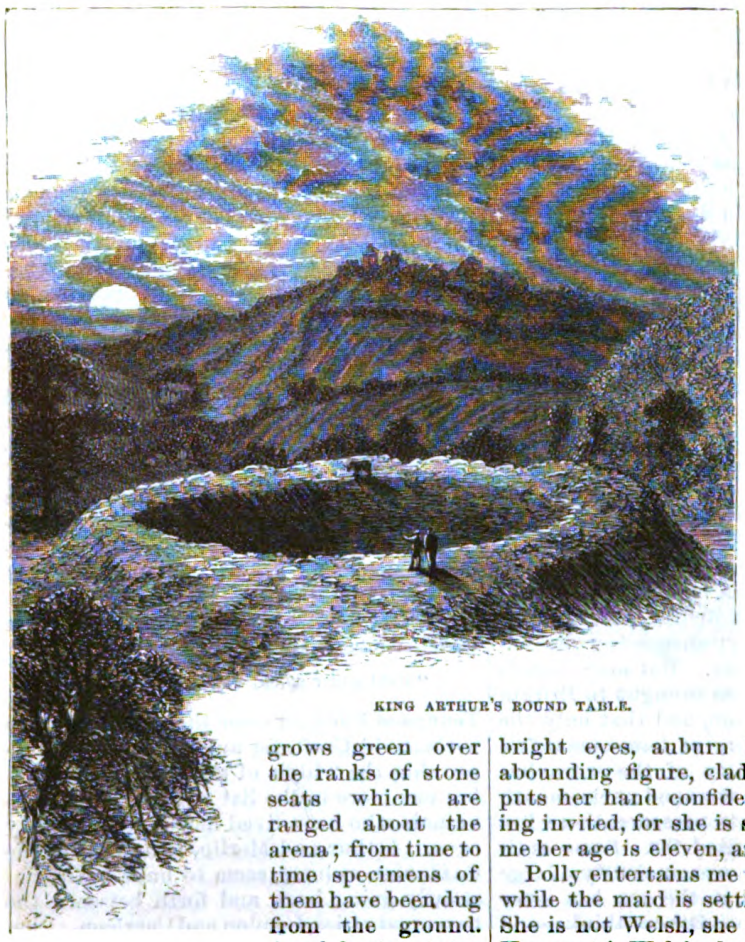
Now if the renowned table of the good King Arthur was really a structure of such huge proportions as has been said, I see no more reason to doubt that here it stood than that Arthur lived and feasted his knights, as has been related in Sir Thomas Malory's noble and joyous book entitled *Morte d'Arthur*. Once admitting the existence of the good king, in the full plenitude of heroic story which Caxton printed and Tennyson later wrought into verse, and all minor draughts on our credulity are honored easily. Caerleon was the chief residence of Arthur, not only according to the testimony of such history as we have concerning him, but according to Tennyson. Here the Poet Laureate laid the central scene of his "Idyls of the King," in which we read that Arthur

"Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk."

Tennyson lived for some time at an inn here—the Gold Croft, for aught I know—while penning the "Idyls of the King," thus adding one more to the list of interesting individuals who have lived here since the early ages. Arthur and Merlin, according to the Caxtonian volume, seem to have been constantly going back and forth between the two great cities, London and Caerleon. London was the younger city of the two. And, by-the-way, London was Caerludd in the beginning of its career—after King Ludd. The sixth chapter of the first book of *Morte d'Arthur* begins with this sentence: "Then the king removed into Wales, and let cry a great feast, that it should be holden at Pentecost, after the incoronation of him at the city of Carlion." In the next chapter is the account of a great battle here, in which the people had a hand: "And then the commons of Carlion arose with clubs and staves, and slew many knights." And the prophet Merlin was continually turning up in Caerleon in all sorts of queer shapes.

I approach the edges of the excavation—or rather graceful depression in the centre of the green grassy field—full of faith that here the Round Table was set up. It is an oval ring of great size, a little more than 200 feet along and a little less than 200 feet across, and it runs down to a narrow point in the centre. Nature did not indulge in this peculiar freak; it is the work of man's hands; but those hands were Roman hands, and Arthur found the place for his table all ready for occupancy when he came to set it up. It was a Roman amphitheatre in the days of Agricola and of Adrian. The grass

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KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

grows green over the ranks of stone seats which are ranged about the arena; from time to time specimens of them have been dug from the ground. An alabaster statue of Diana has also been disinterred here. My guide speaks:

"They do say, Zur, as it's all stoone hunder 'ere; old Rooman stoone, Zur—yees, Zur. An' theer, down theer in the middle at the bottom, Zur, as you see, theer is weer they did set up the flag-pole w'en the Queen was crowned."

"The Queen? Did the Romans—"

"Yees, Zur, the Queen; theer they did set up the flag-pole w'en Queen Victoria was crowned, Zur."

Incongruous boy! Queen Victoria, forsooth! 'twas yesterday that good Queen was crowned. But 1837 is as deep in the past to this unlettered boy as 37 B.C. He had no mortal existence at either date; 'twas all one—or rather none—to him.

The darkness is fallen now, and at the Gold Croft Inn my supper will be waiting. I return to that hostelry and dismiss the boy, who knuckles his forehead gratefully on finding that my incredible promise of sixpence is followed by glorious performance. I have said that the Gold Croft Inn failed to inspire me with confidence at the time I entered it to order supper, and my estimate of it is not much improved now as I re-enter its little coffee-room; but I have been on my feet since early morning, and I am thankful for a chair to sit on and another chair to stretch my weary legs across. The room is lighted by a single lamp, and furnished poorly. But the respectability of the inn is very positively indicated by the prints framed on the walls, most of which are of a religious character—Christ blessing little children, and like subjects; and presently the impression is strengthened by the entrance of a pretty child, with bright eyes, auburn hair, and a health-abounding figure, clad in neat attire, who puts her hand confidently in mine (on being invited, for she is shy at first), and tells me her age is eleven, and her name is Polly.

Polly entertains me with pleasant prattle while the maid is setting the supper table. She is not Welsh, she says; she is English. Her aunt is Welsh; her mother is dead; she don't know what her father works at; her aunt keeps the inn; her education has not been neglected, and she can read quite well, as she at once proceeds to do by way of evidence on a point so important. She reads in a loud, clear voice the titles written under some sketches of Welsh scenery which I show her, dashing at the hard words without hesitation, and pronouncing them according to her lights. "View on the Husk," she recites; "Newport Carstle; the Kwah at Newport," this being her dash at the pronunciation of the word quay. She was born at Usk, but has no remembrance of Usk Castle. The Round Table she has seen—oh, frequently; the children often go there to play.

The question of the respectability and home-like character of the Gold Croft Inn is completely set at rest when the landlady enters, bringing the supper with her own fair hands. She is a buxom person, in her forties, dressed in a stiff and rustling black bombazine gown (I suspect its having been donned in my honor), and her appearance would tranquilize the last doubts of a Presbyterian minister if he were here to sup instead of me. I fall to upon my supper with

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a cheerful spirit and a prodigious appetite, sure that if it prove uneatable, it will not be for lack of good Christian intentions. But I am bound to confess the supper is most toothsome. The chops are done to a turn, and are juicy and tender with the true Welsh tenderness and juice, and they are supplemented with broiled kidneys and mealy potatoes boiled in their jackets. The dishes shine with cleanliness, and the coarse cloth knows no speck. A pint of wholesome home-brewed ale serves for potable to this repast, and I take mine ease in mine inn with a serene and satisfied spirit. The landlady frowns at Polly to indicate that she must leave the room while the gentleman is supping, but I quickly protest that Polly is much too nice a little girl to be sent away, and that I wish her to remain; whereupon the frown is chased from the landlady's face by a broad sunny smile of good-natured acquiescence, as a darkened meadow glistens in a sudden ray of the sun, and Polly stays. The chops disappear. "Now, Polly, if I had a bit of cheese—" Polly flies with my order to the kitchen, and quickly comes the landlady, bearing in her fat hands a huge cheese—a whole one, from which but one thin segment has been cut. With this, bread and butter in abundance are set before me, and if I were twenty men, I should have no excuse for rising from the table hungry. As a final grace to the banquet, the landlady sends me a great honeysuckle, rich with perfume and bright with maiden fairness, and Polly pins it in my button-hole. There is a clean long clay pipe on the mantel-piece—a model of the old Knickerbocker pipe, with stem as long as your arm—and I take it down to examine it idly, whereat Polly rushes from the room, and quick returns with a pipeful of tobacco wrapped in a bit of newspaper; so I light the long pipe, puff serenely, and call for my bill. I fear there is some mistake when the bill is brought, and, by the aid of my pocket microscope, I discover its sum total; but it seems there is none. It foots up one shilling and sixpence. Less than forty cents for chops and kidneys, mealy potatoes, bread and cheese, a pint of cwrw da, a long pipe, and a honeysuckle!

The landlady retires with her rich nugget of satisfaction to regale a select circle in the kitchen, and I am left alone with my pipe and Polly. The little girl has now relapsed into silence, and is working at some pretty white tape trimming, which grows inch by inch under her stubby fingers; and the pipe is a capital thought-breeder, so that my reveries wander easily over the strange story of Caerleon's past. I muse on the time, 700 years ago, when that sturdy old priestly traveller over Wales, and industrious chronicler of the glories of Wales, and enthusiastic lauder of the beauties of Wales, Giraldus Cambrensis, came tramping into Caerleon, and went about its forlorn streets seeing its lions much as I have been doing, and musing on them afterward much as I am doing now. And of Caerleon in the twelfth century, 700 years after the Romans had quitted Wales forever, he wrote that many vestiges of its former splendors were yet to be seen—"immense palaces, whose roofs, once gilded, imitated in grandeur the magnificence of the imperial city raised by the Roman princes, and embellished with beautiful statues." Here, he says, "were a prodigious high tower, noble baths, remains of temples and theatres, parts of which are still standing; you every where find, both within and without the circuit of the walls, subterranean buildings, aqueducts, and under-ground passages; and here the Roman embassadors received audience at the court of the great King Arthur, and the Archbishop Dubritius ceded his honors to David of Menevia." Nor was he an idle romancer, this old Giraldus, as the vast number of Roman relics here found since his day can testify. It can not be long ago that the ground was rich with them, not only under the sod but on its surface; for old people now living in Caerleon well remember the time when it was a very common thing to pick up on the road pieces of stone with strange letters carved upon them. Even within the present century it has been the custom for the simple folk of Caerleon to quarry for stone in the handiest field, and dig up the buried Roman pavements and ruined structures for building materials. No



POLLY.

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longer ago than 1866 the vicar of Caerleon, in pulling down an old cottage on his glebe, found two large inscribed stones, one of which is represented in the accompanying illustration.



INSCRIPTION, WITH NAME OF CONSUL.

This inscription was recognized as one which had been seen in 1801 by an antiquary who was delving here, and which had excited deep interest among scholars, but it had been lost again; and now here it was restored to light once more, after having been hidden for nearly seventy years in the brick and mortar of a cottage. The inference drawn from the half-illegible letters is that it was dedicated in the consulate of Maximo II. and Urbano, in the year 234, and the stone probably records the inauguration of a building. The inscription, as our illustration shows, has been almost obliterated, what with the ravages of time and the coarse uses of Caerleon's house-builders in the present era.

The 700 years which lie between the present and the time when Giraldus wrote seem to shrivel up and disappear in the common interest taken by him and by ourselves in old Caerleon. My thoughts keep company with his in going back another 700 years or so, to the time in King Arthur's reign when the holy St. David was appointed to the see of Caerleon. The good saint was terribly annoyed by the dissipation and gayety of the royal court, and at once removed the see to Pembrokeshire, to get his monks as far as possible from the dangers and temptations of the populous city. He certainly could have got no further than he went, without going into the sea. Pembrokeshire is on the extreme southwestern coast of Wales, and the existing ruins of St. David's palace stand on the jumping-off place, the very end of the land.

A little further into the past and we come to that year 508 when Arthur was crowned at Caerleon. Ah! those were gallant days and debonair. What a scene must that have been when there came clanking through the gates of Caerleon troop after troop of knights armed *cap-a-pie*, on horses gayly caparisoned, to attend Arthur's Pentecostal feast! For in procession there came "King Lot of Lothian and of Orkney with five hundred knights with him," and "King Urieus of Gore with four hundred knights with him," and "King Nentres of Garloth with seven hundred knights with him," and the glittering cavalcades passed into the city, shaking the ground beneath their horses' iron tread. "Also there came to the feast the King of Scotland with six hundred knights with him, and he was but a young man. Also there came to that feast a king that was called the King with the Hundred Knights, but he and his men was passing well beseen at all points. Also there came the King of Carados with five hundred knights. And King Arthur was glad of their coming, for he wend that all the kings and knights had come for great love, and for to have done him worship at his feast, wherefore the king made great joy, and sent the kings and knights great presents. But the kings would none receive, but rebuked the messengers shamefully, and said they had no joy to receive no gifts of a beardless boy that was come of low blood, and sent him word they would have none of his gifts, but that they were come to give him gifts with hard swords betwixt the neck and the shoulders." And then there was a glorious fight indeed! "And Sir Bandwin, Sir Kay, and Sir Brastias slew on the right hand and on the left hand that it was marvelous; and always King Arthur on horseback laid on with a sword, and did marvelous deeds of arms." Would I had been there to see! I rise, and going to the window of mine inn, look out upon the street, in case any knight should by chance be strolling by. No soul is stirring; and if there were, I should find a great contrast between the ideal Welsh knight and the actual one.

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Still into the dim backward and abysm of time, to a day when Arthur was unborn; when the very stones of old St. Paul's still slept in their unbroken quarries; when Hengist and Horsa were yet in the womb of the future; and Caerleon was the brilliant capital of Britannia Secunda from the Severn westward to the sea, Constantine the Great its ruler, and the Romans undisputed possessors of the island. The luxury and splendor of old Rome were here repeated; the theatres were crowded at night with brilliant throngs; dinners, balls, and routs succeeded each other in unending succession; by day the fashionable drive was over yonder bridge and through the suburb which the villagers still call Ultra Pontem, out on the road named Julia Strata. The magnificence of Rome was at its height, and its decline in the near future, but peace reigned throughout Britain, and Caerleon shared the luxurious hush of the lull preceding the storm of battles which soon shook the world.



THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

One more step backward, to the day when the Roman was a stranger looking with curious eyes on Britain. There was one brave soldier who opposed the advance of the Roman conquerors step by step. This was Caractacus, king of the fierce Silures, who held his court at Caerleon. London was not yet founded, but Caerleon was the seat of a king. It was not a splendid place, I fancy: Caractacus was not a wealthy monarch, but he was as brave a hero as the world has seen from the days of Joshua and Agamemnon to those of Havelock and Grant. With his handful of the warriors of South Wales this determined patriot continued for nine years to harass and oppose the Roman armies. He was captured at last only through the treachery of his wife's mother —the first victim of a mother-in-law, so far as we have any record in history. Caractacus was sent in triumph to Rome; and as he was led in chains through the Eternal City, he gazed about on the splendors which surrounded him, and his thoughts went back to Caerleon. "Alas!" cried he, "how is it possible that a people possessed of such magnificence at home could envy me a humble cottage in Britain?"

Such are a few of the records of this profoundly interesting spot. After a brilliant history, stretching over many centuries of time, the great city vanished from the face of the earth, leaving the traces of its former grandeur buried in profusion beneath the soil. Precisely when Caerleon began to fall into final decay is unknown, but probably it was soon after King Morgan removed the royal court to Cardiff.

The present name of the city is supposed to come from *caer*, the ancient British word for a fortified camp or city, and *leon*, a corruption of *legionum*. Why London should have grown so great, and Caerleon shrunk so small, is a matter not altogether lacking in the element of mystery. Caerleon was once the larger city of the two. At its zenith it is judged to have covered a tract of country nine miles in circumference; and though the present village is situated some five miles from the Bristol Channel, it is not further off from navigable waters than Apsley House is from the Thames. Indeed, the Usk is navigable for barges and "such small deer" even far above here, to a place called Tredunnock. If, some two thousand years hence, Chicago should be a grand metropolis of three million inhabitants and New York a village of a few hundred poverty-stricken people, it would hardly be more strange and wonderful than the contrasting fortunes which have befallen London and Caerleon.

Out of Caerleon's decay rose Newport, the fine sea-port town on the Usk near where it mingles its waters with those of the Bristol Channel. It was an easy and a pleasant

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walk from Caerleon to Newport, between the hedge-rows of a smooth road. We pass on the way St. Julian's, where resided the handsomest man in Britain in Queen Elizabeth's time—at least the man, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, who bore that most undesirable distinction. From the hill there is a charming view of Newport, and of the Usk as it winds about, making a considerable detour to the right as it nears the town, for no purpose whatever but to pass two miles of docks, wharves, and jetties in good set shape. It is seen that Newport is a town set upon a hill, down whose steep sides and over the plain surrounding which the town has spread to goodly proportions. The tower which crowns the hill is that of the antique church of St. Woollos, and the dark pile of masonry at the river's edge, between two bridges, is what remains of Newport Castle.



NEWPORT CASTLE.

Newport is the most important of the Welsh sea-ports after Cardiff, of which United States consulate it is a dependency. Its population is in the neighborhood of 40,000, and it is to Monmouthshire what Cardiff is to Glamorganshire—an outlet for the mineral wealth of the mountains. It has extensive docks, where steamers of the largest size can ride. The river Usk itself affords good wharfage for sea-going vessels of the second class. There are ample railroad facilities for communication with Milford Haven, London, and the Welsh mountain regions; and the growth of the town in commercial importance during the past forty years has been rapid—in the British manner—which is but a slow manner from an American point of view. Its trade is chiefly with iron and coal, but within a year or two it has begun to open up a grain-import trade with New York, a few American ships having discharged their cargoes of grain here.

We have a Newport in America which is thought to be rather an oldish town. But this Newport has chronicles covering a thousand years. In 918 Edelfred and the Prince of Glamorgan fought a hard battle here, and Newport must even then have been a fortified town. The Welsh name is Casnewydd, or New Castle, from the fortress whose wretched and grimy ruin now stands in melancholy dejection on the right bank of the Usk in the heart of the town.

Of all the old castles in Wales, perhaps this is the most mournful to look upon, so fallen is it from its grand estate. A ruined castle is seldom debased to such plebeian uses as those which have befallen Newport. It is now occupied by certain brewers and other unknightly varlets; but there was a day when this pile was the home of kings; and where now ferments the democratic ale and rings the rattle of barrels being hooped, once flowed the ruddy wine from silvern flagons and echoed the laugh and song of revelry. The castle was built by the Welsh king Robert Fitzroy, in 1130, to protect his

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domains and to guard the passage of the river, which was and is here fordable at low tide, and after passing through the hands of several successors, it came at last to the Duke of Buckingham. When this duke was executed the estate was seized by Henry VIII.; and when Cromwell's army came it met the fate of all the baronial halls to which the old castle-hater paid his respects.

The Usk, however limpid its stream in the hills of Brecon, is here extremely muddy and unlovely. As I stand upon the bridge the tide is out, and along the shores on either side the largest ships lie high and dry on the top of the mud, the retreated waters some distance below in a shallow and trifling channel. The tides at Newport are a very singular institution, it may be said, as they are, I believe, in all the Welsh rivers which empty into the Bristol Channel or the river Severn—it is hard to say where the one begins and the other ends. The rise and fall of these tides affect the water in the Usk amazingly; at the spring-tides especially the Channel waters rush up the Usk and raise its level as high as forty feet on the Newport banks. It is a useful river, though not a lovely one at this point; but we know, and have seen in the back country, that it flows through a scene of great beauty. Here under the bridge the tide has fallen so low now that you may walk across its bed by the ancient ford on the thinly covered stones in the midst of the channel, over which the water is running swiftly seaward.

Down the river, all along the way to the sea, ships are lying in the yellow mud on shore, alongside the jetties to which they floated easily a few hours ago; and the view is continued, far in the distance, of colliers and other craft so mud-anchored.

High on the summit of Stow Hill stands the ancient church of St. Woollos. Its ponderous tower was built by Henry III. as a special tribute of esteem to the inhabitants of Newport, whom he further honored by placing his statue high up in a niche on its front. St. Woollos—called in Welsh Gwnlliw, in Latin Gunleus—was a son of a Demetian king in South Wales, who, as he grew old, became convinced that all was vanity, and retiring from the world, led a solitary life, his daily bill of fare restricted carefully to water and barley bread, "on which he usually strewed ashes." He died toward the close of the fifth century, 800 years before this church was built. It is a queer-looking church, as the illustration plainly shows. Seen from the street, near its rear, it seems to be three separate edifices, with a little box of a campanile attached to the further one. But passing around into the church-yard in front of the tower, its aspect changes, and the church now seems just a ponderous square tower, with some trifling peaked roofs behind it. These roofs cover successively the chapel, the nave, and the chancel, the whole constituting a single edifice of extraordinary length. Stone faces stare at you from all points of the structure; they look out from



ST. WOOLLOS CHURCH.

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under the narrow eaves; they peer from the pendants of the window arches; and here and there jutting gargoyles look down on the old graves which surround the church. Some of the tombstones are sunk almost out of sight in the sward.

High up on the front of the tower stands in the sun the statue of Henry III., with his head broken off—a ghastly object. The effigy was thus beheaded by the rough soldiers of Cromwell after they had taken Newport Castle.

The view from this summit is magnificent. In the far distance loom the hills of Somersetshire, across the blue waters of the Bristol Channel, which here is supposed to merge into the Severn, though the point of



DOWN THE RIVER AT LOW TIDE.

junction is one which can be discerned by no eye but the map-maker's.

The moral tone of Newport is like that of all the towns of South Wales. There are thirty-three churches and Dissenting chapels, in several of which the Welsh language is employed.

The streets in the older portion of Newport wind and twist in quaint fashion, are narrow and picturesque, and have still more narrow and picturesque lanes and alleys running out of them into mysterious back regions; but in the newer quarters the streets cross each other at right angles. The principal thoroughfare is Commercial Street, which runs in a straight line for more than a mile, from the foot of Stow Hill right down to Pillgwenlly Dock—a fact of which the Newporters are very proud, for such a long street is rare enough in Wales, and indeed in Britain. The chief business thoroughfare is nearly as long and quite as straight, and is called Dock Street; here is the Newport office of the American consul for Wales, whose Newport agent is a very exceptional character. It is common enough for American citizens to come out of Wales, but for a British subject to come out of New England is rare indeed. Our consular agent at Newport is a Massachusetts boy who came over here many years ago, settled in Newport, acquired wealth, became an adopted Englishman, and was finally elected mayor of the town. He has continued to discharge the duties of the American consular agency in Newport for thirty years, each successive consul who has arrived at Cardiff re-appointing him without hesitation: and he will most probably die with this bit of American harness on his Anglicized back.

The American flag is greatly respected in Wales—perhaps I should say it is popular. It is often seen flying in towns where there is no American consular agency, when there is a fair in the town or other festival which calls for a display of bunting. In one town, which was not a sea-port, as I was trudging through the principal street I saw the bright banner floating from a blue flagstaff over a shop door in a hugeness of dimensions and a vividness of color which afforded me the greatest satisfaction. In some countries, notably France, *chauvinisme*, or ultra-patriotism, is spoken of with contempt, and it is considered womanish to take pride and pleasure in the sight of one's national emblem. In this cynicism I am unable to share; and I was pleased to see the Stars and Stripes in this unexpected

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quarter, and hurried to the spot, looking forward with satisfaction to forming the acquaintance of a brother American. A girl of that social and intellectual calibre clearly indicated in the British Isles by the phrase "a young person," was in the shop, which proved to be a photographer's reception-room, and of her I inquired why the flag was displayed. She looked up at it with a glance of surprise, as though she had not considered the subject before, and answered, "Oh, Mr. 'Opkins is h'American!"

'Opkins! Now who of all the respectable, even celebrated, Hopkinses of our country could this stray Hopkins be? "Will you please tell Mr. Hopkins," I said to the young person, "that a gentleman from America wishes to see him?" She disappeared, with a glance at her back hair in the mirror as she passed it; and while I was still deep in reverie concerning Hopkins—now assisting at his birth in New Jersey, now burying his grandfather in Michigan, and finally marrying his uncle to one of my cousins in New York—the subject of my dream walked in. And this was Mr. 'Opkins! No wonder the young person dropped his H. He was a most unmistakable Englishman. "May I inquire," I said, courteously, "why you fly the American flag?"

"Oh—ah," he answered, somewhat nervously. "I—I 'ave *bean* in America, you know." I am able to corroborate Hawthorne's theory that the word "been" is the touch-stone to the British nationality; no Englishman ever makes the word "been" rhyme with "sin," and Americans almost always do, and when they do not, they make it rhyme to "pen," as Whittier does in "Maud Muller."

"Oh, you have been in America," I said. "In what part of America?"

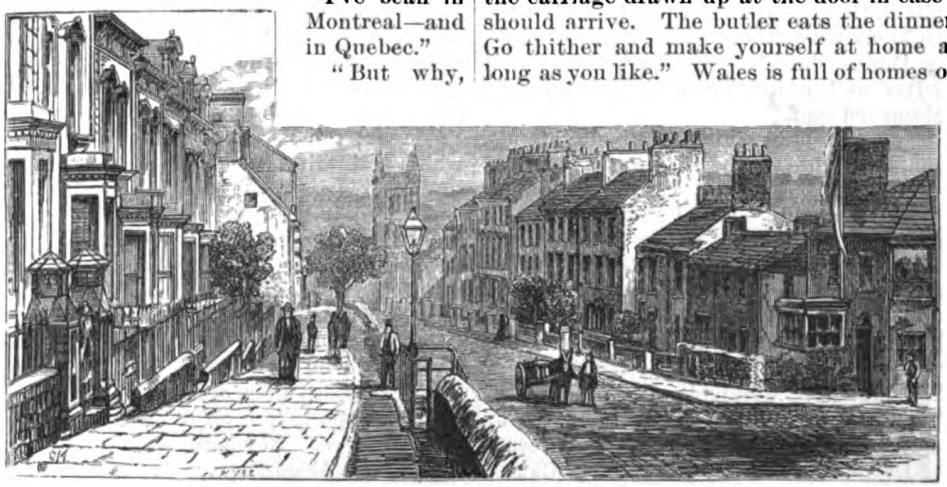
"Oh—ah," he exclaimed again, seemingly ill at ease under my cross-questioning. "I've bean in Montreal—and in Quebec."



MR. 'OPKINS

"But why, then, do you fly the Stars and Stripes?" This conundrum appeared to go beyond his depth, and as he looked around somewhat uneasily on some customers who had now dropped in and were listening to the conversation with all their ears, I did not press it. But whether it was altogether English honesty in a photographer to seek custom in Wales by flying the American flag and calling himself (as Mr. 'Opkins further did) an "American artist," it was at least a tribute to the high reputation of our craftsmen of the camera, and was, no doubt, money in his pocket.

A story is told of Lord Hereford that he one day said to a foreign friend: "I have a mansion in Wales which I have never seen, but which I am told is very fine. Every day dinner for twelve is served there, and the carriage drawn up at the door in case I should arrive. The butler eats the dinner. Go thither and make yourself at home as long as you like." Wales is full of homes of



ON STOW HILL.

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the grandeur indicated in this anecdote—not castles, simply mansions, but almost equal to castles in capacity of entertainment. One such is near Newport, the home of Lord Tredegar: a great plain house, old-fashioned, and rather commonplace of aspect in this land of picturesque structures, but magnificent in dimensions, solid, unornamented, but roomy enough for a regiment of infantry. One apartment is forty-two feet long by twenty-seven wide, and is floored and wainscoted from the wood of a single oak-tree felled in the park. It is called the Oak Room. The house is crowded with pictures and marbles, many of them by the first masters, and including family portraits reaching back through many centuries. The family is, indeed, one of the oldest in Britain, tracing its pedigree in an unbroken line to Welsh kings, who were a power on this island before the oldest Anglo-Saxon monarchies had a name in history. The most modest of the genealogists begin this family

"Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays."

Broad meadows and pasture lands are within the park, so lawn-like in appearance that it would seem they must be combed and brushed daily. Deep tangled woods are seen, where the rich undergrowth looks impenetrable; other groves where the trees stand on velvet sward in regular array like Tuscan columns. Beds of fragrance and bloom shine in the sun and load the air with sweet smells. Tame creatures abound. Rabbits nibble the green grass in small fear of our presence, or, being frightened, scud off like the wind for a little distance, and fall quietly to nibbling again. Groups of beautiful deer lift high their heads at sound of our footsteps, and gaze at us with their speaking eyes, ready to fly at a sign. On the bosom of a tranquil lake before the house swim white-necked swans, and ducks of rare and costly breeds. The aristocracy —of Wales, at least—does not live for itself; its legitimate business is to promote the best interests of its neighborhood. Lord Tredegar fully illustrates this; the benefactions of the family greet you wherever you go in Newport. Visit the National Training School—the father of the late Lord Tredegar founded it; the workhouse—the same gentleman gave the land it stands on; the cattle market—its existence is due to Lord Tredegar; the House of Refuge—the lands which maintain it belong to the baronial estate of Tredegar; the great Alexandra Dock —the site it occupies is Lord Tredegar's; Lady Tredegar cut the first sod, in the presence of cheering crowds, when it was commenced. An aristocratic house like this is looked upon as a blessing in the most practical way, and it almost always is so, for the aristocrat who fails in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by his patent of nobility exposes himself to most unpleasant consequences. Nowhere is it truer than here that *noblesse oblige*.



TREDEGAR HOUSE, NEWPORT.

with Caractacus, who was King of the Silures in the year of our Lord 50. In the light of his pedigree, the house in which Lord Tredegar resides seems a modern structure. It was built in the seventeenth century, and in the troublous time when Cromwell was breaking things, the ill-fated Charles II. found shelter and protection under this many-chimneyed roof.

The grounds in which this house stands, though private property, form a park of great extent. I do not know the number of acres it includes, but I should say there are nearly as many as in our Central Park in New York. A stroll in Tredegar Park is a privilege and a pleasure to be long remembered by the visitor. Long aisles of huge chestnuts and oaks border graveled walks stretching into dim perspectives, and lift their luxuriant pyramids of foliage in the still, sweet air. Some of the oaks are of enormous size, and are centuries old, recalling Dryden's lines on the oak-tree's life:

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ISRAFIL.

I.

Israfil!
Stay thy sickle on vale and hill.
Come from the woods whose gorgeous leaves
Pale and wither beneath thy tread.
Come from binding among thy sheaves
Dearer blossoms of beauty dead,
Of grandeur and of worth
Wrested away from earth.
Bend thy sorrowful eyes on me,
Angel of death! and while nature breathes
One hour from thy sad dominion free,
Tell me the mystery of thy woe,
The legend I only have heard in dreams.
Over my heart shall flow
In fuller measures the solemn strain,
Up from depths of tears and pain
Rising to patience—rising again
To a pæan of triumph.
Hush! be still!
Whence this odor of amaranth wreaths?
Whence these faint and star-like beams

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Shed from feet which make no sound?
A touch of fire
Is on my lyre,
And its strings, with a sudden, rapturous bound,
Thrill beneath the angel fingers.
Thou art come! Thou art gone!



"LO! DOWN THE AIRY WASTE
FOUR SHINING ANGELS HASTE."

Yet in all my being lingers
A breath celestial, a voiceless tone.
I shall not utter my song alone,
Israfil.

II.

On Paradise
A softer hue of glory lies,
The hush of evening, for the night
Comes slowly o'er young Eden's skies,
Reluctant to conceal from sight
One blossom's radiant dyes.
A thousand birds amid the shade
To sleep their shining plumage fold;
A thousand flowers that can not fade
Perfume afresh their leaves of gold.
Far off, rising stars illume
The gentle yet half fearful gloom
Which folds in deeper shade yon myrtle bower.
There, lost in slumbers pure and deep,
Wrapt in the stillness of the hour,
Unconscious yet of tempter's power,
The first-born, guiltless mortals sleep.

III.

Lo! down the airy waste
Four shining angels haste.
Their eager wings make music as they come.
Flashing along the night,
All redolent of light,
As if the splendors of their upper home,
Reflected still, illumed their earthward flight.
On, swiftly on, past star by star,
Leaving a path of glory far
Behind their luminous wings, at last
The measureless expanse is past,
And at their feet in beauty lies
The new-made earthly Paradise.
As when from envious shadow breaks
Sweet Hesperus and walks the aisles
Of heaven's blue temple, nature smiles
And added grace and beauty takes,
So Eden, conscious in its dreams
Of a diviner atmosphere,
Breathes richer fragrance far and near,
And in the angelic presence beams.

IV.

A moment stay their steps, to view
Charms to angel vision new:
Roses burdened with the dew
By the tender night distilled;
Birds whose last good-night is trilled,
Sleeping on the tremulous bough;
Fountains white in moon-lit glow—
But a moment; for the night
Deepens, and without the gate
Evil spirits hide and wait.
Each bright angel seeks his post,
Armed, and mightier than a host
Of the envious, guileful band
That in outer darkness stand.
Northward, southward, westward go,
One by one, the heavenly guard,
Clothed about with garments white
That diffuse a silvery glow,
Bearing each a sword of light
With celestial jewels starred.
Last, with lingering steps that seem
Loath to seek his nightly stand
On the utmost eastern hill,
Youngest of the angel band,
Lovelier than a poet's dream,
Comes the angel Israfil!

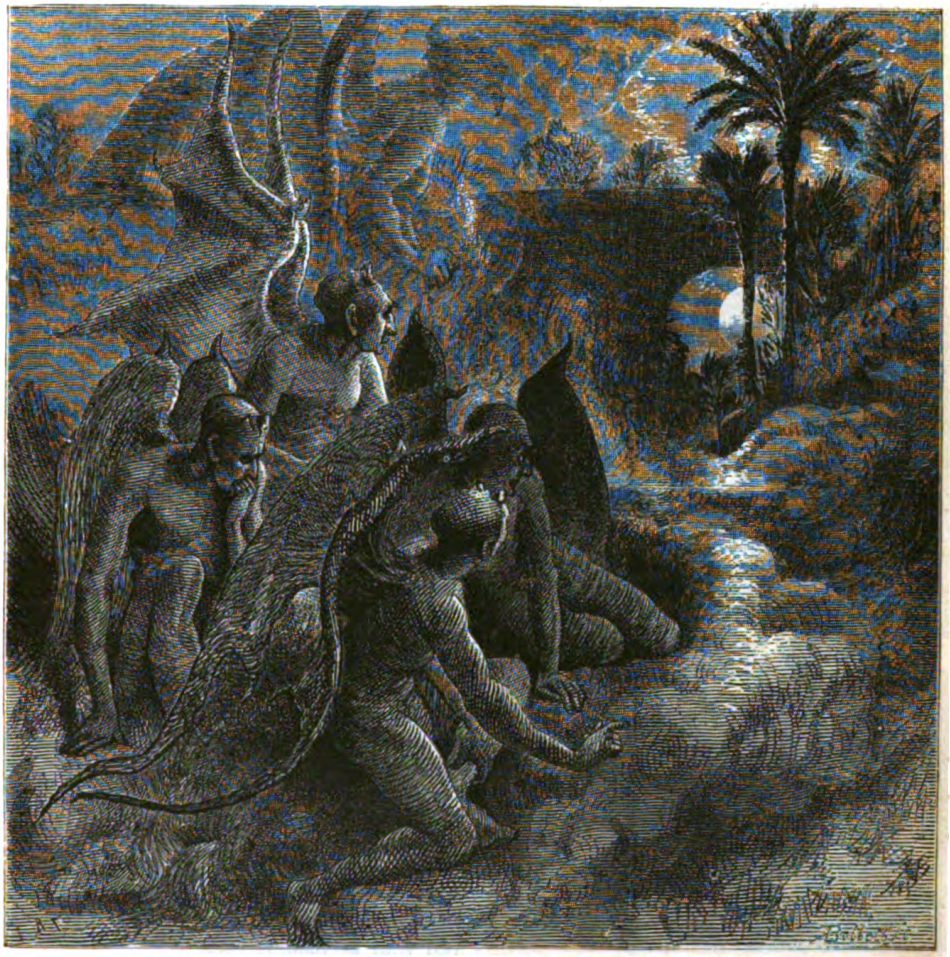
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V.

Now quicker is his noiseless tread,
His silvery wings expanding spread,
Half floats he in the air with deep delight,
As scenes of new enchantment meet his sight.
His eyes of liquid azure, touched with fire,
More beautiful than can be sung or told,
Shine, 'neath the aureole of his locks of gold,
With a soft restlessness, a fond desire.
Adoring beauty with a love

VI.

O Israfil!
Bid thy impulsive soul be still;
Until the morning wait.
Leave not the haunted gate,
Where even now, by evil sense aware
Of thy untried and hasty mood,
The serpent king with envious hate
Whispers, to tempt thy angelhood,
Of her, the wonderfully fair,



"FOR THE NIGHT DEEPENS, AND WITHOUT THE GATE EVIL SPIRITS HIDE AND WAIT."

Too passionate for one of angel birth,
Even at this hour he pants to rove
Amid the green bowers of the fragrant earth,
To hear once more the nightingale's refrain,
To touch the humid, sleeping rose again;
But most of all to see
The latest miracle of Deity,
The revelation, unto angels new,
Of loveliness they scarcely yet conceive
As real, substantial, true:
The first of human womanhood,
The breathing form, the spirit pure and good,
The garden's royal flower, the new-created Eve.

Whom but to look upon would be
A rapture and an ecstasy.
O Israfil!
Keep thou thy watch upon the star-lit hill;
Until the morning wait.
Then, when the summons from on high
Recalls thy comrades to the sky,
She shall come forth, and with sweet converse greet
The parting and the coming angel host.
Stay thy impetuous feet—
One moment now absented from thy post,
And all is lost.
The serpent watches well: thou shalt return too late.

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VII.

An hour is past.
All Eden sleeps in motionless repose.
Around, above, he casts his restless eyes,
And sighs to think how long the night will last.
The moon rides slowly, slowly, down the skies.
Surely far off have vanished Eden's foes;
No evil spirit can be lurking near.
No sound, no breath, meets his attentive ear.
So long the night, so deep the silence grows,



"THE SERPENT KING WITH ENVIOUS HATE WHISPERS, TO TEMPT THY ANGELHOOD."

May he not wander at his wayward will,
If not too distant from the sentinel hill?
Only a few light steps will bring him near
The bower of which the angels oft have told.
There in the moonlight clear
A moment tarrying, he may behold,
And seeing may believe
That only he has learned how beautiful is Eve.

VIII.

As now with willful steps he seeks
The bower where she is slumbering,
The dew brushed by his rapid wing
From hanging boughs falls on his cheeks.
His feet are trampling in their haste
The straying rose, a wildwood vine
Whose flowers the mossy pathway graced.
He starts when in the bright moonshine
A bird, awakened, trills a note,
Then sleeps, the song still rippling from his throat.
But soon he trembles, listens, doubts no more.
All else forgotten, he is bending o'er
The violet bed, amid whose blest perfume
Earth's fairest being sleeps, unconscious of her doom.

IX.

She sleeps—she dreams;
For now a smile hovers with tender grace
About her lips. The beauty of her face
A breathing wonder to the angel seems.
Her dark eyelashes rest
Motionless on the warm flush of her cheek;
Her lips part softly, as if she would speak.
But had in dream-land lost the word she fain would seek;
One hand is lightly clasped about a rose
Which fully open blows,
Too blest to share its sister flowers' repose;
And, veiling her white breast,
Falls wave on wave of lustrous golden hair.
Like one enchanted, in the moonlight glow
The angel lingers still, and murmurs low,
"Daughter of earth—how fair!"

X.

"Israfil! Israfil!"
The cry rings through the startled night
The angels speed in sudden fright
Toward the unprotected gate.
On wings of fear flies Israfil—
Alas! he flies too late.
His brother angels, flashing by,
Already with pure sense perceive
An evil lurking nigh.
A change comes o'er the moon-lit sky;
The wind begins to sigh and grieve;
The garden feels a sudden chill,
The breath of coming fate.
"Where hast thou strayed, O Israfil?
The serpent's taint is on the air;
The son of darkness, once as fair
And frail as thou, is come!"
He hides his face in his despair,
And stands before them dumb.

XI.

All night the angels to and fro
Seek for the messenger of woe.
He, subtle, silent, still eludes
Their search. In densest solitudes
Evades the lustre that is shed
From their celestial tread.
At morn, recalled, they seek the skies.
But Israfil, with drooping wings,
No longer heavenward can arise,
To earth unwilling clings.
Through all that fateful day, hour after hour,
With deepest sorrow thrilled,
He stands invisible, apart—

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"THE ANGEL LINGERS STILL, AND MURMURS LOW, 'DAUGHTER OF EARTH—HOW FAIR!'"

Sees evil warring with the human heart,
And Eden's doom fulfilled.

XII.

When in the evening cool the Lord appears,
Sees the forbidden tree with broken bloom,
The garden desolate and lost in gloom,
The mortals hiding from His searching gaze,
Israfil, speechless, hears
Their fate pronounced, sees their repentant tears,
And death's dread shadow hanging o'er their days.
And now on him the rays
Of the Eternal Vision fall; the word
Of his own doom is heard:
"Since death by thee is come unto the earth,
Be thou its messenger. Thy name shall be
A terror unto all of human birth:
The shadow of the grave forever follow thee!"

XIII.

In Eden it was early dawn—
How changed since in the even-time
The angel saw it in its prime!
The erring mortals now were gone.
He stood within their empty bower alone.
Above his head
A little bird was warbling cheerily;
The music mocked and pained his misery.
He raised his hand, unconscious of his power,
And grasped the bough which held the dainty nest,
And the branch shriveled in his hand; with breast
Panting in sudden pain, the bird fell dead.
Aghast, he seized a flower—
The rose which Eve's fair hand at night had pressed.
Beneath his touch it withered; bud and leaf
Dropped dry and scentless. In a bitter grief
He murmured, "This is death!
And this henceforth shall be my destiny:
To slay, but not to die—
To blight all things of mortal breath;
All earthly loveliness to sear;
All that yon beings hold most dear
Must perish when my steps draw near.
Nor can I shun my fearful power,
Or spare from them one dreaded hour.
Onward I go through all the years,

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"THE SHADOW OF THE GRAVE FOREVER FOLLOW THEE!"

Unheeding human prayers and tears.
Let mortals seek through toil and fears
Some transient gleams of love and joy—
I follow after to destroy."

XIV.

"Israfil!"
The angel looked, and bowed his face
Before a brow whose sweet, majestic grace
Had shone upon him oft in happier morn
From the eternal hill
Whose dazzling height reveals the Father's throne.
Immanuel, the First-Born,
Stood smiling on him in the early dawn.
"Israfil, behold!"
The Son takes in His hand the withered rose;
Its petals seem like magic to unfold;
A new celestial bloom,
A heavenly perfume,
Through the awakened blossom breathes and glows.
The Saviour, smiling, lays it on His breast.
He takes the dead bird from its broken nest;
It flutters, plumes its wings,
Then rapturously sings,
And soars away toward the beaming heaven.

Then spake He: "Israfil,
The Father to the Son a boon hath given.
Go forth, but I am with thee. Do His will
Who laid this doom upon thee, and be still.
Thou dost destroy, but thus can I restore.
Angel of death, arise, and hope once more!
From Abel's blood spilt on the altar stone,
To Calvary's cross which I must bear alone,
Thou shalt be terrible to human kind,
And hope but dimly light the troubled mind;
But from that grave which yields to me its portal,
Faith shall come forth, the Comforter immortal,
And thou, new crowned, shalt be
Seen by believing eyes linked hand in hand with Me."

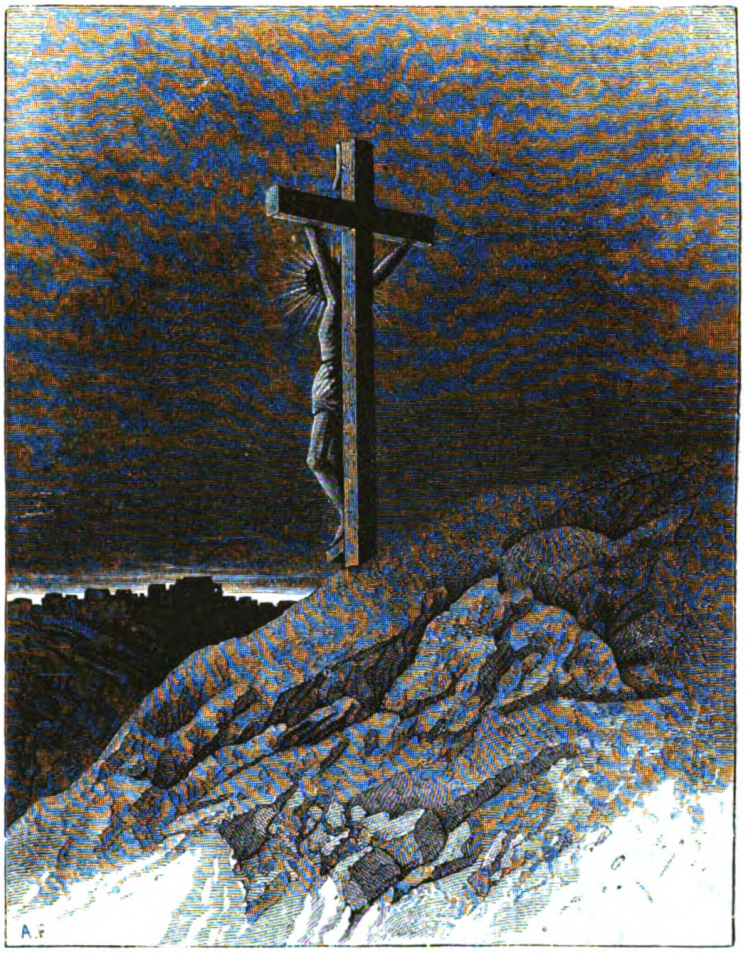
XV.

Thus spake Immanuel, and, ascending, passed
Again unto His Father's house, to keep
Unbroken watch, while Time and Sorrow last,
Of His beloved, who in death shall sleep.
And Israfil arose serene and calm,
And, with one last look upon Eden's bower,
Went forth into the morning's fragrant balm
To wield for evermore his melancholy power.

XVI.

Israfil!
Let thy sickle return to the harvest that gleams
White and wan on valley and hill,
For my lyre is still.
The song that I heard in the land of dreams
Is sung, and its magic shall haunt me no more.
Ever yet to the unseen shore
Bear earth's harvest—the loved and lost.
Often thy shadow my door has crossed;
I have seen thy icy fingers laid

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"TO CALVARY'S CROSS WHICH I MUST BEAR ALONE."

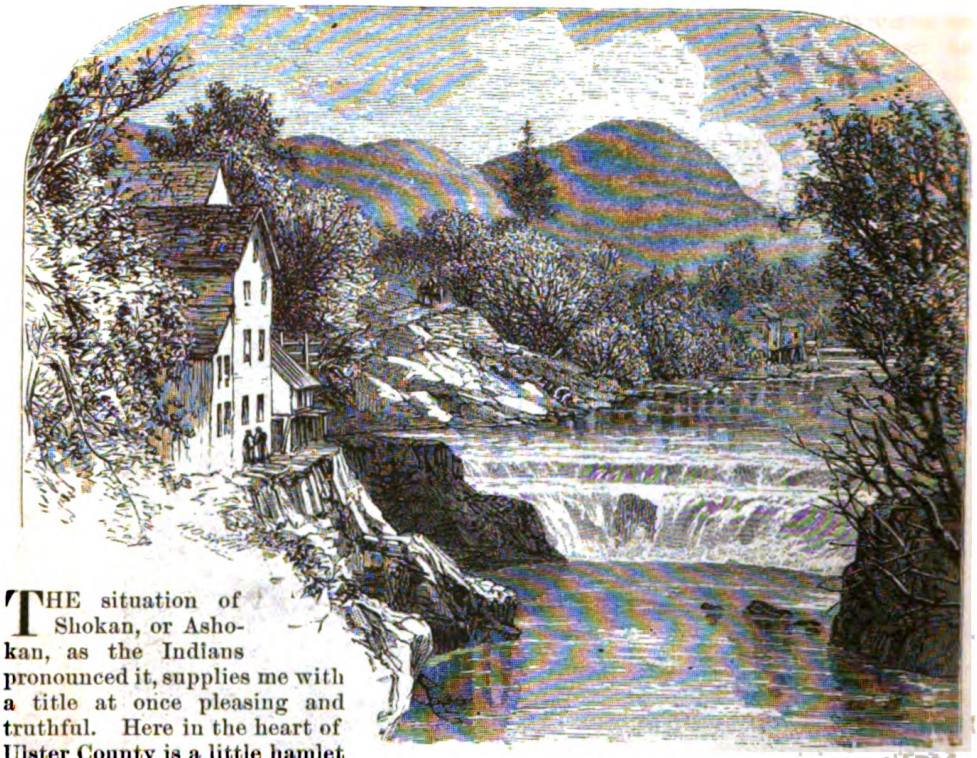
On lips that I loved, and was not afraid.
Following close on thy chill and gloom,
Reaching up from the darkened tomb,
Was the very odor of heavenly bloom
Shed from His garments who followed thee,
And took my idols to keep for me.
Israfil!
Come again at the Master's will.
At thy cross and pang my flesh may shrink,
But thy bitter cup I will dare to drink,
And follow thee down to the river's brink.
Through the breathless tide
I will cling to the hand of the Crucified;
And when I awake on the further shore,
I shall see thee no more
Sad and shrouded in garments dim,
But the angel of peace and brother of Him
Who crowned thee and blessed thee on Calvary's hill,
Israfil!



"FROM ABEL'S BLOOD SPILT ON THE ALTAR STONE."

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AT THE GATEWAY OF THE CATSKILLS.



BISHOP'S FALLS, ON THE ESOPUS.

THE situation of Shokan, or Ashokan, as the Indians pronounced it, supplies me with a title at once pleasing and truthful. Here in the heart of Ulster County is a little hamlet of widely scattered houses, separated by fields of corn, rye, oats, and buckwheat, and half hidden in old orchards. The "Centre" is a mile eastward of the creek, and "West Shokan" is the name of the railroad station, where there is a brick hotel, two or three country stores, a lumber mill, a church with an ambitiously high steeple, a number of carriage sheds clustered about, and a few houses, which seem as though they would be glad to get away. The Ulster and Delaware Railroad, a local line northwestward from Rondout, traverses the valley, and spoils the clearness of the air with clouds of sulphurous coal smoke.

Leaving the staring group of rustics lounging at the station, I hurried up the track a mile or so to a farmer's house that I knew of. It was a large square house, standing with its side to the road, and built of stone, hidden under the accumulated layers of many seasons' whitewashings. In front was a generous porch, and behind, a newer frame extension for a kitchen. It stood not far back from the road, where was an immense horse-block, almost as hard to mount as the horse itself, and in the small front yard were a few flowers, fenced off from the vegetable garden on the left and the orchard on the right, beyond which were the great barns and sheds. Out in the road in front was the "shop," for in this isolated village every man is his own artisan as well as cultivator. "Mon" (short for De la Montaigne) Dorrs was at work there as I came up—a short, somewhat bent man of sixty years, with a keen, cunning countenance and a perpetual smile. He was always good-natured and always busy, caring little for any thing off his farm, reading almost nothing, talking only of the weather and the crops and the local politics; an old-fashioned Democrat and a good neighbor, he was a type of the best Shokan farmers, and his house a type of their homes. They seem to be utterly devoid of all ambition beyond shelter and food, and to take no more interest in the glittering world moving by than the average New Yorker does in a militia regiment marching down Broadway.

In the shop were a carpenter's tool chest, a cooper's horse and shaving knives, a blacksmith's forge and anvil, and some harness-maker's implements. It was not an exceptional shop. A young farmer's education is not considered complete here until he has a sufficient knowledge of every trade having application to his labor to provide himself with any needed commodity for his daily work. On the other hand, the women all learn and daily practice the spinning of wool and flax, and the weaving of carpet and coarse cloth on looms which their hus-

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bands manufacture at home. In that summer of "Centennial" experiences and uproar it was a treat to find a community within one hundred miles of the metropolis where the customs of Revolutionary days had scarcely worn off at the edges.

The valley is several miles long and irregularly broad, but with a level surface. The soil is coarse drift bowlder material, and water-worn stones from an ounce to a ton in weight are every where to be seen. Stone walls, consequently, almost entirely take the place of fences, which become browned by exposure to the weather, embroidered with varicolored lichens, entangled in thickets of briers, where lightly rests a mantle of snow blossoms, or droop rich clusters of delicious berries, or glow sunburned masses of foliage, and tumble into careless piles exceeding picturesque the



SHOKAN MAIDEN SPINNING.—[SEE PAGE 821.]

year round. They are the favorite resorts of sparrows and wrens, whose lithe bright forms dodge in and out of their hiding-places with ceaseless activity, or choose some taller bush near by as a pedestal for joyous song. On every side rise hills to the height

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of fifteen hundred to over two thousand feet, culminating at Shokan in the two mountains, Tys ten Eyck and High Point, that stand over against one another at the head of the valley, like two giant warders guarding the portal to the mysteries of the Catskills, which the far blue summits beckon feet and imagination to explore.

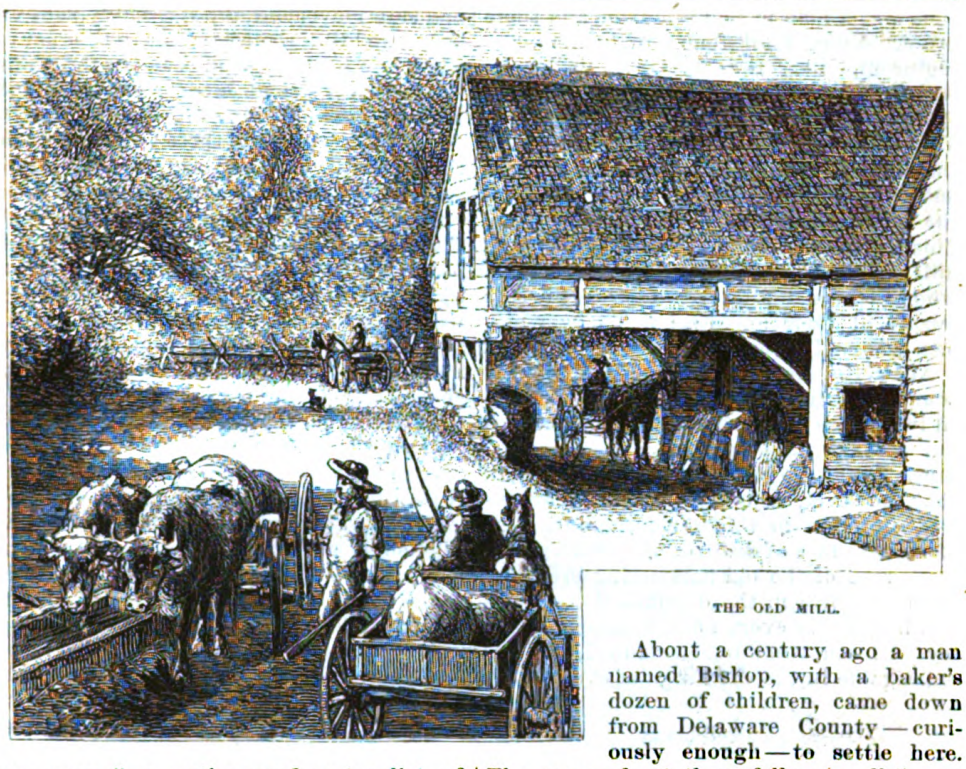
Through this huge gate and down the valley winds the Esopus, named, or at least supposed to be, after the sub-tribe of Iroquois Indians which had their hunting ground here. It is a stream as wide as Broadway and very picturesque. In the upper part of the valley it is filled with bowlders, so that one may almost cross it dry-shod. You think you can *quite* do so, but there is always a channel in the middle too wide to step over. Below, the water encounters an outcropping ledge of rocks, over which it takes three great leaps, a score of feet down at a jump, and plunges at last into a circular basin of unknown depth and Stygian blackness. Here the water boils up from the bottom, and then swings steadily out between perpendicular walls of green and gray rock. It is like a miniature Niagara, or more like some of the little cañons near the head waters of the Rio Grande, which hardly deserve notice among the grander gorges through which that troubled river finds its way out to the Llano Estacado. The Esopus, from source to outlet at Saugerties, is a brawling mountain stream, such as the painters go to Scotland to find; or rather it was before the forests on its banks were felled and its waters were befouled by refuse from the tanneries, mills, and villages which, attracted by its bark and lumber, have grown up on its banks. But to follow up any of its small tributaries, like the Little Beaverkill or the Bushkill, or to work your way to its source, is to penetrate the primeval forest, where, now that the bark-peelers have departed, rarely wanders any but the trapper or trout-fisher, or an occasional tramp like the writer, who would seek for love of them the inmost recesses of the wilderness.

Through this gateway about the beginning of the century passed many of the settlers of Delaware County, which lies thirty miles to the northwest, coming from Long Island, Connecticut, and from the counties beyond the Hudson. Down through it now comes a large part of the produce, mainly butter, from that county to market. The settlers beyond the mountains have also sent back a man or two into the world who emerged from these mountain portals. But little over twenty years ago a youth, the son of a farmer, was in the district school there, in the edge of Delaware, who has since become a sort of Napoleon in the world of stocks, and whom Wall Street fears and admires. A lad, his school-mate and playfel-



BRANCH OF THE ESOPUS BELOW OLD SHOKAN.

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THE OLD MILL.

low, now "an author and naturalist of pleasant fame,"* also followed the Esopus down out of the mountains, seeking the great world beyond, and reversing the movement of his ancestors at the beginning of the century.

If searching varied scenery nearer the village of Shokan, you must not fail to walk two miles down to Bishop's Falls, to which I alluded a moment ago, where the Esopus leaps into its little cañon. To get the complete picture, you must climb down to the foot of the falls—cautiously, for the rocks are slippery with spray and slimy confervoid growths. Beside you is the deep dark pool where the fish love to lie; over your head, the long, covered, age-colored bridge, spanning the chasm from abutments of living rock; in front, the rock amphitheatre, raised still higher by a log dam at the top, down whose steps rushes the tumultuous water, white with the foam of its mad leap, and hoarse with the thunder of its breaking waves. On your right is an old tannery, on your left, a still older mill. This ancient mill is historic. Through its decayed and moss-grown flume the water has flowed to grind a hundred harvests. Could its walls repeat the stories they have listened to, tell the events they have seen, no other chronicle of the neighborhood were needed, for there have been few inhabitants within a circle of a dozen miles who have not driven under its roadway shed.

About a century ago a man named Bishop, with a baker's dozen of children, came down from Delaware County — curiously enough — to settle here. The space about these falls was all "commons," and Mr. Bishop bought a large tract on one side of the river for a few cents an acre. His first move was to take advantage of the magnificent water-power, and erect a small mill, building so well that the solid oaken timbers stand to-day as firmly as when first put up, but browned by the lights and shadows of the long years which have soaked into their pores. The first machinery, an undershot wheel and simple gearing, was made entirely of wood whittled out by Bishop himself; where he got his buhr-stones, or whether he had any, I do not know. These contrivances lasted some years, but one winter were torn away by ice. Then a workman from Kingston made a wooden tub-wheel. This also stood a long time, but a few years ago was replaced by a turbine wheel, and the primitive gearing by the iron shafts and cog-wheels in present use. Meanwhile, under the ceaseless turning of the stream of life, the owner wore out along with his wheels, and Mr. Bishop was laid aside. Some would think this pioneer might have said, "My life is one dem'd horrid grind;" but we have no record that he even thought of his stay on the earth thus harshly.

The history of the old mill thus suggests the history of the whole region. The first settlements upon this territory, as I gathered from the farmers while they smoked their pipes in the evening twilight, were made about 1740 upon the flats along the Esopus, just below Shokan. One of the first set-

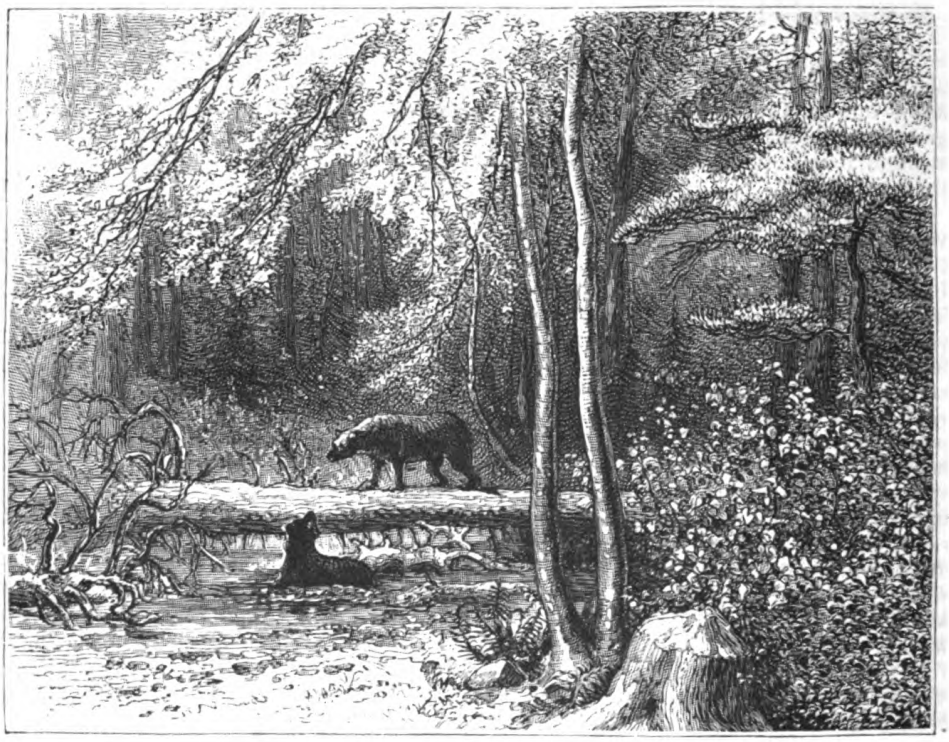
* John Burroughs.

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tlers was a man named Middagh, and there is a crumbling tombstone now in the burying-ground near the old Olive Bridge on which the name of Middagh and the date 1740 still appear, though almost illegible. The earlier families seem to have come from the Mohawk Valley and Delaware County, and their family names still remain among the most respectable people of the town. This fertile valley, and the game-abounding hills, were then occupied by the Indians, who often resisted by force of arms the cool seizure of their ancestral fields by white men who had come unasked.

After the Revolution this part of the country began to fill up, but it was not until 1832, when the Middletown turnpike was put through, that any progress of importance began to be made. Earlier than that, however, itinerant preachers organized churches in this region, and curious stories are told of some of the pioneer pastors—men of the old hammering orthodox stamp, fearless in the denunciation of vice and iniquity in every form, holding no parley with sin, resolute, determined, and indefatigable in the discharge of every religious duty. One was blind, another rode his circuit after he was eighty years old, and a third would preach with the stone-mason's leathern apron on in which he had been earning his bread during the week.

The old mill, in its stability, regularity, and slow movement, is not a bad type of the men who bring their harvests to be crushed, and while waiting grind between the stones of each other's comments the grist of neighborhood gossip. They differ mainly in the cut of their coats from those who came when the old mill was new, for they have preserved the traditions and customs of their forefathers with great tenacity. Their faces show the mixture of Yankee and Dutch blood which flows in their veins, and the thrift in their farming and their incessant whittling further attest the double parentage. All the farms have been in the families of those who now own them for several generations, but still yield abundantly. The aged orchards, the pieces of large second-growth timber, the occasional ruin where once stood a homestead, the many low, old-style, tumble-down stone houses, show how long the valley has been under the plow. The simplest mechanical arts never had much foot-hold here, for every young man prepares himself to live a Crusoe life, learns all the trades as well as the methods of agriculture, and by the time he is twenty-four is supposed to be proficient in every handicraft likely to be of use to an independent farmer. He is a wheelwright, a blacksmith, a house-carpenter, a stone-mason, a shoemaker; can patch his harness, repair his gun, or intelligently tinker the few pieces of machinery which have forced their way



A BEAR WALLOW, OR DRINKING-PLACE.

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from the outside world of labor-saving inventions into these quiet precincts. You find a workshop on every farm, and a more or less complete set of tools for each of the trades. The cutting and splitting of hoop poles occupies profitably many a rainy day, and forth beside her whirring wheel, guiding with dextrous hands the fleecy lengths she holds, one can easily think himself back in the "good old colony times," when the maidens paused in their spinning to chat of the news brought in the last ship from En-



ENOS BROWN AT HOME.

after the farmer has seen that his hoes lack no handles and his ox-yoke does not need a new bow.

On the other hand, the women are skilled in all those household industries which were considered the accomplishments of the Puritan maidens, and are slow to displace the spinning-wheel by the sewing-machine. Of course the testimony of their proficiency as cooks is "new every morning and fresh every evening." In the long August afternoons, when the mellow sun glances upon the circles of ruddy cider apples under the broad orchard trees, and the cat drowses on the door-step, guarding the immaculate kitchen from the invasion of the chickens, is heard the loud rhythmic purring of the spinning-wheel, rising and dying away like the droning of the giant bee. Watching the plainly attired woman walking back gland, or guided their yarn with tremulous hands and beating hearts, while their lovers were silently watching them through the misty spokes of the flying wheel.

The carding bee has been outgrown, but the idea remains, and the people still find their pleasures in combining play with work; husking bees, quiltings, and raisings are yet the enthusiastic occasions of tremendous labor and equal fun. In the fall there is an occasional nutting party, or hunt for wild honey by "lining" the bees home to their treasure. Hundreds of pounds of fine honey are thus got every year out of these woods. Another set of mountaineers, the bears, are also good bee hunters, and thus betraying themselves, often become the preferred objects of chase.

The bear hunter *par excellence* and the "character" of the township is Enos Brown,

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in whose hospitable cabin I enjoyed many an hour of rest and invigoration. He is a pioneer of such stuff as our frontiersmen are made, and although wasting no time in long migrations and useless efforts to keep in the forefront of the nation's western picket-line, he has kept himself equally in the wilds by driving his stakes in a spot so unpropitious for "modern improvements" that civilization has divided and gone around him. He was born among these hills, and when a young man, just married, he and his wife were employed to go back into the wilderness and cook for a gang of bark-peelers, who were stripping the hemlocks for the great tanneries below. A rude shanty, partly of logs and partly of boards, one end filled with a huge stone chimney and fire-place, in which the crane still hangs and serves its daily use, was built on a little plateau up at the head of Traver's Hollow, 1800 feet or so above the level of the Hudson, and there Enos and his wife made a home for the men for several seasons. At last the bark was exhausted, and the place was abandoned by the peelers; but Brown had taken root, and buying the adjacent land "for a song," he has remained ever since in the same shanty, which now he "kalkilates wants a new roofin'."

Every one in the Falls builds a pen of logs and baits it for bears. Enos alone traps Bruin. When I saw him last September he had three bear traps set, and was about to set another over on the highest ridge of White Rock Mt. These traps are little houses, about eight feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high, made of logs as heavy as two men can lift. One end is left open, into which a thick and heavy door of slabs is fitted so as to slide up and down in a groove. The whole is roofed over with logs, and pinned and braced so as to resist the most violent efforts of the imprisoned brute. In baiting, the door is lifted and poised on the end of a stick balanced over a cross-piece, to the further end of which the bait hangs. The bear must go quite into the pen to get at the bait—usually a sheep's or calf's head—and the moment he tugs at it he dislodges



SETTING THE TRAP.

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THE START FROM BROWN'S CABIN.

the door, which falls behind him, leaving Mr. Bruin "in quod."

The ordinary heavy spring steel-trap is also used, but disliked on account of the danger of the hunter himself getting caught, the success depending on the animal's stumbling into it. This trap consists of two semicircular pieces of iron with serrated edges, so fastened together at their ends that when pried apart they lie flat on the ground, with an iron plate between them big enough to hold the foot of a bear. The contrivance resembles a shark's jaws wide open, and, chained to a tree, is hidden in the leaves, with the bait just beyond, so that the bear must walk over the trap. If he tries to do so, he is tolerably sure to step on the hidden plate, and pressing a trigger, releases the horrid jaws, which fly together, and hold his foot in a clasp from which it is impossible to get free. The chain prevents his limping away, and there he must stay and suffer till the hunter, with his merciful rifle, comes to his deliverance. Sometimes, to get free, the bear will even gnaw off his leg at the first joint, and leave his foot in the trap. Enos met with one such case in his own experience; and having thrown the foot one side, another bear found it and ate it.

Whichever trap is used, it is set near a "wallow"—by which is meant a wet place where the bears come to roll in the mud and drink from springs. They are very fond of this amusement, being naturally playful, have paths more or less well worn leading toward such wallows, and go there again and again with their families to gambol on the soft banks.

A well-constituted Catskill *Ursus americanus* has about as good a time as any animal I know of. He has a magnificent country to roam through, there are not too many other bears to divide the spoils with, the climate is not too hot in midsummer, and in midwinter he can curl up in some snug retreat, suck his paws, and sleep till vernal mildness calls him forth to new wanderings. He is not bothered with many visitors—barring the hunter and his hounds. If I could not be a butterfly, I should like to be a bear. It amounts in the end chiefly to a choice between being caught in a trap and perforated by a rifle-ball, or captured in a silken net and bayoneted with a pin.

The bear is born in February (usually with a single twin brother or sister), in some cave or hollow under the roots of a tree, where his mother had "holed up" in a state of partial hibernation when the first heavy snows came, and the cold froze up the spring-holes. The old bears go into these winter caves excessively fat, and seem so when they come out; but their long fast and the nursing of the young soon reduce them, so that they often have a hard rub to keep alive if the spring is slow and their diet of roots and bulbs is held tightly locked by late frosts. At such times they frequently become very bold, making repeated attacks upon the farmer's sheep and calves. Enos Brown last spring had five sheep taken off in rapid succession. He therefore stopped his farm-work, applied himself to trapping, and soon five bear-skins graced

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BAITING THE TRAP.

his shanty's walls. His sheep were avenged. During the spring and early summer the bears live by their wits—rather poorly—and are little hunted. They are shedding their hair, so that the fur is not in good plight, their flesh is lean, and their young accompany them about the woods. The time to begin to hunt them is when the woodland berries begin to ripen.

In the late autumn bears are also hunted with dogs, and although the sport is very exciting, it is the hardest imaginable work. The mountains are rugged and steep in the extreme, covered with forests which are choked with a dense undergrowth of huckleberries and briers, while fallen trees, rugged detached rocks, and deep swampy gullies obstruct the way. To work one's way through this tangle is not easy at the best, and when one is hampered by a rifle, ammunition, and other "fixin's," and is trying to keep up with the excited dogs, the undertaking requires a man of steel. When a bear finds itself pursued, it takes off up the steepest, most inaccessible places, and over the very loftiest points in the whole region, keeps on from peak to peak across the worst ravines and through the densest jungles, fully aware that thus it will soonest exhaust its pursuer, and finally escapes, if at all, through its superior endurance. The hunter, knowing this, follows as best he can with one or two tough little dogs, mere whiffets, which dash up and nip the bear behind. When Bruin turns around in amazement and indignation, the little dog is not there, but returns the instant the bear starts on, and thus worries it into stopping and attempting to fight its minute and pertinacious tormentor until the hunter comes up and can shoot. A large dog will attack the bear boldly, and hold on until he is hugged to death—the speedy and almost inevitable result of his incautious courage. A bear hunt of this kind is full of adventure and fascination for the sportsman, yet the chance of getting the bear in the end is a doubtful one. You are sure, however, of a sinew-testing chase and a nerve-testing struggle at the end. If an enraged bear is not a pleasant fellow to meet on his native hills, a wounded one is still less so, and the hunter must be self-possessed and agile to escape the formidable antagonist that has failed to fall at his first shot. Enos Brown tells a story of an adventure of this kind he and his "woman" (Shokanites never say *wife*) had when a very large bear submitted to be shot in the head, straightened out with his head down hill, and have his throat cut, and then suddenly revived, and made exceedingly lively and sanguinary work for the Brown family before consenting to yield up the ursine ghost. Sometimes, moreover, a bear is lost through a provoking accident, such as stupid dogs stopping to tree a porcupine, entirely losing track of the nobler game, to the vexation of the breathless hunter, who rushes up convinced from the dogs' racket that a whole den of bears awaits his conquest.



MRS. BROWN, À LA DIANA.

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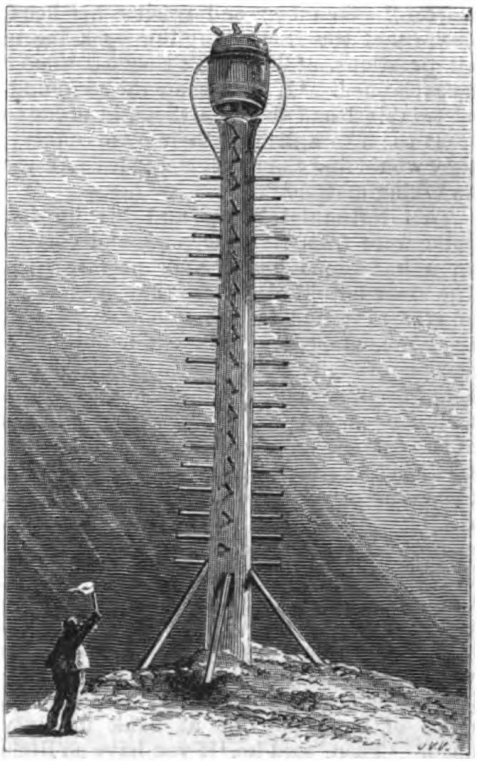
AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

MANY Philadelphians will recall a short, small-featured, pleasant-voiced, and courteous gentleman who, twenty years ago, might be seen in the streets, and a little earlier would be quite confidently looked for in the president's chair upon the occasion of a public dinner or reception. Mr. Samuel Breck, at one time member of Congress from Philadelphia, and at various times a member of the State Legislature and of the City Council, as well as trustee, director, and in general public-spirited citizen, died in Philadelphia in 1862, at a little over ninety-one years of age. He had lived in the city or its suburb for seventy years, coming there when it was the seat of government, and his social relations brought him into intimate connection with the best people; but his birth was in Boston, where, with the exception of a few years of study and travel abroad, his early years were spent, so that, born in 1771, he was old enough at the time of the opening scenes of the Revolution to retain some impressions of them, and more especially to carry in his mind recollections of society and manners in the earliest days of the republic.

He was engaged for a short time in business as a commission merchant, but retired at an early age, and passed a life of leisure from toil, but of constant occupation: almost from youth he kept a diary, in which he recorded family matters, society news, reflections on public affairs and men, passages from books he was reading, small jokes, statistics—whatever interested him and seemed worthy of preservation. When fifty-eight years old he set about recording in regular order his early recollections, and brought the narrative down to 1795, but for some reason rested there, although his voluminous diaries contain material for extending the record to a later date. The period embraced in his recollections, however, is that which is just now especially engaging attention, and as Mr. Breck's manuscripts have come into my hands, I purpose here to give, chiefly in his own words, some characteristic accounts of life and adventure in the early days; the illustrations accompanying this paper are from drawings made by Mr. Breck, who was a clever draughtsman.

Mr. Breck's father was a rich merchant in Boston, who was agent for the French government, and brought into close connection thus with the French officers attached to the squadron which for a time was anchored in Boston Harbor. His house was the resort of the foreigners, who were looked upon with unbounded curiosity by the Boston people, brought for the first time into acquaintance with a nation uniformly traduced by the British. It was incredible to them that persons who were popularly supposed to subsist mainly on frogs should be so plump and well-favored; but the original facts were stoutly maintained and supported by the rumor that they had been discovered hunting for their favorite food in the Frog Pond on the Common.

"With this last notion in his head, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who lived in a beautiful villa at Cambridge [formerly Washington's head-quarters, and now Mr. Longfellow's



THE BEACON, BOSTON, 1780.

house], made a great feast for the admiral and his officers. Every thing was furnished that could be had in the country to ornament and give variety to the entertainment. My father was one of the guests, and told me often after that two large tureens of soup were placed at the ends of the table. The admiral sat on the right of Tracy, and M. De l'Etombe on the left. L'Etombe was consul of France, resident at Boston. Tracy filled a plate of soup, which went to the admiral, and the next was handed to the consul. As soon as L'Etombe put his spoon into the plate, he fished up a large frog, just as green and perfect as if he had hopped from the pond into the tureen. Not knowing at first what it was, he seized it by one of its hind-legs, and, holding it up in view

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of the whole company, discovered that it was a full-grown frog. As soon as he had thoroughly inspected it, and made himself sure of the matter, he exclaimed, 'Ah! mon Dieu! une grenouille!' Then turning to the gentleman next to him, gave him the frog. He received it and passed it round the table. Thus the poor *crapaud* made the tour from hand to hand until it reached the admiral. The company, convulsed with laughter, examined the soup plates as the servants brought them, and in each was to be found a frog. The uproar was universal. Meantime Tracy kept his ladle going, wondering what his outlandish guests meant by such extravagant merriment. 'What's the matter?' asked he; and raising his head, discovered the frogs dangling by a leg in all directions. 'Why don't they eat them?' he exclaimed. 'If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them, in order to treat them to a dish of their own country, they would find that with me, at least, it was no joking matter.'"

This Nathaniel Tracy and his brother John were from Newburyport, and carried on a hazardous business in privateering. The story is told elsewhere that at the end of 1777 they had lost forty-one ships, and their sole hope lay in a single letter of marque of eight guns, from which they had heard nothing for some time. As they were walking together one day, discussing means of subsistence for their families, they spied a sail making for the harbor, which proved to be a prize worth twenty thousand pounds sterling. The wealth suddenly acquired was quickly squandered or lost, and they both became poor. "Nat died soon after the Revolutionary war closed, and John swam upon corks a little longer, just keeping his head above water. He used to advise those who complained of time hanging heavy and passing slowly to put forth notes of hand payable at bank in sixty days. 'Then,' said he, 'if you have as little money to discharge them with as I have, you'll find the time pass along quick enough to pay-day.' This gentleman was a member of the General Court, and was very desirous to be elected Treasurer of the commonwealth —an officer chosen by the Legislature. He applied to several members for their support, and, among others, to my father, who sat then and for seven years in succession on the Boston seat in the House of Representatives. Tracy was a good-natured fellow and pleasant companion, but by no means fitted for the station he solicited; yet his friends, screened as they were by a ballot vote, did not wish bluntly to deny him. No doubt many gave him hopes of their support. The election took place, and Tracy had one vote only. In great astonishment and mortification, he called his supposed friends around him, and inquiring of each how he voted, received for answer that, for all he knew, the single vote had been given according to promise, each man hinting a claim to it. After enjoying their embarrassment a little while, he said to them, 'Ye are a pack of traitors, and not one of you have any thing to do with the vote in my favor, for I put it in myself.'"

Mr. Breck's family lived in a spacious house which stood, surrounded by a large garden, at what is now the corner of Tremont and Winter Streets. Across the Common was Governor Hancock's house, upon the slope of Beacon Hill. At that time the name of the hill was explained by the beacon which stood upon it. "Spokes were fixed in a large mast, on the top of which was placed a barrel of pitch or tar, always ready to be fired on the approach of an enemy. Around this pole I have fought many battles as a South End boy [for the South End at that time began north of the Old South Church, and ended long before the point where the present South End begins] against the boys of the North End of the town; and bloody ones too, with slings and stones very skillfully and earnestly used. In what a state of barbarism did the rising generation of those days exist! From time immemorial these hostilities were carried on by the juvenile part of the community. The school-masters whipped, parents scolded; nothing could check it.....I forget on what holiday it was that the Anticks [faint precursors of the Antiques and Horribles], another exploded remnant of colonial manners, used to perambulate the town. They have ceased to do it now, but I remember them as late as 1782. They were a set of the lowest blackguards, who, disguised in filthy clothes, and ofttimes with masked faces, went from house to house in large companies; and *bon gré mal gré* obtruding themselves every where, particularly into the rooms that were occupied by parties of ladies and gentlemen, would demean themselves with great insolence. I have seen them at my father's, when his assembled friends were at cards, take possession of a table, seat themselves on rich furniture, and proceed to handle the cards, to the great annoyance of the company. The only way to get rid of them was to give them money and listen patiently to a foolish dialogue between two or more of them. One of them would cry out, 'Ladies and gentlemen sitting by the fire, put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire.' When this was done, and they had received some money, a kind of acting took place. One fellow was knocked down and lay sprawling on the carpet, while another bellowed out:

'See, there he lies;
But ere he dies,
A doctor must be had.'

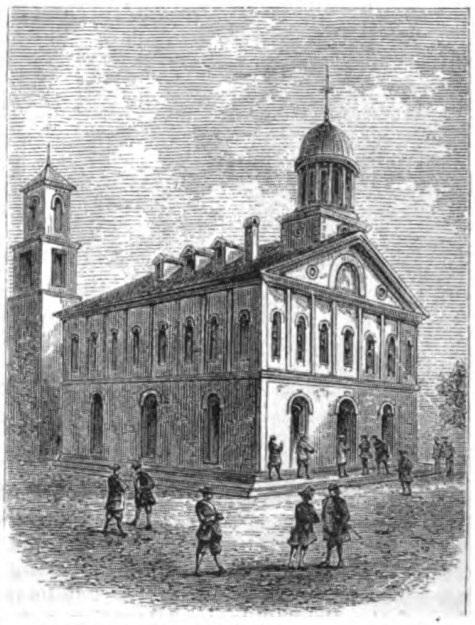
He calls for a doctor, who soon appears, and

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enacts the part so well that the wounded man revives. In this way they would continue for half an hour, and it happened not unfrequently that the house would be filled by another gang when these had departed. There was no refusing admittance. Custom had licensed these vagabonds to enter, even by force, any place they chose."

"We had a medley of eccentric tradesmen in Boston in 1788, who were a compound of flat simplicity in manners and acute cleverness in conversation. Shrewd, perhaps somewhat cunning, often witty, always smart and intelligent. Such was Copley, my tailor; Billings, of the same trade; but, above all, Balch, the hatter. His shop was the principal lounge even of the first people in the town. Governor Hancock, when the gout permitted, resorted to this grand rendezvous, and there exchanged jokes with Balch and his company, or, as sometimes happened, discussed grave political subjects, and, *tout en badinant*, settled leading principles of his administration. Such, as late as 1788, was the unsophisticated state of society. But we must not believe that intrigue was banished from this artless association; on the contrary, every little boon in the Governor's gift was bestowed upon him who could work the wires with nimblest fingers.

"The higher circles were not less singularly constituted. The principal star was Mrs. Jeffrey. She was sister to the celebrated John Wilkes, and the widow of Mr. Hayley, who had been Lord Mayor of London. Nothing could more exactly resemble her brother than she did, except in the double squint, which she had not; and as he was the ugliest man in England, the family likeness so strongly stamped on the face of the sister left her without any claim to beauty. Yet her highly gifted mind and elegant manners much more than balanced that deficiency. Mr. Hayley had been a merchant, and large sums were due to him in New England. At his death his widow fitted up a fine ship, and took passage in it for Boston, for the purpose of collecting her late husband's claims. Pleased with the place, she purchased a beautiful house in Tremont Street, formerly the residence of the Varsall refugee family, whose villa on Clapham Common, near London, I remember seeing in 1791, and who are related to my brother-in-law, James Lloyd. Thus splendidly lodged, she formed her whole establishment in a style suitable to the mansion. The gayest liveries and equipage, the richest furniture, the most hospitable and best-served table—all these were displayed to the greatest advantage by the widow Hayley. She had certainly passed her grand climacteric, and in her mouth was a single tooth of an ebon color. Her favorite dress was a red cloth riding-habit and black beaver hat. In these she looked very like an old man. Thus attired on some gala day, she was paying a visit to Mrs. Hancock, when Van Berkle, the Dutch envoy, happened to be in Boston. He came, of course, to salute the Governor, with whom, however, he was not personally acquainted. On entering the room, he saw a venerable head, decorated with a hat and plumes, belonging to a person robed in scarlet and seated in an arm-chair in a conspicuous part of the room, and knowing that Governor Hancock was too gouty to walk, he very naturally concluded that the person before him was the master of the house. He accordingly approached, and, bowing, said he hoped his Excellency was better; that being on a visit to Boston, he had ventured to introduce himself, for the purpose of testifying in person his high admiration, etc., etc. Be-



THE ORIGINAL FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, 1742.

fore his compliment was finished, the lady undeceived him, but in such a manner as put the minister perfectly at his ease.

"This most excellent woman had surrounded herself with a menagerie, so that her court-yard was filled with cockatoos, poll parrots, and monkeys; yet she felt herself lonely, and set her cap for a husband. There was a young Scotsman then in Boston who was agent for a British mercantile house. His name was Jeffrey [uncle to the famous editor of the *Edinburgh Review*]—a man well educated and of gentlemanly address. To him Mrs. Hayley gave her hand and fortune. Out of sixty or seventy thousand pounds sterling, she did not reserve a shilling for herself; but, in a fit of girlish love, poured the whole into the pocket of this young stranger, whose age could not

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have been one-half her own. Of this act of egregious folly she lived long enough to repent."

Mr. Breck was a member of Congress 1823–26, and renewed there an acquaintance with John Quincy Adams, with whom he had been associated as a young man both in Newburyport and in Boston. He was in the House when the election for President came before that body, and cast his vote for Mr. Adams, although it was inoperative, as the remain-



DUTCH HOUSES IN NEW YORK, 1787.

der of the Pennsylvania delegation voted for Mr. Jackson. "Mr. Adams told me," he says, "that although he knew my vote could not be operative on account of our voting by States, yet he felt more anxious about it than about any other. 'I thought of James Vila's,' said he, 'where we held our club; our early friendship occurred to me.'" James Vila was landlord of the famous Bunch of Grapes Tavern, though the meetings of the club were held at Concert Hall, to which Vila removed in 1789. There is a pleasant letter of Josiah Quincy's addressed to Mr. Breck, that has not been hitherto published, in which he recurs to the meetings of the club and other matters. The letter (of which we give a copy) is written from Quincy in 1858, when the writer was in his eighty-seventh and Mr. Breck in his eighty-eighth year. There is a friskiness about it that gives younger people a cheerful anticipation of their own octogenarian time.

"*Samuel Breck, Esq.:*

"My dear Sir,—I am indebted for your letter. I approve of every word of it, and am delighted, except with the last epithet, *venerable*. What is venerable? I am sick of the term, it is so often desecrated. Why, I have seen it applied to young fellows not more than sixty or seventy years old! I pray that Nestors such as you and I should be above such juvenilities. You ask if I remember Vila's? Who that once knew can ever forget that prince of good eating? I see him now, short, rosy-gilled, with white apron and napkin, with ineffable grace and good-humor laying upon the table beefsteaks—ah! such steaks as are not seen in these degenerate days since cookery is done by ovens and steam-boilers, but smoking and rising proudly on the plate by the heat and depth of their own gravy; not burnt, not swimming in an oleaginous mixture, but pure with the juice of the main body; not overdone, but red with the vital principle of the animal. Alas! when shall you and I see such steaks again? I fear never. Although we mutually rejoice in these reminiscences, I think we never enjoyed them together; when you were luxuriating with John Quincy Adams, during the years preceding 1790, in Vila's apartments in Concert Hall, I was hammering on Greek and Latin at Harvard; but I remember, and delight in the remembrance, of all your enumerated friends, and many more. You were at least two years in advance of me, and that makes an awful difference in early life. But who that once knew can ever forget the amiable Frazier, the ever jocund and witty Crafts, the noble Thomas Handasyd Perkins, the staid and solid James, his brother John Wells, the good and faithful Thomas C. Amory, every body's favorite and friend? You say that you have just entered your eighty-eighth year. Well, I entered my eighty-seventh in February last; so there's not so great difference between us after all, and you have no right to take any airs on the occasion. I could say many things more, but as old clergymen used to say after having completed their nineteenth head of discourse, 'This must for the present suffice; the residue must be left to another opportunity.'

"With my thanks and best wishes, I am yours, etc.,

"Josiah Quincy.

"Quincy, 28th *July*, 1858."

On his return to America in 1787, after four or five years' absence at school in France, Breck landed in New York, then in ruins after the occupation by the British and the devastation which it suffered from fire. "In Broadway, from Wall Street to the Battery, the great fire had swept away almost every building, including Trinity Church, and the rest of the town was made up of miserable wooden hovels and strange-looking brick houses constructed in the Dutch fashion, and often with yellow bricks brought from Holland. They presented a narrow front to the street, and exhibited their gable ends."

The connection which the elder Mr. Breck held with the French government, as well as our author's stay in France, brought to the house a good many French gentlemen of distinction, both when the family lived in Boston and afterward during the residence in Philadelphia. Talleyrand, Beaumais, Vicount de Noailles, the Duc de Liancourt, Volney, Louis Philippe, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Duc de Beaujolois were all visitors in Philadelphia at the Brecks'. Volney he describes as "a timid, peevish, sour-tempered man. I accompanied him in a long walk on one occasion, when he enter-

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tained me with his hair-breadth escapes from the rapacity of the Mamelukes of Egypt. They were his terror, and easily laid him under contribution. Sometimes they would gallop after him, at the very gates of Cairo, and oblige the affrighted Frank to redeem himself from fancied danger by throwing behind him a handful of silver while he fled from them at full speed. This solicitous care of number one showed itself when he was in the United States. Being on board a sloop on Lake Erie, he was overtaken by a storm. Thinking himself in danger, he cautioned the master to have a care how he navigated the vessel, for it contained the celebrated Volney, and he would have him punished by the President if he did not conduct himself with prudence. General Washington, who hated freethinkers, was, of course, not very much disposed to caress Volney, and, indeed, as President had declined to notice the French emigrant. Volney, however, paid him a visit at Mount Vernon, where he was received and entertained with the usual kindness shown to strangers.

"Talleyrand spent part of his time at New York. Being on a visit to that city myself when he was there, he invited me to breakfast with him. He was then about to set out on a visit to the Western country, and such was the wild state of that region in those days that he thought it necessary to equip himself like a hunter; for which purpose he had caused a rifleman's suit to be made, and after breakfast he went up to his bedroom and put it on. When he was fully dressed in the costume of a backwoodsman of the last century, he called me up to look at him. The metamorphosis from the bishop's lawn and purple to this savage garment was sufficiently ridiculous, but he did not think so, for he displayed it with pride and delight. His companion, Beaumais, had a similar habit, and shortly after they explored the forests of the interior with their rifle guns and hunting shirts."

In reading the diaries of this old gentleman, one is amused at the expression of mingled admiration and discontent which the changes in modes of travelling call forth. Accustomed to travel in his own carriage, and giving repeated accounts of journeying in this method back and forth between Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Washington, New York, and Boston, he hails the advent of steamboats and rail-cars as something extraordinary, but not altogether desirable. Here, for instance, is an extract from his diary, dated July 22, 1835:

"This morning at nine o'clock I took passage in a railroad car [from Boston] for Providence. Five or six other cars were attached to the loco, and uglier boxes I do not wish to travel in. They are huge carriages, made to stow away some thirty human beings, who sit cheek by jowl as best they can. Two poor fellows who were not much in the habit of making their toilet squeezed me into a corner, while the hot sun drew from their garments a villainous compound of smells, made up of salt fish, tar, and molasses. By-and-by just twelve—only twelve—bouncing factory girls were introduced, who were going on a party of pleasure to Newport. 'Make room for the ladies!' bawled out the superintendent. 'Come, gentlemen, jump up on the top; plenty of room there.' 'I'm afraid of the bridges knocking my brains out,' said a passenger. Some made one excuse, some another. For my part, I flatly told him that since I had belonged to the corps of silver-grays I had lost my gallantry, and did not intend to move. The whole twelve were, however, introduced, and soon made themselves at home, sucking lemons and eating green apples. There is certainly a growing neglect of manners and insubordination to the laws, a democratic familiarity and a tendency to level all distinctions. The rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, the polite and the vulgar, all herd together in this modern *improvement* in travelling..... I can not perceive a semblance of gentility in any one who makes part of the travelling mob." All of which, taken with such salt as the reader may choose for a condiment, need not disturb one's complacency in his own gentility, or in his sense of improvement in modes of travelling since 1835. After all, gentility does not seem quite to have died with the gentlemen of the old school, yet there was a self-respect about them and a respect for others which look very charming, however one may adjust his sight to distant or near schools of courtesy.



PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

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SOLOMON PODDY'S COURTSHIP.

THE summer of 1875 was an eventful season for Mr. Solomon Poddy, for in the pleasant month of August of that year Miss Tabitha Jones conceived the idea that she would spend a few weeks in dull, quiet Tattleopolis. She came, and, like Cæsar, he saw, and she conquered; and on her return to New York carried with her in one of the numberless valises, bags, and bundles which inflamed the ire of baggage-masters and hackmen, the heretofore-unappropriated heart of Solomon Poddy.

Not to say that Solomon's heart had never before been touched with the tender sentiment. On three several occasions he had, figuratively speaking, laid it at the feet of as many different fair enslavers; but he had been so careful to keep the matter a profound secret that the fact was unknown to the world of Tattleopolis, even to the favored ladies themselves.



"HERE WAS A PREDICAMENT FOR SOLOMON."—[SEE PAGE 833.]

Mr. Poddy was a very bashful man; so much so that he might safely be exhibited by a Barnum as a prodigy of bashfulness,

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and challenge the world to produce his equal.

When old Mr. Poddy, the lamented proprietor of a Grand Street dry and fancy goods establishment, discovered this trait in Solomon at an early age, it gave the poor gentleman great pain, for he intended his first-born to be his successor in the business. He had looked forward to the day—the elder Poddy was a dabbler in spiritualism—when, his body being safely consigned to the dust, his spirit should, in company with other congenial souls, hover over Grand Street on moonlight nights, and he could then refer his companions in triumph to the sign, "Solomon Poddy, successor to Isaac Poddy—established 1820."

But how could a bashful man be a dry-goods merchant, and listen with that suave and bland expression of countenance which is a property of the fraternity to the comments and arguments of changeable females out for an afternoon's shopping? How compliment the buyer on the color becoming her complexion "to a charm?" And then, when half an hour or so has been spent in matching the material, pulling it this way and that, holding it up to the light, and trying if it will wash, comparing the pattern to Mrs. A's new dress, and the price to Mrs. B's, with the conclusion that "Smith and Tomkins, down the street, sell the very same goods at one-fourth the price," and "I don't think it will do at all—do you, dear?"—how could a bashful man, with a serene and triumphant smile, dive under the counter and spread before the admiring eyes of the almost lost customers an article which shall cause them to resume their seats, and commence all over again—compliments, pulling, trying, and matching?

Worst of all, how could he have the hardihood to expatiate upon the wearing qualities of flannel petticoats or the fashion of hose?

It was clear to the old gentleman, from the time when the youthful Solomon, at the children's party given in honor of his eighth birthday, ran up stairs to his room and hid under the bed rather than kiss the plump red lips of a miss of ten, that he would never do for the shop.

But time passed on, and Mrs. Poddy presented her lord with another boy. As this youngster grew to years of discretion, he developed all the qualities missing in the first-born. Old Isaac boasted that there was no more brassy, self-possessed urchin in the city than his youngest son. He early showed an aptitude for sharp bargainings in marbles, tops, and kites with the boys of the neighborhood, in which trades he accumulated vast stores of those articles, and was looked upon as a very large operator in toys before reaching the mature age of twelve.

Having developed such talents, it was decided in full family council that Thomas Poddy should take the helm of affairs in the store when it should be relinquished by old Isaac.

Then arose the question, What shall be done with Solomon? who by this time was grown to be a lank, tall, carroty-haired, pudgy-nosed, and freckled-faced young man of twenty, with a mild suggestion of a mustache making its appearance upon the upper lip.

Mrs. Poddy suggested the navy as a business in which change of scene, exposure to rough weather, and absence of female society might gradually work a change, and render Solomon more at ease when in the company of ladies. But Isaac pooh-poohed this idea, and decided that he would purchase a farm in the country, and give Solomon the management of it. There, in the congenial society of cows, horses, and pigs, with snatches of intercourse with the milkmaids and farmers' daughters—who would probably be more lenient to his weakness than the critical city ladies—Solomon might in time conquer his bashfulness, and become able to enter a room full of ladies without blushing to the roots of his yellow hair.

The idea was carried out. And that is how Solomon Poddy became, as he called himself, a gentleman farmer. And that his house might be kept in good order, a maiden sister of old Mr. Poddy was duly installed as housekeeper.

In course of time, Isaac Poddy, the father, died, and the old sign in Grand Street was altered to "Thomas Poddy, successor to Isaac Poddy, established 1820," as had been the desire of the founder of the house, and a snug sum in ready money and stocks and bonds was divided between the two sons, Solomon receiving the farm as part of his share.

With the reputation for wealth which Solomon Poddy had now acquired, he was free to pick from all the buxom farmers' daughters round whom he would for a wife. He felt the need of one sorely, for the old spinster aunt had followed her brother to the grave, and her place was filled by a stern-faced, masculine female of fifty, who was recommended by the dowager Poddy in New York as a first-class pushing housekeeper for her son. She managed to push so well that in a few months she had pushed poor Solomon to the wall, and he hardly knew whether he was the owner of his own house.

Many were the evenings he spent in his room, driven there by the torments of his oppressor, and ruminated on the subject of getting married and driving this usurper from her throne. He went so far at this time as to venture to spend the winter evenings at the houses of the hospitable farmers in the neighborhood, selecting those who

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were blessed with prepossessing daughters of a marriageable age. At Farmer Smith's he spent four evenings discussing the subject of winter fodder, much to the amusement of Miss Matilda Smith, in whose eyes he sought to find favor. And when the old man began to doze, and then, with the observation (for he perfectly well knew the purport of Solomon's errand), "Well, Mr. Poddy, I calkerlate I'll go to bed, as I've got to be up bright and early in the mornin'; I guess you and Matildy can keep each other company for the rest of the evenin'," and taking his candle, stumbled up to bed, whither Matilda's mother had preceded him, Solomon would have given half his fortune to have had the power of saying what he wanted to say to Matilda. But, alas! he could only stammer something about the weather and the prospects of a snow-storm, and after an awkward pause, in which Matilda looked down and formed her lips to a yes, take his hat and say he must really go, it was so late. Half-way home he cursed his own foolishness, and picking up courage, went back with the intention of carrying Matilda's heart by a desperate forlorn hope, come what would, and narrowly escaped receiving a charge of small shot in his body, fired from the farmer's shot-gun, he mistaking the forlorn suitor for a chicken thief, after which warm welcome Mr. Poddy hurried home and gave Matilda up in despair.

So it was with the other two courtships. When he mustered up courage and escorted Polly Bascom home from meeting one Sunday evening, he was horrified to hear, the following week, that he had been accepted by that young lady, and though at the time he wished he was in that position, he never even looked at her again.

He spent several pleasant evenings at Widow Brown's, and had got so far as holding the widow's pretty daughter Bessie's ball of crochet cotton without turning pink, when one evening he overheard the hired girl refer to "that goose! why don't he speak out?" and the widow's knew Poddy no more.

Thus perished in the bud Solomon's young



"IS IT REALLY YOU, MR. PODDY?"—[SEE PAGE 835.]

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affections before they had begun to make an impression upon the adored object.

Solomon Poddy had celebrated his forty-fifth birth-day. Gray hairs began to show among the carroty locks, and good living had rounded out his lanky form. Still he was under the dominion of the stern-faced Miss Perkins, and was supposed by all the people round, who were acquainted with his failings, to be a confirmed old bachelor. But such was not to be his fate.

The summer of '75 came, and with it came an influx of city boarders to sleepy Tattleopolis. Down the road from Solomon's, Peter Hicks had his house full of "a lot of crazy, impudent gals," Miss Perkins told Poddy; and one evening, soon after their arrival, as he was smoking a pipe on his front piazza, a wagon-load of them passed by and saluted him—much to his surprise—with a volley of "Good-evening, Mr. Poddy." Old Hicks had informed them of poor Solomon's troubles, and every one had made up her mind to get up a desperate flirtation with the old bachelor.

After that Solomon drove to the village by a miserable rough and stony back lane which ran between stone walls overgrown with blackberry bushes, and avoided Hicks's house. It took him an hour longer to go that way, but he would have gone round by China rather than meet the concentrated stare and giggle of Hicks's young lady boarders.

Along this road Poddy was jogging one day behind his old gray mare, bumping over the stones, and musing as he went on the misery of living in the same house with Miss Perkins, when he heard a little scream, and, looking up, saw his fate.

Lazily straggling along the narrow lane, cropping the choice bits of grass as she came, was Hicks's old red cow, and perched upon the highest stone in the wall, where she had climbed, fearless of the brambles and briers which grew rank up to the top, was a lady, in mortal dread of the cow.

She wore a wide-brimmed straw hat tied down over her ears with a green ribbon, and a walking dress of gray material cut short for country rambles, and exposing just the smallest portion of striped stockings.

In one gloved hand she waved frantically toward the cow an immense bundle of ferns and grasses, and in the other she brandished a stout hickory alpenstock. A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles bestrode her rather prominent nose, for the lady was not young, being well turned of forty.

Here was a predicament for Solomon. But though a bashful man, he was not devoid of politeness. He hastened to the rescue of the fair prisoner, and drove the surprised cow down the road at a run, then approached to help the lady from her elevated position.

"Thank you, I can get down very well indeed." And the lady proceeded to get down.

A rattling of stones, then a scream, and our hero, turning quickly, found the over-confident lady hanging by her hands and feet to the wall. Solomon's bashfulness gave way to the dictates of humanity, and he sprang forward, caught the lady in his arms just as her hold was loosening, when—Oh, heavens!—his foot slipped, and down both rolled, one over the other, through the briers and stinging nettles, into the ditch.

Nothing is so apt to establish two strangers on congenial terms as the endurance of mutual misfortunes. When Solomon and the lady sat up and looked into each other's scratched and bleeding faces, all restraint was thrown aside.

"I am afraid, Sir, I have caused you great trouble and pain by my foolish nervousness," said she, as she adjusted her spectacles to her nose and looked at Solomon's face.

"Oh no, madam, I am used to—I mean I could not do otherwise under the circumstances," stammered that gentleman, holding his handkerchief to his bleeding countenance.

The lady smiled sweetly, and held out a hand that he might help her to her feet. The grasses and alpenstock were picked up, and then Poddy, blushing so scarlet as to almost hide the bleeding scratches, intimated that a seat in his wagon was at her disposal for her journey home.

"If you have room, I should like to ride as far as the next turning near Mr. Hicks's house. I am stopping there," said she, as she took the proffered seat. "May I ask the name of the gentleman who has been of such service to me this morning?"

"Poddy, ma'am—Solomon Poddy," replied the owner of the name.

"Oh, indeed! Mr. Poddy," exclaimed the lady, with another smile. "I have heard the young ladies at Mr. Hicks's speak of you. Here is my card, and I hope you will call when you are passing, so I can thank you more fully than I can now."

Solomon felt very warm, and hoped those girls hadn't been ridiculing him. The card read, "Miss Tabitha Jones, 1921 West Twenty-third Street."

"Ha!" continued Miss Tabitha, "I will stop here, if you please. There are some of our young friends. Thank you, Sir; I can get down better here than from off the wall." And Miss Tabitha alighted, and was immediately saluted with a chorus of,

"Good gracious, Miss Jones! where have you been?" "Mercy! how her face is scratched!" "Did he give you the ferns? Aren't they splendid?" "Do tell us. What did the old gentleman say?" "Oh, what a flirt you are, Miss Jones!" from the surrounding bevy of girls, as Solomon drove rapidly away.

That night he did not sleep a wink, but

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lay thinking of Miss Tabitha, and congratulating himself on the good impression he must have made. He refused to eat his breakfast, and imbittered Miss Perkins by scowling upon her and mentally comparing her to his new-found heroine. All the morning he wandered around the place, unable to turn his hand to any thing, and at last concluded to brave the battery of sly looks and giggles and ride down to Hicks's to inquire into the effects of the adventure on Miss Tabitha's health.

Acting upon this decision, he adorned himself in his best, ordered his wagon, and drove off, leaving Miss Perkins in a state of mental confusion and under the impression that he had gone mad.

When the love-stricken swain pulled up in front of Hicks's house, Mrs. H. was employed in adjusting a shiny row of milk pans along the fence, and, of course, womanlike, immediately divined his mission, and smiled slyly as she welcomed him.

"Good-day, Mr. Poddy. Just drive round to the front-door, and Mary Ann shall open it for you." Then in a loud voice to Mary Ann, in the kitchen, "Mary Ann, tell Miss Jones Mr. Poddy has called to see her, and open the front-door for him."

All Solomon's resolution oozed away at this open proclamation of his business.

"No, no, Mrs. Hicks," he said, in great trepidation. "I—I was only driving past, and—and—in fact— Well, where is Mr. Hicks?"

"Never mind, Mary Ann. He wants to see Hicks. You needn't tell Miss Jones," screamed the irrepressible Mrs. Hicks.

Solomon's trepidation increased, and as he noticed the movement of an upper shutter and heard a faint laugh, he wished the road would open and swallow him, horse, buggy, and all.

"Oh, it's nothing in particular," stammered he. "Only I was driving past, and thought I should like to see him about—about—oh yes, about that pig."

"He's in the barn, or—here he comes," returned Mrs. H., with a look of supreme disgust on her face.

"That man is the biggest chicken-hearted goose that ever lived. I just wish he had come courtin' of me, Mary Ann," remarked the irate lady to her handmaiden, when she returned to the kitchen.

"How do, Poddy?" said Hicks, as he walked up. "Come to see how Miss Jones got over her fright? Lucky thing you was passing at the time, or she might have hurt herself. It jess beats me how these city folks do gad round in the most unairthly places;" and Mr. Hicks winked in a knowing manner.

"Hang Miss Jones!" Solomon was on the point of ejaculating, but he only smiled in a sickly manner, and asked, as if it was a matter of life or death to him,

"What do you want for that pig, Hicks?"

"What pig?" returned the mystified Hicks.

"Why—ah! that pig. Ah, that pig I passed down the road," stammered Mr. Poddy, with a guilty look, trying to remember if he *had* passed the pig in question.

"Oh, that old hog. Why, you can have him for his keep. He'll break down all your fences, and root your garden to ruins," said Hicks, with a broad grin upon his face.

"You don't see any thing laughable in me buying a hog, do you, Mr. Hicks?" asked Poddy, with mock dignity. "That's a very fine hog. I want him for the breed."

This was too much for the farmer, and he laughed outright.

"Well, if you want him, send down and get him. I was thinking of shooting the old rascal," said he.

"I will," said Mr. Poddy, with great earnestness, and then he drove off. Up the road he passed a long-bodied, lean, bristly old boar, rooting in the ditch with his ugly tusk, which he presumed was his rash bargain. Giving the unfortunate grunter a lash of his whip, and cutting poor old Dobbin unmercifully over the back, he rattled home, cursing Hicks, the hog, himself, and all mankind for his own folly.

At home he was so unbearable that Miss Perkins resolved to put the screws on, and adopted her old pushing tactics to bring him to the wall, but with no result.

Two miserable days passed, and then he made a desperate resolve to see Miss Jones, or drown himself in the mill-pond on his return if he was a second time so foolish as to forego that pleasure. He would go straight to the front-door and ask for Miss Tabitha, without troubling either the master or the mistress of the house. He couldn't very well withdraw after that.

But this ingenious plan very nearly failed. Arriving at the house, he tied his horse in a very careful and scientific manner, to the great astonishment of old Dobbin, who had never shown the slightest inclination to run away. Three times he got as far as the gate, and returned to satisfy himself the knot was safe. At the third attempt to mount the steps and knock, who should come round the corner of the house but old Hicks.

"It's no good," thought Solomon. "I can't do it, and here is a loop-hole for escape."

"That you, Poddy? When are you going to send for that hog?" slyly asked the farmer.

"I—I have come for it now," stammered Solomon.

"Well, it ain't there. Come round to the barn."

Poddy's face assumed an agonized expression, and he turned away from the door,

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fully resolved that the coroner should have a job and the county a sensation, when a well-known face with a pair of gold spectacles appeared at a side window, and Miss Tabitha's voice was heard.

"Is it really you, Mr. Poddy? I was afraid you had suffered from my foolish accident. Do come in."

Mr. Solomon Poddy went in, and was introduced to all the girls, and knocked over several chairs, gave some very contradictory answers to questions, blushed and hesitated, and, in the words of Mrs. Hicks, "behaved more like a big overgrown gawky boy than a man of fifty." All of which furnished amusement for the young lady boarders, who were sternly reproved at supper table by Miss Jones for their heartless conduct.

The ice was broken; and by some mysterious process—he never knew himself just how it was brought about—before the return flight of the boarders to New York in the fall, Tabitha Jones had confided her maidenly heart to Solomon Poddy's keeping, and they were to be married in December.

Miss Jones was possessed of a small income, which enabled her to occupy with comfort the second-floor back-room of Mrs. Hasher's fashionable boarding-house in Twenty-third Street. Here she betook herself on the approach of frost, and decorating her room with the grasses and other spoils of the summer holidays, kept her own counsel, and waited in patience until December should come, and Solomon with it to claim his bride.

The front-room on the same floor at Mrs. Hasher's was occupied by a widow lady, Mrs. Daniel Bankum by name, and her son, Mr. Charles Bankum, was domiciled in a light and airy apartment nearer the roof. Other boarders called Mrs. Hasher's their home, but Miss Jones and Mrs. Bankum were the sole representatives of the fair sex.

Mrs. Bankum was a large, handsome, flashy woman of forty, voluble of speech, always ready to give her opinion or advice on any subject whatever. The late Mr. B. had made a fortune in oil, and then died, from overexertion and excitement in the service of his country during an unsuccessful candidature for member of Congress. So the widow gave out. Mr. Bankum's assistants or "workers" in that noble fight ascribed his death to too much good nature, and a perseverance in the idea that drinking with every individual among his would-be constituents, and paying all scores himself, must surely result in an overwhelming triumph.

The widow was well supplied with ready money, and her sole need now was a successor for the dead-and-gone Bankum, and a father, as she told the assembled company at Mrs. Hasher's, for her poor boy, who, she feared, was in need of a parental hand to keep him from temptation.

Old Mr. Snuffkins, a bank cashier, and very regular in his habits, muttered to his neighbor, Miss Jones, that he hoped the parental hand would compel that young gentleman to take his boots off before going up stairs at two o'clock in the morning, and trying every door on his way to his own.

Mrs. Bankum had selected for the position of parent a certain Mr. Wilks, a wealthy gentleman in the neighborhood, and by dint of perseverance and the exercise of all her powers of fascination had almost secured his capture. The victim was a sturdy pillar in the Rev. Mr. Heartsease's church, on Fifth Avenue, and the widow had forced herself into the position of what might be called a pillaress, being president of all the ladies' sewing and relief societies, the head of all committees on entertainments, and the chief censor of the reverend gentleman, who had changed his opinion of the true meaning of the text wherein St. Paul alludes to the thorn in the flesh, since making her acquaintance.

Miss Jones also worshiped in Mr. Heartsease's tabernacle, but as a humble satellite in the galaxy that shone around her fellow-boarder.

Mrs. Bankum had made no attempt to conceal her designs upon the single blessedness of Mr. Wilks, but rather prided herself on the example she was setting to match-making mothers and beguiling daughters. She seemed to say, "Look at me, you who quarrel and backbite, flatter and cajole, bow down and humble yourselves to secure some wild scape-grace with money for your girls. See how I, an old veteran of forty, move steadily and openly upon the enemy's works, and secure the possession of a million."

To Mrs. Hasher and Miss Jones the widow was very open in her confidence, when they sat together in her room after Mrs. Hasher's morning domestic arrangements were completed, and delighted to rehearse the success of each new move in her assault upon the old gentleman's heart and money-bags.

At last the day of triumph came, and Mrs. Bankum displayed a note in which the beguiled victim made a formal proffer of his hand and fortune.

"And the dear old fool will be here to-night to receive his answer. What does he think I am made of, to refuse sixty thousand a year?" And Mrs. B. displayed two rows of the dentist's finest handiwork, as she laughed at such a preposterous idea.

Here was a coincidence! Miss Jones nearly fainted. Was it not the 20th of December, and was not *her* Solomon coming that very evening to lead her off captive to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Heartsease, there to make her his wife? To no one had Miss

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Tabitha confided her sweet secret. It was too sacred to be bandied about, like Mrs. Bankum's public courtship; and Poddy had been so fearful of the approaching ceremony leaking out that he had ceased to correspond with his brother's family in Grand Street, and had insisted upon a strictly private and very quiet wedding at Mr. Heartsease's house, and a short trip south in the honey-moon.

So Miss Jones had invented a nice little story of going into the country to spend the holidays. Her trunk was packed, and she was ready to start, but Mrs. Hasher was not to be informed of the wedding until the last moment.

On that eventful day Mr. Poddy announced to Miss Perkins that he intended spending a couple of weeks with his brother in the city; and as the afternoon train rattled toward New York, Solomon's heart fluttered at the rapidly approaching ordeal.

The sun was just about to disappear behind the Weehawken bluffs as the train rolled into the Grand Central Dépôt, and the passengers hurried out of the cars. Solomon was getting more and more nervous every minute. What if by any chance his brother or one of his nephews or nieces should be in or around the dépôt? What could he say? how account for his dressy appearance? He thought of waiting until the cars were hauled out into the yard, and then, by going down a side street, avoid all exposure; but bethinking himself of the danger of being arrested as a thief or run over by a switch engine, he changed his mind, and first glancing cautiously along the platform to see that all was clear, pulled his hat over his eyes, hurried to the street, bolted into a hack, and giving the direction to the driver, dropped down into the furthest corner, wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and congratulated himself on arriving so far so well.

It was quite dusk, and the street lamps were flickering, when Mrs. Hasher's was reached, but the gas in the hall had not been lighted. Solomon dismissed the hackman, and ascended the brown-stone steps with a beating heart. A trim servant-girl answered his ring, and he mumbled something intended to be a request to see Miss Jones, forgetting to send up his card in his confusion.

"Oh yes, Sir; I'll tell her," said the girl, with a queer smile, as she showed Solomon into the dim parlor.

"Bless my soul! I believe that girl knows all about it," thought he. "It's very annoying."

Then he stood first on one leg, then on the other, and tried to be interested in looking into the beauties of a very dark old picture, which was just faintly illuminated by the light from the street lamp outside, while his heart kept up such a thumping he imagined all in the house must hear it.

A rustle of silk was heard on the stairs, and Solomon turned, with a start, just in time to receive a tall and fleshy lady, weeping in a very stagy manner, into his arms.

"I am yours, dear, dear Mr. Wilks," sobbed the lady.

"Good gracious! what does this mean? This must be some horrible mistake," ejaculated Mr. Poddy, as he staggered to a chair with his burden. "Be calm, my dear madam. My name is not Wilks."

"Not Wilks!" shrieked Mrs. Bankum, starting up. "Help! help! thieves! murder!"

"Thunder and lightning! She's gone crazy, and I am the cause. Be quiet, madam—do, please," entreated the wretched Poddy.

"Oh, Charles, save me from this drunken lunatic!" cried Mrs. Bankum, as a young man came into the room; and then she went into hysterics.

"What do you mean by this conduct, you villain?" shouted Mr. Charles, approaching Solomon in a threatening manner.

"I'm sure I—I don't know," stammered Solomon, almost bereft of his senses.

"Well, then, get out of here," thundered Mr. Bankum, taking him by the collar of his Ulster and pushing him out upon the stoop.

This was more than Poddy could bear. "Let go of my coat, Sir!" he shouted, as he wrenched himself clear. "I demand to see Miss Jones."

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" said the other. "Want to frighten all the ladies in the house, do you? Get off the stoop, you vagabond!" and he pushed the fighting, struggling Poddy to the sidewalk, where quite an admiring crowd had now gathered. Then all the Poddy blood was up, and striking out in a not very scientific manner, Solomon knocked Mr. Charles down; but he was up in a second, and returned the compliment by knocking Mr. Poddy into the gutter, from whence he was pulled by a blue-coated policeman.

"Now, then, what's the row, Mr. Bankum?" asked the officer, who was very well acquainted with that gentleman, having assisted him to find the key-hole of No. 1921 more than once.

"He's a drunken beggar or a sneak thief, I think," answered Mr. Bankum, with his handkerchief to his bleeding nose.

"Excuse me, Sir," expostulated Mr. Poddy; "I am neither a beggar nor drunk. I wish to see a lady in this house."

At this the crowd hooted and laughed, and Mr. Bluecoat said, "That won't do. I know you, my boy. Come along;" and along he went, followed by a ragged procession, to the station-house.

"What's the name?" asked the sergeant, as Solomon stood before him.

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"My name is Solomon Poddy, and I am sure somebody is laboring under a terrible mistake," commenced the poor man.

"Stop your talking. What's the charge, Brown?" asked the sergeant.

"Drunk and disorderly. He tried to get into Mrs. Hasher's house, and commenced to fight when they put him out. I think I remember him, Sir, before."

"Allow me one word of explanation," pleaded the miserable Solomon.

"You'll have a chance before the judge in the morning. Take him below," returned the inexorable sergeant.

Where was the expectant bride all this time? Waiting in her room for the summons that the groom had arrived. Darkness came on. The gas was lighted. No Poddy. Poor Miss Tabitha began to think he had proved false, and became sick at heart. The dinner-bell rang, but she was suffering now from a raging headache, and could not respond, but had some toast and tea sent up to her. The evening passed away, and all hope going with it, Miss Tabitha betook herself to a sleepless couch, soliloquizing on the falsehood and deception of mankind.

With pale face and broken heart she went down to breakfast, where Mrs. Bankum was relating her adventures of the evening before, and young Bankum was reading the newspaper account of the affair.

"'At the police station the hardened ruffian gave his name as Solomon Poddy, of course an alias,'" read that gentleman.

Over went Miss Jones's cup of tea. Up she started. A new light had dawned upon her, and in less than fifteen minutes, to the great surprise of the occupants of the court-room, an excited maiden lady in a hurried morning costume bustled up to the justice's desk and whispered something in his ear.

"I'll give you thirty days on the island, and it shall be six months if I catch you here again," said the justice to the prisoner under examination. Then to Miss Jones, "Now, madam, please step in here," and he led the way to a private office.

Last of all the forlorn and wretched crowd of prisoners, each under the escort of a policeman, was Solomon, his coat covered with the dried mud of the gutter, and his face presenting a very disreputable appearance.

He had noticed Miss Tabitha's hasty entry, but, poor fellow, was so overcome with his disgrace that he shrank further back into the crowd.

"Is Mr. Solomon Poddy here? I wish to see him," said the justice, looking out from the door of his private room.

Solomon's captor pushed him forward, while a buzz of amazement ran through the crowd.

"Oh, Solomon, how you have been persecuted for my sake!" cried Miss Tabitha, bursting into tears, as she looked upon his sorrowful visage.

"This has been a bad mistake, Sir, but I hope it will never occur again," said the justice, after some words of explanation had passed between them; and he smiled as if it was the commonest thing imaginable for a quiet old gentleman to pass a night in the station-house.

Solomon looked very grim, and hoped with all his heart it wouldn't.

The justice's office boy was sent for, and the application of soap and water and a clothes-brush soon rendered Mr. Poddy more presentable. A carriage was called, and they passed through the interested crowd, who thought poor Poddy was a runaway husband, and drove off amidst great cheering, with three small boys hanging on behind.

"Where are we going to, dear?" asked the blushing Tabitha.

"To the minister's! I'm not going to have this sort of thing happen again," answered Solomon, quite savagely.

Great was the reverend gentleman's surprise when, on walking up from his breakfast table with a napkin in his hand, he found Mr. Poddy and Miss Jones in his reception-room, and greater still when he discovered their errand. But he was equal to the emergency, and in a very few minutes Miss Jones had ceased to exist, and Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Poddy returned to the waiting hack and drove to their hotel.

A WOMAN-HATER.

CHAPTER XXII.

INA KLOSKING'S cure was retarded by the state of her mind. The excitement and sharp agony her physician had feared, died away as the fever of the brain subsided; but then there settled down a grim, listless lethargy, which obstructed her return to health and vigor. Once she said to Rhoda Gale, "But I have nothing to get well for." As a rule, she did not speak her mind, but thought a great deal. She often asked after Zoe; and her nurses could see that her one languid anxiety was somehow connected with that lady. Yet she did not seem hostile to her now, nor jealous. It was hard to understand her; she was reserved, and very deep.

The first relief to the deadly languor of her mind came to her from Music. That was no great wonder; but, strange to say, the music that did her good was neither old

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enough to be revered, nor new enough to be fashionable. It was English music too, and *passé* music. She came across a collection of Anglican anthems and services—written, most of it, toward the end of the last century and the beginning of this. The composers' names promised little: they were Blow, Nares, Green, Kent, King, Jackson, etc. The words and the music of these compositions seemed to suit one another; and as they were all quite new to her, she went through them almost eagerly, and hummed several of the strains, and with her white but now thin hand beat time to others. She even sent for Vizard, and said to him, "You have a treasure here. Do you know these compositions?"

He inspected his treasure. "I remember," said he, "my mother used to sing this one, 'When the eye saw her, then it blessed her;' and parts of this one, 'Hear my prayer;' and, let me see, she used to sing this psalm, 'Praise the Lord,' by Jackson. I am ashamed to say I used to ask for, 'Praise the Lord Jackson,' meaning to be funny, not devout."

"She did not choose ill," said Ina. "I thought I knew English music, yet here is a whole stream of it new to me. Is it esteemed?"

"I think it was once, but it has had its day."

"That is strange; for here are some immortal qualities. These composers had brains, and began at the right end; they selected grand and tuneful words, great and pious thoughts; they impregnated themselves with those words, and produced appropriate music. The harmonies are sometimes thin, and the writers seem scarcely to know the skillful use of discords; but they had heart and invention; they saw their way clear before they wrote the first note; there is an inspired simplicity and fervor: if all these choice things are dead, they must have fallen upon bad interpreters."

"No doubt," said Vizard; "so please get well, and let me hear these pious strains, which my poor dear mother loved so well, interpreted worthily."

The Klosking's eyes filled. "That is a temptation," said she, simply. Then she turned to Rhoda Gale. "Sweet physician, he has done me good. He has given me something to get well for."

Vizard's heart yearned. "Do not talk like that," said he, buoyantly; then, in a broken voice, "Heaven forbid you should have nothing better to live for than that!"

"Sir," said she, gravely, "I have nothing better to live for now than to interpret good music worthily."

There was a painful silence.

Ina broke it. She said, quite calmly, "First of all, I wish to know how others interpret these strains your mother loved, and I have the honor to agree with her."

"Oh," said Vizard, "we will soon manage that for you. These things are not defunct, only unfashionable. Every choir in England has sung them, and can sing them, after a fashion: so, at twelve o'clock tomorrow, look out—for squalls!"

He mounted his horse, rode into the cathedral town—distant eight miles—and arranged with the organist for himself, four leading boys, and three lay clerks. He was to send a carriage in for them after the morning service, and return them in good time for vespers.

Fanny told Ina Klosking, and she insisted on getting up.

By this time Doctress Gale had satisfied herself that a little excitement was downright good for her patient, and led to refreshing sleep. So they dressed her loosely but very warmly, and rolled her to the window on her invalid couch, set at a high angle. It was a fine clear day in October, keen but genial; and after muffling her well they opened the window.

While she sat there, propped high, and inhaling the pure air, Vizard conveyed his little choir, by another staircase, into the antechamber; and, under his advice, they avoided preludes, and opened in full chorus with Jackson's song of praise.

At the first burst of sacred harmony, Ina Klosking was observed to quiver all over.

They sang it rather coarsely, but correctly and boldly, and with a certain fervor. There were no operatic artifices to remind her of earth; the purity and the harmony struck her full. The great singer and sufferer lifted her clasped hands to God, and the tears flowed fast down her cheeks.

These tears were balm to that poor lacerated soul, tormented by many blows.

"O lacrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo, quater
Felix, in imo qui scatentem
Pectore, te, pia nympha, sensit."

Rhoda Gale, who hated music like poison, crept up to her, and infolding her delicately, laid a pair of wet eyes softly on her shoulder.

Vizard now tapped at the door, and was admitted from the music-room. He begged Ina to choose another composition from her book. She marked a service and two anthems, and handed him the volume, but begged they might not be done too soon one after the other. That would be quite enough for one day, especially if they would be good enough to repeat the hymn of praise to conclude; "for," said she, "these are things to be digested."

Soon the boys' pure voices rose again, and those poor dead English composers, with prosaic names, found their way again to the great foreign singer's soul.

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They sang an anthem which is now especially despised by those great critics, the organists of the country—"My song shall be of mercy and judgment."

The Klosking forgave the thinness of the harmony, and many little faults in the vocal execution. The words, no doubt, went far with her, being clearly spoken. She sat meditating, with her moist eyes raised, and her face transfigured, and at the end she murmured to Vizard, with her eyes still raised, "After all, they are great and pious words, and the music has at least this crowning virtue — it means the words." Then she suddenly turned upon him, and said, "There is another person in this house who needs this consolation as much as I do. Why does she not come? But perhaps she is with the musicians."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Your sister."

"Why, she is not in the house."

Ina Klosking started at that information, and bent her eyes keenly and inquiringly on him.

"She left two days ago."

"Indeed!"

"To nurse a sick aunt."

"Indeed! Had she no other reason?"

"Not that I know of," said Vizard; but he could not help coloring a little.

The little choir now sang a service, King in F. They sang "The Magnificat" rudely and rather profanely, but recovered themselves in the "Dimittis."

When it was over, Ina whispered, "'To be a light to lighten the Gentiles.' That is an inspired duet. Oh, how it might be sung!"

"Of course it might," whispered Vizard; "so you have something to get well for."

"Yes, my friend—thanks to you and your sainted mother."

This, uttered in a voice which, under the healing influence of music, seemed to have regained some of its rich melody, was too much for our cynic, and he bustled off to hide his emotion, and invited the musicians to lunch.

All the servants had been listening on the stairs, and the hospitable old butler plied the boys with sparkling Moselle, which, being himself reared on mighty Port, he thought a light and playful wine—just the thing for women and children. So after luncheon they sang rather wild, and the Klosking told Vizard, dryly, that would do for the present.

Then he ordered the carriage for them, and asked Mademoiselle Klosking when she would like them again.

"When *can* I?" she inquired, rather timidly.

"Every day, if you like—Sundays and all."

"I must be content with every other day."

Vizard said he would arrange it so, and was leaving her; but she begged him to stay a moment.

"She would be safer here," said she, very gravely.

Vizard was taken aback by the suddenness of this return to a topic he was simple enough to think she had abandoned. However, he said, "She is safe enough. I have taken care of that, you may be sure."

"You have done well, Sir," said Ina, very gravely.

She said no more to him; but just before dinner Fanny came in, and Miss Gale went for a walk in the garden. Ina pinned Fanny directly. "Where is Miss Vizard?" said she, quietly.

Fanny colored up; but seeing in a moment that fibs would be dangerous, said, mighty carelessly, "She is at Aunt Maitland's."

"Where does *she* live, dear?"

"In a poky little place called 'Somerville Villa.'"

"Far from this?"

"Not very. It is forty miles by the railway, but not thirty by the road; and Zoe went in the barouche all the way."

Mademoiselle Klosking thought a little, and then taking Fanny Dover's hand, said to her, very sweetly, "I beg you to honor me with your confidence, and tell me something. Believe me, it is for no selfish motive I ask you; but I think Miss Vizard is in danger. She is too far from her brother, and too far from me. Mr. Vizard says she is safe. Now can you tell me what he means? How can she be safe? Is her heart turned to stone, like mine?"

"No, indeed," said Fanny. "Yes, I will be frank with you; for I believe you are wiser than any one of us. Zoe is not safe, left to herself. Her heart is any thing but stone; and Heaven knows what wild, mad thing she might be led into. But I know perfectly well what Vizard means: no, I don't like to tell it you all. It will give you pain."

"There is little hope of that. I am past pain."

"Well, then—Miss Gale will scold me."

"No. She shall not."

"Oh, I know you have got the upper hand even of her; so if you promise I shall not be scolded, I'll tell you. You see, I had my misgivings about this very thing; and as soon as Vizard came home—it was he who took her to Aunt Maitland—I asked him what precautions he had taken to hinder that man from getting hold of her again. Well, then—oh, I ought to have begun by telling you Mr. Severne forged bills to get money out of Harrington."

"Good heavens!"

"Oh, Harrington will never punish him, if he keeps his distance; but he has advertised in all the papers, warning him that if

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he sets foot in Barfordshire, he will be arrested and sent to prison."

Ina Klosking shook her head. "When a man is in love with such a woman as that, dangers could hardly deter him."

"That depends upon the man, I think. But Harrington has done better than that. He has provided her with a watch-dog—the best of all watch-dogs, another lover. Lord Uxmoor lives near Aunt Maitland, and he adores Zoe; so Harrington has commissioned him to watch her, and cure her and all. I wish he'd cure *me*—an earl's coronet and twenty thousand a year!"

"You relieve my mind," said Ina. Then, after a pause, "But let me ask you one question more. Why did you not tell me Miss Vizard was gone?"

"I don't know," said Fanny, coloring up. "*She* told me not."

"Who?"

"Why, the Vixen in command. She orders every body."

"And why did she forbid you?"

"Don't know."

"Yes, you do. Kiss me, dear. There, I will distress you with no more questions. Why should I? Our instincts seldom deceive us. Well, so be it; I have something more to get well for, and I will."

Fanny looked up at her inquiringly.

"Yes," said she; "the daughter of this hospitable house will never return to it while I am in it. Poor girl! she thinks *she* is the injured woman. So be it. I will get well—and leave it."

Fanny communicated this to Miss Gale, and all she said was, "She shall go no farther than Hillstoke, then; for I love her better than any man can love her."

Fanny did not tell Vizard; and he was downright happy, seeing the woman he loved recover, by slow degrees, her health, her strength, her color, her voice. Parting was not threatened. He did not realize that they should ever part at all. He had vague hopes that, while she was under his roof, opportunity might stand his friend, and she might requite his affection. All this would not bear looking into very closely: for that very reason he took particular care not to look into it very closely, but hoped all things, and was happy. In this condition he received a little shock.

A one-horse fly was driven up to the door, and a card brought in—

"MR. JOSEPH ASHMEAD."

Vizard was always at home at Vizard Court, except to convicted Bores. Mr. Ashmead was shown into his study.

Vizard knew him at a glance. The velveteen coat had yielded to tweed; but another loud tie had succeeded to the one "that fired the air at Homburg." There, too, was the wash-leather face and other traits Vizard professed to know an actress's lover by. Yes, it was the very man at sight of whom he had fought down his admiration of La Klosking, and declined an introduction to her. Vizard knew the lady better now. But still he was a little jealous even of her acquaintances, and thought this one unworthy of her; so he received him with stiff but guarded politeness, leaving him to open his business.

Ashmead, overawed by the avenue, the dozen gables, fourscore chimneys, etc., addressed him rather obsequiously, but with a certain honest trouble that soon softened the bad impression caused by his appearance.

"Sir," said he, "pray excuse this intrusion of a stranger; but I am in great anxiety. It is not for myself, but for a lady, a very distinguished lady, whose interests I am charged with. It is Mademoiselle Klosking, the famous singer."

Vizard maintained a grim silence.

"You may have heard of her."

"I have."

"I almost fancy you once heard her sing—at Homburg."

"I did."

"Then I am sure you must have admired her, being a gentleman of taste. Well, Sir, it is near a fortnight since I heard from her."

"Well, Sir?"

"You will say what is that to you? But the truth is, she left me in London to do certain business for her, and she went down to this very place. I offered to come with her, but she declined. To be sure, it was a delicate matter, and not at all in my way. She was to write to me, and report progress, and give me her address, that I might write to her; but nearly a fortnight has passed. I have not received a single letter. I am in real distress and anxiety. A great career awaits her in England, Sir; but this silence is so mysterious, so alarming, that I begin actually to hope she has played the fool, and thrown it all up, and gone abroad with that blackguard."

"What blackguard, Sir?"

Joseph drew in his horns. "I spoke too quick, Sir," said he; "it is no business of mine. But these brilliant women are as mad as the rest in throwing away their affections. They prefer a blackguard to a good man. It is the rule. Excuse my plain speaking."

"Mr. Ashmead," said Vizard, "I may be able to answer your questions about this lady; but, before I do so, it is right I should know how far you possess her confidence. To speak plainly, have you any objection to tell me what is the precise relation between you and her?"

"Certainly not, Sir. I am her theatrical agent."

"Is that all?"

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"Not quite. I have been a good deal about her lately, and have seen her in deep distress. I think I may almost say I am her friend, though a very humble one."

Vizard did not yet quite realize the truth that this Bohemian had in his heart one holy spot—his pure devotion and unsexual friendship for that great artist. Still, his prejudices were disarmed, and he said, "Well, Mr. Ashmead, excuse my cross-questioning you. I will now give myself the pleasure of setting your anxieties at rest. Mademoiselle Klosking is in this house."

Ashmead stared at him, and then broke out, "In this house? O Lord! how can that be?"

"It happened in a way very distressing to us all, though the result is now so delightful. Mademoiselle Klosking called here on a business with which perhaps you are acquainted."

"I am, Sir."

"Unfortunately she met with an accident in my very hall—an accident that endangered her life, Sir; and of course we took charge of her. She has had a zealous physician and good nurses, and she is recovering slowly. She is quite out of danger, but still weak. I have no doubt she will be delighted to see you. Only, as we are all under the orders of her physician, and that physician is a woman, and a bit of a vixen, you must allow me to go and consult her first."

Vizard retired, leaving Joseph happy but mystified.

He was not long alone. In less than a minute he had for companions some well-buttered sandwiches made with smoked ham, and a bottle of old Madeira; the solids melted in his mouth, the liquid ran through his veins like oil charged with electricity and elixir *vitæ*.

By-and-by a female servant came for him, and ushered him into Ina Klosking's room.

She received him with undisguised affection, and he had much ado to keep from crying. She made him sit down near her in the vast embrasure of the window, and gave him a letter to read she had just written to him.

They compared notes very rapidly; but their discourse will not be given here, because so much of it would be repetition.

They were left alone to talk, and they did talk for more than an hour. The first interruption, indeed, was a recitativo with chords, followed by a verse from the leading treble.

Mr. Ashmead looked puzzled; the Klosking eyed him demurely.

Before the anthem concluded, Vizard tapped, and was admitted from the music-room. Ina smiled, and waved him to a chair. Both the men saw by her manner they were not to utter a sound while the music was going on. When it ceased, she said, "Do you approve that, my friend?"

"If it pleases you, madam," replied the wary Ashmead.

"It does more than please me; it does me good."

"That reconciles me to it at once."

"Oh, then you do not admire it for itself?"

"Not—very—much."

"Pray speak plainly. I am not a tyrant, to impose my tastes."

"Well, then, madam, I feel very grateful to any thing that does you good: otherwise I should say the music was—rather dreary; and the singing—very insipid."

The open struggle between Joseph's honesty and his awe of the Klosking tickled Vizard so that he leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

The Klosking smiled superior. "He means," said she, "that the music is not operatic, and the boys do not clasp their hands, and shake their shoulders, and sing passionately, as women do in a theatre. Heaven forbid they should! If this world is all passion, there is another which is all peace; and these boys' sweet, artless tones are the nearest thing we shall get in this world to the unimpassioned voices of the angels. They are fit instruments for pious words set by composers who, however obscure they may be, were men inspired, and have written immortal strains which, as I hear them, seem hardly of this world—they are so free from all mortal dross."

Vizard assented warmly. Ashmead asked permission to hear another. They sang the "Magnificat" by King, in F.

"Upon my word," said Ashmead, "there is a good deal of 'go' in that."

Then they sang the "Nunc Dimittis." He said, a little dryly, there was plenty of repose in that.

"My friend," said she, "there is—to the honor of the composer: the 'Magnificat' is the bright and lofty exultation of a young woman, who has borne the Messiah, and does not foresee His sufferings, only the boon to the world and the glory to herself. But the 'Dimittis' is the very opposite. It is a gentle joy, and the world contentedly resigned by a good old man, fatigued, who has run his race, and longs to sleep after life's fever. When next you have the good fortune to hear that song, think you see the sun descending red and calm after a day of storms, and an aged Christian saying 'Good-night,' and you will honor poor dead King as I do. The music that truly reflects great words was never yet small music, write it who may."

"You are right, madam," said Ashmead. "When I doubted its being good music, I suppose I meant salable."

"Ah, *voilà!*" said the Klosking. Then, turning to Vizard for sympathy, "What this faithful friend understands by good music, is music that can be sold for a good deal of money."

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"That is so," said Ashmead, stoutly. "I am a theatrical agent. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. You have tried it more than once, you know, but it would not work."

Ashmead amused Vizard, and he took him into his study and had some more conversation with him. He even asked him to stay in the house; but Ashmead was shy, and there was a theatre at Taddington. So he said he had a good deal of business to do; he had better make the "Swan" his headquarters. "I shall be at your service all the same, Sir, or Mademoiselle Klosking's."

"Have a glass of Madeira, Mr. Ashmead."

"Well, Sir, to tell the truth, I *have* had one or two."

"Then it knows the road."

"You are very good, Sir. What Madeira! Is this the wine the doctors ran down a few years ago? They couldn't have tasted it."

"Well, it is like ourselves, improved by travelling. That has been twice to India."

"It will never go again, past me," said Ashmead, gayly. "My mouth is a cape it will never weather."

He went to his inn.

Before he had been there ten minutes, up rattled a smart servant in a smart dog-cart.

"Hamper—for Joseph Ashmead, Esquire."

"Any thing to pay?"

"What for?—it's from Vizard Court."

And the dog-cart rattled away.

Joseph was in the hall, and witnessed this phenomenon. He said to himself, "I wish I had a vast acquaintance—ALL COUNTRY GENTLEMEN."

That afternoon Ina Klosking insisted on walking up and down the room, supported by Mesdemoiselles Gale and Dover. The result was fatigue and sleep; that is all.

"To-morrow," said she, "I will have but one live crutch. I must and will recover my strength."

In the evening she insisted on both ladies dining with Mr. Vizard. Here, too, she had her way.

Vizard was in very good spirits, and when the servants were gone, complimented Miss Gale on her skill.

"*Our* skill, you mean," said she. "It was you who prescribed this new medicine of the mind, the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; and it was you who administered the Ashmead, and he made her laugh, or nearly—and that *we* have never been able to do. She must take a few grains of Ashmead every day. The worst of it is, I am afraid we shall cure her too quickly; and then we shall lose her. But that was to be expected. I am very unfortunate in my attachments. I always was. If I fall in love with a woman, she is sure to hate me, or else die, or else fly away. I love this one to distraction, so she is sure to desert me, because she couldn't misbehave, and I won't *let* her die."

"Well," said Vizard, "you know what to do. Retard the cure. That is one of the arts of your profession."

"And so it is; but how can I, when I love her? No, we must have recourse to our benevolent tyrant again. He must get Miss Vizard back here, before my goddess is well enough to spread her wings and fly."

Vizard looked puzzled. "This," said he, "sounds like a riddle, or female logic."

"It is both," said Rhoda. "Miss Dover, give him the *mot d'énigme*. I'm off—to the patient I adore."

She vanished swiftly; and Vizard looked to Fanny for a solution. But Fanny seemed rather vexed with Miss Gale, and said nothing. Then he pressed her to explain.

She answered him, with a certain reluctance: "Mademoiselle Klosking has taken it into her head that Zoe will never return to this house while she is in it."

"Who put that into her head, now?" said Vizard, bitterly.

"Nobody, upon my honor. A woman's instinct."

"Well?"

"She is horrified at the idea of keeping your sister out of her own house, so she is getting well to go; and the strength of her will is such that she *will* get well."

"All the better; but Zoe will soon get tired of Somerville Villa. A little persuasion will bring her home, especially if you were to offer to take her place."

"Oh, I would do that, to oblige you, Harrington, if I saw any good at the end of it. But please think twice. How can Zoe and that lady ever stay under the same roof? How can they meet at your table, and speak to each other? They are rivals."

"They are both getting cured; and neither will ever see the villain again."

"I hope not; but who can tell? Well, never mind *them*. If their eyes are not opened by this time, they will get no pity from me. It is you I think of now." Then, in a hesitating way, and her cheeks mantling higher and higher with honest blushes —"You have suffered enough already from women. I know it is not my business, but it does grieve me to see you going into trouble again. What good can come of it? Her connection with that man, so recent, and so —strange. The world *will* interpret its own way. Your position in the county—every eye upon you. I see the way in—no doubt it is strewed with flowers; but I see no way out. Be brave in time, Harrington. It will not be the first time. She must be a good woman somehow, or faces, eyes, and voices, and ways, are all a lie. But if she is good, she is very unfortunate; and she will give you a sore heart for life, if you don't mind.

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I'd clinch my teeth and shut my eyes, and let her go in time."

Vizard groaned aloud, and at that a tear or two rolled down Fanny's burning cheeks.

"You are a good little girl," said Vizard, affectionately; "but I *can not*."

He hung his head despondently, and muttered, "I see no way out either. But I yield to fate. I feared her, and fled from her. She has followed me. I can resist no more. I drift. Some men never know happiness. I shall have had a happy fortnight, at all events. I thank you and respect you for your advice, but I can't take it. So now I suppose you will be too much offended to oblige me."

"Oh dear no."

"Would you mind writing to Aunt Maitland, and saying you would like to take Zoe's place?"

"I will do it with pleasure to oblige you. Besides, it will be a fib, and it is so long since I have told a good fib. When shall I write?"

"Oh, about the end of the week."

"Yes, that will be time enough. Miss Gale won't *let* her go till next week. Ah, after all, how nice and natural it is to be naughty! Fibs and flirtation, welcome home! This is the beauty of being good—and I shall recommend it to all my friends on this very account—you can always leave it off at a moment's notice without any trouble. New naughtiness sticks to you like a bur."

So, with no more ado, this new Mentor became Vizard's accomplice, and they agreed to get Zoe back before the Klosking could get strong enough to move with her physician's consent.

As the hamper of Madeira was landed in the hall of the "Swan" inn, a genial voice cried, "You are in luck." Ashmead turned, and there was Poikilus peering at him from the doorway of the commercial room.

"What is the game now?" thought Ashmead. But what he said was, "Why, I know that face. I declare, it is the gent that treated me at Homburg. Bring in the hamper, Dick." Then to Poikilus, "Have ye dined yet?"

"No. Going to dine in half an hour. Roast gosling. Just enough for two."

"We'll divide it, if you like, and I'll stand a bottle of old Madeira. My old friend, Squire Vizard, has just sent it me. I'll just have a splash; dinner will be ready by then." He bustled out of the room, but said, as he went, "I say, old man, open the hamper, and put two bottles just within the smile of the fire."

He then went up stairs, and plunged his head in cold water, to clear his faculties for the encounter.

The friends sat down to dinner, and afterward to the Madeira, both gay and genial outside, but within full of design—their object being to pump each other.

In the encounter at Homburg Ashmead had an advantage; Poikilus thought himself unknown to Ashmead. But this time there was a change. Poikilus knew by this time that La Klosking had gone to Vizard Court. How she had known Severne was there, puzzled him a good deal; but he had ended by suspecting Ashmead, in a vague way.

The parties, therefore, met on even terms. Ashmead resolved to learn what he could about Severne, and Poikilus to learn what he could about Zoe Vizard and Mademoiselle Klosking.

Ashmead opened the ball. "Been long here?"

"Just come."

"Business?"

"Yes. Want to see if there's any chance of my getting paid for that job."

"What job?"

"Why, the Homburg job. Look here—I don't know why I should have any secrets from a good fellow like you; only you must not tell any body else."

"Oh, honor bright!"

"Well, then, I am a detective."

"Ye don't mean that?"

"I'm Poikilus."

"Good heavens! Well, I don't care. I haven't murdered any body. Here's your health, Poikilus. I say, you could tell a tale or two."

"That I could. But I'm out of luck this time. The gentleman that employed me has mizzled; and he promised me fifty pounds. I came down here in hopes of finding him. Saw him once in this neighborhood."

"Well, you won't find him here, I don't think. You must excuse me, but your employer is a villain. He has knocked a lady down, and nearly killed her."

"You don't say that?"

"Yes, that beautiful lady, the singer you saw in Homburg."

"What! the lady that said he should have his money?"

"The same."

"Why, he must be mad."

"No. A scoundrel. *That is all.*"

"Then she won't give him his money after that."

"Not if I can help it. But if she likes to pay you your commission, I shall not object to that."

"You are a good fellow."

"What is more, I shall see her to-morrow, and I will put the question to her for you."

Poikilus was profuse in his thanks, and said be began to think it was his only chance. Then he had a misgiving. "I have no claim on the lady," said he; "and I am afraid I have been a bad friend to her. I did

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not mean it, though, and the whole affair is dark to me."

"You are not very sharp, then, for a detective," said Ashmead. "Well, shut your mouth and open your eyes. Your Mr. Severne was the lady's lover, and preyed upon her. He left her; she was fool enough to love him still, and pined for him. He is a gambler, and was gambling by my side when Mademoiselle Klosking came in; so he cut his lucky, and left me fifty pounds to play for him, and she put the pot on, and broke the bank. I didn't know who he was, but we found it out by his photograph. Then you came smelling after the money, and we sold you nicely, my fine detective. We made it our business to know where you wrote to. Vizard Court. She went down there, and found him just going to be married to a beautiful young lady. She collared him. He flung her down, and cut her temple open—nearly killed her. She lies ill in the house; and the other young lady is gone away broken-hearted."

"Where to?"

"How should I know? What is that to you?"

"Why, don't you see? Wherever she is, he won't be far off. He likes her best, don't he?"

"It don't follow that she likes him, now she has found him out. He had better not go after her, or he'll get a skinful of broken bones. My friend Squire Vizard is the man to make short work with him, if he caught the blackguard spooning after his sister."

"And serve him right. Still, I wish I knew where that young lady is."

"I dare say I could learn if I made it my business."

Having brought the matter to that point, Poikilus left it, and simply made himself agreeable. He told Ashmead his experiences; and as there were many of them strange and dramatic, he kept him a delighted listener till midnight.

The next day Ashmead visited Mademoiselle Klosking, and found her walking up and down the room with her hand on Miss Gale's shoulder.

She withdrew into the embrasure, and had some confidential talk with him. As a matter of course he told her about Poikilus, and that he was hunting down Severne for his money.

"Indeed!" said the Klosking. "Please tell me every word that passed between you."

He did so, as nearly as he could remember.

Mademoiselle Klosking leaned her brow upon her hand a considerable time in thought. Then she turned on Ashmead, and said, quietly, "That Poikilus is still acting for *him*, and the one thing they desire to learn is where to find Miss Vizard, and delude her to her ruin."

"No, no," cried Ashmead, violently; but the next moment his countenance fell. "You are wiser than I am," said he; "it may be. Confound the sneak! I'll give it him, next time I see him. Why, he must love villainy for its own sake. I as good as said you would pay him his fifty pounds."

"What fifty pounds? His fifty pounds is a falsehood, like himself. Now, my friend, please take my instructions, my positive instructions."

"Yes, madam."

"You will not change your friendly manner: show no suspicion nor anger. If they are cunning, we must be wise; and the wise always keep their temper. You will say Miss Vizard has gone to Ireland, but to what part is only known to her brother. Tell him this, and be very free and communicative on all other subjects; for this alone has any importance now. As for me, I can easily learn where Somerville Villa is; and, in a day or two, shall send you to look after her. One thing is clear—I had better lose no time in recovering my strength. Well, my will is strong. I will lose no time—your arm, monsieur;" and she resumed her promenade.

Ashmead, instructed as above, dined again with the detective; but out of revenge gave him but one bottle of Madeira. As they sipped it, he delivered a great many words; and in the middle of them said, "Oh, by-the-bye, I asked after that poor young lady. Gone to Ireland, but they didn't know what part."

After dinner Ashmead went to the theatre. When he came back, Poikilus was gone.

So did Wisdom baffle Cunning that time.

But Cunning did not really leave the field; that very evening an aged man in green spectacles was inquiring about the postal arrangements to Vizard Court; and next day he might have been seen in a back street of Taddington, talking to the village postman, and afterward drinking with him. It was Poikilus groping his way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FEW words avail to describe the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea, but what pen can portray the Indian Ocean lashed and tormented by a cyclone?

Even so, a few words have sufficed to show that Ina Klosking's heart was all benumbed and deadened; and, with the help of insult, treachery, loss of blood, brain-fever, and self-esteem rebelling against villainy, had outlived its power of suffering poignant torture.

But I can not sketch in a few words, nor

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paint in many, the tempest of passion in Zoe Vizard. Yet it is my duty to try and give the reader some little insight into the agony, the changes, the fury, the grief, the tempest of passion in a virgin heart; in such a nature the great passions of the mind often rage even more fiercely than in older and experienced women.

Literally, Zoe Vizard loved Edward Severne one minute and hated him the next; gave him up for a traitor, and then vowed to believe nothing until she had heard his explanation; burned with ire at his silence, sickened with dismay at his silence. Then, for a while, love and faith would get the upper hand, and she would be quite calm. Why should she torment herself? An old sweetheart, abandoned long ago, had come between them; he had, unfortunately, done the woman an injury in his wild endeavor to get away from her. Well, what business had she to use force? No doubt he was ashamed, afflicted, at what he had done, being a man; or was in despair, seeing that lady installed in her brother's house, and *her* story, probably a parcel of falsehoods, listened to.

Then she would have a gleam of joy, for she knew he had not written to Ina Klosking. But soon Despondency came down, like a dark cloud; for she said to herself, "He has left us both. He sees the woman he does not love will not let him have the one he does love; and so he has lost heart, and will have no more to say to either."

When her thoughts took this turn, she would cry piteously. But not for long. She would dry her eyes, and burn with wrath all round; she would still hate her rival, but call her lover a coward—a contemptible coward.

After her day of raging and grieving, and doubting and fearing, and hoping and despairing, night overtook her with an exhausted body, a bleeding heart, and weeping eyes. She had been so happy—on the very brink of paradise; and now she was deserted. Her pillow was wet every night. She cried in her very sleep; and when she woke in the morning her body was always quivering; and in the very act of waking came a horror and an instinctive reluctance to face the light that was to bring another day of misery.

Such is a fair though loose description of her condition.

The slight fillip given to her spirits by the journey did her a morsel of good, but it died away. Having to nurse Aunt Maitland did her a little good at first. But she soon relapsed into herself, and became so *distraite* that Aunt Maitland, who was all self, being an invalid, began to speak sharply to her.

On the second day of her visit to Somerville Villa, as she sat brooding at the foot of her aunt's bed, suddenly she heard horses' feet, and then a ring at the hall door. Her heart leaped. Perhaps he had come to explain all. He might not choose to go to Vizard Court. What if he had been watching as anxiously as herself, and had seized the first opportunity? In a moment her pale cheek rivaled carmine.

The girl brought up a card—

"LORD UXMOOR."

The color died away directly. "Say I am very sorry, but at this moment I can not leave my aunt."

The girl stared with amazement, and took down the message.

Uxmoor rode away.

Zoe felt a moment's pleasure. No, if she could not see the right man, she would not see the wrong. That, at least, was in her power.

Nevertheless, in the course of the day, remembering Uxmoor's worth and the pain she had already given him, she was almost sorry she had indulged herself at his expense.

Superfluous contrition! He came next day, as a matter of course. She liked him none the better for coming, but she went down stairs to him.

He came toward her, but started back, and uttered an exclamation. "You are not well," he said, in tones of tenderness and dismay.

"Not very," she faltered; for his open, manly concern touched her.

"And you have come here to nurse this old lady? Indeed, Miss Vizard, you need nursing yourself. You know it is some time since I had the pleasure of seeing you, and the change is alarming. May I send you Dr. Atkins, my mother's physician?"

"I am much obliged to you. No."

"Oh, I forgot. You have a physician of your own sex. Why is she not looking after you?"

"Miss Gale is better employed. She is at Vizard Court, in attendance on a far more brilliant person—Mademoiselle Klosking, a professional singer. Perhaps you know her?"

"I saw her at Homburg."

"Well, she met with an accident in our hall—a serious one; and Harrington took her in, and has placed all his resources—his lady physician and all—at her service: he is so fond of *Music*."

A certain satirical bitterness peered through these words; but honest Uxmoor did not notice it. He said, "Then I wish you would let me be your doctor—for want of a better."

"And you think *you* can cure me?" said Zoe, satirically.

"It does seem presumptuous. But, at least, I could do you a little good, if you

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could be got to try my humble prescription."

"What is it?" asked Zoe, listlessly.

"It is my mare Phillis. She is the delight of every lady who mounts her. She is thorough-bred, lively, swift, gentle, docile, amiable, perfect. Ride her on these downs an hour or two every day. I'll send her over to-morrow. May I?"

"If you like. Rosa *would* pack up my riding-habit."

"Rosa was a prophetess."

Next day came Phillis, saddled, and led by a groom on horseback; and Uxmoor soon followed on an old hunter. He lifted Zoe to her saddle, and away they rode, the groom following at a respectful distance.

When they got on the downs they had a delightful canter; but Zoe, in her fevered state of mind, was not content with that. She kept increasing the pace, till the old hunter could no longer live with the young filly; and she galloped away from Lord Uxmoor, and made him ridiculous in the eyes of his groom.

The truth is, she wanted to get away from him.

He drew the rein, and stood stock-still. She made a circuit of a mile, and came up to him, with heightened color and flashing eyes, looking beautiful.

"Well?" said she. "Don't you like galloping?"

"Yes, but I don't like cruelty."

"Cruelty!"

"Look at the mare's tail how it is quivering, and her flanks panting! And no wonder. You have been over twice the Derby course at a racing pace. Miss Vizard, a horse is not a steam-engine."

"I'll never ride her again," said Zoe. "I did not come here to be scolded. I will go home."

They walked slowly home in silence. Uxmoor hardly knew what to say to her; but at last he murmured, apologetically, "Never mind the poor mare, if you are any better for galloping her."

She waited a moment before she spoke, and then she said, "Well, yes, I am better. I'm better for my ride, and better for my scolding. Good-by" (meaning forever).

"Good-by," said he, in the same tone. Only he sent the mare next day, and followed her on a young thorough-bred.

"What!" said Zoe; "am I to have another trial?"

"And another after that."

So this time she would only canter very slowly, and kept stopping every now and then to inquire satirically if that would distress the mare.

But Uxmoor was too good-humored to quarrel for nothing. He only laughed, and said, "You are not the only lady who takes a horse for a machine."

These rides did her bodily health some permanent good, but their effect on her mind was fleeting. She was in fair spirits when she was actually bounding through the air, but she collapsed afterward.

At first, when she used to think that Severne never came near her, and Uxmoor was so constant, she almost hated Uxmoor. So little does the wrong man profit by doing the right thing for a woman. I admit that, though not a deadly woman-hater myself.

But by-and-by she was impartially bitter against them both—the wrong man for doing the right thing, and the right man for not doing it.

As the days rolled by, and Severne did not appear, her indignation and wounded pride began to mount above her love. A beautiful woman counts upon pursuit, and thinks a man less than man if he does not love her well enough to find her, though hid in the caves of ocean or the labyrinths of Bermondsey.

She said to herself, "Then he has no explanation to offer. Another woman has frightened him away from me. I have wasted my affections on a coward." Her bosom boiled with love and contempt and wounded pride, and her mind was tossed to and fro like a leaf in a storm. She began, by force of will, to give Uxmoor some encouragement; only, after it, she writhed and wept.

At last, finding herself driven to and fro like a leaf, she told Miss Maitland all, and sought counsel of her. She must have something to lean on.

The old lady was better by this time, and spoke kindly to her. She said Mr. Severne was charming, and she was not bound to give him up because another lady had past claims on him. But it appeared to her that Mr. Severne himself had deserted her. He had not written to her. Probably he knew something that had not yet transpired, and had steeled himself to the separation for good reasons. It was a decision she must accept. Let her then consider how forlorn is the condition of most deserted women compared with hers. Here was a devoted lover, whom she esteemed, and who could offer her a high position and an honest love. If she had a mother, that mother would almost force her to engage herself at once to Lord Uxmoor. Having no mother, the best thing she could do would be to force herself—to say some irrevocable words, and never look back. It was the lot of her sex not to marry the first love, and to be all the happier in the end for that disappointment, though at the time it always seemed eternal.

All this, spoken in a voice of singular kindness by one who used to be so sharp, made

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Zoe's tears flow gently, and somewhat cooled her raging heart.

She began now to submit, and only cry at intervals, and let herself drift; and Uxmoor visited her every day, and she found it impossible not to esteem and regard him.

Nevertheless, one afternoon, just about his time, she was seized with such an aversion to his courtship, and such a revolt against the slope she seemed gliding down, that she flung on her bonnet and shawl and darted out of the house to escape him. She said to the servant, "I am gone for a walk, if any body calls."

Uxmoor did call, and, receiving this message, he bit his lip, sent the horse home, and walked up to the windmill, on the chance of seeing her any where. He had already observed she was never long in one mood; and as he was always in the same mind, he thought perhaps he might be tolerably welcome, if he could meet her unexpected.

Meantime Zoe walked very fast to get away from the house as soon as possible, and she made a round of nearly five miles, walking through two villages, and on her return lost her way. However, a shepherd showed her a bridle-road, which, he told her, would soon take her to Somerville Villa, through "the small pastures;" and, accordingly, she came into a succession of meadows not very large. They were all fenced and gated; but the gates were only shut, not locked. This was fortunate; for they were new five-barred gates, and a lady does not like getting over these even in solitude. Her clothes are not adapted.

There were sheep in some of these, cows in others, and the pastures wonderfully green and rich, being always well manured and fed down by cattle.

Zoe's love of color was soothed by these emerald fields, dotted with white sheep and red cows.

In the last field, before the lane that led to the village, a single beast was grazing. Zoe took no notice of him, and walked on; but he took wonderful notice of her, and stared, then gave a disagreeable snort. He took offense at her Indian shawl, and after pawing the ground and erecting his tail, he came straight at her, at a tearing trot, and his tail out behind him.

Zoe saw, and screamed violently, and ran for the gate ahead, which, of course, was a few yards farther from her than the gate behind. She ran for her life; but the bull, when he saw that, broke into a gallop directly, and came up fast with her. She could not escape.

At that moment a man vaulted clean over the gate, tore a pitchfork out of a heap of dung that luckily stood in the corner, and boldly confronted the raging bull, just in time; for at that moment Zoe lost heart, and crouched, screaming, in the side ditch, with her hands before her eyes.

The new-comer, rash as his conduct seemed, was country-bred, and knew what he was about: he drove a prong clean through the great cartilage of the bull's mouth, and was knocked down like a nine-pin, with the broken staff of the pitchfork in his hand; and the bull reared in the air with agony, the prong having gone clean through his upper lip in two places, and fastened itself, as one fastens a pin, in that leathery but sensitive organ.

Now Uxmoor was a university athlete; he was no sooner down than up. So, when the bull came down from his rearing, and turned to massacre his assailant, he was behind him, and seizing his tail, twisted it, and delivered a thundering blow on his backbone, and followed it up by a shower of them on his ribs. "Run to the gate, Zoe!" he roared. Whack! whack! whack! "Run to the gate, I tell you!" Whack!—whack!—whack!—whack!—whack!

Thus ordered, Zoe Vizard, who would not have moved of herself, being in a collapse of fear, scudded to the gate, got on the right side of it, and looked over, with two eyes like saucers. She saw a sight incredible to her. Instead of letting the bull alone, now she was safe, Uxmoor was sticking to him like a ferret. The bull ran, tossing his nose with pain, and bellowing. Uxmoor, dragged by the tail, and compelled to follow in preposterous, giant strides, barely touching the ground with the point of his toe, pounded the creature's ribs with such blows as Zoe had never dreamed possible. They sounded like flail on wooden floor, and each blow was accompanied with a loud jubilant shout. Presently, being a five's player, and ambidexter, he shifted his hand, and the tremendous whacks resounded on the bull's left side. The bull, thus belabored, and resounding like the big drum, made a circuit of the field, but found it all too hot: he knew his way to a certain quiet farm-yard; he bolted, and came bang at Zoe once more, with furious eyes and gore-distilling nostrils.

But this time she was on the right side of the gate.

Yet she drew back in dismay as the bull drew near: and she was right; for, in his agony and amazement, the unwieldy but sinewy brute leaped the five-barred gate, and cleared it all but the top rail; that he burst through, as if it had been paper, and dragged Uxmoor after him, and pulled him down, and tore him some yards along the hard road on his back, and bumped his head against a stone, and so got rid of him; then pounded away down the lane, snorting and bellowing and bleeding, the prong still stuck through his nostrils like a pin.

Zoe ran to Uxmoor, with looks of alarm and tender concern, and lifted his head to her tender bosom; for his clothes were torn, and his cheeks and hands bleeding. But he

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soon shook off his confusion, and rose without assistance.

"Have you got over your fright?" said he; "that is the question."

"Oh yes! yes! It is only you I am alarmed for. It is much better I should be killed than you."

"Killed! I never had better fun in my life. It was glorious. I stuck to him, and hit—there, I have not had any thing I could hit as hard as I wanted to since I used to fight with my cousin Jack at Eton. Oh, Miss Vizard, it was a whirl of Elysium. But I am sorry you were frightened. Let me take you home."

"Oh yes, but not that way; that is the way the monster went!" quivered Zoe.

"Oh, he has had enough of us."

"But I have had too much of him. Take me some other road—a hundred miles round. How I tremble!"

"So you do. Take my arm. No, putting the tips of your fingers on it is no use; take it really—you want support. Be courageous now; we are very near home."

Zoe trembled, and cried a little, to conclude the incident, but walked bravely home on Uxmoor's arm.

In the hall at Somerville Villa she saw him change color, and insisted on his taking some port-wine.

"I shall be very glad," said he.

A decanter was brought. He filled a large tumbler and drank it off like water.

This was the first intimation he gave Zoe that he was in pain and his nerves hard tried; nor did she, indeed, arrive at that conclusion until he had left her.

Of course she carried all this to Aunt Maitland. That lady was quite moved by the adventure. She sat up in bed, and listened with excitement and admiration. She descanted on Lord Uxmoor's courage and chivalry, and congratulated Zoe that such a pearl of manhood had fallen at her feet. "Why, child," said she, "surely, after this, you will not hesitate between this gentleman and a beggarly adventurer, who has nothing, not even the courage of a man. Turn your back on all such rubbish, and be the queen of the county. I'd be content to die to-morrow if I could see you Countess of Uxmoor."

"You shall live and see it, dear aunt," said Zoe, kissing her.

"Well," said Miss Maitland, "if any thing can cure me, that will. And really," said she, "I feel better ever since that brave fellow began to bring you to your senses."

Admiration and gratitude being now added to esteem, Zoe received Lord Uxmoor next day with a certain timidity and half tenderness she had never shown before; and as he was by nature a rapid wooer, he saw his chance, and staid much longer than usual, and at last hazarded a hope that he might be allowed to try and win her heart.

Thereupon she began to fence, and say that love was all folly. He had her esteem and her gratitude, and it would be better for both of them to confine their sentiments within those rational bounds.

"That I can not do," said Uxmoor; "so I must ask your leave to be ambitious. Let me try and conquer your affection."

"As you conquered the bull?"

"Yes; only not so rudely, nor so quickly, I'll be bound."

"Well, I don't know why I should object. I esteem you more than any body in the world. You are my beau-ideal of a man. If you can *make* me love you, all the better for me. Only I am afraid you can not."

"May I try?"

"Yes," said Zoe, blushing carnation.

"May I come every day?"

"Twice a day, if you like."

"I think I shall succeed—in time."

"I hope you may."

Then he kissed her hand devotedly—the first time in his life—and went away on wings.

Zoe flew up to her aunt Maitland, flushed and agitated. "Aunt, I am as good as engaged to him. I have said such unguarded things. I'm sure *he* will understand it that I consent to receive his addresses as my lover. Not that I really said so."

"I hope," said Aunt Maitland, "that you have committed yourself somehow or other, and can not go back."

"I think I have. Yes; it is all over. I can not go back now."

Then she burst out crying. Then she was near choking, and had to smell her aunt's salts, while still the tears ran fast.

Miss Maitland received this with perfect composure. She looked on them as the last tears of regret given to a foolish attachment at the moment of condemning it forever. She was old, and had seen these final tears shed by more than one loving woman just before entering on her day of sunshine.

And now Zoe must be alone, and vent her swelling heart. She tied a handkerchief round her head, and darted into the garden. She went round and round it, with fleet foot and beating pulses.

The sun began to decline, and a cold wind to warn her in. She came for the last time to a certain turn of the gravel-walk, where there was a little iron gate leading into the wooded walk from the meadows.

At that gate she found a man. She started back and leaned against the nearest tree, with her hands behind her.

It was Edward Severne, all in black, and pale as death, but not paler than her own face turned in a moment.

Indeed, they looked at each other like two ghosts.

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FLORENCE.



PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, WITH THE TOWER OF THE VACCA.

FIRENZE, Fiorenza, Florentia, the City of Flowers. Flowers every where, indoors and out, in the public gardens, in the market-place, in mosaic, in fresco, and in arabesque—flowers that might have decked the brow of Flora, or tempted Proserpine to the very verge of the Plutonic realms. Dainty flower-girls in picturesque costumes toss you bouquets of roses and violets as you drive along the crowded Corso, or place a pink in your button-hole as you sit in the *caffè* or saunter out into the public square. Florence was founded upon a field of flowers. The three-petaled iris crowns her monuments, the *fleur-de-lis* is emblazoned upon her coat of arms, while her grand old cathedral is dedicated to Santa Maria del Fiore.

Florence herself is the outblossom of modern Italian civilization. The "Daughter of Rome," she has long since inherited her imperial crown, and become the literary and artistic capital of Italy. It is this, most of all, that constitutes her true pride and glory. If the history of a city is recorded in its monuments, and if monuments are but the crystallization of the thought and religious sentiment, the poesy and heroism, of a people, then the Tuscan capital may well be proud of her glorious past. Her history has produced the art, and now her art illustrates the history.

Florence has been deservedly styled the Italian Athens. Here the fine arts attained their apogee. The radiating centre of the Renaissance, it was her pride and boast not only to revive but rival the science and art, the poetry and eloquence, of her classic prototype. No other city possesses within such narrow limits such an opulence of artistic treasures. "She is still the Athens of Italy," says M. Lemonnier, "only it is not the Athens of Aristides, it is the Athens of Alcibiades."

The early history of Florence is involved in doubt and obscurity. According to some authorities, the city was founded by the Romans; according to others, by the Etruscans. The most probable conjecture is that it owes its origin to a colony from Fiesole, whose ancient ruins are still visible on the neighboring heights. It would be foreign, however, to the scope of the present article to discuss its early history, or trace its varying political fortunes—constant to nothing except constant change.

What vicissitudes has she not experienced? What experiments in government has she not tried? Foreign invasion followed by internal strife and dissension—Frank, Lombard, and Ostrogoth, Guelph and Ghibelline, *Bianchi* and *Neri*, White Lily and Red. Now a fief of the German Emperor, now an appanage of the Pope; then a dependency of the King of Naples, or a province of the Austrian kaiser; duchy, grand duchy, republic; at one time aristocratic, then democratic, afterward theocratic, while running through all the political phases of civil liberty, republican license, anarchy, and chaos; then ending in military despotism, until at length she has found repose beneath the standard of a constitutional monarchy.

And yet with her dukes, grand dukes, consuls, priors, gonfaloniers, and the rest, as if human experience did not furnish a sufficiently wide range for her political experiments, she elects the Marzocco, a brazen lion, as gonfalonier; and then, by a strange freak of religious fanaticism, casts her ballots for Jesus Christ as king, who, having been declared duly elected, was strangely enough deposed by his vicegerent, a Pope.

It is scarcely possible to photograph with pen and ink the physiognomy of a great city, or if you could, it would only be a photograph after all, lacking warmth of color and depth of tone. We must content ourselves with a silhouette. Let us take a brief sur-

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vey of Florence from the heights of San Miniato or the Boboli Gardens. It is like looking at a person in profile. You get a clearer outline of the more prominent features, though it may be at the expense of the minuter details of form and expression.

The city lies mapped out before us in the form of an irregular polygon unequally divided by the Arno, which, with its broad and handsome quays and its numerous bridges with their graceful arches, constitutes one of the most striking features in the landscape. To the extreme right, conspicuous with its lofty tower and ornate façade of variegated marbles, is the dark, gloomy mass of Santa Croce, the "Pantheon" of Florence. Beyond are the funereal cypresses of the Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. Farther on are the heights of Fiesole, the ancient rival of Florence, with its Franciscan convent and hoary crown of Cyclopean walls. Between Fiesole and Careggi, once the seat of Lorenzo the Magnificent's Platonic Academy, is the famous Villa Palmieri, where Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose, laid the scene of his "Decameron," which inspired the "Canterbury Tales" of our own Chaucer, the father of English poetry.

Directly in front of us is the enormous rectangular mass of the Palazzo Vecchio, with its mediæval tower and frowning battlements. To the right the tapering spire of the Badia shoots heavenward. Beyond, looming up in imposing grandeur, is the wondrous dome of Brunelleschi, flanked by the marvelous Campanile of Giotto, solid as a fortress, and yet light and ethereal as an air castle. Immediately to the left of the Cathedral you can just see the octagonal dome of the Baptistery, the "*bel San Giovanni*" of Dante, whose magnificent bronze doors transported Michael Angelo to the seventh heaven of artistic enthusiasm. Beyond the Baptistery, San Lorenzo, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, proudly lifts its crest, as if in ambitious rivalry of the Duomo, while farther to the left Santa Maria Novella, with its graceful campanile, beautiful façade, and spacious cloisters, rejoices as the mystic bride of the great Buonarotti.

Crossing the Arno and sweeping westward, the eye is arrested for a moment by the dome of Santo Spirito, and then finds repose upon the beautiful heights of Bellosguardo. Nearer by is the Pitti Palace, with its famous gallery. From this you can trace the covered corridor that connects it with the Uffizi, uniting the two like Siamese Twins of art, as they are, and constructed, it is said, upon the model of that which, according to Homer, once connected the palaces of Hector and Priam. As for the rest, Florence resembles most Italian cities viewed from an eminence—a heterogeneous jumble of red-tiled roofs, chimney-tops, dormer-windows, sky-lights, terraces, belfries, crosses, and flag-staffs, without the faintest hint of the crowded squares and thoroughfares below.



THE CENTRE OF FLORENCE.

The central life of modern as well as ancient Florence is to be found in the Piazza della Signoria. Here its great heart still throbs with as full and strong a pulse as if it had not been throbbing for centuries. Here you will find an epitome of its history

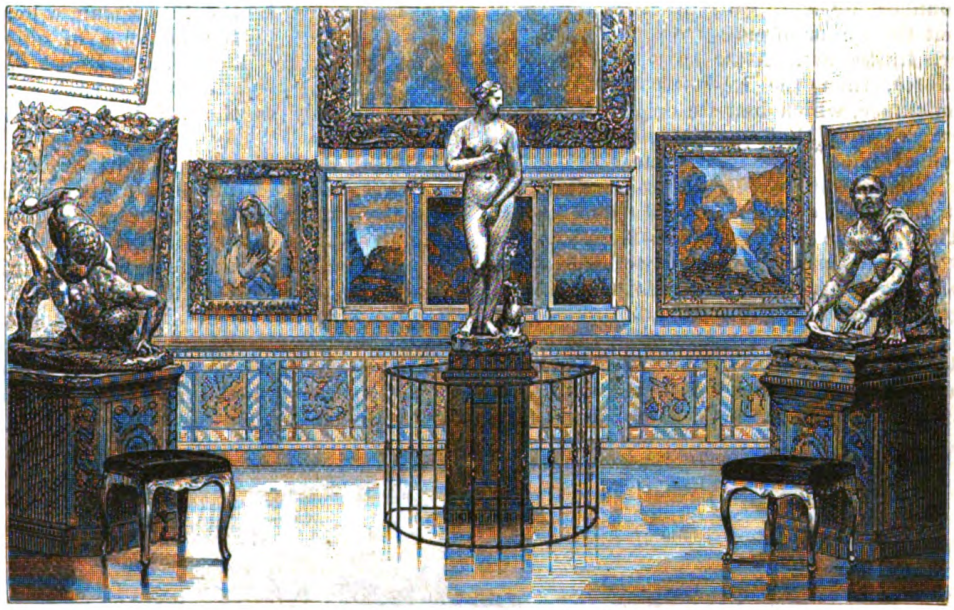
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written in blood and fire, in bronze and stone. This was the focal point around which the contending factions struggled for the mastery, where the vengeance of the Guelph has driven the plow-share of ruin through the sites of Ghibelline palaces, and sown them with salt, as if forever accursed. Near the spot where now stands the great fountain, with its colossal Neptune, nude Nereides, and shameless Tritons, Savonarola and others resisted the corruptions of papal Rome unto blood and burning, and, with a martyr's faith, won the martyr's crown. This, too, was the forum of the republic, where popular orators harangued the populace from the *ringhiera*, and here Florence held her holiday of *fêtes* as well as of blood.

Looking toward the east, the Palazzo Vecchio—"grand duke" of Florentine palaces—lifts its square, imposing mass of stone in severe and simple majesty. With its projecting embrasures, and battlemented tower that seems to "threaten the heavens like the arm of a Titan," it resembles a fortress rather than a palace. Originally the residence of the signiory of the republic, it has been successively the Hôtel de Ville, the Parliament House, and is now the City Hall of Florence. We miss the statue of David, by Michael Angelo, that once flanked the entrance—now removed to the Academy of Fine Arts—but the "Hercules and Cacus" of Bandinelli is still in its old place, doing duty like a giant sentinel, as it is.

To the right is Orcagna's Loggia. Originally constructed for the accommodation of the magistrates when they wished to harangue the people in popular assembly, it has been converted into an out-door gallery of art, richly adorned with statues, both modern and antique. It would seem as if the artistic wealth of the Uffizi had overflowed into the public square and inundated its beautiful arcades. Most notable among these works of art are the Judith of Donatello, the "Rape of the Sabines," by Giovanni di Bologna, and the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, whose exquisite statuettes of bronze in the niches of the pedestal might well have excited the cupidity of a duchess.

What can one say of the treasures of art in the Uffizi Gallery that has not already been better said? If you attempt a mere synopsis of this marvelous collection, with its 1300 paintings, 28,000 original designs, 4000 cameos and intaglios, and 80,000 medals, you are overwhelmed by the sheer opulence of your materials. Entering the court, with its numerous niches adorned with the marble statues of celebrated Tuscans, you are introduced, among others, to Giotto, Dante, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Macchiavelli and Galileo. Ascending the grand stairway and entering the vestibule, you are presented to the Medici, the founders of this noble gallery. Then you wander along the corridors as in a dream, passing in review long files of gods and goddesses, emperors, kings, saints, angels, and madonnas. Here are Roman emperors, from Cæsar to Constantine, side by side with deities from the profane Jupiter to the divine Jesus. Here are long perspectives of Cupids, Apollos, Venuses, Vestals, Nymphs and Muses, Fauns and Bacchantes, canopied by ceilings in arabesque and fresco, illustrative of Florentine annals and ancient mythology, together with a pic-



INTERIOR OF THE UFFIZI GALLERY.

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torial chronological history of Tuscan art from Cimabue to Vasari. You begin with the Virgin and Child of Rico di Candia, which resembles a "figure of marchpane," and end with Fra Angelico's angels in the corridor, or Raphael's "Madonna of the Goldfinch" in the Tribune.

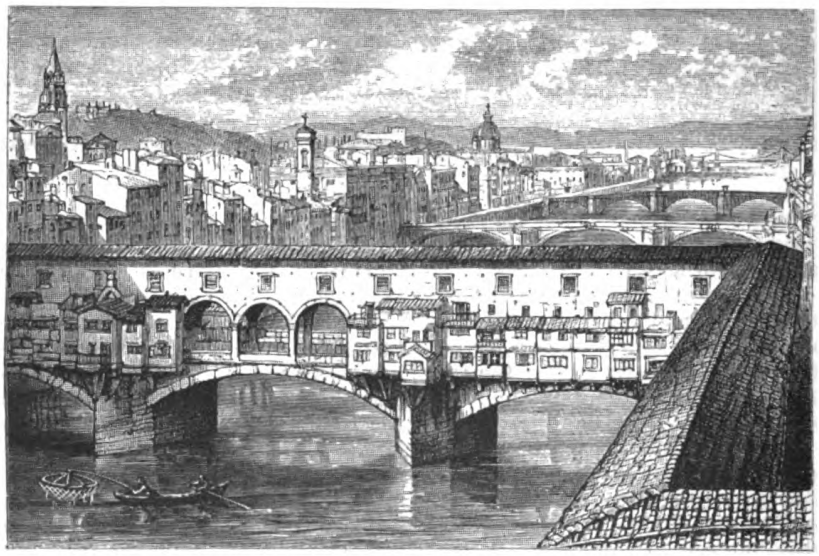


GIOTTO.

After Cimabue comes Giotto, who, from a shepherd boy tracing the outlines of his sheep in the sand, became not only the founder of a school, but the father of modern Italian art. After Giotto, then the Renaissance, which had its origin in a goldsmith's shop that has proved the training school of so many of the most celebrated Italian artists. The Renaissance culminated in Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. This was the golden age of Italian art.

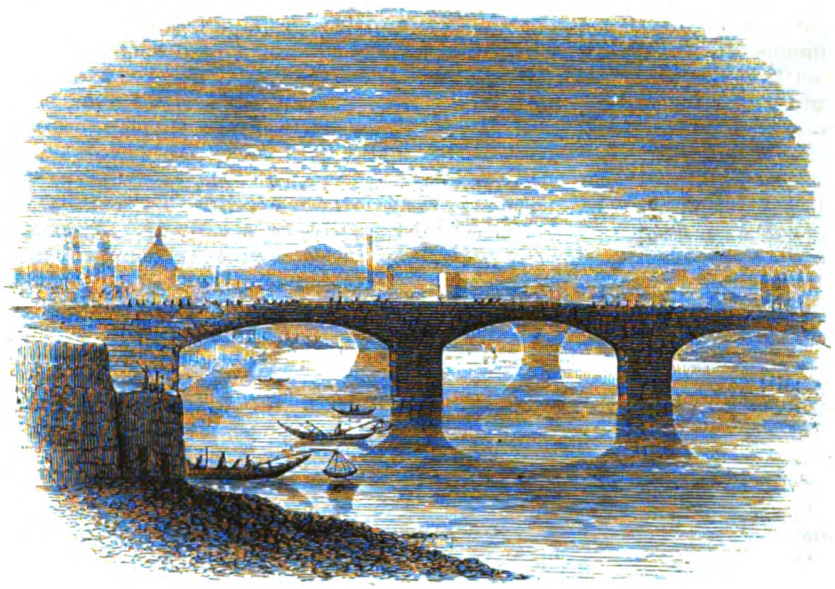
After taking a rapid survey of the various schools of art and the several cabinets of gems, inscriptions, cameos, and bronzes, the eye and brain seek repose from the bewildering, interminable review in a few celebrated masterpieces. Let us enter the stately hall where the far-famed Niobe with her seven sons and seven daughters, victims of the terrible vengeance of Apollo and Diana, crouch and tremble, supplicate and weep, in the most pathetic if not the most eloquent of marbles. Or let us pass from this touching tragedy of beauty in despair to the halls where genius holds its court—the halls of autograph portraits of the most celebrated painters of all nations since the fifteenth century. It is a unique collection of more than three hundred illustrated autobiographies. Some of these portraits are what every good portrait ought to be, "life histories concentrated in a moment"—revelations of the inner man, where the outlines of character are mapped out and overlie each other as distinctly as the wrinkles on their brows.

Raphael, with his young, spiritual face, dark eyes, and chestnut-brown hair, looks down from his canvas "gentle, simple, sallow, and sad." Leonardo da Vinci, with his grave, solemn aspect and long white beard, seems like a patriarch or an apostle just out of an illuminated missal. You recognize at once the author of the "Last Supper." There is Vandyck, with his long hair, frank open brow, clear blue eye, and red mustache; and there is Michael Angelo in his dressing-gown, whose broken nose recalls reminiscences of the fearful blow he received from Torregiani, which disfigured him for life. But then, did not the great artist throw a handful of marble dust into the eyes of Soderini



PONTE VECCHIO.

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THE ARNO, LOOKING WEST FROM PONTE VECCHIO.

the gonfalonier, who dared to criticise his David? But notwithstanding his broken nose, you need not look twice to see that he was a man full of fire and passion as well as genius, with a volcanic brain and a Dantesque imagination, and that there you have before you the veritable author of the "Last Judgment."

The Tribune, we need not say, is the gem of the gallery. Octagonal in form, paved with precious marbles, and surmounted by a cupola inlaid with mother-of-pearl, this sanctuary of art contains masterpieces enough to make the reputation of half a dozen galleries. Arranged in a circle around the hall are five antique statues, of which the famous "Venus de' Medici" is the presiding divinity. Not to speak of other great masters, there are six Raphaels, if we do not except the celebrated Fornarina; three Titians, including those "luminous nudities," his two Venuses; and a Holy Family, by Michael Angelo—one of the three easel paintings attributed to the great sculptor, who once said, with a spice of ill nature, that "oil-painting was fit only for women and children."



MICHAEL ANGELO.

There is an old saying that it is worth while going to Florence only to see the "Venus de' Medici." It has been pronounced an embodiment of the perfection of art. Poets and critics have bankrupted their vocabularies in their extravagant attempts fitly to eulogize it. Hyperbole itself has been exhausted upon it. "Even her foot," exclaims Dinon, "found separate from her body, would have constituted a monument." Not to adore it would be regarded as heterodoxy, if not heresy. We shall not attempt, then, to describe the indescribable.

Immediately to the right of the Venus is the "Arrotino," or Grinder, the puzzle of art critics; to the left are the "Wrestlers," the delight of anatomists as well as of artists. The "Dancing Faun," keeping time to the rude measures of his own wild music with a savage and fierce delight, is instinct with motion and animal life; while the Apollino, of which it has been said that "if statues could marry, the 'Venus' could not find a more suitable match," is the very perfection of youthful grace and beauty of form.

At almost every footfall in Florence one encounters Michael Angelo. You may read his biography in his works of art. You can trace his growth and development from the head of the satyr in the Uffizi Gallery, his first essay at sculpture, at the age of fourteen, to those famous sepulchral monuments of the Medici in San Lorenzo, which, if we except his Moses, are generally regarded as his masterpieces.

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MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDY.

His many-sidedness is a source of constant surprise. There is no danger of losing sight of it, even without the gentle reminder of the marble mourners upon his monument in the Church of Santa Croce. Painter, sculptor, architect, poet, and military engineer, he wielded with almost equal facility the pencil, the chisel, and the compasses. Poetically styled by Ariosto as

"Michel, più che mortale, angelo divino,"

he is not only the greatest of modern sculptors, but the "greatest of the great men of a great age."

Having quarreled with Leo X., he threw aside his chisel and pencil, and devoted himself to the Muses. Nor was he a mere rhymster. His sonnets and *canzone* display poetic powers of no mean order, showing that he might have excelled as a poet. His style is simple, severe, and statuesque. He poetizes his sculpture, and sculptures his poetry.

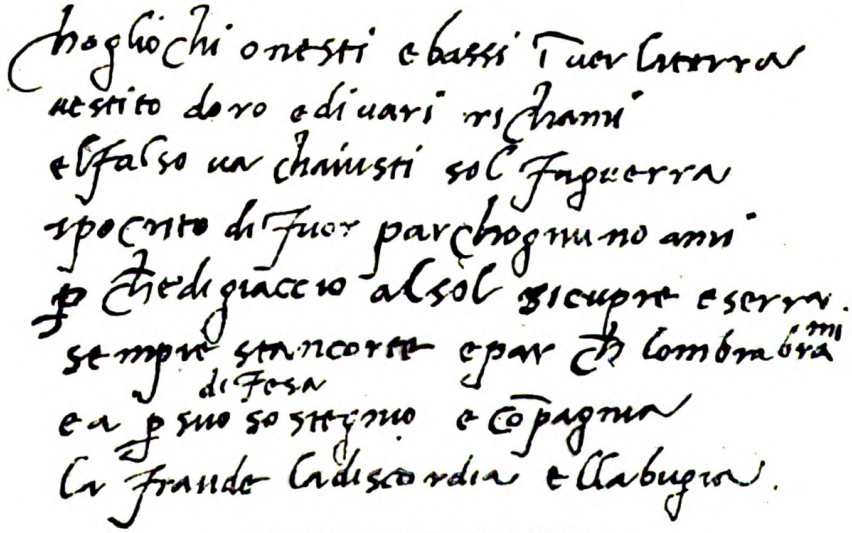
When Julius II. ordered him to decorate the Sistine Chapel with frescoes, he exclaimed, "I am not a painter, I am a sculptor."

"A man such as thou," replied the Pope, "is every thing that he wishes to be."

"But this is an affair of Raphael, not mine. Give him this room to paint, and give me a mountain to carve."

But the Pope insisted, and all the world knows the result.

His enemies, compelled to recognize his transcendent genius, could only detract from his fame by comparing him unfavorably with the ancients. But their triumph was of short duration. Challenging antique art itself, he executed the "Bacchus and Faun" now found in the Uffizi Gallery. Having broken off a hand, he had the mutilated statue buried in the ground, it is said, until it was sufficiently weather-stained, when it was *accidentally* dug up by some workmen, and the fact noised abroad throughout the city. His envious critics came to see it among the rest, and at once pronounced it an antique, when Michael Angelo, much to their discomfiture, produced the hand he had broken off, thereby identifying the statue as his own.

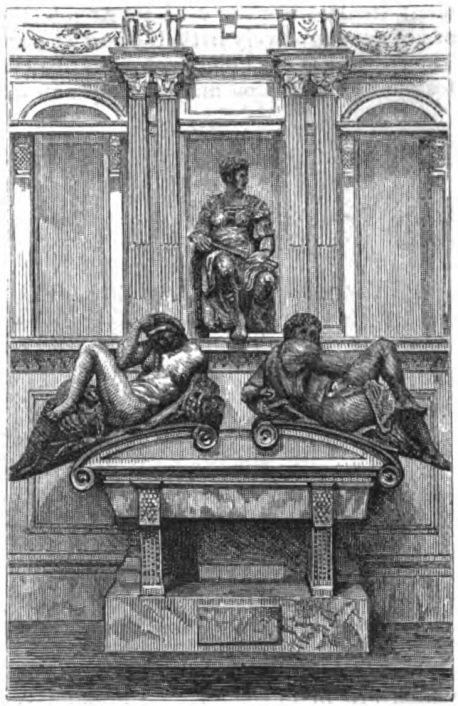


AUTOGRAPH POEM OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

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But one must visit San Lorenzo to fully appreciate the genius of this incomparable artist. After admiring the finely proportioned columns of the nave, and the beautiful bronze bass-reliefs of the pulpits by Donatello, and having been duly impressed with the magnificence of the Medicean chapel, let us pass into the sacristy.

Immediately to the right of the entrance is an unfinished group of the Virgin and Child; to the left, the sepulchral monument of Lorenzo de' Medici; and directly opposite, that of Giuliano de' Medici—all by Michael Angelo. The allegorical figures, representing Evening and Dawn, Day and Night, recumbent upon these tombs, have been especially praised and admired, and, most of all, the Night, or "La Notte." In the presence of these masterpieces we are not surprised that Paul III. should have exclaimed, "For twenty years I have desired to be Pope, only that I might make Michael Angelo work for me alone."



"LA NOTTE"—TOMB OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI.

The Cathedral is the centre of the religious, as the Palazzo Vecchio is of the political, life of Florence. A vast and imposing structure in the form of a Latin cross, with its stately dome and splendid campanile, it is a fitting monument of the age of which it was the architectural product, and which it fairly represents. The heterogeneous elements of the civilization of which it is a type have effervesced and solidified into stone, and the grand result is before you—an enormous mass, incased in a mosaic of white and black marble, with an eclectic architecture styled Italian Gothic, and a nave swelling out at the transept into a cluster of cupolas, over and above which towers majestically the dome of Brunelleschi, the model of that of St. Peter's, and still the largest in the world.



VIRGIN AND CHILD.—[MICHAEL ANGELO.]

The unfinished façade, after the lapse of nearly six centuries, is to be completed at last. Victor Emanuel laid the foundation stone in 1860, and the work is now in progress. Printed subscription lists, headed by the archbishop, are displayed near the front entrance, from which it appears that those who subscribe 5000 francs and upward are to have their names engraved upon the new cathedral front, which is considered equivalent to having them inscribed among the immortals.

The dimly lighted interior is grandly impressive. Almost severe in its simplicity, it is in striking contrast to many of its sister churches, which give you the impression that they are sacred toy-shops. The monuments are few, and if we except an Entomb-

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ment, the last work of Michael Angelo, they are of comparatively little interest or merit. The frescoes of the dome, by Vasari, are Dantesque in conception and grotesque in exe-



VITTORIO ALFIERI.

cution. They represent Heaven and Hell, which are in uncomfortable proximity, in the latter of which sinners are not only tormented by flames, but terrified by monsters and worried by wild beasts, among which may be seen a black bear rampant, that is about to hug them in his fatal embrace.

"Beautiful as the Campanile" is the climax of superlative comparison in Florence. Charles V., on first seeing it, exclaimed, "The Florentines should inclose this tower in a glass case, or only exhibit it on grand *fête* days." With its aerial grace, enhanced



HEAD OF ANGEL.—[AFTER DONATELLO.]

by a rich veneering of variegated marbles, it is as solid and strong as it appears light and beautiful. The statues and bass-reliefs that adorn its sides constitute an illustrated encyclopedia of human art and civilization —a grand cyclic composition, where not only History and Mythology, Revelation and Tradition, Christianity and Sabianism, but Adam and Apelles, Tubal-cain and Orpheus, Dædalus and Aristotle, together with prophets, philosophers, saints, sibyls, and evangelists, all blend and fraternize in a sort of artistic cosmos.

Facing the Cathedral is the Baptistery, with its "Gates of Paradise" flanked by shattered columns of porphyry. Upon these magnificent bronze doors Ghiberti, on the authority of Vasari, was engaged for forty years. The designs represent the principal events of the Old Testament, and although the recognized limits of the plastic art are transgressed in the attempt to produce the illusion of a perspective in the absence of color, it is nevertheless a most marvelous production. "Ghiberti," says M. Taine,



FIGURES FROM ORGAN SCREEN IN THE CATHEDRAL. [LUCCA DELLA ROBBIA.]

"handles bronze as a painter would do; his sculptures are almost paintings."

It was with some difficulty that we found the house of Americus Vespucius, or, more properly, Amerigo Vespucci. It formerly occupied the present site of the Hospital of San Giovanni di Dio, with which it has probably been incorporated. An elaborate marble shield placed over the entrance bears a long Latin inscription, extolling his distinguished services "*ob repertam Americam.*" But even Florence, that decreed him public illuminations for three days when it received the news of his supposed discovery of America, seems to have lost faith in the Florentine navigator, who attained an undeserved celebrity by robbing Columbus of the honor of conferring his name upon the New World. No one seemed to know the locality of his house, and his portrait is not to be found in photography.

The claims of Vespucci to having first discovered the continent of America depend mainly upon his own testimony contained

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in his letters descriptive of his various voyages to the New World. These are now generally discredited by the almost universal consent of the learned. The ancient Spanish writers, chagrined that the Western continent should be called America, proposed instead Colonia or Columbiana, while the Royal Council of the Indies decreed in 1508 that it should be called Columbia. But it was too late. Vespucci died in the midst of affluence and covered with honors, while Columbus, robbed of his sublime heritage, pined in prison, languished in chains, and died in penury.

"Santa Croce," says Corinne, "contains the most brilliant assemblage of the dead to be found in Europe." Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, and Alfieri—

> "Four minds which, like the elements,
> Might furnish forth creation."

This would be truer if the ashes of one who now sleeps near the sea-shore at Ravenna could be substituted for those of Alfieri, or be deposited in the sarcophagus of his own honorary monument.

Here ungrateful Florence, *mater parvi amoris*, as Dante calls her, atoning in commemorative marble and epitaphian eulogy, hon-



TOMB OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

ors with a tomb the dust of those whom she has proscribed, banished, imprisoned, burned in effigy, and condemned to death while living. Could the illustrious dead revisit the earth and contemplate their posthumous honors, with what bitterness the author of



AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

the "Divine Comedy" would pronounce his laconic and comprehensive epitaph:

> "Onorate l'altissimo poeta!"

To the author of the "Prince," who as a political prisoner had languished in the horrible Stinche among madmen and prostitutes, his would sound like a bitter sarcasm:

> "Tanto nomini nullum par elogium."

To the lover of art it will always be a source of regret that Michael Angelo, whose tomb is hard by, did not execute that of Dante, as he once proposed to Leo X. A monument to the greatest of Italian poets by the greatest of modern sculptors! This, in the absence of the poet's remains, would have atoned, in good part, for an empty urn.

The monument of Alfieri by Canova has been styled, by a rather extravagant figure of speech, "the tomb of Sophocles sculptured by Phidias." It was erected to his memory by the beautiful though unfortunate Countess of Albany, whose lasting friendship for the poet, of which he gives such a particular account in his memoirs, constitutes one of the most interesting episodes in Italian literature.

Alfieri, though a Piedmontese by birth, was a Tuscan by adoption. Of patrician birth, after eight years of "ineducation," as he styles it, with an absolutely "anti-geometric" head, that could not comprehend the fourth proposition in Euclid, at the age of twenty-seven, without ever having read a tragedy, without having acquired even his own native language, he resolves to be a tragic poet. He becomes a child again,

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"DEVIL," IN MERCATO VECCHIO.

plunging, "Curtius-like," into the abysses of grammar; studies Italian and Latin; doffs the cothurnus; and then comes to Florence to accustom himself "to speak, hear, think, and dream" in beautiful Tuscan. Here he met for the first time the Countess of Albany, who became henceforth his inspiration; and then, having watched over him during his last illness, erected his mausoleum.

Alfieri bears the same relation to Italian tragedy that Tasso does to the Italian epic, or Goldoni to Italian comedy. He was at the same time its founder and its most brilliant illustrator. An ardent lover of liberty, and a pronounced republican, he wrote an ode on "Free America," and dedicated his "Brutus" to Washington. Though not a Sophocles or a Shakspeare, he deserves a high rank in Italian literature, and Italy is not inappropriately represented by the artist as a weeping mourner at his tomb.

Familiar to every one is the "*E pur si muove*" of Galileo. The world does move, and one of the best proofs of it is that a man dare say so without being stretched upon the rack or broken upon the wheel. But however familiar, the dark picture it recalls loses none of its sombre coloring. A septuagenarian, feeble from imprisonment, faint from the torture, a wax taper in his hand, and a halter around his neck, dragged before a tribunal of ignorant monks, and there, with his hand upon the Holy Gospels, compelled to renounce upon his knees the damnable heresy of the earth's rotation. Then condemned to the dungeons of the Inquisition, there to repeat the seven penitential psalms once a week for three years in order to avert the displeasure of Heaven, while his books, the products of a lifetime of toil, were burned by the common hangman.

Then, as if the wrath of man were not sufficient, it seemed as if some offended deity was on his track like an avenging Nemesis. Was it Jupiter, whose satellites he discovered, or Mercury or Venus, whose phases he detected, or Diana, upon whom he dared to turn his telescope and unveil the secrets of her fair domain? or was it Apollo, the offended sun-god, who smote him with blindness for his presumption in disclosing the spots upon his radiant visage? Have we not just seen Niobe and her children stricken with the shining arrows of these twin divinities, bright offspring of Jupiter and the offended Latona?

This evil fortune which persecuted him to the last has pursued him beyond the grave; for the tomb of the Tuscan philosopher is among the worst in Santa Croce. One redeeming feature about it is the ladder in his coat of arms, which is suggestive of the dreamer of Bethel—of ascending and descending angels.

We set out to speak of the Church of Santa Croce, and have spoken instead of its illustrious dead. These, after all, are its greatest glory. For it is not its façade of variegated marbles, populous with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, nor its dim, sombre interior, with its demure confessionals and sepul-



TOMB OF GALILEO.

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chral slabs, nor its cloistered halls, with their sad reminiscences of the Holy Inquisition, that make Santa Croce what it is. It is the genius of Cimabue, Gaddi, and Giotto, that has covered its walls with their frescoes. It



DANTE.

is the fame of Altieri and Galileo, of Macchiavelli and Michael Angelo, who have consecrated it with their dust, and made it a Mecca of pilgrimage for all time to come.

Of Dante, whose birth-place we have visited, and whose colossal statue now adorns the great public square of Santa Croce, it is unnecessary to speak. To pronounce his name is a eulogy. The great protagonist of Italian literature, his "Divina Commedia" is the poetic efflorescence of the science, philosophy, theology, and mystic symbolism of the Middle Ages.

To see the Piazza della Signoria in its various aspects, one should visit it not only by day, but also at night. You enter the Loggia dei Lanzi, now cast into shadow, and stumble over recumbent figures disposed in all possible attitudes, and snoring in all possible keys. Peripatetic vagabonds, with lanterns swinging low to the pavement, peer into every corner and cranny of the public square for cast-away cigar stumps, while young Ishmaelites creep stealthily on all fours into an adjoining *caffè* and search for similar spoil under the marble-topped tables. The head of the Medusa displays an added horror. The polished tusks of the Erymanthian boar's head gleam white in the moonlight. Those armless *termini* that flank the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio, eternally rooted to their pedestals by their shapeless trunks, appeal to you with a pathetic air of utter forlornness, as if just undergoing one of Dante's transformations or Ovid's metamorphoses.

It is growing late, and the square is being gradually deserted. A solitary sentinel, with his polished brazen helmet, still paces his accustomed beat in front of the old palace, while a fine soprano pours forth its clear, full-throated notes from out an open window, and fills up all the intervening space with the witchery of its song. As the great clock strikes the hour of midnight from the bell tower with a subdued accent like a muffled drum, a funeral procession, with torches and lanterns, moves along the opposite side of the square, the pall-bearers and mourners, in their long white gowns and closely fitting hoods, reminding you rather

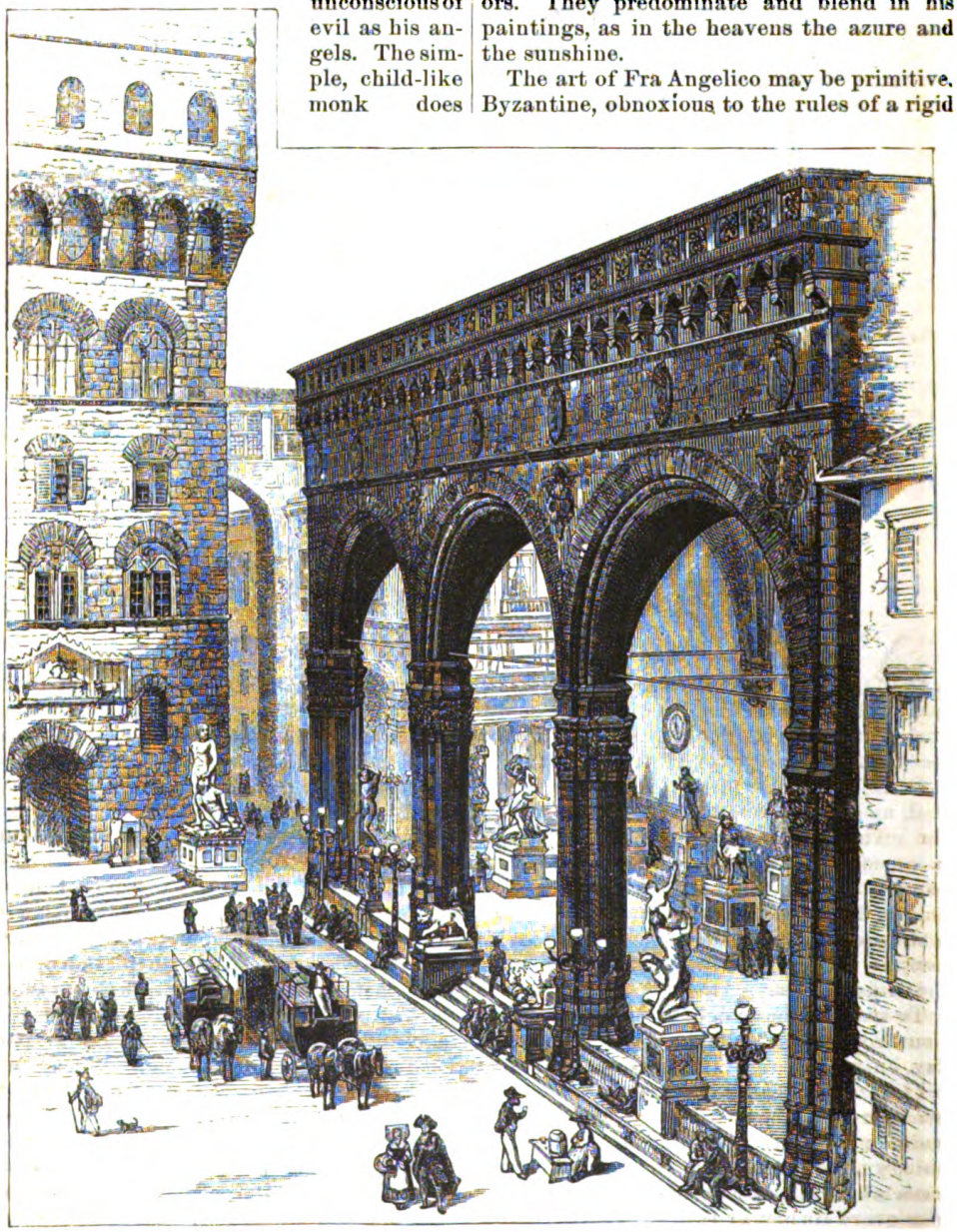
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of the ghostly denizens of some neighboring cemetery, who are bearing away with them the remains of a fellow-mortal to the realms of silence and shade.

Whoever has seen the musical angels of Fra Angelico in the eastern corridor of the Uffizi Gallery will hardly fail to visit the monastery of San Marco, whose cells and cloisters are covered with his inimitable frescoes. Here the mystic dreamer saw visions of Paradise, and has every where embodied them on the convent walls in tints as delicate as those of "the rainbow on the melting cloud."

Beato Angelico was a beautiful and virginal soul, as unconscious of evil as his angels. The simple, child-like monk does nothing without the permission of his prior, though the Pope himself were the tempter. To him God was every thing, earthly dignities naught. He refuses a cardinal's hat and declines a saintship, though unconscious of the fact that he was something better than either cardinal or canonized saint. He was an artist by divine right. Believing his pencil to be guided by the hand of God, he always, it is said, prefaced his painting with prayer, portrayed only saints and angels, and "never a Christ upon the cross without having his eyes suffused with tears." To him the sky was a background of angels, and just beyond was the ineffable glory. Blue and gold are his favorite colors. They predominate and blend in his paintings, as in the heavens the azure and the sunshine.

The art of Fra Angelico may be primitive, Byzantine, obnoxious to the rules of a rigid



LOGGIA DEI LANZI, OR DELL' ORCAGNA.

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criticism. But we must not forget that with him painting was not an art; it was an inspiration—something to be felt, not criticised. He portrayed souls, not bodies, or bodies so ethereal that their souls shine out like a spirit of flame in a vase of alabaster. They cast no shadows, for they float in an eternal sunshine that radiates from every quarter. Gazing upon his saints and angels, the veil grows thin between the seen and unseen. Their ecstatic joy reflects the beatific vision.



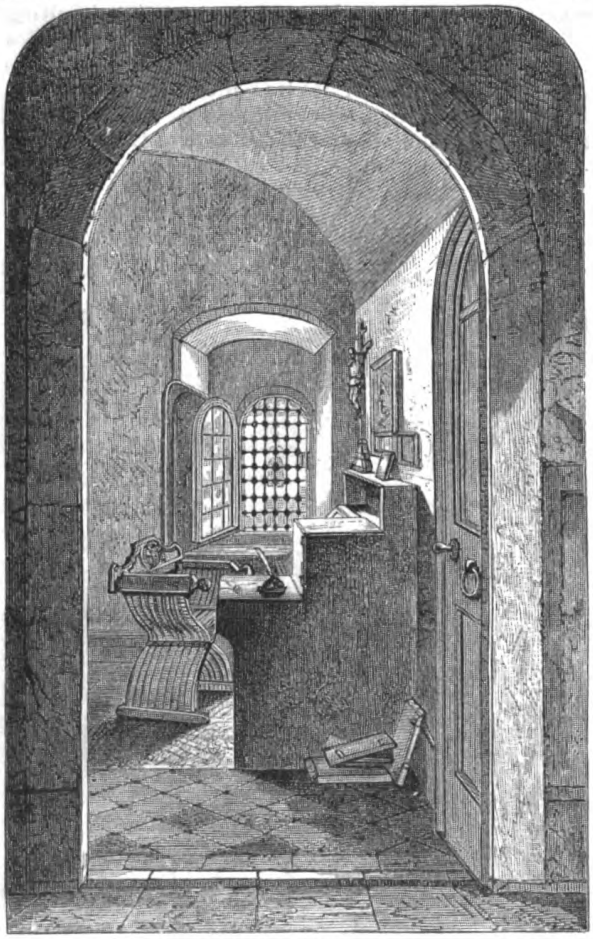
SAVONAROLA.

It was our good fortune to be present at a reunion of the once famous Accademia della Crusca, held in the old refectory of the convent. A grave and reverend body in white cravats and dress-coats dozed away an hour, dreaming, doubtless, of their estates in Arcadia, while one of their number read a eulogy upon some deceased members of the association. The Academy, which is but the shadow of its former self, with all its efforts to maintain the purity of the Italian language, is unable with its traditional bolting machine to sift such foreign bran or *crusca* as *meeting*, *clown*, and *skating rink* out of its periodical, if not its polite, literature.

Meanwhile our thought is busy with Savonarola and the *Romola* of George Eliot, who has familiarized the American reader with the life and character of the great Dominican monk. Since the suppression of the monasteries, the convent has been converted into a museum, of which the cell of Savonarola, with its relics, is regarded as one of the greatest attractions. Here are still preserved his portrait by Fra Bartolomeo, some of his manuscripts, his *pallium*, tunic, and hair-cloth girdle, a crucifix, and a charred fagot from the stake where he was burned.

What strikes one most of all in the extraordinary career of the republican monk is the strange fascination, the wonderful power, that he exercised over the masses of the people. With a convent for his court,

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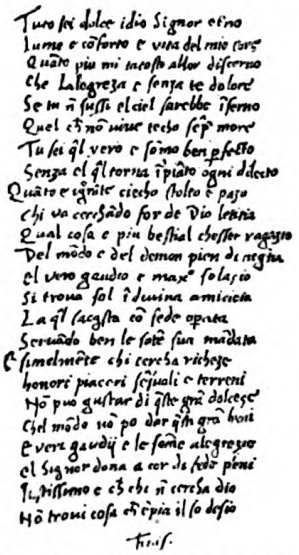
SAVONAROLA'S CELL.

a crucifix for a sceptre, and a pulpit for his throne, he wielded a more than regal sway. People kneel as he passes, then press upon him to kiss the hem of his garment, so that he requires a guard to protect him from the throng in his passage back and forth from the convent to the cathedral. The great Duomo itself will not contain the immense multitudes that flock to hear him preach, and who, deeply moved by his powerful, impassioned appeals, drown the preacher's voice by their violent sobbings and outbursts of grief. To their excited imaginations he is invested with a quasi-divine character. Like Melchisedec, he is at once their prophet, priest, and king; or if under his theocratic republic Christ was king, he was the special embassador of the people to the court above.

He preaches a crusade against all forms of luxury and lasciviousness, which was called the *Anathema*, and forthwith the people hasten to make bonfires in the public squares, upon which they pile paintings and statuary, musical instruments and books, together with their jewelry and costly apparel, rouge pots, powders, and perfumes. The works of Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Pulci, to the lasting loss of literature, were cast into the flames with the rest. Fra Bartolomeo, sharing the popular enthusiasm, throws in his unregenerate pencil and palette, and becomes thenceforth a Dominican monk, and, after Fra Angelico, the most Christian of painters.

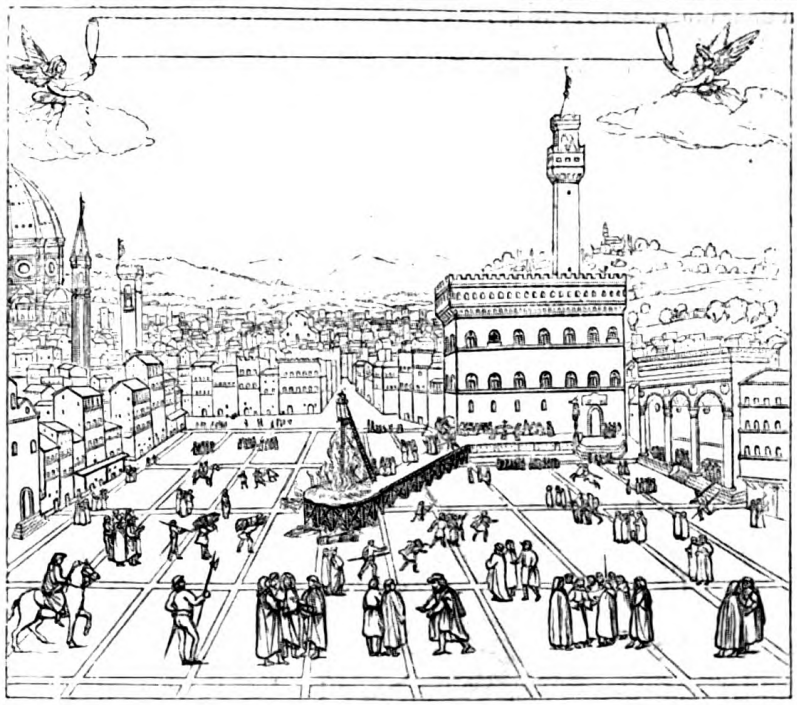
Thus intrenched in the hearts of the people, Savonarola's cell became a citadel, from whence he bid defiance both to his prince and the Pope. He utterly refused, as prior of San Marco, to render the customary homage to Lorenzo the Magnificent. He denounced the corruptions of the papal court, for which the notorious Alexander VI. and Innocent VIII., who with his sixteen children was entitled to the appellation of *papa*, or pope, in more senses than one, had furnished him abundant occasion. Then came the Trial by Fire, and, with it, his downfall. He was mobbed, imprisoned, put to the rack, and then condemned to the stake for heresy. Prior to his execution he was formally excommunicated. "I separate thee from the church militant," said the bishop. "But thou canst not separate me from the church triumphant," was his sublime reply.

Thus died Savonarola. His ashes were cast into the Arno, as those of Wycliffe, that other precursor of the Reformation, were



AUTOGRAPH POEM OF SAVONAROLA.

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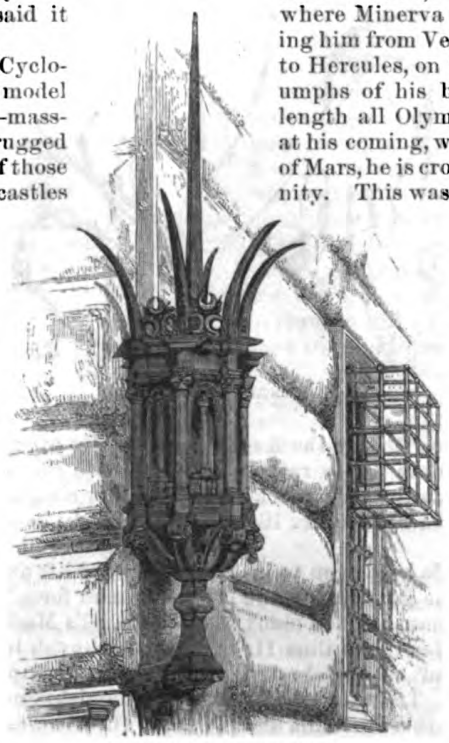


MARTYRDOM OF SAVONAROLA.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

scattered in the Avon. Meanwhile Luther was singing songs for a subsistence in the streets of Eisenach. For many years, on each returning anniversary of Savonarola's death, the scene of his martyrdom was strewn with flowers by unknown hands. Some said it was the angels.

The Pitti Palace is a Cyclopean structure. It is a model of Tuscan architecture—massive, severe, sombre, and rugged—a fair representative of those mediæval domestic castles which, with their huge lanterns, grated windows, and iron rings, massive enough to moor a man-of-war, are scattered here and there throughout the heart of the city. Without porticoes or columns, without ornament or architectural pretensions, it impresses you most of all with its simple grandeur. But its outward simplicity is more than compensated by its internal magnificence.

Its art gallery is a worthy rival of that of the Uffizi, for although not so rich and varied, it possesses the finer collection of paintings. It consists of a series of splendid saloons, which take their names from the allegorical frescoes of their respective ceilings. These constitute a sort of apotheosis of Cosmo, beginning with his youth, where Minerva is represented as rescuing him from Venus, and conducting him to Hercules, on through the various triumphs of his brilliant career, until at length all Olympus moves to meet him at his coming, where, under the auspices of Mars, he is crowned by Glory and Eternity. This was that Cosmo who was at once "the Augustus and Tiberius of Tuscany." A great patron of letters as well as protector of the arts, he killed one of his sons, poisoned one of his daughters, and attempted the ruin of another.

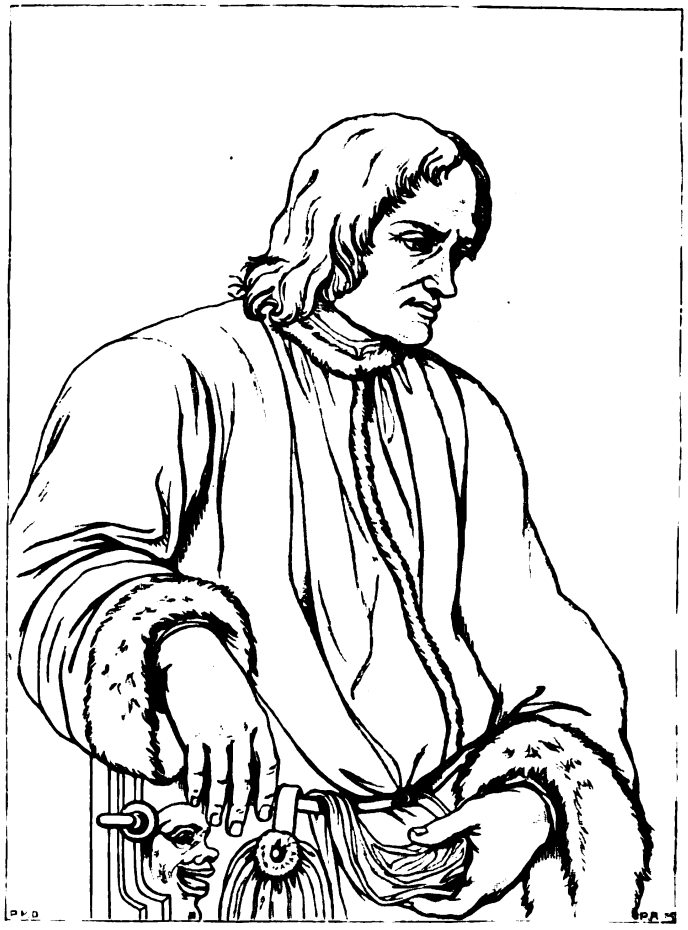


LANTERN, PALAZZO STROZZI.

Here, as every where throughout the city, you are constantly reminded of the Medici. Their history is in good part the history of Florence for the space of more than three hundred years. During this time they furnished nearly a score of gonfaloniers, dukes,

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and grand dukes to Tuscany, two queens to France, and four popes to Christendom. These merchant princes were at one time the bankers of Europe, whose commercial transactions extended from Spain to Russia, and from Scotland to the Holy Land. They established academies, endowed universities, founded libraries, encouraged the arts and sciences, and patronized letters. If Florence became the Athens of Italy, she owes it most of all to the Medici, and Lorenzo the Magnificent was her Pericles. With more than the virtues, they had more than the vices of their age. Cosmo the Ancient preferred to depopulate a city rather than to lose it, and Lorenzo the Magnificent to lose his soul rather than restore her liberties to Florence.



LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

It will hardly be possible here even to indicate the treasures of the gallery. There are a score or more of Titians, and as many Raphaels, including his Leo X., Julius II., "Vision of Ezekiel," and the celebrated Madonna della Seggiola. The merest tyro in art can but notice that this Madonna and the one in the Tribune of the Uffizi belong to two distinct types. The distance between them is the distance between earth and heaven. In the one we find the fullness of animal life, the perfection of mere physical beauty; the other, with her pure, delicate, transparent, ethereal expression, belongs to a type of which "the model reposes in paradise."

"The Madonna della Seggiola," says M. Taine, "is a beautiful Sultana, Circassian or Greek. Upon her head is a kind of turban, and Oriental stuffs striped with brilliant colors and trimmed with fringe of gold fall gracefully around her; she bends over her child with the fine gesture of a wild animal, and her clear eyes without intelligence gaze familiarly in your face. Raphael has become pagan, and dreams only of the beauty of material life and of the embellishments of the human form."

If Raphael's Madonna has become a Sultana, the Jehovah in his "Vision of Ezekiel" has become a Jupiter. But our limited space admonishes us that we may not speak of the "Three Fates" of Michael Angelo, of Murillo's Madonna, of Fra Bartolomeo's

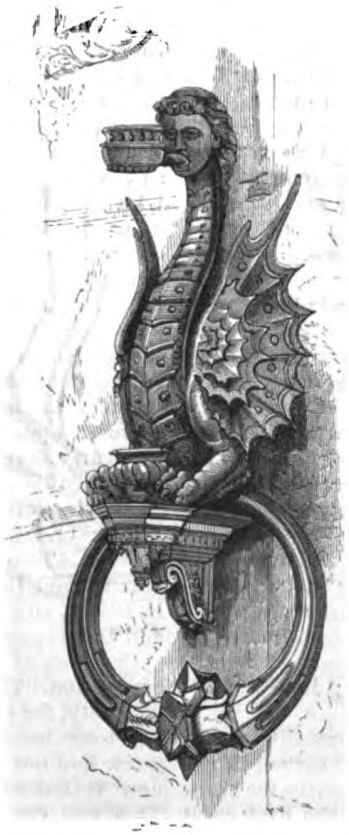
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St. Mark, of the "Bella" and other inimitable portraits of Titian, of Guido's Cleopatra or Canova's Venus, and the masterpieces of Perugino, Andrea del Sarto, and others that we forbear to mention, lest our account degenerate into a mere inventory or catalogue.

The Pitti Palace recalls reminiscences of Bianca Capello, whose romantic story constitutes one of the most striking episodes in Florentine chronicles. The beautiful Venetian, having eloped at the age of sixteen with a banker's clerk, becomes at last, after a varied fortune, the adopted daughter of the Venetian republic, and the acknowledged Grand Duchess of Tuscany. One thing alone seemed to be wanting to make her happiness complete, and that was to be able to present the Grand Duke with an heir to the throne. In the event of there being no direct issue, the Cardinal Ferdinand became the successor of his brother Francesco.

As a last resort, Bianca, who could be devout upon occasion, prays for an heir to St. Anthony, who, in answer to her petition, sends her one in the capacious sleeve of her father confessor. The Capuchin monk arrives with his little waif just at the moment when the Grand Duchess is in the simulated throes of a fictitious *accouchement*. But the wily cardinal, distrusting the good saint, having stationed himself in an adjoining room, with the ostensible purpose of offering up prayers for the august invalid, intercepts the unsuspecting monk, and, embracing him with unusual warmth, detects the pious fraud, much to the chagrin of the Grand Duchess, and not a little to the confusion of her ghostly confessor.

The proud and imperious daughter of St. Mark resolved to have her revenge. She accordingly attempted to poison the cardinal by presenting him at table with his favorite dish, which she had prepared with her own hands. But the cardinal, it is said, detecting the poison by means of an opal, which possessed the traditional properties of the Venetian crystal, declined the proffered delicacy. The Grand Duke, unconscious of the intended treachery, and not a little piqued at the apparent rudeness of his brother's refusal, helped himself to the fatal dish, exclaiming, "It shall never be said that a Grand Duchess has made her pastry for nothing." The first impulse of the Grand Duchess was to prevent him, but that would have been equivalent to a confession of her crime. Her decision was soon taken. She resolved to follow her husband's example, and share her husband's fate. The next morning Bianca and Francesco were no more.



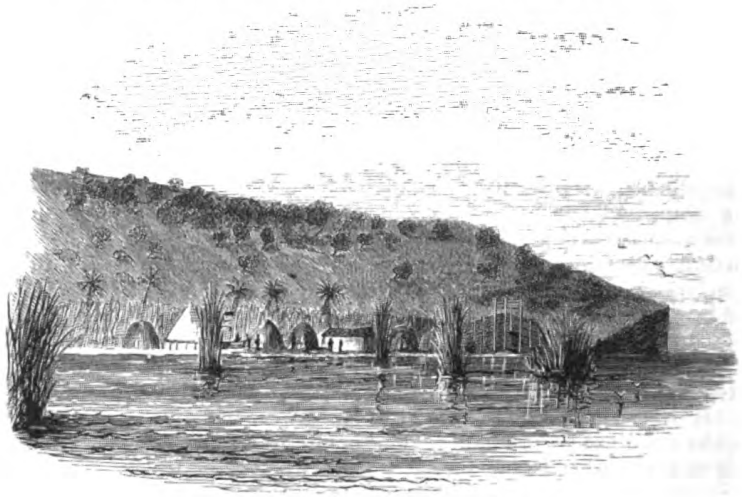
TORCH-HOLDER FOR EXTERNAL ILLUMINATIONS.

We might take a drive through the *Cascine*, the Bois de Boulogne of Florence, but as this is not the fashionable season, let us rather turn into the Boboli Gardens. This charming retreat, with its broad terraces and spacious avenues, bordered with living walls of evergreen, and adorned with fish ponds and fountains, statuary and columns, is a very gem of landscape gardening. Here are groves of ilex and larch, laurel and sycamore, interspersed with sombre cypresses and whispering pines. Here are cool, delicious retreats, fit haunts for frolicsome fauns or sportive wood-nymphs.

It is the hour of sunset. Florence *la bella*, crowned with her coronet of mountains, lies like a beautiful dream bathed in the golden sunshine, while spire and dome, turret and tower, kindle and flame in the resplendent ray. The Arno, "mountain-born and poet-hymned river," glides silently and slowly beneath the graceful arches of its picturesque bridges, as if reluctant to leave these classical shores, but still glides onward through the shining valley toward the western radiance. On the slopes of the mountains, with their vine-clad terraces rising one above another like the seats of an amphitheatre, beautiful villas gleam white in the sunlight amidst the silver foliage of the olive groves, or glow with conscious warmth in the roseate beams of the autumnal sunset. The chimes of the monastery bells steal up dreamily. The birds, too, are at vespers. The sombre cypresses are vocal with song. And now comes one of those grand silences with which nature is wont to herald the approaching night. Here there is darkness. But overhead broods the everlasting blue, and all Florence lies under "the smile of God."

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CAMERON'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.*



FLOATING ISLANDS ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

TO Livingstone belongs the honor of being the first European who has crossed the continent of Africa from west to east, south of the equator. To Cameron belongs the similar honor of having been the first European to cross it from east to west. Livingstone, starting from St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, in about latitude 9° S., went southeastwardly, and reached Quilimane, on the east coast, in about latitude 18° S. Cameron, starting from Zanzibar, on the east coast, went southwestwardly to Benguela, on the west coast, in about latitude 12° S. The two routes intersected each other about three-quarters of the distance from the east to the west. Cameron's journey lasted from March, 1873, to November, 1875. The results of his explorations are of great geographical and ethnological and philanthropical value. In many important respects they supplement or correct the observations and theories of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Schweinfurth, and Long. They especially indicate that the great river Lualaba, which, under one name or another, Livingstone tracked flowing northward through nearly seven degrees of latitude, is not, as he supposed, the Nile, falling into the Mediterranean, but the Congo, falling into the Atlantic.

The origin of Cameron's expedition was somewhat peculiar. He had served in the Abyssinian war, and subsequently for three years in the British navy on the east coast of Africa. His ship being put out of commission, he was placed on shore duty in England, but was eager for active service. In 1871 the Royal Geographical Society raised a considerable fund for an expedition to go in search of Livingstone. Cameron applied for the command of this, but it was given to Lieutenant Dawson. But before the expedition was ready to set out, Stanley had found Livingstone, who sent back word which was understood to imply that he wanted no such assistance. Dawson resigned the command, which was also given up by three others upon whom it had successively devolved, the last of them being Oswell Livingstone, a son of the traveller. After much delay, the Geographical Society resolved to appropriate the unexpended portion of the fund to an expedition to be placed under the orders of Livingstone as soon as it should reach him, in order to enable him to complete the discoveries upon which he had been engaged for nearly seven years. The immediate command of this expedition was given to Cameron, who left England on the last day of November, 1872, and reached Zanzibar in December. Two other Englishmen had also volunteered to join the expedition—Dr. W. E. Dillon, an assistant surgeon in the navy, and Lieutenant Cecil Murphy, of the army.

Cameron at once set about organizing the expedition. This proved a work of no small difficulty, for the caravans for the westward had long been gone, and those from the interior had not come in. In the mean time a new volunteer had joined the expedition. This was Robert Moffat, a nephew of Livingstone. No sooner had he heard of the expedition than, selling a sugar plantation which he owned at Natal, he came to Zanzibar, prepared to devote himself and all he possessed to the cause of African exploration. Cameron had been suffering severely, having poisoned his feet in the jungle.

* *Across Africa.* By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., Commander Royal Navy, Gold Medalist Royal Geographical Society, etc. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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On the 28th of March the advance of the caravan was set in motion, and by the 7th of April it had reached the confines of the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Here they had their first lesson in the meaning of a native word, with which they soon became familiar enough. The chief of Msuwah sent word that they must pay *mhongo** for passing his village, and after a good deal of negotiation the sum was fixed at thirty *doti*. Soon another chief came up and demanded mhongo, which he succeeded in getting to the amount of seventy doti, and several colored cloths, although, as afterward appeared, his village lay nowhere near the road. Passing the dread Makato Swamp, they went on, Dillon suffering under a severe attack of fever, and Cameron's poisoned foot and ankle becoming so swollen that he could not walk, and was forced to ride on a donkey.

On May 2 they reached the considerable village of Rehenneko, where they were obliged to encamp for fully four weeks. Murphy and Moffat had been left behind with the rear caravan. On the 26th this came in sight, preceded by a single white man riding a donkey. It was Murphy. Moffat had died a few days before from a sudden attack of fever. "Poor boy," says Cameron; "he came to Bagamoyo so full of hope and aspiration for the future. He told me that the happiest day of his life was that when he received permission to join the expedition."

The whole expedition was now together. It was composed as follows: Cameron, Dillon, and Murphy; Issa, a Comoro man, who understood several languages; Bombay, who acted as factotum; and thirty-four *askari;* nine servants and 192 *pagazi*—in all, 240 persons. Several of the men also had with them their wives and slaves. There were also twenty-two donkeys and three dogs. The Europeans had each a double-barreled rifle, shot-gun, and revolvers; the askari had Snider rifles; some of the pagazi had flint-lock muskets; the others had spears and bows and arrows.

After some rough marching, they came to the Mukondowka, a broad and swift but shallow stream. The neighboring hills were covered to their very summits with huge acacias, some of which, towering above the others, looked like umbrellas in a crowd; while in the well-watered valleys were numerous *mparamusi*. This tree has a straight stem, often fifteen feet in diameter, covered with a yellowish-green bark, and rising to the height of 150 feet, terminating in a spreading head of dark green foliage.



TEMBÉ AND MPARAMUSI-TREES.

On the 11th of June they were temporarily joined by three small Arab caravans going the same way, the whole company then numbering more than five hundred. Some days after, they saw flying a mixed multitude of men, women, and children, bearing their few articles of household gear, and driving before them their cattle and goats. They were the people of villages which had been plundered by the Waderi, a neighboring predatory highland tribe. Before them now lay two long marches over a waterless region.

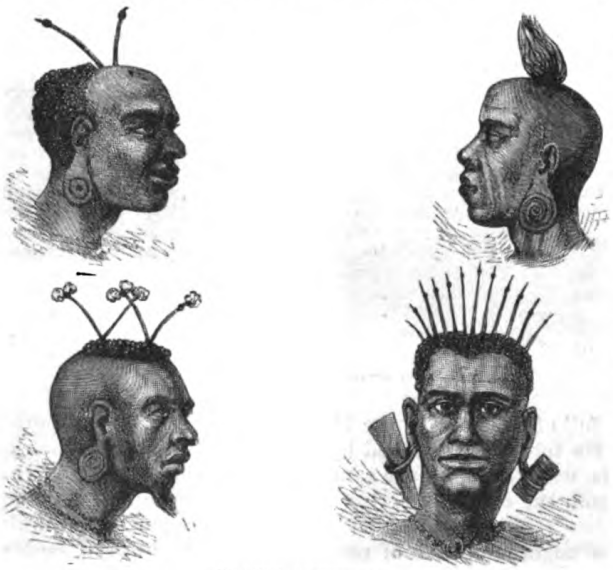
They then reached the country of Ugogo, and for the first time saw a *tembé*, the universal habitation of the natives of that region. The tembé consists of a flat-roofed structure, divided by partitions, and built around the four sides of a quadrangular court. The cattle are shut up by night in this court, while the apartments are shared in common by men, women, children, goats,

* The following are the principal native terms used in this paper: *Askari*, soldiers, or rather armed guards. *Assegai*, a light spear for throwing. *Cowrie*, a kind of shell used for currency. *Doti*, four yards of cloth. *Frasileh*, thirty-five pounds in weight. *Ghee*, liquid butter. *Kaniki*, blue cloth from India. *Kirangosi*, guides. *Medicine*, a magical charm. *Merikani*, unbleached cottons from America. *Matama*, a grain, the Arabic dourra. *Mhongo*, tribute. *Pagazi*, porters or carriers. *Pice*, a small copper coin. *Shukka*, two yards of cloth.

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and fowls, and are, of course, indescribably filthy. The warlike Wadirigo sometimes came swaggering down into the villages. They are a tall and athletic people, both sexes usually stark naked with the exception of a string of beads around the neck or wrists. They carry enormous shields of thick hide, and have a heavy javelin for hand-to-hand fighting, and several light *assegais*, which they throw fifty yards or more with almost unerring aim.

Ugogo is about one hundred miles in extent, and is a rather dry and arid region, with occasional *ziwas*, or ponds. In the wet season, from November to May, the region is more than tolerably fertile. Large crops of *matama* are raised, the stalks not unfrequently being twenty feet high, forming the chief food of the cattle in the dry season. Every tribe possesses a herd of cattle. The people are styled Wagogo. They are usually more or less clothed in white cottons bought from the traders, which they sometimes dye a dirty yellow. They also smear their entire persons with a reddish clay, mixed with castor-oil or rancid *ghee*, which renders them not altogether pleasant to sensitive olfactories. They are much addicted to armlets, necklets, and leglets. They pierce the lobes of their ears, and put all sorts of things into the holes. The ear, in fact, serves them instead of a pocket. The lobes are so enormously distended as not unfrequently to hang to the shoulders. But their special vanity—as it is of nearly all the tribes of Central Africa—is the arrangement and adornment of their hair. Some contrive to twist the refractory wool into small strings, which are pieced out by working in bark fibres. Sometimes these locks are made to stick out in every direction; sometimes the hair is allowed to grow more naturally, being cut off on a line with the eyebrows, and hanging down in a heavy mass at the back of the neck. Sometimes the head is more or less completely shaven, the unshorn hair being trained into a number of stiff tails, and not unfrequently wound round with brass wire.



WAGOGO COIFFURES.

Early in July they came to the considerable town of Kanyenyé, noted for its manufacture of salt, about 300 miles from Zanzibar, where they were doomed to remain many days. Magumba, whom Burton found chief there in 1857, was still alive. His people said that he was more than three hundred years old, and was now cutting his fourth set of teeth, the third set having dropped out seven years before.

The people of Kanyenyé were a jolly, cowardly set of thieves, who crowded into the camp, staring, yelling, and screaming. "Their voices were peculiarly unpleasant and jarring, the tones resembling snapping and snarling even in ordinary conversation, and when excited, the noise reminded one of a hundred pariah dogs fighting over their food." A great-grandson of Magumba, and his heir-presumptive, paid a visit to the camp. The nails of his left hand had been permitted to grow to an enormous length, in token that he was not obliged to do any manual work. He never used this hand for any ordinary purpose, and it was much smaller than the other.

Leaving Ugogo for the country of Usékhé, they crossed an elevated table-land, well wooded and grassy, with numerous pools of water, surrounded by the tracks of elephants and other large game. The jungle gradually gave way to great bowlders, and then to masses of granite rising abruptly from the plain, and presenting the most fantastic shapes. They encamped at the foot of one of these, on the top of which was a small pool of water. Cameron was told that an elephant, going there to drink, had fallen in and was drowned; but as the rock was so steep and slippery that he could only get up going in his stocking-feet, he is inclined to question the truth of the story. Close by this rock was a heap of ashes, marking the spot where the people were accustomed to assemble to make incantations for rain in time of drought, and where a wizard whose incantations had failed had recently been burned to death.

Passing on, they came to Khoko, the largest town they had yet seen. Close by the town they encamped in a grove of enormous

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sycamores, in the shade of one of which the whole caravan of more than 500 persons found shelter, with room to spare. Prices had risen in this region since Burton was there in 1857. He had been able to purchase sixty-four rations for a doti; Cameron could never get more than twenty, and rarely more than ten. Luxuries, such as eggs, butter, and milk, were held at exorbitant prices; and reckoning the doti at only what it cost in Zanzibar, he estimated that living was more expensive here than in England.



CAMP, USÉKHÉ.

Their immediate objective point was Unyanyembé—a thriving Arab settlement some 420 miles northwest of Zanzibar, where they expected to find Livingstone, or at least to learn of his whereabouts. They reached the place early in August, having just before learned that Livingstone was not there. Sending a message to the governor, Said ibn Salim, they were at once invited to breakfast with him, and were told that a house had been prepared for their residence while they remained there. The house which had been set apart for them was the same which had been occupied by Livingstone and Stanley in February, 1872. It was a large, substantial building of mud bricks, containing many apartments, and a court-yard planted with fifteen or twenty pomegranate-trees.

The Arabs here have large and well-built houses, with gardens and fields, in which they raise wheat, onions, cucumbers, and many fruits introduced from the coast. They have frequent communication with Zanzibar, whence they procure sugar, tea, coffee, and other luxuries.

They had only fairly settled themselves down at Unyanyembé when the three Europeans were almost simultaneously attacked by an intermittent fever; and during the greater part of their more than three months' stay, all three of them passed most of the time down with the fever. From letters written during this period by Dillon and Cameron, we extract a few sentences. Dillon writes:

"On or about August 13 (none of us know the date correctly) Cameron felt seedy. I never felt better; ditto Murphy. In the evening *we* felt seedy. I determined not to be sick. 'I *will* eat dinner; I'll *not* go to bed.' Murphy was between the blankets already. I did manage some dinner; but shakes enough to bring an ordinary house down came on. Not a soul to look after us. The servants knew not what to do. We got up when we liked, and walked out. We knew that we felt giddy, that our legs would hardly support us. I used to pay a visit to Cameron, and he used to come in to me to make complaints. One day he said, 'The fellows have regularly blocked me in. I have no room to stir. The worst of it is, one of the legs of the grand piano is always on my head, and people are strumming away all day.' I told Murphy I was sorry I could not get away sooner to call upon him; but I had the King of Uganda stopping with me, and must be civil to him, as we shortly should be in his country. Murphy pretty well dozed his fever off, but I never went to sleep from beginning to end. We all got well on the same day, about, I suppose, the fifth of the fever, and laughed heartily at each other's confidences. The Arabs sent every day to know how we were, or called themselves, bringing sweet limes, pomegranates, or custard-apples.... *September* 8.—We have had a second dose of the beastly fever. You can't imagine how this fever prostrates one. A slight headache is felt, and one feels that one must lie down, though one does not feel ill. The next morning one walks, or tries to walk, across the room. One finds that one must allow one's body to go wherever one's foot chooses to place itself; and a very eccentric course the poor body has to take sometimes in consequence. Drink, drink, drink; cold water, milk, tea—any thing."

Cameron writes at intervals between his attacks:

"*September* 20.—I have been trying for two days to get enough men together to form a camp a short way out, in order to see all right for marching. I think I am past the fever here now, as, although I have had it six times, the attacks are getting lighter; and the only thing bothering me now is my right eye, which is a good deal inflamed.... 30*th*.—Still trying to make a preliminary start, but I can't get together more than a dozen out of 130 pagazi I have engaged.... *October* 14.—Have been quite blind and bad with the fever since my last words. Have been more pulled down by the latter than I have ever been before.... 18*th*.—Since I wrote the last, I have been quite blind of both eyes, and very bad indeed with fever, so have been helpless."

October 20 was a memorable day. Cameron was lying sick, when his servant entered with a letter in his hand. "Some man

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bring him," he said. It was signed "Jacob Wainwright," and contained, among other things, the words, "Your father is dead." It was only when the messenger was brought in and found to be Chuma, the faithful servant of Livingstone, that the words were understood. Wainwright had supposed that Oswell Livingstone was the leader of the caravan which was coming to the relief of the great explorer, now dead ever since the 1st of May, almost six months ago. A few days later the body of Livingstone, rudely embalmed, was brought by the faithful servants. The governor and the principal Arabs received the corpse with such honors as they were able to render, and as soon as possible it was sent on toward the coast, wrapped up and corded like a bale of goods, to preserve it from the hostile tribes on the road.

After innumerable obstacles, Cameron and his caravan started westward, and the others eastward, on November 9. Dillon had to be borne on a litter. Only a few days afterward he had another attack of fever, and in his delirium shot himself, and was buried in the jungle. He had, by some strange freak of madness, destroyed all the letters and papers with which he had been charged by Cameron.

We must pass rapidly over the wearisome journey from Unyanyembé to the shores of Lake Tanganyika, a distance in a straight line of about 200 miles due west, which, however, it required more than three months to accomplish. At one place a chief presented Cameron with a kid, which became a great pet, and subsequently an occasion of serious trouble.

The way lay through a region especially cursed by slave-hunting. They passed village after village all whose people had been recently massacred or driven off for slaves. Cameron's sore leg became so much worse that he was wholly unable to walk. His donkey gave out, and he was obliged to have his iron chair suspended from a pole, and to be thus borne by a detail of the askari. One day they were going through an open forest, when he found himself suddenly dropped by his bearers, the whole party making a stampede for the nearest trees. He was himself held fast by the pole, and unable to extricate himself. Looking around to find out what was the matter, he saw a vicious-looking black buffalo charging along, with his head down. He came within less than twenty yards, but luckily did not see Cameron, otherwise there is small likelihood that this narrative would ever have been written.

At last, on February 18, 1874, just a year from the time when the expedition had got about ready to start from Bagamoyo, they reached the top of a steep descent. At the bottom was a bright blue patch about a mile long; beyond it some trees; and still beyond, a great gray expanse, looking like a sky with floating clouds. "That is the lake," said one of the *kirangosi*. "That the lake!" exclaimed Cameron, disdainfully. "It is the lake, master," persisted the man. And so it was. The great gray expanse was Lake Tanganyika; the white clouds were the distant mountains of Ugoma, on the other side; the blue patch was only a little inlet lighted up by a transient sunbeam. Fifteen years and five days before this, Burton had first looked upon its waters.

They hurried down the steep descent and across the flat at the bottom—covered with tall cane grass and bamboo, intersected in every direction by paths made by hippopotami—and reached the shore. Word had been sent forward to Ujiji, not far off, and the Arabs there had sent down two canoes. These were quickly filled with stores and men, and after an hour's pull the town was reached.

Ujiji, or Kawélé, as Cameron usually styles it, is on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, about a quarter of the distance from the northern end of the lake. It is very nearly in latitude 5° S., longitude 30° E., about 600 miles a little north of west from Zanzibar, and about 900 miles from the west coast. The Mtémé, or head chief of the country of Ujiji, lives in a village at some distance from the lake; but every district is ruled over by a Mutwalé, who is usually assisted by three or four Watéko, or elders. The natives are fine-looking, good smiths and porters, and expert fishermen, but their reputation for honesty and sobriety is more than dubious. Their dress is usually a single piece of bark cloth, two corners of which are tied in a knot over one shoulder and passing under the opposite armpit. The chiefs usually wear colored cloths, bought from the traders, instead of bark cloth, but worn in the same manner. There are a number of Arab traders settled here, of whom three must be mentioned as having subsequently exercised a considerable influence over the fortunes of Cameron and his party. These were Mohammed ibn Salib, "a fine portly old half-caste Arab," who had not been east of Ujiji since 1842, and although he held no official authority from the Sultan of Zanzibar, was looked upon by the traders as their head; Syde Mezrui, also a half-caste, a kind of "speculator," a great braggart, and, as afterward proved, a great rascal; and Muinyi Hassani, a slave-trader.

Cameron was assured that it would be impossible to travel west of the lake for at least three months, until the rainy season was over.

About the only thing that could be done during the period of waiting was to make a voyage around the lake. Stanley and Liv-

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ingstone had sailed around the northern part, above Ujiji, but the southern and much larger portion was unknown to Europeans, although, as we now know from his *Last Journals*, Livingstone had made almost the entire circuit of its shore. The first difficulty was to procure a boat. The only one large enough for the purpose belonged to Syde ibn Habib, and this was hired at an exorbitant price, and after much difficulty in contriving the mode of payment. Syde wanted ivory, but Cameron had none. Ibn Salib had ivory, but would sell it only for cloth, of which Cameron was destitute; but Ibn Gharib had cloth, and wanted wine, which Cameron had. So the wine was sold for the cloth, the cloth for the ivory, and the ivory paid over for the boat.

The principal sight at Ujiji is the market, held every morning and afternoon in an open space near the shore. It is attended by all the tribes bordering on the lake, who bring flour, corn, sweet-potatoes, yams, bananas, tobacco, cucumbers, pombé, palm-oil, palm-wine, sugar-cane, salt, fish, meats, baskets, nets, spears, bows, bark cloth, pottery, iron-work, and so forth. Many of the vendors build small arbors to shelter them from the sun. There are also traders who come from a distance to dispose of their ivory and slaves. All bargaining is carried on at the top of the voice, and the din is deafening. The currency of trade here is *sofi*, a kind of beads looking like broken pieces of pipe stems, all prices being estimated in this; but they are not actually current as money. In the morning brokers go around with sofi, which they sell for other beads; and in the evening they buy up the sofi, making a handsome percentage on both transactions.

Lake Tanganyika is a notable sheet of water. It may be considered as a vast tarn, lying 2624 feet above the sea, according to Livingstone, or according to Cameron, probably more correctly, 2710 feet, and is surrounded by mountains of considerable height, in some places the summits reaching an estimated altitude of 7000 feet. Its extreme length from north to south is about 400 miles, with a pretty uniform breadth of about thirty miles, rarely exceeding forty or falling below twenty. Cameron counted in the part which he sailed over nearly 100 rivers flowing into it, which in that rainy region bring down a great volume of water, and as it is fresh, it must of course have an outlet, which Cameron discovered beyond all reasonable doubt.

Sometimes the mountains come down sharply to the water, sometimes there is a considerable level beach. In some places the prevailing formation is of granite or hardened sandstone imbedded in a soft red sandstone, which, being washed away, leaves hard pillar-like rocks standing out by themselves. At one place where the vertical cliffs of sandstone and black marble streaked with white came down close to the water, he saw a great patch of what appeared like coal, the principal seam being fifteen or eighteen feet thick. He was unable to get specimens; but some were afterward given to him, brought from a place not far west of the lake, and in the same latitude, which were certainly a light bituminous coal. Many of the headlands are supposed to be the abodes of malignant spirits, who must be propitiated. When one of these was reached, the pilots would take their stand in the bow of the boat, holding out a paddle, upon the blades of which were placed a few cheap beads, and say something like this: "You big man; you big devil. You take all men; you kill all men. You now let us go all right." Then after some bowing and gesticulation, the beads were thrown into the water, and the demon was supposed to be propitiated. The rivers bring down many floating islands of vegetation, such as they had before seen in the river Sindi. Not unfrequently fifty or sixty of these were visible at once; some of them had tall vegetation and even considerable trees growing upon them, and at a distance might almost be mistaken for a fleet of vessels bearing down. Cameron says:

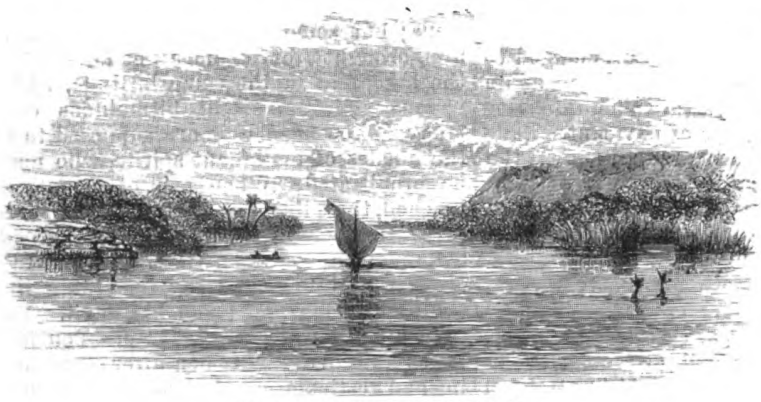
> "The beauty of the scenery along the shores of the lake requires to be seen to be appreciated. Birds of various species were numerous; while the occasional snort of a hippopotamus, the sight of the long back of a crocodile, looking like a half-tide rock, and the leaping of fish reminded one that the water as well as the air was thickly populated."

Only one elephant was seen, although there were many places evidently resorted to by them, the trees being polished quite smooth from their rubbing against them after bathing. At one place, says Cameron, "I saw some gorillas (*soko*), black fellows, looking larger than men. Before I could get a shot, the boat slipped round a point which covered them, and on putting back to have another look at them, they had vanished. They are said by the natives to build a fresh house every day."

About fifty miles from its southern extremity the lake contracts into a strait, and again expands. The extreme southern end of the lake was reached April 19. They rounded this, and began working up the western shore, and on May 3 came to the river Lukuga, the undoubted outlet of Lake Tanganyika. Speke in 1858 went almost as far down; Livingstone in a canoe passed it in 1869, but failed to discover it. The entrance is more than a mile wide, but is closed by a grassy sand bank, with the exception of a channel three or four hundred yards wide. The chief of a neighboring village said that his people had travelled along its bank for more than a month; that it received one

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large affluent and many small ones, and finally fell into the great river Lualaba. Cameron and the chief went five or six miles down the Lukuga, until the navigation was rendered impossible by masses of floating vegetation. The breadth was here 600 yards, depth three fathoms, with a current of a knot and a half an hour.



ENTRANCE TO THE LUKUGA RIVER.

Almost every where on the eastern shore of the lake were seen sad evidences of the baleful presence of the slave-traders. "Patches of corn among the jungle," says Cameron, "denoted the haunts of wretched fugitives from the slave-hunters. These poor creatures were doomed to a miserable existence, owing to the few strong villages hunting down their weaker neighbors to exchange them with traders from Ujiji for food which they are too lazy to produce themselves." And again: "Signs of recent cultivation and marks where a few huts had stood were noticeable at our camping place. I inquired where the people were. 'Killed, slaves, or runaways,' was, as usual, the answer." Kinyari was a village some distance down the lake, "where the Wajiji who coasted down with us sold their corn, oil, and goats for slaves, the only product of the place, and then returned homeward." Cameron took occasion to visit the village of Kinyari, and "found it of moderate size, composed of conical huts surrounded by a heavy palisade and a ditch, a single slippery plank across which led to the only entrance. Above the entrance and at each corner of the palisade were heavy 'crows'-nests,' well supplied with large stones in readiness to hurl down upon an enemy; while the palisade was lined with horizontal logs to a height of seven feet above the ground, rendering it nearly musket-proof. Tobacco was grown in small quantities, that being the only attempt at cultivation. The men sometimes went fishing, if the fancy took them; but for trade and support the place depended upon nothing but the traffic in slaves." The farther they went from Kinyari, the less frequent were the indications of the slave-hunters, and the more marked the traces of cultivation. Villages without stockades and scattered huts were seen, and granaries built upon posts some three feet above the ground, some of them twelve feet in diameter and twenty feet high, exclusive of the steep conical roof.

Returning to Ujiji, Cameron set about preparations for journeying to the western coast. He bought twenty *frasileh* (750 pounds) of beads, which cost about $1 50 a pound. These he was obliged to have, even



HEADS OF THE LAKE PEOPLE.

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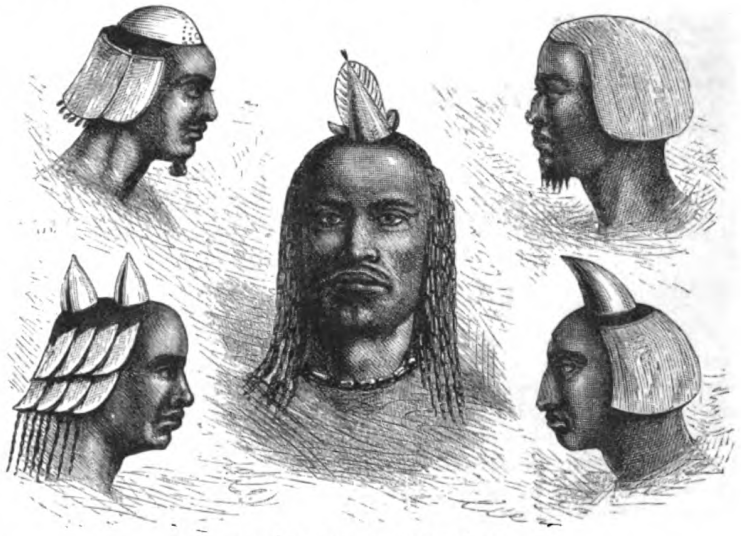
at such a price, for in the regions whither he was going he learned that cowries, beads, and brass wire were the usual currency.

Nyangwé, the next objective point of the expedition, is an Arab settlement on the Lualaba, where Livingstone had been during the spring and summer of 1871. There was regular trade between this place and Ujiji; and the rascally Syde Mezrui, who was going thither, assured Cameron that he had great influence there, and with the chiefs on the road.

After the usual annoyances, they crossed the lake May 22, 1874, but it was not till the 29th that a start was fairly effected. The hot dry season had set in, the thermometer in the partial shade of a tree marking 131° F., and drawing one's breath was often like breathing the fumes of a heated furnace. Still the region traversed was for much of the way fertile and of great natural beauty.

Marching onward, they crossed numerous streams, and passed through strips of intricate tangled jungle, the creepers being of "India rubber vines, with stems the thickness of a man's thigh. In cutting them away, in order to clear a passage, we were well bedaubed with the sap, which was very plentiful; indeed, sufficient India rubber might be collected here to supply the wants of the world." They stopped, after a while, at the village of a good-natured chief named Pakwanywa, whose wife Cameron pronounced a "notable housewife." With him Syde went through the African form of "making brothers." The ceremony consisted mainly in making a small incision into the right wrist of one, and smearing a little blood upon the cut in the wrist of the other, the sponsors for each making a speech imprecating the direst vengeance upon each, and upon all their relations, past, present, and future, if they ever broke the bond of brotherhood now formed.

An Arab caravan of about three hundred persons, under Muinyi Hassani, was waiting for Cameron to come up, in order that they might travel together. They marched on, ascending and descending the magnificently wooded Bambarré Mountains, and emerged into Manyuéma, "a fair country, with green plains, running streams, wooded knolls, much cultivation, and many villages." The people here were different from any who had before been encountered. The common men wore narrow aprons of dressed deer-skin, reaching to the knees, while the chiefs were dressed in large kilts of gayly colored grass-cloth. The women wore scarcely any clothing. The coiffure of both sexes



HEADS OF MEN OF MANYUÉMA.

was very elaborate. The hair of the males was usually stiffened with clay, so worked in as to form cones and plates of all shapes, the head being shaved perfectly smooth in the intervals not covered by these adornments. The hair of the women was, in front, often worked into the shape of a broad-brimmed bonnet, shading the face and falling in ringlets down the back. Before reaching Manynéma, the kirangosi warned the caravan that they were about to enter the country of cannibals, who would certainly kill, and most likely devour, any one who might be caught straggling. Cameron says of the Manyuéma:

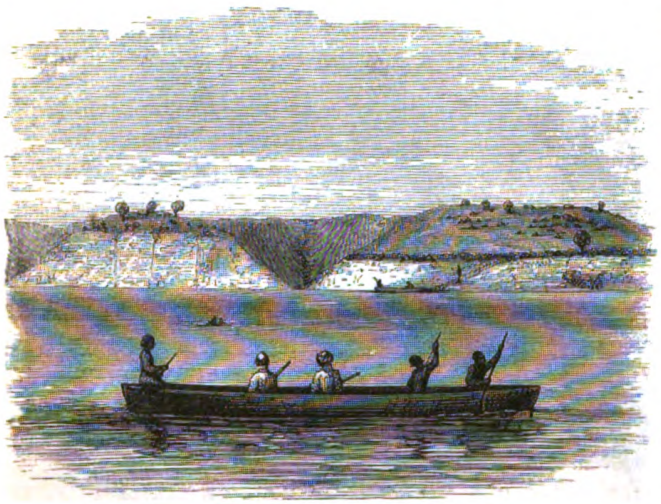
> "They seemed very affectionate among themselves, and decidedly more prolific than any other race I had seen in Africa. But although endowed with many good qualities, it can not be denied that they are cannibals, and most filthy cannibals. Not only do they eat the bodies of enemies killed in battle, but also of people who die of disease."

Early in July they came to the Luama, an important affluent of the Lualaba, and were nearly upon the route traversed by Livingstone, and, indeed, came now and then upon natives who had seen him. On the 18th they reached the Lulindi—"a broad stream, which must be unfordable in flood." Over it was a suspension-bridge, at a height of twenty feet above the water, almost precisely like those of Peru. Four cables made of creepers were fastened to the trunks of

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trees on either bank. The upper pair served as railings, the lower supported the footway, the whole structure being kept from swaying by guy-ropes. This is the only instance of such a bridge of which we have ever heard in Africa.

The conduct of the Arab traders toward the natives had now come to be outrageous.



NYANGWÉ, FROM THE RIVER.

They camped in the villages with or without the consent of the inhabitants; would not provide rations for their men, but ordered them to steal or take by force whatever they wanted. Cameron had given his men extra rations to prevent their thieving, but two or three of them were detected, and got a sound flogging.

They halted a week at Kwasongo, where there are settled a number of Arab traders, by whom they were very hospitably received. These traders live in large and comfortable houses, and keep up troops of slave-hunters, composed mainly of the Wanyamevési, a tribe who almost monopolize the carrying trade between the interior and the eastern coast. "These fellows," says Cameron, "are all armed with guns, but get little or no pay, but are allowed to 'loot' the country all round in search of slaves and subsistence. They keep some of the slaves for themselves, giving their employer a sufficient number to pay for the powder with which he supplies them." One of the Arabs employed 600 of these marauders, had more than 1500 tons of good ivory in his store-houses, and was waiting for the road between Ujiji and Unyanyembé to be reported clear before sending it to the coast. Leaving Kwasongo, two marches brought them, on August 1, within sight of the mighty Lualaba.

Next morning he hired three canoes, and by noon started for Nyangwé. At sunset some large huts were perceived on a bluff over the stream. This was the commencement of the settlement. Springing ashore, he went into the settlement, much to the wonderment of the people, who could not imagine whence the solitary white man could have come. The tidings were speedily communicated to Habed ibn Salim, "a fine white-headed old Arab, commonly known as Tanganyika, who came running out of his house, where he had been performing his evening devotions, to ascertain what it could mean." All was soon explained, Tanganyika had been a friend of Livingstone, who was here only three years before. He welcomed the new-comer heartily, and provided him with comfortable quarters. "Here at last, then," says Cameron, "I was at Nyangwé. And now the question was, What success would attend the attempt at tracing the river to the sea?"

It needed hardly more than a glance at the Lualaba to show that by no possibility could it be one of the head waters of the Nile; for here, in the dry season, its volume of water was more than five times that of the Nile at Gondokoro, at least 800 miles nearer its mouth, had they been the same stream; and, moreover, the careful levels obtained by Cameron showed that the level of the Lualaba was lower than that of the Nile below the point where that river has received all its great affluents. The Lualaba must reach the sea somewhere; and the only remaining great river is the Congo, which, it is known, pours into the ocean a volume of water far greater than that of the Mississippi, and second only to the Amazon. It would seem, therefore, that the Lualaba is one of the chief, if not the very chief, affluent of the Congo.*

Nyangwé consists of two settlements on the right bank of the Lualaba, the western and larger one being occupied wholly by natives from the eastern coast. Their headman was Muinyi Dugumbi, who had long been settled here, and had collected a harem of 300 slave women. To him Cameron applied for aid in procuring canoes, but was always put off on one pretext or another.

At last a chief, Tipo-tipo, came in from a marauding expedition, and said that his camp was situated about ten marches to the north-

* Since Cameron's book was written there has appeared in the *Mercanti*, a colonial Portuguese journal, a communication from a Portuguese merchant, who claims that he has discovered the source of the Congo in another part of Africa.—Ed. Harper.

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west on the Lomâmi, an important affluent of the Lualaba, and that some fifteen marches beyond him was a great lake, the Sankorra, and that he had there met traders with large boats. He said that the best way for Cameron to reach the lake would be to accompany him to his camp, and then crossing the Lomâmi, push straight on. On August 27, 1874, Cameron, though suffering from fever, set out on this journey. Leaving the low banks of the Lualaba, they began to ascend a gentle slope, and entered upon a fertile, well-wooded region, and on the second day came near the camp of Russûna, a friend of Tipo-tipo. Russûna came to their camp several times, each time bringing a different wife, who were, says Cameron, "the handsomest women I had seen in Africa, and in addition to their kilts of grass-cloth, wore scarfs of the same material across their breasts. Russûna had a private village, inhabited only by himself and his wives. It consisted of about forty comfortable huts, with a larger one for himself. Each hut accommodated four wives, who were all in charge of the chief's mother."

Tipo-tipo's camp was reached September 3, where a comfortable hut, with a bath-room, was assigned to the stranger, with sheds for his servants. They were soon to enter the dominions of Kasongo, chief of Urua, the most powerful ruler in that region, whose territory covers six degrees of latitude from north to south, extending eastward to Lake Tanganyika. Cameron, as we shall see, had occasion, to his cost, to be acquainted with him. Some people now came in from Lake Sankorro with tidings that traders had been recently there, and in proof of it showed new cloth and beads quite different from any coming from Zanzibar. They said that the traders wore hats and trowsers, and had boats with two masts. Presumably they were Portuguese from the West Coast.

But all his hopes of an easy journey to this mysterious lake were dashed to the ground by a message from a chief, across whose territory they must pass, that "no strangers with guns had ever passed through his country, and none should, without fighting their way." The direct route being thus closed, Cameron inquired if he could not get there by another route. He was told that the capital of the chief of Urua lay about a month's journey to the south-southwest, and that white traders were often there. Thither he resolved to go, hoping to work his way back to Lake Sankorra.

Tipo-tipo furnished him with three guides, the chief of whom was Mona Kassanga.



RUSSÛNA AND ONE OF HIS WIVES.

They left camp September 12, and for some days passed through a fine country, the people of which were very friendly. Their huts were built of stakes about seven feet long, from which the roof ran up into a dome twenty feet high on the inside, made of slender rods, fitting at the apex into a round piece of wood, which kept the rods in place. This frame-work was thatched two feet thick with long grass, coming down almost to the ground, and trimmed over the door so as to form a pretty porch. By-and-by Mona Kassanga lost his way, either accidentally or on purpose, and wished to lead them to the east instead of the west. Cameron resolved to

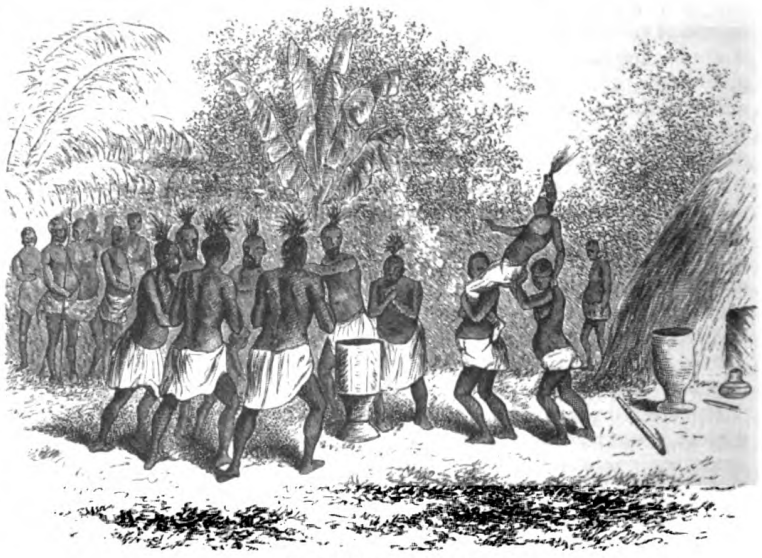
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WARUA GUIDES.

go on in the direction which he preferred; and at the end of September some natives told him that he was on the direct road to the capital of Urua, which was only three or four days distant, and one of them volunteered to be their guide. "Every thing," says Cameron, "seemed *couleur de rose*, and I turned in happily, hoping to make a good march to-morrow on the direct road. But all these hopes were destined to be frustrated."

Just as he was about to start, the goat, Dinah, which followed him all the way from far beyond Lake Tanganyika, was missing. He went to the village to look for her, and so friendly had every one appeared, that he went unarmed. But things looked ominous. The women had disappeared, and the village was thronged with armed men, who soon began to discharge arrows from a distance. Just then some of his men came up with rifles. The others were ordered to leave the camp and join him, with the stores, whereupon the natives set fire to the camp. Cameron posted his men under shelter, and then tried to have a palaver, but was met by a shower of arrows, all of which, however, missed the mark. A few minutes afterward some 500 natives, who had been hidden in ambush, began to hurl their spears. Cameron now, for the first time, suffered a few shots to be fired, one of which slightly wounded a native who appeared to be a man of consequence. The natives then proposed a parley, and an agreement was made that the goat should be found and returned, that the chief should have a piece of red cloth, and that he and Bombay should "make brothers." Another chief, with more armed men, now came up, and told the village chief not to be such a fool as to make peace for the sake of one bit of cloth, for they were strong enough to eat all the strangers and take all their cloth and beads. Negotiations were broken off, and the arrows began to fly again. Cameron saw that he must make a demonstration, and ordered fire to be set to a hut, threatening that, unless he was allowed to go peaceably, he would burn the whole village and fight in earnest. The natives now said that they might go on, but only by a road leading in the very opposite direction. Cameron agreed to this, but in passing through a jungle was again assailed with arrows; but no one was hit, and he would not allow a gun to be fired. They now came to another village, which was deserted by the inhabitants as they approached. Here he barricaded himself; and during the next two days they were constantly assailed with arrows, by which several men were wounded. Several of the natives were also killed and wounded, and they began to grow afraid of the guns of the strangers, whose range exceeded any which they had ever seen. On the third day a woman was brought into the camp, who proved to be a relative of Mona Kassanga. She was sent back to say that the strangers wanted peace, and not war. The chief came in, and a treaty was concluded. The reason for this apparently unprovoked attack was found to be



AN AFRICAN WEDDING.

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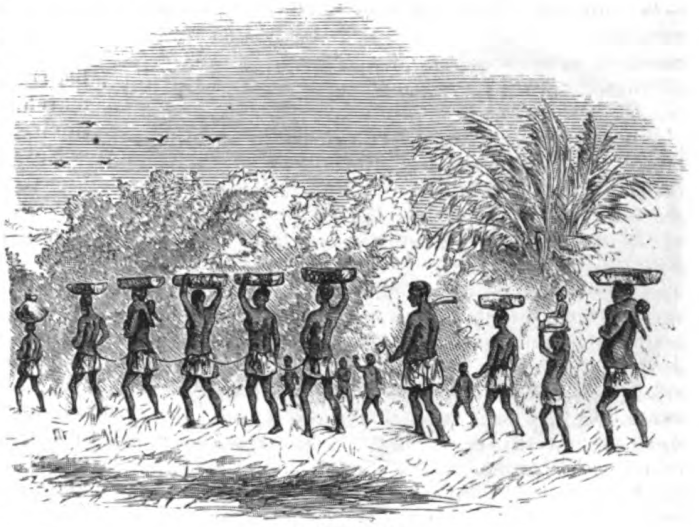
that a Portuguese caravan had been plundering, murdering, and enslaving in the region, and the natives naturally connected Cameron's party with these marauders.

Proceeding onward, Mona Kassanga continually endeavoring to mislead them (for the reason, as was afterward discovered, that he was afraid of the people of the chief of Urua, who had, not long before, "looted" his village and killed his father and brothers), they came, on October 21, to a village where was an encampment of Juma Merikani, a noted African trader, who had known Burton and Speke at Ujiji, and had also met with Livingstone.

The Portuguese caravan, which had been here about a year, trading in slaves, was encamped close by. The leader, José Antonio Alvez, called by the natives Kendélé, visited Cameron next day. Though he was dressed in European fashion and spoke Portuguese, he was really an ugly old negro, born in Angola, and had for twenty years been engaged in trading in the interior, at first as agent for white merchants, and of late on his own account.

They were now close by the abode of Kasongo, the great chief of Urua, but he was away collecting tribute in distant quarters of his dominions, and was not expected to return for a month. As until he returned Cameron would be unable to move forward, he undertook to explore the immediately surrounding region. In one of these excursions he was witness of a grand marriage celebration, the bride, a girl of ten years, being the niece of a chief, and the groom the head-man of a village. The first day and night were occupied by incessant dancing, for as soon as one man was tired, another took his place. On the afternoon of the second day the bride was brought in on the shoulders of a woman, and supported by another, who jumped the girl up and down most vigorously, while she scattered beads and tobacco in the crowd; the bride and groom then performed an indecorous dance, after which he tucked her under his arm and carried her into his hut.

It being quite certain that it would be useless to attempt to work back to Lake Sankorra, Cameron determined to make the best of his way to the coast in company with the Portuguese caravan. Alvez said that his ivory was all packed, his slaves collected, and that he was ready to start as soon as Kasongo returned, and their adieux to the potentate had been made. In sixty days they would reach his home at Bihé, and a fortnight or three weeks more would take Cameron either to Benguela or Loanda. Days and weeks passed, and no tidings of the return of the chief. But he at last made his appearance, January 21, 1875. Kasongo was a young man, taller nearly by a head than any of his people. He gave a pompous audience to Cameron, and forthwith began begging for guns, pistols, hat, boots, books, and so forth. He asserted that he was the greatest king in the world, and directed Cameron, when he got home, to tell his chief to send him back with rifles, cannon, boats to navigate the rivers, and people to instruct his subjects in the manner of using them. A large portion of his attendants were mutilated, his prime favorite having lost his hand, nose, ears, and lips, which had been from time to time cut off in consequence of some frequent fits of anger of his master.



SLAVE GANG.

The horrors of Dahomey and Ashantee seem to be fully equaled by those of Urua. When a chief dies, the course of a stream is diverted, and a deep pit is dug in its bed, the bottom of which is covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, the dead chief being seated upon her back, supported on either side by one of his wives, the second wife sitting by his feet. The earth is then shoveled in, burying all above except the second wife, who is killed before the pit is quite filled up. Then forty or fifty male slaves are slaughtered, and their blood poured over the grave, after which the river is allowed to resume its course. It was told Cameron that a hundred women were thus buried alive with the father of Kasongo.

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The time wore on, and under one pretext and another the day of departure was put off over and again. All the time Juma Merikani was unremitting in his kindness. The start was not fairly made until June 10. Alvez drove a hard bargain for showing the way to Bihé, and during the long journey showed himself a thorough scoundrel. The nucleus of his caravan consisted of his own slaves and porters, but the greater portion was made up of independent parties who had come on with him in order to steal slaves. When they started from Bihé the caravan numbered about 700, and before leaving Urua they had collected more than 1500 slaves. On the road his people would attack and plunder any small party of natives whom they chanced to meet. When they came to a cultivated spot they fell upon it like locusts, rooted up the ground-nuts, and laid waste fields of unripe corn



DOMINGO'S WIFE.

out of sheer wantonness. In the villages they would cut down the bananas, and strip the oil-palms of their fronds to build huts. The consequence of this system of ravage and plunder was the entire absence of women and children, of goats, pigs, and fowls, in the open villages. Only a few men remained there, in the vain hope of saving their huts from plunder. Of numerous similar incidents we cite only one:

"One day in July one of Alvez's men came in with a gang of fifty-two women tied together in lots. Some had children in their arms, others were far advanced in pregnancy, and all were laden with huge bundles of grass-cloth and other plunder. These poor weary foot-sore creatures were covered with weals and scars. To obtain these fifty-two women, at least ten villages had been destroyed, each having a population of from one to two hundred—about fifteen hundred in all. Some men may have escaped to neighboring villages, but the greater portion were undoubtedly killed when their villages were surprised, or doomed to die of starvation in the jungle, unless some wild beast put a more speedy end to their miseries."

The Arab trade in slaves to the East Coast is horrible enough, but it is mild and merciful compared with that of the Portuguese on the West Coast.

On October 2 they crossed the Kwanza, a broad and navigable stream, and entered a wooded and hilly country, with many villages situated in large groves, sometimes surrounded by stockades. The people had plenty of cloth. The chief man of one village was Francisco Domingo, a light mulatto, whose wife, also a mulatto, wore her hair frizzed out to such an extent that her head would scarcely have gone into a bushel basket.

They soon reached Alvez's settlement in Bihé, but in very sorry plight. Every stitch of European cloth had disappeared from the persons of Cameron's followers, and they were dressed in rags and tatters of Urua grass-cloth.

They were detained for some days at Bihé, but finally got off on October 10. On the way they visited Kagnombé, the largest town seen on the march, being more than three miles in circuit.

November came, and Cameron hoped that he could soon reach the coast. He and his men were nearly exhausted and destitute. Before long more than twenty of them complained of being unable to walk far or to carry any thing, "swelled legs, stiff necks, aching backs, and empty stomachs being the universal cry." It was now not quite 150 miles to the coast, but the bulk of the men were clearly unable to perform the journey. There was nothing to be done but to take a picked party and make a forced march.

Cameron set out with five of his own men and several natives, who said that they could go at any pace, and at length reached the poor district of Kisanji, where Cameron was astonished at the small evidences of civilization, although so near the coast.

A last, scrambling up a steep rocky ridge, they saw a distant streak upon the sky. It was the sea, and they knew that they were not far from the town of Kalombéla. A couple of the men best able to travel were sent on in advance to ask that assistance might be sent to them and to their comrades far behind. Approaching the town the next day, they saw coming toward them a couple of hammocks, followed by three men carrying baskets. A jolly-looking little Frenchman jumped out, seized a basket, and opened a bottle of wine to drink "to the honor of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west."

The jolly Frenchman was Monsieur Cau-

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chois, an old officer in the French navy who had settled down as a merchant in Benguela. He had heard of Cameron's approach late the previous night, and had set off at once to meet him, and soon made him at home in his house, and sent on supplies for the men who had been left behind, with twenty hammocks for those who should be found unable to walk. But Cameron had one more peril to encounter. A day or two before, he had noticed that his body was covered with purple spots, a bruise on his ankle had developed into an angry-looking sore, and his mouth had begun to bleed. These symptoms now became more aggravated, and his kind host perceived that he was suffering under a severe attack of scurvy. He was placed in a hammock and carried to Benguela, where he could have medical assistance. When he arrived he was unable to speak, covered with blotches of every color, and the clotted blood, which threatened to choke him, had to be pulled from his throat by pincers. For eight-and-forty hours the physician and M. Cauchois never left him for a minute. After that he began to improve. Had the attack occurred a day or two earlier, when beyond the reach of medical advice, he must have succumbed.

The men who had been left behind arrived November 11. Benguela is the town second in importance in the Portuguese possessions on the West Coast. It is rather prettily built, has a fine public garden, a well-constructed custom-house, a court-house, a governor's house, and a church, never opened except for baptisms and burials.

On November 21 Cameron went to Loanda, where he found letters more than a year old awaiting him. In a few days he and the British consul bought a schooner for £1000, and fitted her up to send his men home by way of the Cape. On the 8th of February, 1876, Cameron sailed for England in the steamer *Congo*. The voyage was a long and tedious one, for the vessel had to stop at nearly seventy ports on the way, and did not reach Liverpool till April 2—three years and four months after he started upon this expedition.

EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT THE BANK.

IN telling that sad tale my faithful and soft-hearted nurse had often proved her own mistake in saying, as she did, that tears can ever be exhausted. And I, for my part, though I could scarcely cry for eager listening, was worse off perhaps than if I had wetted each sad fact as it went by. At any rate, be it this way or that, a heavy and sore heart was left me, too distracted for asking questions, and almost too depressed to grieve.

In the morning Mrs. Strouss was bustling here and there and every where, and to look at her nice Welsh cheeks and aprons, and to hear how she scolded the butcher's boy, nobody would for a moment believe that her heart was deeper than her skin, as the saying of the west country is. Major Hockin had been to see me last night, for he never forgot a promise, and had left me in good hands, and now he came again in the morning. According to his usual way of taking up an opinion, he would not see how distracted I was, and full of what I had heard overnight, but insisted on dragging me off to the bank, that being in his opinion of more importance than old stories. I longed to ask Betsy some questions which had been crowding into my mind as she spoke, and while I lay awake at night; however, I was obliged to yield to the business of the morning, and the good Major's zeal and keen knowledge of the world; and he really gave me no time to think.

"Yes, I understand all that as well as if I had heard every word of it," he said, when he had led me helpless into the Hansom cab he came in, and had slammed down the flood-gates in front of us. "You must never think twice of what old women say" (Mrs. Strouss was some twenty years younger than himself); "they always go prating and finding mares'-nests, and then they always cry. Now did she cry, Erema?"

I would have given a hundred dollars to be able to say, "No, not one drop;" but the truth was against me, and I said, "How could she help it?"

"Exactly!" the Major exclaimed, so loudly that the cabman thought he was ordered to stop. "No, go on, cabby, if your horse can do it. My dear, I beg your pardon, but you are so very simple! You have not been among the eye-openers of the west. This comes of the obsolete Uncle Sam."

"I would rather be simple than 'cute!" I replied; "and my own Uncle Sam will be never obsolete."

Silly as I was, I could never speak of the true Uncle Sam in this far country without the bright shame of a glimmer in my eyes; and with this, which I cared not to hide, I took my companion's hand and stood upon the footway of a narrow and crowded lane.

"Move on! move on!" cried a man with a high-crowned hat japanned at intervals, and, wondering at his rudeness to a lady, I looked at him. But he only said, "Now move on, will you?" without any wrath, and as if he were vexed at our littleness of mind in standing still. Nobody heeded him

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any more than if he had said, "I am starving," but it seemed a rude thing among ladies. Before I had time to think more about this—for I always like to think of things—I was led through a pair of narrow swinging doors, and down a close alley between two counters full of people paying and receiving money. The Major, who always knew how to get on, found a white-haired gentleman in a very dingy corner, and whispered to him in a confidential way, though neither had ever seen the other before, and the white-haired gentleman gazed at me as sternly as if I were a bank-note for at least a thousand pounds; and then he said, "Step this way, young lady. Major Hockin, step this way, Sir."

The young lady "stepped that way" in wonder as to what English English is, and then we were shown into a sacred little room, where the daylight had glass reflectors for it, if it ever came to use them. But as it cared very little to do this, from angular disabilities, three bright gas-lights were burning in soft covers, and fed the little room with a rich, sweet glow. And here shone one of the partners of the bank, a very pleasant-looking gentleman, and very nicely dressed.

"Major Hockin," he said, after looking at the card, "will you kindly sit down, while I make one memorandum? I had the pleasure of knowing your uncle well—at least I believe that the late Sir Rufus was your uncle."

"Not so," replied the Major, well pleased, however. "I fear that I am too old to have had any uncle lately. Sir Rufus Hockin was my first cousin."

"Oh, indeed! To be sure, I should have known it, but Sir Rufus being much your senior, the mistake was only natural. Now what can I do to serve you, or perhaps this young lady—Miss Hockin, I presume?"

"No," said his visitor, "not Miss Hockin. I ought to have introduced her, but for having to make my own introduction. Mr. Shovelin, this lady is Miss Erema Castlewood, the only surviving child of the late Captain George Castlewood, properly speaking, Lord Castlewood."

Mr. Shovelin had been looking at me with as much curiosity as good manners and his own particular courtesy allowed. And I fancied that he felt that I could not be a Hockin.

"Oh, dear, dear me!" was all he said, though he wanted to say, "God bless me!" or something more sudden and stronger. "Lord Castlewood's daughter—poor George Castlewood! My dear young lady, is it possible?"

"Yes, I am my father's child," I said; "and I am proud to hear that I am like him."

"That you well may be," he answered, putting on his spectacles. "You are astonished at my freedom, perhaps; you will allow for it, or at least, you will not be angry with me, when you know that your father was my dearest friend at Harrow; and that when his great trouble fell upon him—"

Here Mr. Shovelin stopped, as behooves a man who begins to outrun himself. He could not tell me that it was himself who had found all the money for my father's escape, which cost much cash as well as much good feeling. Neither did I, at the time, suspect it, being all in the dark upon such points. Not knowing what to say, I looked from the banker to the Major, and back again.

"Can you tell me the exact time?" the latter asked. "I am due in the Temple at 12.30, and I never am a minute late, whatever happens."

"You will want a swift horse," Mr. Shovelin answered, "or else this will be an exception to your rule. It is twenty-one minutes past twelve now."

"May I leave my charge to you, then, for a while? She will be very quiet; she is always so. Erema, will you wait for me?"

I was not quick enough then to see that this was arranged between them. Major Hockin perceived that Mr. Shovelin wished to have a talk with me about dearer matters than money, having children of his own, and being (as his eyes and forehead showed) a man of peculiar views, perhaps, but clearly of general good-will.

"In an hour, in an hour, in less than an hour"—the Major intensified his intentions always—"in three-quarters of an hour I shall be back. Meanwhile, my dear, you will sit upon a stool, and not say a word, nor make any attempt to do any thing every body is not used to."

This vexed me, as if I were a savage here; and I only replied with a very gentle bow, being glad to see his departure; for Major Hockin was one of those people, so often to be met with, whom any one likes or dislikes according to the changes of their behavior. But Mr. Shovelin was different from that.

"Miss Castlewood, take this chair," he said; "a hard one, but better than a stool, perhaps. Now how am I to talk to you—as an inquirer upon business matters, or as the daughter of my old friend? Your smile is enough. Well, and you must talk to me in the same unreasonable manner. That being clearly established between us, let us proceed to the next point. Your father, my old friend, wandered from the track, and unfortunately lost his life in a desolate part of America."

"No; oh no. It was nothing like that. He might have been alive, and here at this moment, if I had not drunk and eaten every bit and drop of his."

"Now don't, my dear child, don't be so romantic—I mean, look at things more soberly. You did as you were ordered, I have no

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doubt; George Castlewood always would have that. He was a most commanding man. You do not quite resemble him in that respect, I think."

"Oh, but did he do it, did he do it?" I cried out. "You were at school with him, and knew his nature. Was it possible for him to do it, Sir?"

"As possible as it is for me to go down to Sevenoaks and shoot my dear old father, who is spending a green and agreeable old age there. Not that your grandfather, if I may say it without causing pain to you, was either green or agreeable. He was an uncommonly sharp old man; I might even say a hard one. As you never saw him, you will not think me rude in saying that much. Your love, of course, is for your father; and if your father had had a father of larger spirit about money, he might have been talking to me pleasantly now, instead of—instead of all these sad things."

"Please not to slip away from me," I said, bluntly, having so often met with that. "You believe, as every good person does, that my father was wholly innocent. But do tell me who could have done it instead. Somebody must have done it; that seems clear."

"Yes," replied Mr. Shovelin, with a look of calm consideration; "somebody did it, undoubtedly; and that makes the difficulty of the whole affair. 'Cui bono,' as the lawyers say. Two persons only could have had any motive, so far as wealth and fortune go. The first and most prominent, your father, who, of course, would come into every thing (which made the suspicion so hot and strong); and the other, a very nice gentleman, whom it is wholly impossible to suspect."

"Are you sure of that? People have more than suspected—they have condemned—my father. After that, I can suspect any body. Who is it? Please to tell me."

"It is the present Lord Castlewood, as he is beginning to be called. He would not claim the title, or even put forward his right in any way, until he had proof of your dear father's death; and even then he behaved so well—"

"He did it! he did it!" I cried, in hot triumph. "My father's name shall be clear of it. Can there be any doubt that he did it? How very simple the whole of it becomes! Nothing astonishes me, except the stupidity of people. He had every thing to gain, and nothing to lose—a bad man, no doubt—though I never heard of him. And putting it all on my father, of course, to come in himself, and abide his time, till the misery killed my father. How simple, how horribly simple, it becomes!"

"You are much too quick, too hot, too sudden. Excuse me a minute"—as a silver bell struck—"I am wanted in the next room. But before I go, let me give you a glass of cold water, and beg you to dismiss that new idea from your mind."

I could see, as I took with a trembling hand the water he poured out for me, that Mr. Shovelin was displeased. His kind and handsome face grew hard. He had taken me for a nice young lady, never much above the freezing-point, and he had found me boil over in a moment. I was sorry to have grieved him; but if he had heard Betsy Bowen's story, and seen her tell it, perhaps he would have allowed for me. I sat down again, having risen in my warmth, and tried to quiet and command myself by thinking of the sad points only. Of these there were plenty to make pictures of, the like of which had kept me awake all night; and I knew by this time, from finding so much more of pity than real sympathy, that men think a woman may well be all tears, but has no right to even the shadow of a frown. That is their own prerogative.

And so, when Mr. Shovelin returned, with a bundle of papers which had also vexed him—to judge by the way in which he threw them down—I spoke very mildly, and said that I was very sorry for my display of violence, but that if he knew all, he would pardon me; and he pardoned me in a moment.

"I was going to tell you, my dear Miss Castlewood," he continued, gently, "that your sudden idea must be dismissed, for reasons which I think will content you. In the first place, the present Lord Castlewood is, and always has been, an exemplary man, of great piety and true gentleness; in the next place, he is an invalid, who can not walk a mile with a crutch to help him, and so he has been for a great many years; and lastly, if you have no faith in the rest, he was in Italy at the time, and remained there for some years afterward. There he received and sheltered your poor father after his sad calamity, and was better than a brother to him, as your father, in a letter to me, declared. So you see that you must acquit him."

"That is not enough. I would beg his pardon on my knees, since he helped my father, for he must have thought him innocent. Now, Mr. Shovelin, you were my father's friend, and you are such a clever man—"

"How do you know that, young lady? What a hurry you are always in!"

"Oh, there can be no doubt about it. But you must not ask reasons, if I am so quick. Now please to tell me what your own conclusion is. I can talk of it calmly now; yes, quite calmly, because I never think of any thing else. Only tell me what you really believe, and I will keep it most strictly to myself."

"I am sure you will do that," he answer-

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ed, smiling, "not only from the power of your will, my dear, but also because I have nothing to say. At first I was strongly inclined to believe (knowing, from my certainty of your father, that the universal opinion must be wrong) that the old lord had done it himself; for he always had been of a headstrong and violent nature, which I am sure will never re-appear in you. But the whole of the evidence went against this, and little as I think of evidence, especially at an inquest, your father's behavior confirmed what was sworn to. Your father knew that his father had not made away with himself in a moment of passion, otherwise he was not the man to break prison and fly trial. He would have said, boldly, 'I am guiltless; there are many things that I can not explain; I can not help that; I will face it out. Condemn me, if you like, and I will suffer.' From your own remembrance of your father's nature, is not that certainly the course he would have taken?"

"I have not an atom of doubt about it. His flight and persistent dread of trial puzzle me beyond imagination. Of his life he was perfectly reckless, except, at least, for my sake."

"I know that he was," Mr. Shovelin replied; "as a boy he was wonderfully fearless. As a man, with a sweet wife and a lot of children, he might have begun to be otherwise. But when all those were gone, and only a poor little baby left—"

"Yes, I suppose I was all that."

"Forgive me. I am looking back at you. Who could dream that you would ever even live, without kith or kin to care for you? Your life was saved by some good woman who took you away to Wales. But when you were such a poor little relic, and your father could scarcely have seen you, to have such a mite left must have been almost a mockery of happiness. That motive could not have been strong enough to prevent a man of proud honor from doing what honor at once demanded. Your father would have returned and surrendered as soon as he heard of his dear wife's death, if in the balance there had been only you."

"Yes, Mr. Shovelin, perhaps he would. I was never very much as a counter-balance. Yet my father loved me." I could have told him of the pledge exchanged—"For my sake," and, "Yes, for your sake," with love and wedded honor set to fight cold desolate repute—but I did not say a word about it.

"He loved you afterward, of course. But a man who has had seven children is not enthusiastic about a baby. There must have been a larger motive."

"But when I was the only one left alive. Surely I became valuable then. I can not have been such a cipher."

"Yes, for a long time you would have been," replied the Saturnian banker. "I do not wish to disparage your attractions when you were a fortnight old. They may have begun already to be irresistible. Excuse me; you have led me into the light vein, when speaking of a most sad matter. You must blame your self-assertion for it. All I wish to convey to you is my belief that something wholly unknown to us, some dark mystery of which we have no inkling, lies at the bottom of this terrible affair. Some strange motive there must have been, strong enough even to overcome all ordinary sense of honor, and an Englishman's pride in submitting to the law, whatever may be the consequence. Consider that his 'flight from justice,' as it was called, of course, by every one, condemned his case and ruined his repute. Even for that he would not have cared so much as for his own sense of right. And though he was a very lively fellow, as I first remember him, full of tricks and jokes, and so on, which in this busy age are out of date, I am certain that he always had a stern sense of right. One never knows how love affairs and weakness about children may alter almost any man; but my firm conviction is that my dear old school-fellow, George Castlewood, even with a wife and lovely children hanging altogether upon his life, not only would not have broken jail, but would calmly have given up his body to be hanged—pardon me, my dear, for putting it so coarsely—if there had not been something paramount to override even apparent honor. What it can have been I have no idea, and I presume you have none."

"None whatever," I said at once, in answer to his inquiring gaze. "I am quite taken by surprise; I never even thought of such a thing. It has always seemed to me so natural that my dear father, being shamefully condemned, because appearances were against him, and nobody could enter into him, should, for the sake of his wife and children, or even of one child like me, depart or banish himself, or emigrate, or, as they might call it, run away. Knowing that he never could have a fair trial, it was the only straightforward and good and affectionate thing for him to do."

"You can not see things as men see them. We must not expect it of you," Mr. Shovelin answered, with a kind but rather too superior smile, which reminded me a little of dear Uncle Sam when he listened to what, in his opinion, was only female reason; "but, dear me, here is Major Hockin come! Punctuality is the soul of business."

"So I always declare," cried the Major, who was more than three-quarters of an hour late, for which in my heart I thanked him. "My watch keeps time to a minute, Sir, and its master to a second. Well, I hope you have settled all questions of finance, and endowed my young maid with a fortune."

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"So far from that," Mr. Shovelin replied, in a tone very different from that he used to me, "we have not even said one word of business; all that has been left for your return. Am I to understand that you are by appointment or relationship the guardian of this young lady?"

"God forbid!" cried Major Hockin, shortly. I thought it very rude of him, yet I could not help smiling to see how he threw his glasses up and lifted his wiry crest of hair. "Not that she is bad, I mean, but good, very good; indeed, I may say the very best girl ever known outside of my own family. My cousin, Colonel Gundry, who owns an immense estate in the most auriferous district of all California, but will not spoil his splendid property by mining, he will—he will tell you the very same thing, Sir."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the banker, smiling at me, while I wondered what it was, but hoped that it meant my praises. "Now I really fear that I must be very brief, though the daughter of my oldest friend may well be preferred to business. But now we will turn at once to business, if you please."

CHAPTER XXVII.

COUSIN MONTAGUE.

Mr. Shovelin went to a corner of the room, which might be called his signal-box, having a little row of port-holes like a toy frigate or accordion, and there he made sounds which brought steps very promptly, one clerk carrying a mighty ledger, and the other a small strong-box.

"No plate," Major Hockin whispered to me, shaking his gray crest with sorrow; "but there may be diamonds, you know, Erema. One ounce of diamonds is worth a ton of plate."

"No," said Mr. Shovelin, whose ears were very keen, "I fear that you will find nothing of mercantile value. Thank you, Mr. Robinson; by-and-by perhaps we shall trouble you. Strictly speaking, perhaps I should require the presence of your father's lawyer, or of some one producing probate, ere I open this box, Miss Castlewood. But having you here, and Major Hockin, and knowing what I do about the matter (which is one of personal confidence), I will dispense with formalities. We have given your father's solicitor notice of this deposit, and requested his attention, but he never has deigned to attend to it; so now we will dispense with him. You see that the seal is unbroken; you know your father's favorite seal, no doubt. The key is nothing; it was left to my charge. You wish that I should open this?"

Certainly I did, and the banker split the seal with an ebony-handled paper-knife, and very soon unlocked the steel-ribbed box, whose weight was chiefly of itself. Some cotton-wool lay on the top to keep the all-penetrative dust away, and then a sheet of blue foolscap paper, partly covered with clear but crooked writing, and under that some little twists of silver paper, screwed as if there had been no time to tie them, and a packet of letters held together by a glittering bracelet.

"Poor fellow!" Mr. Shovelin said, softly, while I held my breath, and the Major had the courtesy to be silent. "This is his will; of no value, I fear, in a pecuniary point of view, but of interest to you his daughter. Shall I open it, Miss Castlewood, or send it to his lawyers?"

"Open it, and never think of them," said I. "Like the rest, they have forsaken him. Please to read it to yourself, and then tell us."

"Oh, I wish I had known this before!" cried the banker, after a rapid glance or two. "Very kind, very flattering, I am sure! Yes, I will do my duty by him; I wish there was more to be done in the case. He has left me sole executor, and trustee of all his property, for the benefit of his surviving child. Yet he never gave me the smallest idea of expecting me to do this for him. Otherwise, of course, I should have had this old box opened years ago."

"We must look at things as they are," said Major Hockin, for I could say nothing. "The question is, what do you mean to do now?"

"Nothing whatever," said the banker, crisply, being displeased at the other's tone; and then, seeing my surprise, he addressed himself to me: "Nothing at present, but congratulate myself upon my old friend's confidence, and, as Abernethy said, 'take advice.' A banker must never encroach upon the province of the lawyer. But so far as a layman may judge, Major Hockin, I think you will have to transfer to me the care of this young lady."

"I shall be only too happy, I assure you," the Major answered, truthfully. "My wife has a great regard for her, and so have I—the very greatest, the strongest regard, and warm parental feelings; as you know, Erema. But—but, I am not so young as I was; and I have to develop my property."

"Of which she no longer forms a part," Mr. Shovelin answered, with a smile at me, which turned into pleasure my momentary pain at the other's calm abandonment. "You will find me prompt and proud to claim her, as soon as I am advised that this will is valid; and that I shall learn to-morrow."

In spite of pride, or by its aid, my foolish eyes were full of tears, and I gave him a look of gratitude which reminded him of my father, as he said in so many words.

"Oh, I hope it is valid! How I hope it

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is!" I exclaimed, turning round to the Major, who smiled rather grimly, and said he hoped so too.

"But surely," he continued, "as we are all here, we should not neglect the opportunity of inspecting the other contents of this box. To me it appears that we are bound to do so; that it is our plain duty to ascertain—Why, there might even be a later will. Erema, my dear, you must be most anxious to get to the bottom of it."

So I was, but desired even more that his curiosity should be foiled. "We must leave that to Mr. Shovelin," I said.

"Then for the present we will seal it down again," the banker answered, quietly; "we can see that there is no other will, and a later one would scarcely be put under this. The other little packets, whatever they may be, are objects of curiosity, perhaps, rather than of importance. They will keep till we have more leisure."

"We have taken up a great deal of your time, Sir, I am sure," said the Major, finding that he could take no more. "We ought to be, and we are, most grateful."

"Well," the banker answered, as we began to move, "such things do not happen every day. But there is no friend like an old friend, Erema, as I mean to call you now. I was to have been your godfather; but I fear that you never have been baptized."

"What!" cried the Major, staring at us both. "Is such a thing possible in a Christian land? Oh, how I have neglected my duty to the Church! Come back with me to Bruntsea, and my son shall do it. The church there is under my orders, I should hope; and we will have a dinner party afterward. What a horrible neglect of duty!"

"But how could I help it?" I exclaimed, with some terror at Major Hockin's bristling hair. "I can not remember—I am sure I can not say. It may have been done in France, or somewhere, if there was no time in England. At any rate, my father is not to be blamed."

"Papistical baptism is worse than none," the Major said, impressively. "Never mind, my dear, we will make that all right. You shall not be a savage always. We will take the opportunity to change your name. Erema is popish and outlandish; one scarcely knows how to pronounce it. You shall have a good English Christian name—Jemima, Jane, or Sophy. Trust me to know a good name. Trust me."

"Jemima!" I cried. "Oh, Mr. Shovelin, save me from ever being called Jemima! Rather would I never be baptized at all."

"I am no judge of names," he answered, smiling, as he shook hands with us; "but, unless I am a very bad judge of faces, you will be called just what you please."

"And I please to be called what my father called me. It may be unlucky, as a gentleman told me, who did not know how to pronounce it. However, it will do very well for me. You wish to see me, then, to-morrow, Mr. Shovelin?"

"If you please; but later in the day, when I am more at leisure. I do not run away very early. Come at half past four to this door, and knock. I hear every sound at this door in my room; and the place will be growing quiet then."

He showed us out into a narrow alley through a heavy door sheathed with iron, and soon we recovered the fair light of day, and the brawl and roar of a London street.

"Now where shall we go?" the Major asked, as soon as he had found a cab again; for he was very polite in that way. "You kept early hours with your 'uncle Sam,' as you call Colonel Gundry, a slow-witted man, but most amusing when he likes, as slow-witted men very often are. Now will you come and dine with me? I can generally dine, as you, with virtuous indignation, found out at Southampton. But we are better friends now, Miss Heathen."

"Yes, I have more than I can ever thank you for," I answered, very gravely, for I never could become jocose to order, and sadness still was uppermost. "I will go where you like. I am quite at your orders, because Betsy Bowen is busy now. She will not have done her work till six o'clock."

"Well done!" he cried. "Bravo, Young America! Frankness is the finest of all good manners. And what a lot of clumsy deception it saves! Then let us go and dine. I will imitate your truthfulness. It was two words for myself, and one for you. The air of London always makes me hungry after too much country air. It is wrong altogether, but I can not help it. And going along, I smell hungry smells coming out of deep holes with a plate at the top. Hungry I mean to a man who has known what absolute starvation is—when a man would thank God for a blue-bottle fly who had taken his own nip any where. When I see the young fellows at the clubs pick this, and poke that, and push away the other, may I be d——d—my dear, I beg your pardon. Cabby, to the 'Grilled Bone and Scolloped Cockle,' at the bottom of St. Ventricle Lane, you know."

This place seemed, from what the Major said, to have earned repute for something special, something esteemed by the very clever people, and only to be found in true virtue here. And he told me that luxury and self-indulgence were the greatest sins of the present age, and how he admired a man who came here to protest against Epicureans, by dining (liquors not included) for the sum of three and sixpence.

All this, no doubt, was wise and right; but I could not attend to it properly now,

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and he might take me where he would, and have all the talking to himself, according to his practice. And I might not even have been able to say what this temple of bones and cockles was like, except for a little thing which happened there. The room, at the head of a twisting staircase, was low and dark, and furnished almost like a farm-house kitchen. It had no carpet, nor even a mat, but a floor of black timber, and a ceiling colored blue, with stars and comets, and a full moon near the fire-place. On either side of the room stood narrow tables endwise to the walls, inclosed with high-backed seats like settles, forming thus a double set of little stalls or boxes, with scarcely space enough between for waiters, more urgent than New York firemen, to push their steaming and breathless way.

"Square or round, miss?" said one of them to me as soon as the Major had set me on a bench, and before my mind had time to rally toward criticism of the knives and forks, which deprecated any such ordeal; and he cleverly whipped a stand for something dirty, over something still dirtier, on the cloth.

"I don't understand what you mean," I replied to his highly zealous aspect, while the Major sat smiling dryly at my ignorance, which vexed me. "I have never received such a question before. Major Hockin, will you kindly answer him?"

"Square," said the Major; "square for both." And the waiter, with a glance of pity at me, hurried off to carry out his order.

"Erema, your mind is all up in the sky," my companion began to remonstrate. "You ought to know better after all your travels."

"Then the sky should not fall and confuse me so," I said, pointing to the Milky Way, not more than a yard above me; "but do tell me what he meant, if you can. Is it about the formation of the soup?"

"Hush, my dear. Soup is high treason here until night, when they make it of the leavings. His honest desire was to know whether you would have a grilled bone of mutton, which is naturally round, you know, or of beef, which, by the same law of nature, seems always to be square, you know."

"Oh, I see," I replied, with some confusion, not at his osteology, but at the gaze of a pair of living and lively eyes fastened upon me. A gentleman, waiting for his bill, had risen in the next low box, and stood calmly (as if he had done all his duty to himself) gazing over the wooden back at me, who thus sat facing him. And Major Hockin, following my glance, stood up and turned round to see to it.

"What! Cousin Montague! Bless my heart, who could have dreamed of lighting on you here? Come in, my dear fellow; there is plenty of room. Let me introduce you to my new ward, Miss Erema Castlewood. Miss Castlewood, this is Sir Montague Hockin, the son of my lamented first cousin Sir Rufus, of whom you have heard so much. Well, to be sure! I have not seen you for an age. My dear fellow, now how are you?"

"Miss Castlewood, please not to move; I sit any where. Major, I am most delighted to see you. Over and over again I have been at the point of starting for Bruntsea Island—it is an island now, isn't it? My father would never believe that it was till I proved it from the number of rabbits that came up. However, not a desolate island now, if it contains you and all your energies, and Miss Castlewood, as well as Mrs. Hockin."

"It is not an island, and it never shall be," the Major cried, knocking a blue plate over, and spilling the salt inauspiciously. "It never was an island, and it never shall be. My intention is to reclaim it altogether. Oh, here come the squares. Well done! well done! I quite forget the proper thing to have to drink. Are the cockles in the pan, Mr. Waiter? Quite right, then; ten minutes is the proper time; but they know that better than I do. I am very sorry, Montague, that you have dined."

"Surely you would not call this a dinner; I take my true luncheon afterward. But lately my appetite has been so bad that it must be fed up at short intervals. You can understand that, perhaps, Miss Castlewood. It makes the confectioners' fortunes, you know. The ladies once came only twice to feed, but now they come three times, I am assured by a young man who knows all about it. And cherry brandy is the mildest form of tipple."

"Shocking scandal! abominable talk!" cried the Major, who took every thing at its word. "I have heard all that sort of stuff ever since I was as high as this table. Waiter, show me this gentleman's bill. Oh well, oh well! you have not done so very badly. Two squares and a round, with a jug of Steinberg, and a pint of British stout with your Stilton. If this is your ante-lunch, what will you do when you come to your real luncheon? But I must not talk now; you may have it as you please."

"The truth of it is, Miss Castlewood," said the young man, while I looked with some curiosity at my frizzling bone, with the cover just whisked off, and drops of its juice (like the rays of a lustre) shaking with soft inner wealth—"the truth of it is just this, and no more: we fix our minds and our thoughts, and all the rest of our higher intelligence, a great deal too much upon our mere food."

"No doubt we do," I was obliged to answer. "It is very sad to think of, as soon as one has dined. But does that reflection occur, as it should, at the proper time to be useful—I mean when we are hungry?"

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"I fear not; I fear that it is rather præterite than practical."

"No big words now, my dear fellow," cried the Major. "You have had your turn; let us have ours. But, Erema, you are eating nothing. Take a knife and fork, Montague, and help her. The beauty of these things consists entirely, absolutely, essentially, I may say, in their having the smoke rushing out of them. A gush of steam like this should follow every turn of the knife. But there! I am spoiling every bit by talking so."

"Is that any fault of mine?" asked Sir Montague, in a tone which made me look at him. The voice was not harsh, nor rough, nor unpleasant, yet it gave me the idea that it could be all three, and worse than all three, upon occasion. So I looked at him, which I had refrained from doing, to see whether his face confirmed that idea. To the best of my perception, it did not. Sir Montague Hockin was rather good-looking, so far as form and color go, having regular features, and clear blue eyes, very beautiful teeth, and a golden beard. His appearance was grave, but not morose, as if he were always examining things and people without condemning them. It was evident that he expected to take the upper hand in general, to play the first fiddle, to hold the top saw, to "be helped to all the stuffing of the pumpkin," as dear Uncle Sam was fond of saying. Of moderate stature, almost of middle age, and dressed nicely, without any gewgaws, which look so common upon a gentleman's front, he was likely to please more people than he displeased at first onsight.

The Major was now in the flush of goodwill, having found his dinner genial; and being a good man, he yielded to a little sympathetic anger with those who had done less justice to themselves. And in this state of mind he begged us to take note of one thing—that his ward should be christened in Bruntsea Church, as sure as all the bells were his, according to their inscriptions, no later than next Thursday week, that being the day for a good sirloin; and if Sir Montague failed to come to see how they could manage things under proper administration, he might be sure of one thing, if no more—that Major Hockin would never speak to him again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CHECK.

So many things now began to open upon me, to do and to think of, that I scarcely knew which to begin with. I used to be told how much wiser it was not to interfere with any thing—to let by-gones be by-gones, and consider my own self only. But this advice never came home to my case, and it always seemed an unworthy thing even to be listening to it. And now I saw reason to be glad for thanking people who advised me, and letting them go on to advise themselves. For if I had listened to Major Hockin, or even Uncle Sam for that part, where must I have been now? Why, simply knowing no more than as a child I knew, and feeling miserable about it. Whereas I had now at least something to go upon, and enough for a long time to occupy my mind. The difficulty was to know what to do first, and what to resolve to leave undone, or at least to put off for the present. One of my special desires had been to discover that man, that Mr. Goad, who had frightened me so about two years back, and was said to be lost in the snow-drifts. But nobody like him had ever been found, to the sorrow of the neighborhood; and Sylvester himself had been disappointed, not even to know what to do with his clothes.

His card, however, before he went off, had been left to the care of Uncle Sam for security of the 15,000 dollars; and on it was printed, with a glazing and much flourish, "Vypan, Goad, and Terryer: Private Inquiry Office, Little England Polygon, W.C." Uncle Sam, with a grunt and a rise of his foot, had sent this low card flying to the fire, after I had kissed him so for all his truth and loveliness; but I had caught it and made him give it to me, as was only natural. And having this now, I had been quite prepared to go and present it at its mean address, and ask what they wanted me for in America, and what they would like to do with me now, taking care to have either the Major close at hand, or else a policeman well recommended.

But now I determined to wait a little while (if Betsy Bowen's opinion should be at all the same as mine was), and to ask Mr. Shovelin what he thought about it, before doing any thing that might arouse a set of ideas quite opposite to mine, and so cause trouble afterward. And being unable to think any better for the time than to wait and be talked to, I got Major Hockin to take me back again to the right number in European Square.

Here I found Mrs. Strouss (born Betsy Bowen) ready and eager to hear a great deal more than I myself had heard that day. On the other hand, I had many questions, arising from things said to me, to which I required clear answers; and it never would do for her to suppose that because she had known me come into this world, she must govern the whole of my course therein. But it cost many words and a great deal of demeanor to teach her that, good and faithful as she was, I could not be always under her. Yet I promised to take her advice whenever it agreed with my own opinions.

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This pleased her, and she promised to offer it always, knowing how well it would be received, and she told all her lodgers that they might ring and ring, for she did not mean to answer any of their bells; but if they wanted any thing, they must go and fetch it. Being Germans, who are the most docile of men in England, whatever they may be at home, they made no complaint, but retired to their pipes in a pleasant condition of surprise at London habits.

Mrs. Strouss, being from her earliest years of a thrifty and reputable turn of mind, had managed, in a large yet honest way, to put by many things which must prove useful in the long-run, if kept long enough. And I did hear—most careful as I am to pay no attention to petty rumors—that the first thing that moved the heart of Herr Strouss, and called forth his finest feelings, was a winding-up chair, which came out to make legs, with a pocket for tobacco, and a flat place for a glass.

This was certainly a paltry thought; and to think of such low things grieved me. And now, when I looked at Mr. Strouss himself, having heard of none of these things yet, I felt that my nurse might not have done her best, yet might have done worse, when she married him. For he seemed to have taken a liking toward me, and an interest in my affairs, which redounded to his credit, if he would not be too inquisitive. And now I gladly allowed him to be present, and to rest in the chair which had captivated him, although last night I could scarcely have borne to have heard in his presence what I had to hear. To-night there was nothing distressful to be said, compared, at least, with last night's tale; whereas there were several questions to be put, in some of which (while scouting altogether Uncle Sam's low estimate) two females might, with advantage perhaps, obtain an opinion from the stronger sex.

And now, as soon as I had told my two friends as well as I could what had happened at the bank (with which they were pleased, as I had been), those questions arose, and were, I believe, chiefly to the following purport—setting aside the main puzzle of all.

Why did my father say, on that dreadful morning, that if his father was dead, he himself had killed or murdered him? Betsy believed, when she came to think, that he had even used the worse word of these two.

How could the fatal shot have been discharged from his pistol—as clearly it had been—a pistol, moreover, which, by his own account, as Betsy now remembered, he had left in his quarters near Chichester?

What was that horrible disease which had carried off all my poor little brothers and sisters, and frightened kind neighbors and servants away? Betsy said it was called "Differeria," as differing so much from all other complaints. I had never yet heard of this, but discovered, without asking further than of Mr. Strouss, that she meant that urgent mandate for a levy of small angels which is called on earth "diphtheria."

Who had directed those private inquirers, Vypan, Goad, and Terryer, to send to the far West a member of their firm to get legal proof of my dear father's death, and to bring me back, if possible? The present Lord Castlewood never would have done so, according to what Mr. Shovelin said; it was far more likely that (but for weak health) he would have come forth himself to seek me, upon any probable tidings. At once a religious and chivalrous man, he would never employ mean agency. And while thinking of that, another thought occurred—What had induced that low man Goad to give Uncle Sam a date wrong altogether for the crime which began all our misery? He had put it at ten, now twelve, years back, and dated it in November, whereas it had happened in September month, six years and two months before the date he gave. This question was out of all answer to me, and also to Mrs. Strouss herself; but Herr Strouss, being of a legal turn, believed that the law was to blame for it. He thought that proceedings might be bound to begin, under the Extradition Act, within ten years of the date of the crime; or there might be some other stipulation compelling Mr. Goad to add one to all his falsehoods; and not knowing any thing about it, both of us thought it very likely.

Again, what could have been that last pledge which passed between my father and mother, when they said "good-by" to one another, and perhaps knew that it was forever, so far as this bodily world is concerned? Was it any thing about a poor little sleeping and whimpering creature like myself, who could not yet make any difference to any living being except the mother? Or was it concerning far more important things, justice, clear honor, good-will, and duty, such as in the crush of time come upward with high natures? And if so, was it not a promise from my mother, knowing every thing, to say nothing, even at the quivering moment of lying beneath the point of death?

This was a new idea for Betsy, who had concluded from the very first that the pledge must be on my father's part—to wit, that he had vowed not to surrender, or hurt himself in any way, for the sake of his dear wife. And to my suggestion she could only say that she never had seen it in that light; but the landings were so narrow and the walls so soft that, with all her duty staring in her face, neither she, nor the best servant ever in an apron, could be held responsible to repeat their very words. And her husband said that this was good—very good—so good as ever could be; and what was to

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show now from the mouth of any one, after fifteen, sixteen, eighteen, the years?

After this I had no other word to say, being still too young to contradict people duly married and of one accord. No other word, I mean, upon that point; though still I had to ask, upon matters more immediate, what was the next thing for me, perhaps, to do. And first of all it was settled among us that for me to present myself at the head-quarters of Vypan, Goad, and Terryer would be a very clumsy and stupid proceeding, and perhaps even dangerous. Of course they would not reveal to me the author of those kind inquiries about myself, which perhaps had cost the firm a very valuable life, the life of Mr. Goad himself. And while I should learn less than nothing from them, they would most easily extract from me, or at any rate find out afterward, where I was living, and what I was doing, and how I could most quietly be met and baffled, and perhaps even made away with, so as to save all further trouble.

Neither was that the only point upon which I resolved to do nothing. Herr Strouss was a very simple-minded man, yet full of true sagacity, and he warmly advised, in his very worst English, that none but my few trusty friends should be told of my visit to this country.

"Why for make to know your enemies?" he asked, with one finger on his forehead, which was his mode of indicating caution. "Enemies find out vere soon, too soon, soon enough. Begin to plot—no, no, young lady begin first. Vilhelmina, your man say the right. Is it good, or is it bad?"

It appeared to us both to be good, so far as might be judged for the present; and therefore I made up my mind to abstain from calling even on my father's agent, unless Mr. Shovelin should think it needful. In that and other matters I would act by his advice; and so with better spirits than I long had owned, at finding so much kindness, and with good hopes of the morrow, I went to the snug little bedroom which my good nurse had provided.

Alas! What was my little grief on the morrow, compared to the deep and abiding loss of many by a good man's death? When I went to the door at which I had been told to knock, it was long before I got an answer. And even when somebody came at last, so far from being my guardian, it was only a poor old clerk, who said, "Hush, miss!" and then prayed that the will of the Lord might be done. "Couldn't you see the half-shutters up?" he continued, rather roughly. "'Tis a bad job for many a poor man to-day. And it seems no more than yesterday I was carrying him about!"

"Do you mean Mr. Shovelin?" I asked. "Is he poorly? Has any thing happened? I can wait, or come again."

"The Lord has taken him to the mansions of the just, from his private address at Sydenham Hill. A burning and a shining light! May we like him be found watching in that day, with our lamps trimmed and our loins girded!"

For the moment I was too surprised to speak, and the kind old man led me into the passage, seeing how pale and faint I was. He belonged, like his master, and a great part of their business, to a simple religious persuasion, or faith, which now is very seldom heard of.

"It was just in this way," he said, as soon as tears had enabled me to speak—for even at the first sight I had felt affection toward my new guardian. "Our master is a very punctual man, for five-and-thirty years never late—never late once till this morning. Excuse me, miss, I ought to be ashamed. The Lord knoweth what is best for us. Well, you threw him out a good bit yesterday, and there was other troubles. And he had to work late last night, I hear; for through his work he would go, be it anyhow—diligent in business, husbanding the time—and when he came down to breakfast this morning, he prayed with his household as usual, but they noticed his voice rather weak and queer; and the mistress looked at him when he got up from his knees; but he drank his cup of tea and he ate his bit of toast, which was all he ever took for breakfast. But presently when his cob came up to the door—for he always rode in to business, miss, no matter what the weather was—he went to kiss his wife and his daughters all round, according to their ages; and he got through them all, when away he fell down, with the riding-whip in one hand, and expired on a piece of Indian matting."

"How terrible!" I exclaimed, with a sob. And the poor old man, in spite of all his piety, was sobbing.

"No, miss; not a bit of terror about it, to a man prepared as he was. He had had some warning just a year ago; and the doctors all told him he must leave off work. He could no more do without his proper work than he could without air or victuals. What this old established concern will do without him, our Divine Master only knows. And a pinch coming on in Threadneedle Street, I hear—but I scarcely know what I am saying, miss; I was thinking of the camel and the needle."

"I will not repeat what you have not meant to tell," I answered, seeing his confusion, and the clumsy turn he had made of it. "Only tell me what dear Mr. Shovelin died of."

"Heart-disease, miss. You might know in a moment. Nothing kills like that. His poor father died of it, thirty years agone. And the better people are, the more they get it."

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CHAPTER XXIX.

AT THE PUMP.

THIS blow was so sharp and heavy that I lost for the moment all power to go on. The sense of ill fortune fell upon me, as it falls upon stronger people, when a sudden gleam of hope, breaking through long troubles, mysteriously fades away.

Even the pleasure of indulging in the gloom of evil luck was a thing to be ashamed of now, when I thought of that good man's family thus, without a moment's warning, robbed of love and hope and happiness. But Mrs. Strouss, who often brooded on predestination, imbittered all my thoughts by saying, or rather conveying without words, that my poor father's taint of some Divine ill-will had re-appeared, and even killed his banker.

Betsy held most Low-Church views, by nature being a Dissenter. She called herself a Baptist, and in some strange way had stopped me thus from ever having been baptized. I do not understand these things, and the battles fought about them; but knowing that my father was a member of the English Church, I resolved to be the same, and told Betsy that she ought not to set up against her master's doctrine. Then she herself became ashamed of trying to convert me, not only because of my ignorance (which made argument like shooting into the sea), but chiefly because she could mention no one of title with such theology.

This settled the question at once; and remembering (to my shame) what opinions I had held even of Suan Isco, while being in the very same predicament myself, reflecting also what Uncle Sam and Firm would have thought of me, had they known it, I anticipated the Major and his dinner party by going to a quiet ancient clergyman, who examined me, and being satisfied with little, took me to an old City church of deep and damp retirement. And here, with a great din of traffic outside, and a mildewy depth of repose within, I was presented by certain sponsors (the clerk and his wife and his wife's sister), and heard good words, and hope to keep the impression, both outward and inward, gently made upon me.

I need not say that I kept, and now received with authority, my old name; though the clerk prefixed an aspirate to it, and indulged in two syllables only. But the ancient parson knew its meaning, and looked at me with curiosity; yet, being a gentleman of the old school, put never a question about it.

Now this being done, and full tidings thereof sent off to Mrs. Hockin, to save trouble to the butcher, or other disappointment, I scarcely knew how to be moving next, though move I must before very long. For it cost me a great deal of money to stay in European Square like this, albeit Herr Strouss was of all men the most generous, by his own avowal, and his wife (by the same test) noble-hearted among women. Yet each of them spoke of the other's pecuniary views in such a desponding tone (when the other was out of the way), and so lamented to have any thing at all to say about cash—by compulsion of the other—also both, when met together, were so large and reckless, and not to be insulted by a thought of payment, that it came to pass that my money did nothing but run away between them.

This was not their fault at all, but all my own, for being unable to keep my secret about the great nugget. The Major had told me not to speak of this, according to wise experience; and I had not the smallest intention of doing an atom of mischief in that way; but somehow or other it came out one night when I was being pitied for my desolation. And all the charges against me began to be doubled from that moment.

If this had been all, I should not have cared so much, being quite content that my money should go as fast as it came in to me. But there was another thing here which cost me as much as my board and lodgings and all the rest of my expenses. And that was the iron pump in European Square. For this pump stood in the very centre of a huddled district of famine, filth, and fever. When once I had seen from the leads of our house the quag of reeking life around, the stubs and snags of chimney-pots, the gashes among them entitled streets, and the broken blains called houses, I was quite ashamed of paying any thing to become a Christian.

Betsy, who stood by me, said that it was better than it used to be, and that all these people lived in comfort of their own ideas, fiercely resented all interference, and were good to one another in their own rough way. It was more than three years since there had been a single murder among them, and even then the man who was killed confessed that he deserved it. She told me, also, that in some mining district of Wales, well known to her, things were a great deal worse than here, although the people were not half so poor. And finally, looking at a ruby ring which I had begged her to wear always, for the sake of her truth to me, she begged me to be wiser than to fret about things that I could not change. "All these people, whose hovels I saw, had the means of grace before them, and if they would not stretch forth their hands, it was only because they were vessels of wrath. Her pity was rather for our poor black brethren who had never enjoyed no opportunities, and therefore must be castaways."

Being a stranger, and so young, and accustomed to receive my doctrine (since first

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I went to America), I dropped all intention of attempting any good in places where I might be murdered. But I could not help looking at the pump which was in front, and the poor things who came there for water, and, most of all, the children. With these it was almost the joy of the day, and perhaps the only joy, to come into this little open space and stand, and put their backs up stiffly, and stare about, ready for some good luck to turn up—such as a horse to hold, or a man coming out of the docks with a half-penny to spare—and then, in failure of such golden hope, to dash about, in and out, after one another, splashing, and kicking over their own cans, kettles, jars, or buckets, and stretching their dirty little naked legs, and showing very often fine white chests, and bright teeth wet with laughter. And then, when this chivy was done, and their quick little hearts beat aloud with glory, it was pretty to see them all rally round the pump, as crafty as their betters, and watching with sly humor each other's readiness to begin again.

Then suddenly a sense of neglected duty would seize some little body with a hand to its side, nine times out of ten a girl, whose mother, perhaps, lay sick at home, and a stern idea of responsibility began to make the buckets clank. Then might you see, if you cared to do so, orderly management have its turn—a demand for pins and a tucking up of skirts (which scarcely seemed worthy of the great young fuss), large children scolding little ones not a bit more muddy than themselves, the while the very least child of all, too young as yet for chivying, and only come for company, would smooth her comparatively clean frock down, and look up at her sisters with condemnatory eyes.

Trivial as they were, these things amused me much, and made a little checker of reflected light upon the cloud of selfish gloom, especially when the real work began, and the children, vying with one another, set to at the iron handle. This was too large for their little hands to grasp, and by means of some grievance inside, or perhaps through a cruel trick of the plumber, up went the long handle every time small fingers were too confiding, and there it stood up like the tail of a rampant cow, or a branch inaccessible, until an old shawl or the cord of a peg-top could be cast up on high to reduce it. But some engineering boy, "highly gifted," like Uncle Sam's self, "with machinery," had discovered an ingenious cure for this. With the help of the girls he used to fasten a fat little thing, about twelve months old, in the bend at the middle of the handle, and there (like a ham on the steelyard) hung this baby and enjoyed seesaw, and laughed at its own utility.

I never saw this, and the splashing and dribbling and play and bright revelry of water, without forgetting all sad counsel and discretion, and rushing out as if the dingy pump were my own delicious Blue River. People used to look at me from the windows with pity and astonishment, supposing me to be crazed or frantic, especially the Germans. For to run out like this, without a pocket full of money, would have been insanity; and to run out with it, to their minds, was even clearer proof of that condition. For the money went as quickly as the water of the pump; on this side and on that it flew, each child in succession making deeper drain upon it, in virtue of still deeper woes. They were dreadful little story-tellers, I am very much afraid; and the long faces pulled, as soon as I came out, in contrast with all the recent glee and frolic, suggested to even the youngest charity suspicions of some inconsistency. However, they were so ingenious and clever that they worked my pockets like the pump itself, only with this unhappy difference, that the former had no inexhaustible spring of silver, or even of copper.

And thus, by a reason (as cogent as any of more exalted nature), was I driven back to my head-quarters, there to abide till a fresh supply should come. For Uncle Sam, generous and noble as he was, did not mean to let me melt all away at once my share of the great Blue River nugget, any more than to make ducks and drakes of his own. Indeed, that rock of gold was still untouched, and healthily reposing in a banker's cellar in the good town of Sacramento. People were allowed to go in and see it upon payment of a dollar, and they came out so thirsty from feasting upon it that a bar was set up, and a pile of money made—all the gentlemen, and ladies even worse than they, taking a reckless turn about small money after seeing that. But dear Uncle Sam refused every cent of the profit of all this excitable work. It was wholly against his wish that any thing so artificial should be done at all, and his sense of religion condemned it. He said, in his very first letter to me, that even a heathen must acknowledge this champion nugget as the grandest work of the Lord yet discovered in America—a country more full of all works of the Lord than the rest of the world put together. And to keep it in a cellar, without any air or sun, grated harshly upon his ideas of right.

However, he did not expect every body to think exactly as he did, and if they could turn a few dollars upon it, they were welcome, as having large families. And the balance might go to his credit against the interest on any cash advanced to him. Not that he meant to be very fast with this, never having run into debt in all his life.

This, put shortly, was the reason why I could not run to the pump any longer. I

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had come into England with money enough to last me (according to the Sawyer's calculations) for a year and a half of every needful work; whereas, in less than half that time, I was arriving at my last penny. This reminded me of my dear father, who was nearly always in trouble about money (although so strictly upright); and at first I was proud to be like him about this, till I came to find the disadvantages.

It must not even for a moment be imagined that this made any difference in the behavior of any one toward me. Mrs. Strouss, Herr Strouss, the lady on the stairs, and a very clever woman who had got no rooms, but was kindly accommodated every where, as well as the baron on the first floor front, and the gentleman from a hotel at Hanover, who looked out the other way, and even the children at the pump—not one made any difference toward me (as an enemy might, perhaps, suppose) because my last half crown was gone. It was admitted upon every side that I ought to be forgiven for my random cast of money, because I knew no better, and was sure to have more in a very little time. And the children of the pump came to see me go away, through streets of a mile and a half, I should think; and they carried my things, looking after one another, so that none could run away. And being forbidden at the platform gate, for want of respectability, they set up a cheer, and I waved my hat, and promised, amidst great applause, to come back with it full of sixpences.

THE SONG THAT THE BLUEBIRD SINGS.

Have you listened to the carol of the bluebird in the spring?
Has her gush of molten melody been not poured forth in vain?
Ah! then the pulse has quickened, and a sigh, perhaps, has risen
From the breast the bluebird's music stirs to thoughts that lack expression—
So tender, so tumultuous, are the fancies thus aroused.
The bluebird's song breathes gladness—breathes the sweet and solemn triumph
That love feels when all love's passion melts in its own fruition.
Exquisitely subtle are the chords the bluebird touches—
Chords that quiver now in ecstasy, now thrill in fond expectancy,
Now die in dreams of all that might have been.
Hers is language to interpret and translate in accents rhythmic
All the yearning of young love to claim its own—
Of young love that trembles on the threshold of the passions,
And shrinks before the images its ardor calls to life.
Thus to the maiden musing come thronging thoughts unbidden,
When she hears this speaking echo of the hopes that glow within;
And the tell-tale blushes redden to the rose-tint on the bosom
Of the bird that dares to breathe her secret joy.
Thus to the youth impetuous, whose life is set to music—
Let love but laugh and beckon from afar—
Fulfillment sends a greeting in the soft voluptuous languor
That steals upon the senses if the bluebird's song be heard—
This song of wondrous gladness, ever bubbling, welling, gushing,
From a fountain full of promise, inexhaustible, divine!
Sweeter far these liquid accents when the buds of hope are blighted,
And the tree of knowledge bears its bitter fruit;
When memory sits brooding in the ashes of her birthright,
And sackcloth shrouds a heart that once was young;
For a silver chord is quickened where was greedy, silent sorrow,
Responding to a sympathetic touch:
The bird sings true and tender, with a precious burden laden—
With the tidings of a love that never dies.
So in the timid spring-time, when the world wears wreaths of roses,
Ring clear the joyous melodies of hope!
So in the summer season, when the wine of pleasure reddens,
Ring passionate the triumphs of the heart!
So in the sad still autumn, when life bends beneath its burden,
When what might have been has never come to pass,
Rings once again this music on the crushed and wounded spirit,
Bringing light where all was dark and drear before:
All is not lost if the message that the bluebird bears be heeded,
For her mission is to tell us "God is love!"

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A PAGAN ROMANCE.

MRS. LORRIMER passed something very queer-looking as she ascended the long, brass-tiled hotel steps on her way up from breakfast her first morning in Bethany.

It was human, to be sure, and appeared civilized, for it stepped aside very politely, and with a deep low bow waited for her to pass. But it was certainly a curious sort of being, to say the least, and she looked back over her shoulder with a smile, as she went on up the stairs.

"What sort of boarders do you imagine we shall find here, Prue?" she said to her niece, who followed her half an hour later, and who, from having slept over her aunt's early breakfast hour, had finished her own meal alone in the "ladies' ordinary."

"I haven't discovered any very attractive-looking people yet," replied Prue, with a shrug, "but I dare say Bethany will produce the usual *mélange:* manœuvring mammas with marriageable daughters and ineligible sons, besides a whole army of uncivilized savages in the shape of hotel children. I just escaped being knocked down by three —and a velocipede."

"Speaking of savages, I just met the oddest creature on the stairs, Prue," said Mrs. Lorrimer, looking up from the depths of the great "Saratoga" she was unpacking. "What do you suppose it could have been? It had a funny little thin pair of legs, and looked something like—a last year's mosquito dried and pressed."

"A 'Jap,' probably. You know Dr. Brandon said there was a young student here at the university."

It was several years before the Centennial Exposition, which will account for the sight of one of our dusky-complexioned new friends being so curious and novel a one.

"Of course it was a Jap! How stupid of me not to recollect the doctor's telling us about him! Well, he did look exactly as though he had stepped out of a picture on a tea box; one of those silhouettes, you know."

"But he wasn't *en costume*, was he? I hope he will wear one sometimes. How delightful it will be to meet an educated, English-speaking Japanese!" and Prue's bright, slim black eyes grew brighter and slimmer and blacker as she spoke. Mrs. Lorrimer often said her niece "had an Eastern look," and just then it struck her that it was a sort of Japanese expression that Prue assumed at times.

"He speaks English, no doubt, for those sent here for our educating are all of the upper classes, and 'wear the little round button at the top,' which is a mark of the Grand Pandanjurums in Japan. I half envy you your eighteen summers, and a prince in prospect to flirt with, Prue."

"Auntie! as if I would flirt with a—a pagan!"

"Why, that would be the most fascinating part of it. Win him over to Christianity; make it a conscientious duty, and— What on earth is that mumbling noise!"

The interruption was caused by the sound of a low, monotonous under-tone, as if some one were reading half aloud to himself in the adjoining room.

"Oh dear, I hope none of the students room on this floor! It makes me nervous to hear their coming in at all hours of the day and night, banging their books and boots around."

"Perhaps it's the Japanese prince paying his morning devotions to some horrid idol. Ugh! I don't want to meet him. I hope the doctor will not introduce us."

Bethany was a new summer sojourn to the Lorrimers, who had always heretofore spent their seasons at the shore. It was a pleasant little spot, and lay up in the mountainous region, and for that reason had been recommended to Mrs. Lorrimer, who needed the bracing air.

Surrounded by a rim of hazy blue hills that edged the darker mountains beyond, the town lay down in a bird's-nest hollow. Somewhat above this hollow stood the hotel, overlooking the town, and catching the first fresh breezes from the heights above. Pleasant drives, country walks, and a row on the rapid black river that ran near by were all the excitements of which Bethany could boast; but they seemed sufficient to fill the place, for whole troops and families of young ladies and gentlemen came every season to ride and walk and row over the same ground.

Some said the university and the young ladies' boarding-school were attractions as well, for there was always a crowd of pretty school-girls to be seen at church and on the street, and half the university students boarded at the hotel during vacation. Perhaps they *had* a little to do with the place being so well patronized.

The friends whom Mrs. Lorrimer and her niece were to have found upon their arrival, owing to some detention of trains, had not yet put in an appearance; therefore the two ladies found their first day in the strange place threatening to be a little tedious.

They lounged and read and napped through the warm summer morning and afternoon, and after early tea put on their nubias and followed some of the other boarders, who they judged must know some of the pleasant walks around.

The streets and roads were all very hilly, but they were shaded by great old trees that spread their branches protectingly across from one side to the other.

Sauntering slowly after their guides, they found themselves at last entering a quaint

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old densely wooded park. High, smooth green grass grew luxuriantly either side the paths, and rustic seats were scattered around under the tall trees. It looked beautifully cool and inviting there, until Prue suddenly started back, exclaiming, "Why, auntie, it's a grave-yard!" And, sure enough, lying flat on the ground, amidst the long green grass, were little square marble tablets, upon which one might read the name and age of those lying beneath.

"Oh yes. The Moravians, you recollect, Prue, settled Bethany, and this is their mode of making a grave-yard. They hold the opinion that under grim King Death we should all and each lie alike, none higher, even in marble, than another. Not even family ties bind them together, you notice; and here may lie a mother quite apart from her little ones, while over there a father or brother rests under the sod. I don't like it. I prefer to have my bones rest with my fathers', like the old Jews; and I can't say I should like to have my tombstone look for all the world like a pocket-handkerchief spread out to dry."

"Let's go, auntie; it smells of ghosts here," said Prue, drawing her pink and white cloud up close round her "tip-tilted" nose.

Then they left the still, quiet park of the dead, and went on down toward a pretty bridge they had espied on their ride up from the dépôt the night before. It was a short, very high, wooden bridge, spanning a lazy, shallow creek which crawled along and joined the busy black river running on some distance away.

To the east a range of hazy hills was growing purple in the sunset, and against this dark background the stone walls and golden spire of the university glittered in the sunset's rays; a yellow, mellow light flooded the green fields and winding white country roads in the west; a flight of swallows were "homeward flying" into the rosy clouds that piled themselves tint upon tint; and it was all as hushed and beautiful as a painted picture.

"I like this best—live things, even if they are only of the domestic feathered tribe," said Prue, leaning over the side of the bridge, and throwing down cake crumbs to some ducks which were sailing majestically through the water beneath.

"Well, here comes a foreign 'live thing.' How do you like that?" whispered Mrs. Lorrimer, who had for some time been watching a shambling figure which now approached them. "It is his Imperial Hyson! I can't keep the tea box out of my head, you see. Shall we walk on and meet it?"

Prue laughed, and turned to go; and just then the shambling figure came up and stopped stock-still before them, with the same low bow he had bestowed upon Mrs. Lorrimer on the stairs that morning.

But the bow was neither so profound nor low but that the keen, sharp, oblique, shiny eyes in the long, narrow, shiny black head of "his Imperial Hyson" had in an instant taken in the principal figure in the foreground of the beautiful picture before him. A sweet girlish face it was, with a rosy flush of sunset resting on its beaming eyes and smiling lips.

"Why, Prue, he looked dazzled. You have made an impression already. And a Japanese prince is not to be sniffed at, if you please; so you need not look so intensely disgusted."

"I heard the locomotive whistle half an hour ago. Let's go on and see if the Brandons have arrived," replied Prue, walking on ahead, and making no answer to her aunt's raillery.

The lumbering old railroad stage had just driven up to the hotel door when Mrs. Lorrimer and her niece reached there, and out of its capacious hulk were safely landed "Noah and his family," as the doctor called himself and his two brothers, sisters, and mother. Warm welcomes and rapid explanations were exchanged all round, and the dining-room rang with the merry laughter of the new party who had arrived to "late tea."

"Seen any sights yet, Prue? or will you walk out a little ways with me after supper?" asked the doctor, pushing back his third cup of coffee.

"Sights! Oh dear yes," interrupted Mrs. Lorrimer. "We've been to the burying-ground, climbed up the village streets, 'stood on the bridge' at sunset, and seen—the Tycoon!"

"What does she mean?" laughed out "Noah's family."

"Have you, really?" said the doctor. "I must introduce you to-morrow. Mrs. Lorrimer means a Japanese student attending the university, and boarding here, I presume, mother," he explained. "One of the most polite and gentlemanly fellows I have ever met—an intelligent, smart young man too. The Japanese government takes its pick out of the highest grades, and thus secures the brightest scions of the most educated families, and sends them over here to our colleges for advancement, the government afterward making use of their foreign-acquired knowledge."

"And is this hideous creature really a prince?" inquired Mrs. Lorrimer.

"He is a son of one of the blue-buttoned, two-sworded aristocracy; what one might call a nobleman, at least."

"What is his name?—any thing pronounceable?" demanded the girls, who all carried autograph fans, and dreamed at once of a name in hieroglyphics.

"Oh yes, and a sort of royal-sounding one besides—'Julio Seizo Miyahada.'"

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"Julius Cæsar!" cried Tom Brandon, with a whistle. "What do Tartars know about the Romans?"

"Enough, evidently, to name a baby after one. Come, Prue, put on your head-web, and I'll take you a prettier grave-yard walk than you have been yet."

And then Miss Lorrimer, wrapping up her pretty braids again in their pink and white net, took the doctor's arm, and left the others out on the balcony talking over "the season," while she and he went out to see "the sights."

It was a cemetery, to be sure, toward which they wended their way, but the path they chose just skirted the burying portion, and seemed to be a favorite one with the Bethany people, for whole troops of couples were slowly sauntering up and down in the moonlight. The cemetery stood on a high hill, and this path wound round it. Above, the white tombs glistened, for there were modern monuments here as well as old-time tablets, and there seemed a peaceful, quiet hush, which no one broke, save in whispers as they walked. Below the bluff, and half screened by underbrush and trees, lay the railroad, and the rush and dash and whoop of the engine, as the trains sped by, seemed all the shriller amidst the dead stillness that reigned above it. Further on the rapid dark river glided, and across its shining bosom, and reflected on it, could be seen the lurid lights of the iron and zinc works which burned all night on the opposite shore. Different-colored flames they were, red and purple, and green and dazzling white, and ever and anon a glimpse could be caught of the workmen, half bare, and with blackened arms and faces, standing in the glare of the fiery furnaces.

"It is the Inferno!" exclaimed Prue, drawing closer to her companion, and fascinated by the picturesque *tableau vivant*.

"Don't make such remarks in a grave-yard. It sounds personal," laughed the doctor. "Come, I shall have to take you home, you are shivering with the cold." And then catching sight of the light slippers his companion wore, he insisted upon his patient's obeying her doctor's command.

Introductions followed fast the next few days, for Dr. Noah Brandon was well known in Bethany, not only by the towns-people, but by the professors and students at the university as well; and first among the latter whom he brought up to his mother and friends for presentation was "Mr. Julio Seizo Miyahada, of Yokohama, Japan."

The ladies found him at first a little shy, and perhaps awkward, in his manner, but these soon wore off, and when better acquainted, they discovered him to be exceedingly affable, entertaining, and, above all, scrupulously polite. He spoke English in a pretty, childish, broken sort of way, but understood it readily enough, and was very quick to learn new phrases.

"How do you amuse yourself during vacation, Mr. Miyahada?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer one day, having made the discovery that her mumbling neighbor was the Japanese, who was an indefatigable student, and read aloud most of the time.

"I little amuse, madame. I study—all time study."

"But surely you should take some recreation during holiday time," said Prue, looking up from her crochet stitch. "Don't you dance, or ride, or row?"

"I row? Oh yes, on the river I row oftentimes. Will you go some time?" He asked it eagerly.

The girls looked at one another furtively, amused at this sudden invitation prompted by Prue's anxiety concerning his dullness. Prue colored up a little, and pretended she did not see the averted smiles, and answered very sweetly, looking straight into his eyes, "Thank you, Mr. Miyahada, I should be very happy to go—some time."

"Miyahada is a good oarsman, Miss Lorrimer," said Dr. Brandon, looking up from his paper. "I would trust you with him before any of the other young men here."

The sallow face lighted up with a rare smile, and the white teeth glistened, at this bit of praise from the doctor.

The other young ladies at the hotel did not have much to say to "the Japanese," and the Brandon girls declared they were "half afraid of him," and in that way Prue came to feel such a tender compassion for the poor fellow that she rather overdid the amiable, and was at times almost affectionate. He seemed quite a boy, he was so small and slender. He became her especial attendant at last, and so when Mr. Miyahada came into the parlor or out on the balcony, there was always a chair and a smile for him near Prue. He did not forget her acceptance of his invitation to row with him "some time," and one day, after they had become warm friends, he made a more formal affair of it, and came up in the parlor in full dress one evening to invite her to go the next afternoon. She couldn't say "No," therefore she said "Yes," and the girls teased her all the evening about shaving off her eyebrows and blackening her teeth, as Japanese brides are obliged to do.

Mrs. Lorrimer and a whole party of girls at the hotel dressed early that afternoon, and took the steam-yacht over to the island—a pleasant little grove on a bit of green in the middle of the river—where they pretended to play croquet, but really went to watch Prue and her pagan row by.

They looked very picturesque as they passed in their dainty little scarlet boat, he in his dark blue flannel rowing suit, and she in a pretty sailor costume to match.

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"I think Mr. Miyahada's English improves under his new tutor," said Lill Brandon, with a smile. "Don't you, Mrs. Lorrimer?"

"I don't know—I hadn't thought. Perhaps he's learning another language of Prue," replied Mrs. Lorrimer, meditatively. "I shall have to warn Prue," she added, quicker.

"Oh, pshaw! let her go on. He's only a Japanese. It will help civilize him, and it must be amusing to her."

"It may demoralize him as well. He evidently thinks Prue a 'perfect woman, nobly planned.' If he discovers her to be a flirt, who seeks only to amuse herself *pour passer le temps*, it will imbitter him, and cause him to lose faith in all women. No, I must warn Prue to be more careful; she don't think of what she is doing. She don't mean to flirt, but it looks like it, certainly. Miss Prudentia must not belie her name. I shall warn her not to be so—so—foolish."

The ladies remained on the island until they saw the boat coming down stream homeward. It was drifting with the tide. The oars lay idle in the rower's hands, and his dark face was turned toward the brighter, prettier one before him, and he seemed to be reading in her eyes something that was as easily understood to him as Japanese. Mrs. Lorrimer might better have whispered her warning long before, for any one more deeply smitten than Prue's pagan lover appeared was surely never seen.

The girl was not to blame; she did no more than any girl has done a thousand times in an innocent, unconscious way. She was pleasant and kind, and received his attentions with a certain air of delight that was flattering. That was all. She did not allure him to her side for her idle amusement. She was only a little sorry, a great deal interested, and very much entertained in his curious foreign ways—and, perhaps, she might have been a trifle flattered as well by his devotion.

They held little hops most every evening at the hotel, and it was Prue who offered to teach "the Japanese" to dance. He had been sitting out on the balcony all the evening beside Mrs. Lorrimer, holding Prue's fan and shawl for her, and jealously watching through the long windows her slender, graceful figure as it glided by in the doctor's arms in the seductive waltz.

"It is like a poetry. She dance so beautifully well—like none others!" he exclaimed at length.

"Mr. Miyahada is saying pretty things about your waltzing, Prue," said her aunt, as Prue paused a moment for breath beside one of the windows.

"Is he? Then I will teach him my step, if he would like to learn it," laughed Prue, as she waltzed away again.

"It will be much more interesting than gymnastics, and quite as healthful," said Prue, next morning, when Miyahada presented himself at the parlor door, and importuned her to keep her promise of the evening previous, and "teach him her step." One of the girls volunteered to play immediately, while Prue should "teach the bear to dance," as she whispered over her shoulder to Prue. "There, now, watch my feet. See? One, two, three! one, two, three!" and Prue's little bronze slippers twinkled before the oblique narrow eyes like a pair of bewildering fire-flies. "Give me your hand, please. Now, if you will put your arm round my waist, so, and keep time. One, two, three! one, two, three!" and quite breathless, and perfectly happy, the two, teacher and pupil, whirled round the room to the sweet melody of "Thousand and One Nights."

"How could you bear to touch those long, slim, bamboo-like fingers, Prue? Ugh! it gave me a cold chill to see you; and, indeed, I wish you wouldn't dance 'round dances' altogether with him, Prue. Why can't you just show him the quadrille figures?" Mrs. Lorrimer was fanning herself very fast, and looked very warm and uncomfortable as she uttered this little protest. She had come in from a walk with a party of ladies and found Prue waltzing round the parlor in the Japanese's arms, and somehow she felt provoked about it.

"Why, auntie, he would never learn the waltz step in that way. He must have his arm round his partner, in order to guide her correctly; and he does hold one to perfection."

"Prudentia Lorrimer! I believe you *are* a flirt, after all!" exclaimed her aunt, throwing her fan down with an impatient little jerk.

"A flirt! I a flirt! Why, Auntie Lorrimer! And with a Japanese too! Don't accuse me of such a breach of 'international law.' I assure you I am only sorry for him, he looks so forlorn and alone when all the other gentlemen are on the floor; and in a few more lessons he will be quite able to ask any lady 'the pleasure of her hand,' etc."

"I hope he'll never ask me," cried Bella Brandon, stopping in her toilet to make a little grimace. "I don't think I could stand the embrace of those long slim arms of his."

"You seem to bear the Spanish, German, and Brazilian 'embrace' well enough. Is the Japanese any different, pray?" Prue was provoked. The girls all had a train of foreign beaux at their heels, for Bethany was cosmopolitan in its inhabitants, and one could meet almost any sort of nationality represented at the university, and it all floated over to the hotel at the hops.

"Oh, those are all Christianly civilized sort of beings; but a Japanese, a pagan! Excuse me, if you please."

After that Prue only took more pains

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to be pleasant and merry, and ready to dance with Mr. Miyahada when he came to the hops.

He brought a curious sandal-wood box with him one evening, and presented it to Prue with a neat little formal speech. She had broken her fan the day before, and she suspected at once what the box might contain. Her suspicions were correct, for upon opening the fragrant lid a beautiful Japanese fan of most exquisite workmanship was exposed to view. It was half ivory, delicately carved, with a species of fire-fly bugs set in the sides. The top was of silk, and beautifully painted.

"It was my dear mother's. I wish that you receive it, if you will be so very kind, Miss Prudentia," he said, and with all the girls looking on at them. Prue blushed rosy red, and accepted his gift boldly.

"We actually thought the box might contain a little heathen god, Prue, and that you had been converted to paganism, instead of him to Christianity," said the girls that night when they sat talking over the hop, and were putting their hair in crimps and looking at the fan by turns.

"And so he has," cried Prue. "I must confess I greatly admire a pagan people who possess the moral characteristics which are credited to the Japanese. They are brave, persevering, frank, good-hearted, and polite. Are we any more? Your brother says there is not a more honorable people in the world, and Mr. Miyahada is a fine specimen of his kind. All the students respect and admire him, I notice, and even the professors—"

"Oh, Prue, pray stop!" cried Bella. "Indeed, we'll report your ravings to Noah, and he'll declare you are crazy, and order a strait-jacket."

"Perhaps she's bitten by a Japanese tarantula. Oh no! they grow in South America, don't they?" chimed in Lill. And Prue closed her lips and said no more eulogistic of her pagan lover.

The studious monotone "mumbling" in the adjoining room ceased to annoy Mrs. Lorrimer after a few weeks; indeed, she quite missed its soothing accompaniment to her afternoon nap toward the last.

The student, however, whose room it was, either from overdiligent study or some other reason, was growing very pale and thin. Every one remarked how wretched Mr. Miyahada looked, and Dr. Brandon even offered to prescribe a tonic for him.

Mrs. Lorrimer shook her head and looked troubled and annoyed when Prue innocently asked her one day if she didn't think "Mr. Miyahada was homesick," he looked so unhappy.

When the time drew near for the departure of the summer boarders who had made the house and town so merry for so many weeks, Dr. Brandon imagined he had made a great discovery when he whispered to Mrs. Lorrimer:

"I believe I've found out what ails our young friend. It's his heart, not his stomach. Don't you think he fancies Prue?"

"Fancies Prue, indeed! What moles you men are! Why, we women have known for some time that he's dead in love with her." And Mrs. Lorrimer looked thoroughly disgusted with the obtuseness of men in general, and Dr. Brandon in particular.

"Poor boy! and does Prue know it too, with the rest of you women?"

"No, I will confess I think she is perfectly innocent and blameless in the matter. The girls laughed at him and ridiculed him, you know, and Prue espoused his cause in her impulsive, warm-hearted way, and was overkind and pleasant to him. She can be so lovely and charming; but that you knew. No, she is blameless. She would have acted the same way toward a cat, or a dog, or a horse, that any one had taken sides against—a perverse way of behaving 'we women' have sometimes."

"Poor Miyahada! I am truly sorry for him, for it seems an honest, true passion on his part."

He was to be pitied, certainly. There seemed such an utter hopelessness about his suit. Even if he dared to have spoken, there was a seal upon his lips. Sent here by a strict, tyrannical government, he was expected to obey all commands, and learn every thing perfectly—save a certain little verb we all love to conjugate. All thoughts of love or marriage must be abandoned by those accepting the commission he had taken upon himself; and with the great desert of years of hard study and privation ahead, what an oasis of happiness Prue's sweet face and lovely ways must have appeared to the youth who must be blind and dumb to them all!

Summer waned. The first days of September found the hotel in a great bustle. The university students were preparing for their examinations, and the summer boarders were all packed to start for home. Good-byes and kind wishes were exchanged between the two factions, and one morning the lumbering old coach drove up to the hotel for the last time to "take passengers to the train."

Dr. Brandon had gathered his "Noah's family" together, and was looking round for his additional "pair" to put in the ark, when Mrs. Lorrimer appeared with her shawl straps and travelling bags.

"Where *is* Prue?" she cried, anxiously. "I can't find her any where. Has any one seen her since breakfast?"

"No," "Yes," "Why, here she comes," were the chorus of answers, and slowly walking up the hilly street appeared Prue and her pagan. She looked as pale and sallow and

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wan as he, and had they both been costumed *à la* Japanese, one might easily have mistaken them for brother and sister; for Prue really had a little of the Japanese contour of countenance. Perhaps that is what first wakened her lover's admiration of her.

"Where on earth were you, Prue? We thought you had run off," cried Mrs. Lorrimer, shaking her parasol at the dilatory young lady as she climbed in the stage and settled her boxes and bundles.

"I took a little farewell look at the river," replied Prue, in a low voice; and she seemed so nervous and agitated from her walk that they forbore to ask her any more questions.

Good-byes were then said all round, and it took some time, as the university was well represented, and the girls all had scores of flirtations to end that morning.

Prue got in last, beside the doctor; and as she leaned out of the window to shake hands once more with Miyahada, she whispered, in a low tone, "We Christians, when we have done any one an unintentional wrong, ask them to 'forgive and forget.'"

His answer came in a trembling, hoarse, strange voice, "I will be *half* a Christian, then. I 'forgive' you every thing; I will 'forget' you never." And with his hand on his heart, he made his low deep bow to them all, and the coach rolled away.

"Will he commit hari-kari, do you think, Prue?" asked Lill Brandon, with a laugh.

Prue made no answer, and the doctor frowned down any more attempts to tease her.

When the train had started on its way, Mrs. Lorrimer looked out of the window, and exclaimed, "Why, isn't that Mr. Miyahada out on the river?"

And they all looked out and saw Prue's pagan lover pulling hard up stream, against the tide, as though he were battling down some invisible foe.

Report said the Japanese student at the university failed in his examination that year. He made rapid progress after, however, and graduated number two in the largest class that ever left that *alma mater*.

Prue never took any one into her confidence sufficiently to disclose what conversation she and Mr. Miyahada had held together the morning they took their "farewell look at the river," but for a long time she appeared so pained and grieved whenever his name or the subject of her "summer flirtation" was broached, that her aunt spared her the unhappy confession.

Dr. Brandon and Prue were married the year following their summer at Bethany, and—girls are curious anomalies—notwithstanding the evidently sincere regret and sorrow she must have felt at the part she had unconsciously played in the Japanese romance, Prue was cruel enough to send wedding cards to her pagan lover.

SPRING POEMS.

IN APRIL.

What are the dearest treasures of the spring?
The rosy haze that veils the forests bare;
The vague sweet fragrance in the balmy air;
The twitter of the swallows on the wing;

The tender beauty of the wavering light;
The rains, as swift as tears in babies' eyes;
The sudden sunshine in the changeful skies;
The softened brightness of the star-lit night;

The freshening emerald of the bladed grass;
The sparkle of the myriad-dimpled sea;
The rush of mountain brooks, once more set free;
The sense of early bloom so soon to pass—

These are most fair, but more than these to me
The wakening memories of the vanished years,
Tender regrets, grown dim 'neath many tears,
And sorrows softened like a rainy sea;

Swift recollections of forgotten bliss,
Thrilling the heart with dreams of joy again,
An ecstasy of pleasure shot with pain,
As when the sunbeams and the rain-drops kiss;

Reluctant hopes, that come like snow-drops white,
The faint frail harbingers of happier days,
Filling the heart with tremulous amaze
That hardly dares to call itself delight—

These are the dearest treasures of the spring;
These are the flowers the heart perceives more fair
Than all her blossoms born of sunny air,
Than all her birds of bright and restless wing.

APRIL IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

New birth of loveliness!—when sunbeams fleet
Color the drops of every passing shower;
When all the air is warm with odors sweet,
And leaves peep out and thicken hour by hour;

When filmy, mystic clouds of opal tint
Float leisurely beneath the dreamy sky,
And the world thrills with murmurings that hint
At summer glories coming by-and-by.

If any weak despair or discontent
Lurk like a subtle poison in your heart,
Through time and action wasted or misspent,
So that in all this joy it has no part,

Up! out! through light and perfume take your way
To where the solitude is spell-beset
With deep, deep peace, beneath whose hidden sway
Your heart may rest, and dreamily forget.

There lay yourself along the tender grass,
And let the scented breezes softly play
O'er bared brow, and watch the shadows pass,
And fall, and linger, and then dart away,

Chased by the sunlight. See how glorified
With golden kingcups is the endless green,
And pale, pale primroses, and daisies pied,
And violets, purple-eyed, that peep between!

So gazing, listen. Let the music rare
That underlies all nature sweetly glide
Into your heart, and all its aching care,
Borne up and out upon the joyous tide

Of perfect melody, will leave no trace,
And your refreshened heart will wake and sing,
And all the world will wear another face,
And life will seem so beautiful a thing

That you will turn and sigh with sweet surprise,
And whisper to the gliding present, "Stay!
So fair you show to my new-wakened eyes
That I would have my life one long to-day."

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POPULAR EXPOSITION OF SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

PART III.—THINGS THAT ARE INVISIBLE.—THE NATURE OF SIGHT.—VISUAL DECEPTIONS.

WHEN a beam of light is decomposed by a prism, and a spectrum is formed, the superbly colored image arising—red at the less, violet at the more, refrangible extremity—offers to the curious observer, as Sir David Brewster, who had spent many years in its examination, once said, a world within itself. It is a visible manifestation of the great forces of Nature.

But the visible manifestation which we thus behold is only a portion of what we might witness were our eyes more perfect. Herschel proved that there are invisible radiations below the red capable of affecting us with a sensation of warmth; Scheele and Ritter, that there are other invisible radiations beyond the violet that can accomplish chemical decompositions.

To this visible world we have, therefore, to add one that is unseen.

But these observers, satisfied with having indicated the existence of forces in those regions, left to their successors the labor of a more thorough investigation—an investigation that has produced many interesting results.

It would require far more space than I have now at my disposal to do justice to these investigations. They have been conducted by some of the ablest philosophers, and many of them are specimens of consummate experimental skill. What I propose to do now is only to describe researches I have personally made on this subject, and to offer reflections on their bearing.

In the summer of 1842 I made many attempts to photograph the Fraunhofer fixed lines of the spectrum, and at length obtained exceedingly beautiful impressions of them. These were on daguerreotype silver plates—the operation in use at that time. In the following spring (May, 1843) I published in the *Philosophical Magazine* a description of the method of conducting the experiment and the results it furnished. The following is an abstract of it:

"When a beam of the sun's light, directed horizontally by a heliostat, is admitted into a dark room, and passing through a slit with parallel sides, is received on the surface of a flint-glass prism, which refracts it at the angle of minimum deviation, and, after its passage through the prism, is converged to a focal image on a white screen by the action of an achromatic lens, the resulting spectrum is given in great purity, and Fraunhofer's lines are very distinct. If a photographic surface be set in the place of the white screen, it will exhibit the representation of multitudes of dark lines.

"I can not avoid calling attention to the remarkable circumstance, which has often presented itself to me, of a great change in the *relative visibility* of Fraunhofer's lines when seen at different times. Sometimes the strong lines in the red ray are so feeble that the eye can barely discover them, and then again they come out as dark as though marked in India ink on the paper. During these changes the other lines may or may not undergo corresponding variations. The same remark applies to the yellow and blue rays. It has seemed to me that the lines in the red are more visible as the sun approaches the horizon, and those at the more refrangible end of the spectrum are plainer in the middle of the day."

I subsequently substantiated this remark, and satisfied myself that many of the lines in the red are due to absorption by the earth's atmosphere, and therefore more distinct with a rising or setting sun. Those in the more refrangible regions, the indigo, the blue, and the violet, are due to absorption by the atmosphere of the sun.

The apparatus I have used may be thus more particularly described:

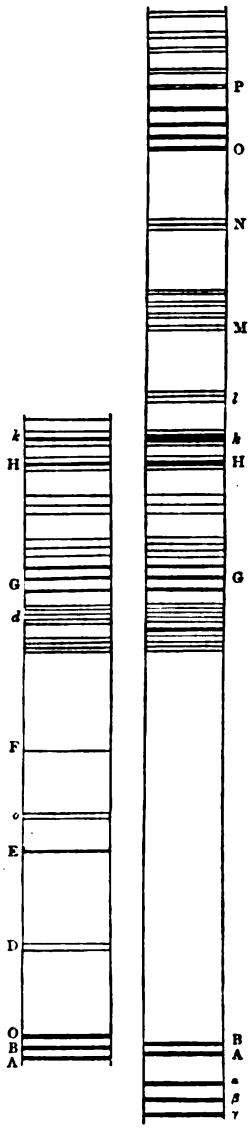
"A sunbeam, passing horizontally from a heliostat mirror into a dark room, was received on a screen with a slit in its centre, the slit being formed by a pair of parallel knife edges, one of which was movable by a micrometer screw, the instrument being, in fact, the common one used for showing diffracted fringes. The screw was adjusted so as to give an aperture $\frac{1}{50}$ inch wide, and the light passing through fell upon an equiangular flint-glass prism placed at a distance of eleven feet. Immediately on the posterior face of the prism the ray was received on an achromatic lens, the object-glass of a telescope, and brought to a focus at the distance of six feet six inches, at which an arrangement was adjusted for exposing white paper screens, on which the greater fixed lines might be seen, or sensitive plates substituted for the screens, occupying precisely the same position. The lines on the screens could, therefore, be compared with those on the sensitive surfaces as to position and magnitude with considerable accuracy.

"In order to identify these lines I have made use of the map of the spectrum published by Professor Powell in the Report of the British Association for 1839. With the apparatus as above described they are exceedingly distinct; no difficulty arises in the identification of the more prominent ones. The spectrum with which I have worked occupies upon the screen a space of nearly four inches and a quarter in length from the red to the violet, or, more correctly speaking, from the ray marked in

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that map A to the one marked *k*. In stating, however, that no difficulty arises in identifying these lines, I ought to add that I am referring to that particular map. In the figure annexed to Sir John Herschel's 'Treatise on Light,' in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, the rays marked G seem to differ from that in the report. But Professor Powell's map being drawn from his personal observations, with reference to these very difficulties, and as it agrees with my own observations and measures, I have employed it, and therefore take the letters he gives.

"It will be understood that the *whole* spectrum and *all* its lines can not be obtained at one impression. The difficulty is that the different regions of the spectrum act with different power in producing the proper effect. Thus, if on common yellow iodide of silver the attempt were made to procure all the lines at one trial, it would be found that the blue region would have passed to a state of high solarization, and that all its fine lines were extinguished by being overdone long before any well-marked action could be traced in the less refrangible extremity. It is necessary, therefore, to examine the different regions in succession, exposing the sensitive surface to each for a suitable length of time.



"The general result of these various photographs may be thus stated: Below the red rays, and in a region altogether invisible, are three very large lines, these I designated *α*, *β*, *γ*; they are obtained more perfectly in the morning and evening light, less perfectly in the middle of the day, and hence I inferred that they are probably due to the absorptive action of the earth's atmosphere. Fraunhofer's lines A and B were also depicted, but I did not obtain D, E, F. The line G and its companions were very strongly impressed. But by far the most striking in the whole photograph are those marked H. Then passing beyond the violet and out of the visible limits of the spectrum, four very striking groups made their appearance. To the first line of each of these, in continuation of Fraunhofer's nomenclature, I gave the designations M, N, O, P. In *l* there are three lines, in M eight, in N three, in O four, and in P five.

"Besides these larger groups, the photographs were crossed by hundreds of minuter lines, so that it was impossible to count them. If nearly six hundred have been counted between A and H, I should think there must be quite as many between H and P. In speaking of these lines as though they were strong individual ones, the statement is to be taken with some limitation. It is quite likely that each of these bolder lines is made up of a great number that are excessively narrow and close together.

"If the absorptive action of the sun's atmosphere be the cause of this phenomenon, that action must take place much more powerfully on the more refrangible and extra-spectral region. The lines exhibited there are bold and strongly developed."

Scarcely was the paper from which the foregoing extracts are made published in the *Philosophical Magazine*, when I learned that in France M. E. Becquerel had already photographed the more refrangible lines, and published statements to that effect. But he had not observed those in the less refrangible regions, designated by me *α*, *β*, *γ*.

In fact, the process I was using was one I had recently discovered: it consisted in permitting the daylight to fall along with the sun rays on the photographic surface. The daylight and the sunlight antagonized each other, and these hitherto undiscovered lines made their appearance as positive photographs. The peculiarities of this singular and interesting process I will describe hereafter in one of these papers.

In 1846 MM. Foucault and Fizeau, having repeated the experiment thus originally made by me, presented a communication to the French Academy of Sciences. They had observed the antagonizing action above described, and had seen the ultra-spectrum heat lines, *α*, *β*, *γ*. They had taken the precaution to deposit with the Academy a sealed envelope containing an account of their discovery, not knowing that it had been made and published long previously in America.

Hereupon, M. E. Becquerel communicated to the same Academy a criticism on their paper. In this he remarks: "M. Draper, in examining the image produced by the action of the spectrum on plates of iodized silver, announced before those gentlemen

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the existence of protecting rays antagonizing the action of the solar rays, and even acting negatively on iodide of silver." He strengthened his views by adding some observations that had been made by Sir J. Herschel, who did not assent to the existence of this protecting action, but thought that the daguerreotype impressions could be explained on Newton's theory of the colors of thin plates.

Herschel had made some investigations on the distribution of heat in the spectrum, using paper blackened on one side and moistened with alcohol on the other. He obtained a series of spots or patches, commencing above the yellow and extending far below the red. Some writers on this subject have considered that these observations imply a discovery of the lines α, β, γ; they forget, however, that Herschel did not use a slit, but the direct image of the sun—an image which was more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, as I know from the specimens he sent me, and which are still in my possession. Under such circumstances it was physically impossible that these or any other of the fixed lines should be seen.

In 1871 M. Lamanski announced that he had discovered these lines by the aid of a thermo-multiplier. In his memoir he states that, with the exception of Foucault and Fizeau, no one had made reference to them. Hereupon I drew attention to the memoir I had published in 1843, containing a map or engraving of them.

As has been mentioned, I did not obtain at that time the lines D, E, F. I used that fact as an argument in behalf of the theory of the physical independence of the luminous and chemical radiations. These were, however, subsequently photographed by my son Henry Draper.

There are, therefore, many rays emitted by the sun and other shining bodies to which our eyes are entirely blind.

Two different reasons may be alleged for our inability to perceive such rays: first, they may not be able to reach the retina, the media of the eye not transmitting them; second, the retina may be so constituted as to be unable to receive their impressions.

It has long been known that rays which come from sheet-iron heated by a lamp can not pass either through the cornea or through the crystalline lens. Even of those that are furnished by an Argand flame, used as a luminous source of heat, less than one-fifth pass through the cornea alone, and scarcely one-fiftieth when the crystalline lens is interposed. Cima showed that of the heat rays emitted by a flame, less than one-tenth pass through the cornea, lens, and vitreous humor conjointly. Janssen, using a flame, compared the heat transparency of the separate media of the eye with that of water included between glass plates, showing that there is a perfect accordance between them if taken of equal thickness. From this it is to be concluded that invisible rays to a certain extent reach the retina. Franz, by carefully conducted experiments with a thermo-electric pile, came to the conclusion that a quantity of obscure rays detectable by the thermometer can reach the retina, which therefore must be so constituted as not to be able to perceive them.

This settles the question so far as the less refrangible or ultra-red rays are concerned. We have then to determine how it is with those at the opposite or more refrangible end of the spectrum. Do these pass through the media of the eye, or are they arrested and never reach the retina?

I made a series of experiments on these rays, and found that they passed through the different media of the eye examined separately, and what is more to the point, through them all collectively with but little loss. There was no difficulty in obtaining a dark stain on paper made sensitive with chloride of silver, and placed at the back of the eye of an ox, from which the sclerotic and pigment had been suitably removed. In a general manner the media of the eye act like water on the transmissibility of these rays.

Admitting from these experiments that invisible as well as visible rays reach the retina, we may next consider the nature of the impression made upon it, and are thus brought directly to an investigation of the act of vision.

There are three hypotheses to be considered:

1. That rays falling on the retina or black pigment impart to those structures a rise of temperature. This may be termed the calorific hypothesis.

2. That rays falling on the retina occasion a chemical change or metamorphosis in its structure, implying the occurrence of waste in it, and therefore the necessity of repair. This may be termed the chemical hypothesis.

3. That rays falling on the retina throw its parts into a vibratory movement, not necessarily attended by any metamorphosis of tissue, as waves of sound occasion consentaneous pulsations in the auditory apparatus of the ear. This may be termed the mechanical hypothesis.

FIRST: *Of the calorific hypothesis of vision.* Comparative anatomy offers certain facts which lend plausibility to this hypothesis. Some of the most remarkable of these relate to the construction of the eye in lower animals. The ocelli, which consist of dark-colored or black spots, or black cup-shaped membranes, containing within them the rudiment of an optic nerve, are the beginning of an organ of vision. There being no optical apparatus for the production of images,

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the luminous impression must be felt as heat. For this the dark pigment is well designed. It is an old physical experiment to lay upon the snow on a sunshiny winter day pieces of differently colored cloth. They will melt their way to a greater depth in proportion as their tint is darker: the black, becoming the warmest, sinks deepest; the white, reflecting most of the heat, scarcely melts the snow at all. Now an animal destitute of any visual organ can only be affected by the impressions of light in a very doubtful manner; but if there be upon its exterior a black spot, not only is there a much higher sensitiveness because of the increased absorptive power for heat, but the sphere of consciousness is greatly extended, from the possibility of acquiring a knowledge of directions in space—a knowledge that becomes more and more exact with the increasing number and symmetrical arrangement of these ocelli.

If we apply these principles to a more perfect form of eye, as that of man, we are led to a new interpretation of the function of some of its parts. The black pigment becomes the receiving surface for images of external things, and rays falling upon it, in their diversity of color, brightness, and shade, in the act of becoming extinguished, engender heat. As with the tip of the finger passing over an object we can discover, even in the dark, spaces that are warm and those that are cool, so the rods and cones of Jacob's membrane, acting as tactile organs, convey to the brain a knowledge of the momentary distribution of heat on the dark concave of the eye. The pigment has therefore a far more important office to discharge than that of merely extinguishing stray light and darkening the inside of the globe.

But this calorific hypothesis is not without great difficulties. Heat suffers conduction. If this black pigment officiated as a transformer of light rays into heat by producing extinction, there must unavoidably be a lateral spread from the boundaries of warm to cooler spaces, the edges of images must be nebulous and without sharpness of contour. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the visual apparatus can not take cognizance of heat merely as such. Calorific rays reach the black pigment and raise its temperature without the retina being affected.

Such considerations seem, therefore, to exclude the calorific hypothesis, and prepare us for an examination of the chemical.

SECOND: *Of the chemical hypothesis of vision.* Numerous discoveries made of late years in relation to the chemical action of light put us in possession of many facts having a bearing on this hypothesis. A majority of compound substances, both inorganic and organic, suffer chemical modifications when exposed to the access of light, and, what is very significant, these changes are occasioned by definite classes of rays. One substance finds its maximum of action in the violet region, another in the yellow, another in the red. The effect in every instance grades off toward the less and more refrangible spaces respectively.

In these actions of decomposition there is nothing like lateral spreading, nothing answering to conduction. No better proof of this is necessary than the exquisite sharpness of photographic pictures—a sharpness only limited by the optical imperfections of the lens with which they are made. The molecules on which the light falls are the only ones that experience change; there is no propagation of effect from part to part—an important particular, because it is what we observe in the case of sight.

The retina, the nervous expansion of the eye, is so constituted that a maximum effect upon it is occasioned by the yellow ray, the action declining on one side to the red, and on the other toward the violet, and ceasing at the extremes of those rays. For this reason, when a solar spectrum is examined by the eye, the yellow is the most brilliant space, there being a decline in intensity from it to the two extremes.

In my experiments on the decomposition of carbonic acid by plants in the sunlight, previously related in these papers, the maximum of action was found to be in the yellow, with a gradation of effect toward the red and violet ends of the spectrum respectively. From this it would appear that a relation exists between light and compounds having a carbon nucleus, answering to that observed in the case of the retina of the eye. Such a relation is very well illustrated in the case of other chemical elements, as silver, a metal which is the basis of all ordinary photographic preparations. The ray of maximum action is in the indigo space. Objects viewed by a retina having a silver sensitive nucleus would present an appearance altogether unlike that they would offer to a carbon nucleus. The order of brilliancy in the lights would be no longer the same. The red and yellow parts of objects would be black, that is to say invisible, and other rays beyond the violet would come into view.

Among experiments that I have made on this subject, there is one of much physiological interest. The element phosphorus finds its maximum impression in the more refrangible portion of the spectrum, in that respect resembling silver. Upon a portion of translucent phosphorus, inclosed out of contact of air in a flattened glass tube, into which it had been drawn while melted, and then suffered to solidify, a solar spectrum was cast. The effect of light upon this kind of phosphorus is to turn it eventually to a deep mahogany red, and chemically to throw it from an active into an inactive state. As

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amorphous phosphorus otherwise prepared, it ceases to shine in the dark. In the experiments now alluded to, it appeared that this reddening takes place in the indigo and violet spaces, so that the fixed lines known by spectroscopists as those about H were beautifully depicted. Now some physiologists have supposed that nerve vesicle tissue owes its property to the presence of unoxidized phosphorus, but if the principles we are contemplating be correct, and this were the case, the most brilliant ray in the spectrum should be the indigo, and not the yellow. Therefore, if vision be performed by chemical change in the substance of the retina, it is carbon and not phosphorus that is concerned.

If we admit that during the act of vision the retina, as a structure with a carbon nucleus, undergoes metamorphosis, the principles of photo-chemistry would lead us to expect that the yellow must be the brightest ray, and a harmony is thus established between this and other functional changes in the body. We also perceive the significance of certain structures of the eye which otherwise would appear to be without meaning. The rapid retrograde metamorphosis which must be taking place in the retina involves the provision of some means for moving away the wasted products and of supplying nutrition with the utmost quickness. And this is the office discharged by the choroid.

But such removals and supplies require time. Time, therefore, enters as an element in the visual operation. Sight commences instantaneously, but the image of an object may be seen long after the reality has disappeared. This instantaneous commencement of a retinal impression may be very strikingly illustrated. The spark of a Leyden-jar, though it does not last, as is affirmed, the millionth of a second, can without any difficulty be photographed even on so sluggish a compound as silver iodide. On the far more sensitive retina the chemical impression must be practically contemporaneous with the impinging of the light.

If, after the eyelids have been closed for some time, we suddenly and steadfastly gaze at a bright object, and then quickly close the lids again, a phantom image is perceived existing in the indefinite darkness before us. By degrees the image becomes less and less distinct; in a minute or two it has disappeared.

The chemical hypothesis renders a very clear explanation of this effect—an explanation that commends itself to our attention as casting light in many cases on the curious phenomena of apparitions—phenomena that have been not without influence on the history of mankind.

The duration and gradual extinction of the retinal phantoms correspond to the destruction and renovation taking place in the retina itself. The blood supply is very ample, as are likewise the channels for the removal of waste, but the operations require time to be accomplished. As in machines contrived by man, so in natural organs, the practical working does not always come up to the theoretical standard. Theoretically, as the retina suffers change under the incident light, the removal of waste and nutrition should go on in an equal manner both as to time and quantity. A marvelous approach to the ideal perfection is attained, for though the action of light must necessarily be cumulative, that is, increasing with the continuance of exposure, objects do not become brighter and brighter as we look at them, but they attain their predestined distinctness at once. The action of the light, the removal of the waste it is occasioning, and the supply for renovation are all contemporaneously going on with an equal step, or so nearly so that such may be considered to be the practical effect.

THIRD: *Of the mechanical hypothesis of vision.* There is a growing belief among those who are cultivating photo-chemistry that the mode of operation of a ray of light in accomplishing chemical changes is by establishing vibratory movements among the molecules of the substance affected. As has been affirmed, perhaps fancifully, of certain singers, that they could cause a glass goblet to fly to pieces by a proper intonation of their voice, through the attempt of the glass by resonance to execute incompatible vibrations, so it is thought that an incident ray may break asunder a group of molecules by establishing among them discordant agitations. Chemical decompositions by radiations become thus connected theoretically with vibratory movements.

But these are vibrations not necessarily attended by any destruction of tissue. Waves of sound occasion such pulsations in the apparatus of the ear without producing any chemical change in the auditory nerve.

If we consider the retina as an elastic shell, of which the parts are put into a purely mechanical movement by the pulsations of light, we abandon without explanation some of the most interesting portions of the structure of the eye. Of what use is that wonderful net-work of vessels constituting the choroid? It is a principle in physiology that the supply of blood to a part is proportional to its functional activity. The elaborate vascular mechanism in juxtaposition with the retina will bear no other interpretation than that that tissue is the seat of incessant chemical changes.

Moreover, physical science in its present state is not sufficiently advanced to furnish the means of clearly comprehending such purely mechanical motions executed by the ultimate particles of things. We may con-

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ceive of the comparatively slow swaying of groups of molecules under the influence of normal pulsations in the air, but not of the dance of atoms disturbed by transverse vibrations in the ether. If, therefore, there were no arguments of an anatomical kind to be presented against the admission of this hypothesis, we should be compelled to turn aside from it because of the inadequacy of our knowledge in tracing its conditions to their applications.

This, therefore, is the conclusion at which we finally arrive—that vision depends on chemical changes, especially of oxidation, in the retina, and that they approach in their nature those that we speak of as photographic. There is no difficulty in understanding how such changes may give rise to an influence transmitted along the optic nerve to the brain, when we reflect that the oxidation of a few particles of zinc may accomplish specific mechanical results through many miles of intervening telegraphic wire, producing mechanical motions as in the telegraph of Morse, or chemical changes as in that of Bain.

We have remarked that a critical study of the function of vision can not fail to lead to interesting results respecting the nervous system generally. Guided by that remark, we may perhaps profitably consider further the vestiges of visual impressions, and the physical conditions under which they disturb us or spontaneously obtrude themselves on our attention.

The perception of external objects depends on the rays of light entering the eye, and converging so as to produce images, which make an impression on the retina, and through the optic nerve are delivered to the brain. The direction of these influences, so far as the observer is concerned, is from without to within, from the object to the brain.

But the inverse of this is possible. Impressions existing in the brain may take, as it were, an outward direction, and be projected or localized among external forms; or if the eyes be closed, as in sleep, or the observer be in darkness, they will fill up the empty space before him with scenery of their own.

Inverse vision depends primarily on the condition that former impressions, inclosed in the optic thalami, or registering ganglia at the base of the brain, assume such a degree of relative intensity that they can arrest the attention of the mind. The moment that an equality is established between the intensity of these vestiges and sensations contemporaneously received from the outer world, or that the latter are wholly extinguished, as in sleep, inverse sight occurs, presenting, as the occasions may vary, apparitions, visions, dreams.

From the moral effect that arises, we are very liable to connect these with the supernatural. In truth, however, they are the natural results of the action of the nervous mechanism, which of necessity produces them wherever it is placed, either by normal or morbid or artificial causes, in the proper conditions. It confounds the subjective and the objective together. It can act either directly, as in ordinary vision, or inversely, as in cerebral sight, and in this respect resembles those instruments which equally yield a musical note whether the air is blown through them or drawn in.

The hours of sleep continually present us, in a state of perfect health, illusions that address themselves to the eye rather than to any other organ of sense, and these commonly combine into moving and acting scenes, a dream being truly a drama of the night. In certain states of health appearances of a like nature intrude themselves before us even in the open day, but these, being corrected by the realities by which they are surrounded, impress us very differently. The want of unison between such images and the things among which they have intruded themselves, the anachronism of their advent, or other obvious incongruities, restrain the mind from delivering itself up to that absolute belief in their reality which so completely possesses us in our dreams. Yet, nevertheless, such is the constitution of man, the bravest and the wisest encounter these fictions of their own organization with awe.

The visions of an Arab merchant have ended in tincturing the daily life of half the people of Asia and Africa for a thousand years. A spectre that came into the camp at Sardis the night before the battle of Philippi unnerved the heart of Brutus, and thereby put an end to the political system that had made the Roman republic the arbiter of the world. A phantom that appeared to Constantine strengthened his hand to that most difficult of all the tasks of a statesman, the destruction of an ancient faith.

Hallucinations are of two kinds—those seen when the eyes are open, and those perceived when they are closed. To the former the designation of apparitions, to the latter that of visions, may be given.

In a physiological sense, simple apparitions may be considered as arising from disturbances or diseases of the retina; visions, from the traces of impressions inclosed at a former time in the corpora quadrigemina and optic thalami.

From flying specks floating before us, the first rudiments of apparitions, it is but a step to the intercalation of simple or even grotesque images among the real objects at which we are looking; and indeed this is the manner in which they always offer themselves, as resting or moving among the actually existing things. Sir W. Scott says of

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children that lying is natural to them, and that to tell the truth is an acquired habit. To them a white object faintly descried in the twilight is easily expanded into a moving and supernatural thing. I do not say how far we are liable to practice this deception upon ourselves in later life.

Insects flying in the air, or rather floating in vacancy before us, present the incipient form of retinal malady. In a more aggravated form it less frequently occurs as producing stars or sparks of light. From the earliest times physicians have observed that it is a "bad sign" when the patient localizes these images. "If the sick man says there be little holes in the curtains or black spots on his bedclothes, then it is plain that his end is at hand."

Sometimes the derangement giving origin to these appearances is not limited to the retina, but involves more or less completely the entire nervous apparatus of the eye. Retinal insanity and cerebral vision occur together. In cases investigated in a philosophical manner by the patients themselves, this complication is often distinctly recognized. Thus Nicolai, the Prussian bookseller, who published in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Berlin an interesting account of his sufferings, states that of the apparitions of men and women with which he was troubled, there were some that disappeared on shutting the eyes, but some did not. In such cases there can be no doubt that the disease affected the corpora quadrigemina and the optic thalami as well as the retina.

This condition, in which the receiving centres and registering ganglia at the base of the brain are engaged, is the one that yields the most striking instances of hallucinations in which apparitions and visions co-exist. It can in less complicated forms be brought on artificially, as by alcohol in delirium tremens, or by the use of opium or other drugs. In these as in those forms, it is the localization of the phantom among the objects around us that gives power to the illusion. The form of a cloud no bigger than the hand is perhaps first seen floating over the carpet; but this, as the eye follows it, takes on a distinct contour and a definite shape, and the sufferer sees with dismay a moping raven on some of the more distant articles of furniture. Or, out of an indistinct cloud, faces sometimes of surprising loveliness emerge, a more beautiful one succeeding as a former dies away. "Throw a handkerchief over that bed post," once said a dying friend to me; "there is on it a face too beautiful for me to look at." The mind, ever ready to practice imposture upon itself, will at last accompany the illusion with grotesque or even dreadful inventions. A sarcophagus, painted after the manner of the Egyptians, distresses the visionary with the rolling of its eyes. Martin Luther thus more than once saw the devil under the well-known form popularly assigned to him in the Middle Ages.

As the nervous centres become more profoundly involved, these visions become more impressive. Instead of a solitary phantom intruding itself among recognized realities, as the shade of a deceased friend noiselessly steps before us through the unopened door, the complicated scenes of a true drama are displayed. The brain becomes a theatre. According as the travel or the reading of the sick man may have been, the illusion takes a style: black vistas of Oriental architecture that stretch away into infinite night; temples and fanes and the battlemented walls of cities; colossal Pharaohs sitting in everlasting silence, with their hands upon their knees. "I saw," says De Quincey, in his *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, "as I lay awake in bed, vast processions that passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that, to my mind, were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis, and, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendor."

Apparitions are the result of a false interpretation of impressions contemporaneously made on the retina; visions are a presentiment of the relics of old ones remaining in the registering ganglia of the brain. We may be convinced of this, not so much from an examination of well related or authenticated cases as from what may be termed the natural history of ghosts. The Greeks and Romans were just as much liable to disorders of the nervous system as we are; but to them supernatural appearances came under mythological forms—Venus and Mars and Minerva. In the dreams of the ascetics of the Middle Ages, the places of these were taken by phantoms of the Virgin and the saints. The forms of such phantoms have changed with changes of the creeds of communities, and we may therefore, with good Reginald Scot, inquire, "If the apparitions which have been seen by true men and brave men in all ages of the world were real existences, what has become of the swarms of them in these latter times?"

One class of apparitions (perhaps it was the first to exist, as it is the last to remain) has survived all these changes—survived them because it is connected with a thing that never ceases, the affection of the human heart. To the people of every age the images of their dead have appeared. They are not infrequent even in our own times. It would be an ungracious task to enter on an examination of the best authenticated

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of such anecdotes. Inquiries of this kind can scarcely be freed from the liability to an imputation on personal veracity, perceptive power, or moral courage, and it is not necessary to entangle ourselves with such causes of offense. It is enough for us to perceive that even here incongruities may be pointed out. The Roman saw the shade of his friend clothed in the well-known toga, the European sees his in our own grotesque garb. The spirit of Maupertuis that stood by the bay-window of the library at Berlin had on knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles. To the philosopher it may perhaps occur that it is very doubtful if, among the awful solemnities of the other world, the fashions ever vary. Shall we carry the vanities of life beyond the grave?

As illustrating the manner in which impressions of the past may emerge from the brain, I shall here furnish an instance bordering closely on the supernatural, and fairly representing the most marvelous of these psychological phenomena. It occurred to a physician, who related it, in my hearing, to a circle whose conversation had turned on the subject of personal fear. "What you are saying," he remarked, "may be very true; but I can assure you that the sentiment of fear, in its utmost degree, is much less common than you suppose; and though you may be surprised to hear me say it, I know from personal experience that this is certainly so. When I was five or six years old, I dreamed that I was passing by a large pond of water in a very solitary place. On the opposite side of it there stood a great tree that looked as if it had been struck by lightning, and in the pond at another part an old fallen trunk, on one of the prone limbs of which there was a turtle sunning himself. On a sudden a wind arose, which forced me into the pond, and in my dying struggles to extricate myself from its green and slimy waters I awoke, trembling with terror.

"About eight years subsequently, while recovering from a nearly fatal attack of scarlet fever, this dream presented itself to me, identical in all respects, again. Even up to this time I think I had never seen a living tortoise or turtle, but I indistinctly remember that there was a picture of one in the first spelling-book that had been given me. Perhaps on account of my critical condition, this second dream impressed me more dreadfully than the first.

"A dozen years more elapsed. I had become a physician, and was now actively pursuing my professional duties in one of the Southern States. It so fell out that one July afternoon I had to take a long and wearisome ride on horseback. It was Sunday, and extremely hot; the path was solitary, there was not a house for miles. The forest had that intense silence so characteristic of this time of the day; all the wild animals and birds had gone to their retreats to be rid of the heat of the sun. Suddenly at one point of the road I came upon a great stagnant water pool, and casting my eyes across it, there stood a pine-tree blasted by lightning, and on a log that was nearly even with the surface a turtle was basking in the sun. The dream of my infancy was upon me; the bridle fell from my hands, an unutterable fear overshadowed me, and I slunk away from the accursed place.

"Though business occasionally afterward would have drawn me that way, I could not summon resolution to go, and actually have taken roundabout paths. It seemed to me profoundly amazing that the dream that I had had should after twenty years be realized, without respect to difference of scene, or climate, or age. A good clergyman of my acquaintance took the opportunity of improving the circumstance to my spiritual advantage, and in his kind enthusiasm—for he knew that I had been more than once brought to the point of death by such fevers—interpreted my dream that I should die of marsh miasm.

"Most persons have doubtless observed that they suddenly encounter events of a trivial nature, in their course of life, of which they have an indistinct recollection that they have dreamed before. For a long time it seemed to me that this was a case of that kind, and that it might be set down among the mysterious and unaccountable. How wonderful it is that we so often fail to see the simple explanation of things, when that explanation is actually intruding itself before us! And so in this case; it was long before the truth gleamed in upon me, before my reasoning powers shook off the delusive impressions of my senses. But it occurred at last; for I said to myself, Is it more probable that such a mystery is true, or that I have dreamed for the third time that which I had already dreamed of twice before? Have I really seen the blasted tree and the sunning turtle? Are a weary ride of fifty miles, the noontide heat, the silence that could almost be felt, no provocation to a dream? I have ridden under such circumstances many a mile fast asleep, and have awoke and known it; and so I resolved that if ever circumstances carried me to those parts again, I would satisfy myself as to the matter.

"Accordingly, after a few years, when an incident led me to travel there, I revisited the well-remembered scene. There was still the stagnant pool, but the blasted pine-tree was gone; and after I had pushed my horse through the marshy thicket as far as I could force him, and then dismounted and pursued a close investigation on foot in every direction around the spot, I was clearly convinced that no pine-tree had ever grown there; not

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a stump nor any token of its remains could be seen; and so now I have concluded that at the glimpse of the water, with the readiness of those who are falling asleep, I had adopted an external fact into a dream; that it had aroused the trains of thought which in former years had occupied me, and that, in fine, the mystery was all a delusion, and that I had been frightened with less than a shadow."

The instructive story of this physician teaches us how readily and yet how impressively the remains of old ideas may be recalled; how they may, as it were, be projected into the space beyond us, and take a position among existing realities. For this all that is necessary is that there should be an equalization of old impressions with new sensations, and that may be accomplished either by diminishing the force of present sensations, or by increasing the activity of those parts of the brain in which the old impressions are stored up.

Thus, when we are falling asleep, the organs of sense no longer convey their special impressions with the clearness and force that they did in our waking hours, and this gives to the traces that are stored up in the brain the power of drawing upon themselves the attention of the mind.

So likewise in the delirium of fevers, the spectral phantoms which trouble the sick are first seen when the apartment is darkened and kept silent, and especially when the patient closes his eyes. Until the senses are more completely overwhelmed, these shadows will disappear on brightly illuminating the room or on opening the eyes.

So too in the hour of death, when outer things are losing their force on the glazed eye, the dull ear, and worn-out body, images that have reference to the manner of our past life emerge; the innocent and good being attended in their solemn journey by visions in unison with their former actions and thoughts, the evil, with scenes of terror and despair; and it is right that it should be so.

In this paper I commenced with a narrative of the discovery of the invisible fixed lines of the spectrum, and pursuing the natural suggestions of the subject, have been led to consider the sense of sight. I have shown how we are to explain direct vision, and how the same principles will apply to inverse vision or cerebral sight. Very few topics have a higher interest than this; for cerebral sight, personally or individually considered, presents us with the most portentous and ominous phenomena. It has influenced to an extent that we can scarcely appreciate the history of the human race. The lines invisible to the human eye, but seen by photographic substances, are ready to convey to us a world of information. They can extend all that has been done by the spectrum analysis of terrestrial bodies, and reveal new facts respecting the constitution of other worlds. Of stars that we call fixed, they can tell us whether they are in motion or not, whether they are receding from or advancing toward us—information that we have gathered, perhaps less perfectly, from the visible lines.

We should ever bear in mind that the knowledge brought to us by light, the perception of things immediately around us, is but a portion of what we have really acquired. Darkness informs us of the existence of the universe. In the brightness of the day we might learn that there is a sun and a moon, but it is only in the darkness of the night that there is revealed to us the infinity of worlds. From them we gather conceptions of the immensity of space, and learn how absolutely insignificant we individually are.

It is not possible to finish a subject so full of interest as this in a single paper, and so in the following one we will resume its consideration. A shadow can not fall upon a wall without leaving its permanent trace. There exists in nature an ineffaceable record of every act that every man has done.

ELLEN HARTWIN, SCHOOL-MA'AM.

THE day that I first saw him whose poor reporter I shall attempt to be, I was walking through an almost deserted park in the quietest quarter of the town, nursing the bitterness of a defeated hope. An ill-kept little park it was, and particularly cheerless on a day like that, of falling leaves and restless gray clouds that seemed to be hunting the heavens over for the sun and never finding him. So far their case was better than mine, since there was an element of hope in their motion. I suppose there are no such outlooks for brightness and blackness as youth has upon life; at no other stage are there despairs so eternal in their seeming, and transient in their real duration. As I walked the small round of paths, setting my heel on every bright leaf in my way, I said, "This is the end. Let any one take my chances who likes the leading of forlorn hopes."

It was at my third moody round that a child's merry voice made a break in my thoughts. They were sitting on a bench half covered with dry leaves, the two children, of five and seventy. They could afford to be merry—the one almost furloughed from the ranks, the other not yet drafted in. The grandchild, a pretty boy with the fly-away yellow hair and dimpled rosiness that women always turn to smile at in the streets, had stuck red leaves all over the old man's coat, and having just coaxed one to stay in his

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white hair, was making merry over his success.

"I wish my hair was like that," thought I. "A tree so frosted at the top must be near its fall." But when I saw his face—well, I am glad I was not so graceless as to misread the message of that notable old face. Deeply channeled by trouble, lined and interlined and postscripted by grief, it yet had a look most sweet to see. It was not resignation; it was not retrospection; but it was a look both patient and expectant, as if he and the desire of a long-denied heart were getting nearer every moment—so near that he had ceased to count the mile-stones; so near that the very sense of nearness was a staff for his heart to rest upon.

"Grandpa, what makes her so sorry?" The little fellow was pulling the old man's face around to look at me. He nodded kindly, and I, half halting, nodded back. "I looked like that this morning when I broke mine hobby-horse. Did you break yours hobby-horse?"

"Yes, and got hurt in the fall," I said.

"Well, show grandpa; he'll happy you again. Grandpa always happies me."

In a moment I was sitting with them, and my trouble was already a trifle eased, because a child's soft fingers had felt it out; and in a moment the dear old man was medicining my hurt with that healing instinct that asks no questions, laying bare his own life—and what mortal hurts it had suffered!—as to a new-found child.

My pen would fain submit in advance its apology to him whose most truthful and simple story it can but mar in its attempted personation.

"Men talk about looking backwards and forwards over life, but it must be lonesome business, dear lass, 'specially when the forwards don't throw much light on the backwards. Well, now I'm an old man—a very old man, come to think on it—but, bless you! I shall be a young one again afore I've half got that lesson by heart. Somehow the years don't run away from me; the very youngest of 'em keep me company down hill most sociable. I see myself quite plain, a great hulking lad seventeen years old, sitting in the old place in the district academy. There's a new teacher coming—'A young woman to make you toe the equator,' says the trustees; and I've got a pint of dried pease to fire at the stove-pipe, and Jim Parkes, next desk to me, has got the Falls of Niagara to construct out of stones and half a bottle of ink afore she comes. When she does, and walks across the room and faces us from behind her table, I've got one pea left, but somehow I don't fire it, and Jim he mops up the Horseshoe Fall with the sleeve of his jacket.

"Ellen Hartwin—we know her name—don't look a day older than me; and the color is a-coming and a-going in her face, and the spring air from an open window is a-blowing her soft hair. She tries to steady herself by one hand on the table, but the tremble all gets into her young voice when she speaks:

"'I hope we shall have a pleasant school together; if you wish me half as well as I you, we may indeed.'

"She has more to say, but it don't come out, on account of that tremble. Jim winks to me,

"'Easy times ahead—small cat, 'fraid of mice.'

"They don't turn out easy times for the poor little school-ma'am. Every morning she comes to her desk with an eager look in her eyes, and every night she goes away sorry and tired. The old apple-tree, that's got pretty much thinned out under the last master, sprouts out surprising this summer, and wickedness sprouts out of us boys just as fast; they want a simultan'ous lopping. When things is at their worst, she says she *must* speak to Squire Scudder; but she bears and bears beyond belief.

"Well, one day I've cut algebray and am up stream fishing. Afterwards I hear how one of the worst lads climbed into a tree near Miss Ellen's window, and threw a kitten clean through it crash on to her table, and how she took up the scared thing, and stood up and blazed out words that stuck like pins into every boy in the room. Well, I'm on one side of the log bridge fishing. On a sudden I hear a sobbing, and peeking under, I see our teacher's pretty head dropped into her hands. The worst boy couldn't stand such a sight, lass, and though there's a big cat-fish tugging at my line, I dursn't haul him, but just cut it, and slip back to school, just stopping to pick a bunch of johnny-jumpers and apple blossoms. She's fond of 'em, and I lay it on her table. It's recess, but I manage to get the boys around me, and tell 'em how the little school-ma'am looked sobbing at the bridge. We're sitting quiet at our desks when she comes in, pale and sad. She sees the posies; she gives a quick look round the room, and comes right down into the middle of us boys, a happy light shining in her eyes, a happy color trembling on her face—like no flower you ever saw. Then she speaks the words our ugliness has kept back so long:

"'Boys, I want you to be my good, helpful brothers. A sister can teach many things, not in the books, to her brothers that the school-mistress can't teach her scholars. And a woman *feels* out many things before her twin brother thinks up to them. I *do* want to make order right to *you*. And I want to make goodness and pureness of heart and mouth seem so beautiful to you that you will fish for them, race for them, fight for them, with all your might.'

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"Ah, it's a great thing for a gentle woman to put her hand on a boy's arm and call him brother. There ain't a boy of us that don't feel as if virtue come into him from it. It would be hard to make you understand all the sorts of learning we get from Ellen Hartwin. If it hadn't been for her, I'd never see any thing but griddle cakes in a buckwheat field ablossom, and there wasn't a boy in Scudderdale used to see more than cider and apple-dumplings in an apple orchard in June. And Ellen—well, some folks call it flighty to set such store by common things, but I take it special kind in the Lord, seeing she had no home folks, to make His outdoors more a home to her than their chimney-corner is to most folks. I'd like to know what the poets and book-writers make out of that queer sense that begins where the other five leave off. After all, it's mebbe just the extra loving heart she had. You can't be friends with a buttercup and on comfortable terms with a cricket without having a soft spot for 'em *some*wheres. She takes walks with us in the fields out o' school, and we get to have a fellow-feeling for all creeping and flying things. She puts hearts into our eyes, and eyes into our fingers. But I could go on heaping up words, lass, when one brush of her gown on your hand would tell it all.

"So two years pass by, and school is out, never to keep any more in the old way. Ellen and me have been up to Lookout Pond for water-lilies—ever go for them, child? The sun is up quite a piece when we get to them; and when we leave off picking, there's the moon, a round slice of silver, laying on the water, and the black pads nursing the half-shut lilies in their laps like her babies. In fact, I never see a flock of those white buds rocking on their pads, and a full moon shining down on 'em, without feeling as if she'd dropped some of her brood to be tended by the water.

"We take our own time coming home. I take it there's no better sight to be got in the world than in going down through sloping pastures, with the moon at your back, and the yellow star that hatches out first in the west nearer on a line with your feet than the little village down below; and a sky so red under the star, and such a pale yellow over it, that you wonder where the patching was done; and a bird skimming so close to the wonder that he might find out if he chose; and sweet elder-blow smells stealing after you from corners of fences. Ah, child, do you wonder that we take our time for it? Besides, it was Ellen and her scholar lad who scrambled up this path, but I come down a full-grown man, because there's a kind little hand in mine, and because somewheres in the world there's a good home for me to make for a good woman. You wouldn't have guessed it, but up there on that big rock in the upper meadow, where we stopped to braid the stems of the lilies, Ellen said she would be my wife.

"That general home feelin' in Ellen makes it easy to steer for the West, and our pockets being low and our hearts high, we don't pull up till we get where land's about nothing, and courage and muscle every thing. There's a long summer before us to build our house in and get settled. I get Ellen fixed quite comfortable at an old settler's; and one fine morning I take her to see the first log laid.

"'Five miles away from the nearest neighbor, dear,' I say, a bit down-hearted for her; but she claps her hands and laughs back,

"'No chance for you to run away from school *here*, Davy!'

"It's a different thing taking your bride into a ready-made house so fine and big that you get acquainted with your own children before you do with some of its crannies, from what it is to lay the foundations yourself, your wife drawing you down, hammer in hand, to kiss the corner beam in your little home. It goes up steady and cheery, and by the time the first smoke puffs out o' chimney, Ellen's garden looks like a prairieful of flowers squeezed into a back yard. What with woman's work indoors and man's out, and love to make light of both, we never stop to think of being lonely till our first child comes to show us the world was nothing like full. Another in good time tells us the same story, but we planned for 'em when we built the five good rooms, and Ellen—*her* arms never seem overfull. Work opens the way to more work. There's new ground to be broke for crops, draining to be done, timber cut, out-houses built, beginnings in the way of stock looked to. I suppose a city man coming home from work don't have to look at his own door-plate, though there are a dozen more houses alongside after the same pattern; but when a man comes out o' the woods on a winter's night, and under all heaven sees just one roof, and a light from one window making a track to him across the snow—what does *home* mean then, d'ye think, lass?

"Our first boy and third child was six weeks old that night." (No longer that sweet confusion of times and tenses in the old man's story: what year was this that it should be dropped from the companionship of its fellows?) "Ellen would meet me, she said, at the garden gate at sundown to show how strong and well she was. I got the cows in from pasture earlier than usual, not to keep her waiting at the gate. But she wasn't there, and that kind of pleased me—to think of Ellen's not being where she said she would. I hung on the gate a minute. The air was warm and still, but there wasn't a window open, which didn't look like Ellen. Her patch of flowers looked

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kind of sun-struck, and I picked one to show her how wilty it was. Child, I didn't trouble her with it. Our time for nursin' such joys as posies stand for in a life was gone by. I didn't turn to stone when I opened the door, yet there was my wife—my *wife*, lass—crouched in a corner like a wild thing; and the baby at her breast was purple.

"'Ellen!' I said. She was moaning and rocking herself; and then I saw the baby was not dead, but that she was pressing out its life—in the arms God gives a mother for a cradle.

"I laid hold of her wrists. If the boy's life had hung on it, I couldn't have hurt her, lass. I held on and looked into her eyes. That was as long as most men would care to live—the length of that look. She shuddered more and more; her arms got limp, and the child slipped into mine. Then I remembered I was a father. Some time, in heaven or earth, my Ellen would ask about our child. And I left her, and worked over him till I saw his little fingers fumbling in a feeble way, and the purple dying out of his face. Then I was free to go to her. I got hold of her wild hands and held her to my heart; maybe the old place would seem home-like, but it maddened her into strength to fling me off.

"Child, I can't tell it—not that part. My true Ellen is the gentlest woman that ever lived, and I can't bear you to get any other notion of her. And mind this, there ain't a devil strong enough to put any thing worse than terror and wildness into a pure, pious soul like hers. It's queer, when a man's head-piece gets hold of bad news, how it passes it along inch by inch to his heart. That's because one is a nicer machine than the other. My wife crazed, a six-weeks baby, and two little women, the oldest just turned five! I believed the whole of it with my head, and less than half with my heart. That was an awful night, though, after I'd given the little things bread and milk, and heard their little prayers, and put such comforts as my poor girl might need in her reach, and got settled, with baby wrapped up in my arms, at her door. It wasn't so bad, though, when 'long toward morning her breath came steady to my ears like music.

"There was nobody in those parts who'd work for love or hire under the same roof with 'a mad woman.' When it got noised round, folks kept shy of us. They didn't make it convenient to pass by often; but that I didn't mind as long as we could keep together. I doubt if you can take in what the keeping together meant—the woman's work to be learnt, and the man's work to be forgot, or the most of it, all but looking after the cattle and fodder, and enough vegetables to make us sure of a meal. Sometimes I took my boy out on one arm while I hoed the garden. It's surprising how I slipped into women's ways. Sometimes I've thought I tried to do too much; but it's cur'ous the feeling I had in me. You know when a friend dies there's a deal of comfort in doing what he figured to do with us; and there was Ellen's living eyes full of awful questions that her mouth couldn't put in the natural way.

"'Esther must learn to cipher soon, and Susy ought to know her letters,' she had said before her mind went on its dark journey. So I set myself of nights to makin' copies and figures, with a little woman on each knee. Poor work I made of it, too, with my heart in the room where she sat days and nights sometimes, with her hands clasped, and her mind a-journeying in foreign countries that I'd have given worlds to have had a guide-book to. But I kept screwed up to the work by figuring to myself how proud I'd be, when she come back, to show our little scholars, and how the old smile that used to follow me like a streak of sunshine to the blackboard would bless me again. For I never altogether gave up hope, not at her worst, not even when I turned sick binding up her poor hands that she had bruised against the wall when the terrors came on.

"Between her room, that I had to keep locked mostly, and the general living-room, where, after the trouble come, I got into the way of working and eating and sleeping, there was a thin boarding, papered as neat as we could do it at building time. You see, I fixed her bed close to it on one side, and my cot as close on mine—nothing between us, looking at it one way, but a bit of board; but, child, there's other longitudes and latitudes than the school-books tell of, and I used to lay awake trying to draw some line that would touch us two. Yes, I've laid there, with baby's soft breath a-coming and going in one ear, and his mother's voice singing low and talking wild in the other, till I've gone almost mad, and crawled away from boy's side and out under the stars, fighting for the next breath. Our little house, you see, always had room for our joy, but it choked me in my grief, like a big shoe that pinches a tender foot, and I used to rush out for a great breath of air, and find, somehow, the sky too low, and the stars too thick, and the prairies too cramped. Walking up and down the fields so, fighting my trouble, I used to conjure up ways of calling her back. The old flute that she liked and the boys made fun of—I remembered that one night; and, 'Oh,' I said, 'if I could make it speak in the old way in Ellen's ear, who knows—'

"I found it in the dark, wrapped up in an old lace kerchief of hers. If you'll believe it, lass, I laid down with it in my hand and slept like a baby: somehow I could sleep—with a hope in my hand. Next day

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I was in a fever to try it. I took it out to the potato patch, and between hoeing and tooting nigh forgot boy's dinner. There wasn't a human being right or left to call me a fool for sitting down right in the melons and potatoes, puffing and blowing at 'Annie Laurie' and 'Sweet Home' and 'Land o' the Leal.' Bit by bit they come back to me, or I went back to them, for I seemed to grow down to a boy again, and which was *her* voice and which was the flute's I couldn't have told. I made sure the sounds shouldn't reach her till the time came. The day worried by. I wasn't as patient as was right, tucking up the children that night and hearing their prattle, on account of such a hope and fear tussling in my heart.

"At last I was free. I had it in my hand. I crept round the house, through the grass, to her open window, that faced against the moon. It spread over her floor like a silver matting, and at the other end she was sitting, her white hands quiet in her lap, a-journeying.

"The wind wouldn't come at first, not a sound, till a little breath trembled out of it. Then I grew strong; that flute played 'Home, sweet Home,' as if it was calling us both back to each other. I hadn't touched it for years; but oh, my lass! I played as happier lovers never play to their sweethearts. She turned her head toward the sound. She got up and walked slow down the moonlight—on the back track, I thought, at last—one hand feeling along the wall, her lips parted. I seemed to hear the song on them. Where the flute got wind from to play on and on, I don't know, for I was getting ready to meet her at the journey's end. Not that there was much getting ready to be done; her place had been kept empty and clean swept against her coming, always. She came quite close; the flute went on, faint, but on—till, quicker than a thought, she struck it from my mouth, with that moaning sound that cut me so, and that beating motion of the arms, as if to put the world between us.

"From that hour I lost heart. The whole night likely went by while I crouched under her window in the wet grass, with just one dull wish—to see her asleep, so I could cover her up like the children, and give her, unbeknown, one pitying kiss. Nothing new happened that winter, except that the boy took sick, and I had hard work to bring him round. The little girls were comforts—only a man who hasn't tried his poor best to be a mother don't know the sadness of such comfort. Besides their little studies, I took up a new one for myself. I sent for big medical books about madness. I pored over 'em nights. I got the notions of the wisest men in the land on all sorts of madness. I weighed and considered 'em, and changed Ellen's food and treatment according. You see, I'd settled long before never to send her to asylums. What love couldn't do—love ready to take lessons o' science, and square its ways according—love such as *mine* couldn't do, nothing could.

"When spring come round, whether owing to my book-knowledge or not, she changed. The terrors came on seldomer; a wishful look grew in her eyes that was harder yet to see. She walked about, gentle and melancholy, as if she was stepping on graves. As soon as the days got warm enough I spent most of the time keeping a quiet watch on her while she crept through the woods by herself, picking her dress full of flowers and leaves; then throwing them all out, and beginning over again. Other times she was so bent on something, she would walk over a bed of violets without seeing 'em, and lead me a tramp of miles, sometimes calling, in her sweet voice, 'Davy! Davy!'

"The first time ever I heard it I sprang from behind the stump where I was watching and ran to her; but it wasn't me she wanted, that was clear. And I thought the name was just a memory come back to her, and I was thankful only for the sound of it again.

"Well, the year come round. Just such long warm days, just such sundowns, with the light slanting across the fields, as when Ellen left me. The time set me thinking. Was there one thing I hadn't tried? That look into a woman's heart, got in caring for the boy, put me on the track of the one thing. You see, with little Esther's help, I had managed to keep him mostly out of her sight. Now what if she should come upon her baby sudden?

"I wrapped him in a blanket—he was weakly for a fourteen-months baby—and carried him a short ways into the woods, and laid him on the moss between the forked roots of an old stump. He was a patient boy always, with her eyes, and they looked up at me grave and wise as if they knew. Then I brought my dear out quickly from the house as though for her afternoon walk, and left her not far from the stump, while I hid, as usual, near by. It was her flower day. She caught up her skirt, and threw in every fern and leaf and bit of mossy bark in her way. I thought boy had dropped asleep, but pretty soon he gave a little cry. Ellen stopped and turned her head that way; but the thought of the flute lay like a stone on my heart. At the next little cry she dropped her skirtful of flowers, and her wishful eyes devoured every leaf and shadow till they fell upon her baby.

"Lass, her face at that minute is a memory for an old man to take to heaven with him—the hunger clean gone out of it, her eyes a-feasting on that bit of ground. She went on tiptoe toward it, flushing like a girl, the motherhood deepening in her eyes.

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her mouth getting shape for kisses and lullabies, her arms yearning out to him. She stooped for him. I had no fear when I saw how lightly and tenderly she handled him; how she bared her breast and laid his little face against it, and how their eyes seemed to feed each on each. The Lord forgive me, but a wicked pain smote my heart in seeing how the mother-love was stronger than the wife-love. Just as I had planned to bring *her* home to my breast, she had taken the boy to hers. But it couldn't last alongside of such joy, and when I saw her moving softly toward the house, the blessed sun splintering on her through the trees, I turned my face to the sweet leaf-mould and thanked Heaven. It wasn't a minute, for I happened to think in the middle that mebbe Esther and Susy might be scairt at their mother. There were the two little women making mud pies at the front of the house.

"'Where's mother?' said I.

"They shook their heads, laughing over their play; and I ran into the house. *Empty!* I knew it the minute I touched the door-sill. I knew it no better when I'd run through the last room. I laid out all the bread and meat in the house on the table, and turned down the bed, and laid their night-gowns on it, casting up a sum all the while—woods ten miles long, half as deep, and five miles away from help. The babies hardly stopped their play to hear what I said about being good and careful of each other.

"I plunged into the woods, and hunted in circles till the red light left the hollows. The dark was on me before I'd wit enough to know it, or think of a lantern; and I had lost my bearings. There hadn't been much clearing done, and the brush tripped me at every step. I ain't clear as to the rest. I can't say whether it was a faint or a sleep that come over me; I can't say whether it was day or night that I crawled home and found the little girls sobbing together, or just where between his house and mine I met Ely Benedict, and got him to help me. But I know it was about the end of the second or third day I found her. It was a special mercy 'twas me that found her—you see, she was so glad to see me. She was laying on a soft humpish bit of ground, with her head propped against a tree. And the baby at her breast was white—*the* boy, not *ours* any more, unless we meant to go shares with Heaven in him.

"'Oh, David, I'm so glad you've come!' she said. 'I wanted to tell you about finding baby. Do you know'—she said this in my ear in a plaintive whisper, for I had got her head on to my shoulder—'they had been starving my baby, but he's not been from my breast a minute since I found him; and he has dropped asleep, you see. You can't tell, Davy, how my arms have ached this long time for lightness—ached to be heavy again with baby's weight.'

"I couldn't speak, but let her prattle on in her weak, happy voice. Soon she raised her head quite strong.

"'But, dear, we ought to name him—such a big boy to have no name! And that is why I stopped by this little brook. When David comes, I thought, we will baptize our baby here.'

"She held him out to me, bright and fearless in the face like a child. I took him.

"'What name, dear?' I said.

"'What *name*, Davy? Why, what but yours?' she answered, with a little laugh.

"Then I knew why she had called 'Davy' in the woods.

"I knelt down by the brook, and the water felt very warm on his little face. Somehow a part of me seemed gone up in the skies when I passed my name up to our little boy. She took him back to her arms, and I took them both in mine. She seemed a feather to me then; yet I sank down a good many times and had to take long rests before that blessed minute when I staggered across our door-sill and laid her on her bed.

"That's about all. She lay there, always peaceful and quiet, for twelve months more—the best year in some ways we ever had: no more terrors, no more madness, except a tender sort that saved her from really knowing about her boy. She would lay all day patting the pillow and singing bits of baby songs under her breath. She thought she was my child, and liked to have me kiss and pet her. She forgot that she was ever a wife. One day, as I sat by her bed, she put her thin arms round my neck and whispered,

"'David! David!'

"It was me she meant—her *husband;* and I said,

"'Ellen—wife Ellen!'

"Was it a going away or a coming back? It was both, dear lass. She had brought up in a country that I'd got a guide-book to—in a place that was easy to reckon a straight longitude from. But I don't reckon any more—we've come so near."

As I walked away with the old man's arm on mine, and his grandchild skipping at my side and clapping his hands at the flaming windows that looked on the setting sun, the conditions of my life, narrow and galling as they had seemed, took on new meanings. Faintly I apprehended in them an intent long as eternity, high as heaven, divine as love. The motherhood of God was yearning every where, through foul-aired haunts of men and lonesome wastes, toward His poor aliens.

Ellen Hartwin's roll-call numbered a new scholar.

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EQUESTRIANOPATHY.

I HAVE a favorite medical system which I shall style Equestrianopathy. It is vastly superior to allopathy, homœopathy, electropathy, or pathy of any other kind. When "pain and anguish wring the brow," whether occasioned by mental or physical depression, by too much exercise of brain or stomach, by dissipation in society or confinement to the furnace-heated rooms of the city, I avail myself of the standing invitation of a relative who has a country-house in the vicinity of the beautiful lakes of Westchester County.

My friend, Mr. Richards, may be called the squire of the village; indeed, he is always spoken of as "the Boss" by the people of his neighborhood. A gentleman of somewhat advanced years, and possessing a large income, it is his delight to gather about him in his elegant and capacious summer retreat all his nephews and nieces, with the young friends whom they may choose to invite, for the purpose of giving them "a real good time." Frequently twenty or thirty of them are collected around his hospitable board, and romping about his grounds, boating, riding, fishing, nutting, and in their unbounded happiness bringing his own youth back to him, and wreathing his benevolent face with smiles. Thus does he lengthen out his years and strew his downward path with roses. He has his oddities withal, but they accrue to the benefit of his neighbors. His innocent extravagance in "making improvements," while not overtaxing his own income, greatly increases the smaller incomes of the poor. He is perpetually moving trees, building rustic bridges and summer-houses, draining and filling up swamps, and making all sorts of alterations in his house and its surroundings. Thus does his charitable idiosyncrasy distribute much money in an unostentatious way, while his purse is ever open for the relief of the sick and for the support of religious ordinances. It is impossible for him to have an enemy, and among all his friends his own conscience is the best.

He is seldom at Willow Brook in the winter, but there is a housekeeper and a coachman on the premises, a room and a library at my service in the house, and half a dozen horses in the stable wanting exercise. Lake Mohegan is near by, and when not blanketed by snow, its polished surface of ice is a joy to look at, and a still greater joy to skate upon.

This is my winter palace, with its grounds laid out by the frosty yet kindly hand of nature. Here I find more happiness than in the bustle and gayety of the crowded city; here I may become for a time totally lost to the outer world. I forget that there are such things as railroads and telegraphs. In this old-fashioned library I go back to the last century and hold converse with Addison, Steele, Johnson, Goldsmith, Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, reading their immortal essays, poems, and travels, and when I come out from my seclusion, comparing them with the Mark Twain and Josh Billings literature of the present day—stars and fire-bugs! On Sundays my esteemed friend the parson portrays the whole duty of man, without gilding it in city frame-work; and when he sometimes calls on week-days and puffs his Havana, the issue from his mouth is by no means all smoke. Sometimes as I sit on a stool, a flour barrel, or on the counter of Bill Roake's store, I listen to the discussion of State and national politics and law proceedings, where abundant zeal more than balances crude ideas and lack of accurate information. Nor do I esteem lightly the tea parties and sociables, where I am more captivated by the rosy-cheeked buxom lasses than by the bales of dry-goods that are propelled by human frame-work on the sidewalks of the Fifth Avenue. That is our village at home. But my chief delight, unless it be skating on the broad lake, is to mount a fine saddle-horse on one of those glorious winter mornings and gallop over the hills into Connecticut, where in various directions, at distances of from twenty to forty miles, I have friends who always greet me with a kindly welcome. If you will practice equestrianopathy in winter, you will find its sanitary effects greater than at any other season of the year. There is no "danger of taking cold" even if you are overtaken by snow or rain. The constant motion prevents that, whereas by sitting still in a wagon or sleigh, you are very liable to the experience of discomfort, and perhaps of more serious consequences. Let me give you a little advice. I am qualified to give it, for having arrived at the age of sixty, I may be said to be approaching middle life. Moreover, from my boyhood, when I have had opportunity, I have adopted this medical system. Many hundreds of miles have I ridden on horseback over African deserts, South American pampas, the plains of California, Utah, and Idaho; and the miles I have ridden in New York and New England could be counted by thousands. But for the horse, I should long ago have been in my grave. "My kingdom for a horse!" exclaimed Richard. The horse has been a kingdom for me, as my Mormon friends interpret the word—happiness, exaltation. I could say with Campbell,

> "Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
> But leave, O, leave, the light of Hope behind!"

that light of hope being my saddle-horse. The late Rev. Dr. Cutler, of Brooklyn, when a feeble young man, recovered his health by riding from Portland, Maine, to Savannah, Georgia. His valuable life was prolonged

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to old age by this almost daily exercise. He was a poor man. When one of his parishioners asked him how he could afford to keep a horse, his reply was, "My dear Sir, I can not afford not to keep one."

If your business confines you to the city, give the night two hours that you now steal from it, and take from the day two hours that you now give it for sleep. Take this clear gain of time for horseback exercise in the Park. But if you are a man of leisure, ride through the country for days and weeks on long journeys, where constantly recurring change diverts the mind that stagnates in daily routine. Before you start upon your journey, kindly take these directions. Procure—I mean buy, own—an animal that is exclusively a saddle-horse. Ownership is a great point. It identifies you with your horse. You are almost a centaur. Your horse should be well broken to various gaits —a good walker, a good trotter, and especially an easy loper. A carriage-horse is always worried by the saddle, and the rider's pleasure is destroyed by observing it. A good walk is the quality most desirable, though often overlooked. Walk him half the time, and divide the other half between the trot and the lope. Now as to your saddle. The little English saddle is adapted to hunting, and is well enough for play-work in the Park. It is used by exquisites who ape all things English. Did you ever notice that the dandy rider always carries a Malacca joint with a rectangular ivory or steel handle, a long loop at the other end of the stick? Ask him the use of it, and he will tell you it is the fashion. Really it is useful to the country gentlemen of England, who, riding where lanes and gates abound, are enabled without dismounting to catch the gate latch and to close the gate after them with the handle of their stick, and to bend a lash on to the loop when hunting. Our dandy, therefore, carries the inconvenient weapon where gates and hunting are not. The English saddle is not so well adapted to long journeys as others. Undoubtedly the best for such purpose is the Mexican. Less clumsy, and nearly as good, is the M'Clellan. It is open, easy, and airy, and although its unstuffed seat gives it an appearance of hardness, it will never raise a blister above or beneath.

On a winter's ride you will carry a light stable blanket under your saddle. Be kind to your horse, and at the same time firm. Little love pats on his neck are better than cuts of a whip on his rump. Treat your horse as you should treat your wife. Don't carry a whip; he will see it and suspect you. Wear light spurs, which are good persuasives, and your horse will imagine that they have touched him accidentally, while at the same time they serve to keep him awake. Make a companion of him. Talk to him; but don't give him occasion to talk to you as the ass talked to Balaam. Place your saddle well abaft, and often tighten the girth to keep it there. Nothing frets a horse more than riding on his withers. Loosen the girth whenever you alight for rest, and wash the back whenever you remove the saddle. The beast will thank you with his grateful eyes. Give him water punctually. Feed him when cool, but feed neither him nor yourself immediately before starting. This practice is a sure provocative of dyspepsia for man and beast; and what man who has ever endured this torment of liver and stomach would willingly inflict it upon his horse? "Shaking up the liver" is most desirable, but it must be "well shaken before taking" food, not after. I think I am talking to people who know what dyspepsia is. It is no new thing. I believe that it began with indigestible apples in the Garden of Eden. Virgil thus describes it:

"....Rostroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tondens, fœcundaque pœnis
Viscera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque sub alto
Pectore; nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis."

Freely translated: "An overgrown vulture with a hook-like beak plucking his cursed everlasting liver and digging into his bowels for her dinner, roosting on his breastbone, and as fast as he gets a little better, going for him again."

That's dyspepsia, and it is what the priestess thought it worth her while to take Æneas down to the infernal regions to behold, that, among other terrible sights, he might see poor Tityus in one of its fits. If Tityus had owned a horse, he might have escaped the vulture.

Don't trust the most honest face in the world in the matter of oats. See them put in the manger, and hang about the stable until your horse is fed. As a general rule, give your horse four quarts of oats early in the morning, a little meal and water at noon, and a peck of oats at night an hour after his day's work is done. In this region, with our climate and feed, thirty miles a day on a continuous journey is enough for him. In the Western territories, where the atmosphere is so much more invigorating and the grass so much more nutritious, the tough little ponies will lope along fifty miles day after day, without a mouthful of grain.

We are now arranging for a winter ride in the State of New York. Let me dress you in suitable costume, so that you may carry as little weight as possible, be comfortable, and yet presentable when you arrive at a friend's house or at a hotel. Wear a black felt hat, a short street coat, with a Cardigan jacket beneath it, a pair of good pantaloons tied over the ankles, easy long boots coming above your knees. Remember, by-the-bye, that your feet will be warm-

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er if you use wide wooden stirrups. Wear thin cotton socks, with woolen stockings over them. Strapped behind your saddle there will be a little roll in India rubber cloth containing your toilet articles of comb, razor, tooth-brush, and a diminutive whisk broom and blacking-brush, a shirt, some collars, neck-tie, a pair of socks, some handkerchiefs, a change of under-clothing, and a pair of shoes. With these articles occupying such a trifling space, and your overcoat, when not in use, strapped on your pommel, you may travel for weeks and months. As you go along the road you will wonder why you have such a wardrobe at home.

Thus accoutred I left Willow Brook on a fine crisp winter morning. The snow, over which we had been merrily gliding to the sweet music of bells, had disappeared from the ground, and the soft mantles that had hung over the firs had melted away and dissolved into pearly drops, now glistening as icicles in the bright sunlight like jewelry on Christmas trees. The roads were hard and smooth, and the clatter of my horse's hoofs rang cheerily in the air. This is a lovely and romantic region. Primeval forests still wave in their old majesty, leafy solitudes in summer, refuges for game at all seasons, and now echoing to the woodman's axe. Lakes Mahopac, Mohegan, Oscawana, Mohansic, and Osceola, their beautiful borders—excepting the first, lately become fashionable—scarcely less disturbed by modern innovation than their beautiful names, are all in our vicinity. Fifty miles only from New York, and yet fashion and change have scarcely penetrated here. The soil is too rough for agriculture, but the cattle roaming over the hills and valleys bring in a sufficient revenue to meet the wants of the hardy, industrious, and economical people. A lively gallop soon brought me twelve miles on my way easterly, over the hills, to the little village of Somerstown. Like a great castle on the Rhine with its two or three adjacent appurtenances, a large brick hotel looms up among the few small houses in its neighborhood. This seemed disproportionate, but my curiosity was particularly attracted by an immense statue of an elephant, nearly as large as life—I mean the life size of a small elephant, of course. This remarkable resemblance to the animal was mounted on a high post before the door of the hotel, and painted over the front of the building I read, in enormous letters, "Elephant Hotel."

It was time to breathe my horse, and the ride had given me an appetite for any thing I might find within, even if it should prove to be an elephant steak. The landlord observed that "the women-folks were not at home, but he guessed he could find something." He accordingly placed a cold turkey and a bottle of London porter on the table, and thus proved that his guess was very correct. As he sat down by my side, I asked him the meaning of all this elephantine display.

"Why," he answered, "Hackaliah Bayley built this house himself!"

"Hackaliah Bayley! Who was he?"

"Who was Hackaliah Bayley! Don't you know? He was the man who imported the first elephant into these U-nited States—old Bet; of course you have heard of old Bet?"

"No, I have not."

"What, never heard of old Bet! Well, Sir, you are pretty well along in life. Where have you been all your days?"

I told him I had not spent them all in Westchester County.

"I should rather think not," replied the landlord, "or else you'd have heard of Hackaliah Bayley and old Bet. Right here, from this very spot, he started the first show in this country. Right round here is where they breed and winter wild animals to this day. Folks round here have grown rich out of the show business. There's men in this town that have been to Asia and Africa to get animals; and Bayley's big circus (he's old Hackaliah's son) has grown up out from the small beginning when Hackaliah imported old Bet, and that wasn't more than fifty or sixty years ago. Yes, Sir; Hackaliah began on that one she-elephant. He and a boy were all the company. They travelled nights and showed daytimes. Old Bet she knew just how much every bridge in the country would bear before she put her foot on it. Bimeby they got a cage of monkeys and carted them along, and gradually it got up to bears, lions, tigers, camels, boa-constrictors, alligators, Tom Thumb, hippopotamuses, and the fat woman—in fact, to where it is now. Yes, Sir; P. T. Barnum got the first rudiments of his education from Hackaliah Bayley right here in Somerstown. Elephants and milk have made this town. In fact, we all live on elephants and milk."

"Elephants and milk! Good gracious," I exclaimed, "what a diet!"

"Lord, Sir," retorted my landlord, "did you think I meant that we crumbled elephants into milk and ate 'em? No; I mean to say that the elephant business and the milk business are what have built up this place. I've told you what elephants have done for us, and now I'll tell you about milk. There's farmers round here owning a hundred cows apiece. From the little dépôt of Purdy's you'll pass a mile beyond this we send four thousand gallons of milk every day to New York; and it starts from here pure, let me tell you, for we are honest, if we were brought up in the show business. Then right in our neighborhood are two condensed-milk factories, where they use as much more. There's eight thousand gallons. The farmers get sixteen cents for it

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on the spot. So you see there is a revenue of twelve hundred and eighty dollars a day to this district. Now you've been telling me of the West, how they raise forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and all that. Well, what does it amount to by the time they get their returns, paying all out in railroad freight? You ride along this afternoon, and if you come back this way, tell me if the houses and fixings and things, especially the boys, and more particularly the gals, look any better in them fever-and-ague diggings than they do here, if we do live on elephants and milk!"

And so I parted from Mr. Mead, with many thanks for the valuable information I should never have been likely to acquire by travelling on a railroad. Passing through the town of North Salem, five miles beyond the Elephant, the apparently religious character of the people made a deep impression upon me. Inquiring of a farmer who was jogging along in a wagon by my side, he told me that, in a population of twenty-five hundred, there were eight different sects, each, of course, considering itself in the only straight and narrow path to heaven. "But," added my informant, "such a quarrelsome set of cusses you never did see. I guess that religion is cut up into such small junks because there ain't enough of it to go round!"

I neither saw nor heard of any more elephants, but all the way through this fine country, now dressed in the russet garb of winter, there were evidences of rich pasturage in summer.

The border line is not well defined, but I knew that I was now in Connecticut, and that after riding half a dozen miles further I should come to the village of Ridgefield, the home of my old friend and school-mate, Dan Adams, where a hearty welcome awaited me.

Dan is a retired physician—not that celebrated advertiser "whose sands of life have nearly run out." I hope there is much sand yet left in the time-glass of my friend. He is one of those wise men (of whom there are few) who know that the grasshopper is likely soon to become a burden, and so contrive to make his weight light by husbanding their strength. How few among men know when to leave off business, and how few there are of these who can leave it off and be happy! He is one of this small number to be envied. Eight years ago he relinquished his practice in the city, and retired to this healthy spot. Here, with his charming family around him, his comfortable house, his elegant library, his pair of fine horses, his robust health, he is as happy as man can wish to be.

"How do you get on for society?" I asked his wife.

"Oh, very well," she replied. "When we came here we found the people divided into their religious societies—all clannish and quarrelsome, of course. So we resolved not to attend any church in town. The result was that our house became a sort of neutral ground for the belligerents, and we have the society of them all."

After our dinner we two old fellows sat up far into the still hours of the night, and over a bowl of punch such as we used clandestinely to quaff, talked of our school-boy days and playmates. We were at school at Amherst in the year 1829, and every five years we meet again on the old play-ground, for the school is still maintained. There the present generation of boys look with wonder on the old gray-beards who fall into ranks—thinner ranks, alas, at every meeting; and when they see us after roll-call at our regular game of foot-ball, their astonishment knows no bounds. And I will tell you what boy could best kick the foot-ball, could best wrestle, run fastest, was the most athletic gymnast, was the most jovial boy, though perhaps the laziest student of us all—Henry Ward Beecher. "John, I never envied any body but you," he said not long ago, "and that only once. It was when you threw the spit ball at old Colton, and hit him square on the top of his bald head. I always missed him."

We had what Christopher North called an ambrosial night, closing with a sound sleep, won by exercise and pleasant reminiscences. In the morning a hearty breakfast, a warm adieu, and then a gallop back to Willow Brook, stopping again for lunch at the castle built by "Hackaliah Bayley, who imported the first elephant into these U-nited States—old Bet; of course you've heard of old Bet."

Now you have heard the story, if you have never heard it before, and you know how two days may be passed enjoyably in the country in winter, while you are lying in bed, or loafing at your club, or in the hands of some doctor whose interest it is not to recommend to you the practice of equestrianopathy.

COMO IN MAY.

THE snow has not yet faded from the crest
Where Alpine outskirts envy Italy,
Yet, looking down the terraced walks, we see,
On slopes beneath us, buds with snowy breast,
And crimson-bosomed open roses, pressed
With jasmine's slender arm and starry eye
And nameless twining vines so thick and nigh
Unto the parapet that, unconfessed,
The stones lie hidden in luxuriance;
And where the bloom-girt pathway steepest slants
A ruined tower looks on the lake's blue trance,
Known by its shape alone, so deep the wall
Is buried in wistaria's purple fall
And countless clustered roses, pink and small.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE State Board of Charities in New York would deal severely with Elia if it found him upon the street, stammering out his admiration for the fine histrionic powers of a beggar, and searching his pocket for a penny. Lamb said that it was shameful to pay a crown for a seat in the theatre to enjoy the representation of woes that you knew to be fictitious, and to grudge a sixpence to the street performer who was so excellent that you could not tell whether his sufferings were real or affected. He is undoubtedly responsible for a great deal of easy and irresponsible alms-giving, which greatly increases human suffering and the expenses of society. It is not possible to conceive any thing more comical than Lamb's probable reception of a politico-economical or scientific view of charity. He would have felt his genius for humor to be hopelessly surpassed. His view would have been the ludicrous aspect of that which is more solemnly held by those who regard ordinary alms-giving as one of the cardinal virtues, and who have a vague conviction that a liberal disbursement of money to the poor in this world is a strong lien upon endless felicity in the next. There is, indeed, something very affecting in the old pictures of conventual charity, the groups of the disabled and the destitute assembling at the great gate or in the court-yard, and the benign priests distributing food and clothing. And there is a similar picturesque interest in the ancient English bounties: a trust which secures to every wayfarer who may demand it a loaf of bread or a mug of beer.

That charity meant this, and nothing more, was long the conviction, as it was the tradition, of society. It was thought to have the highest Christian sanction. There were to be always the poor among us. The poor are to be relieved, and relief, or charity, consists in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Yet out of that simple, unreflecting, seemingly innocent faith, have sprung enormous suffering, demoralization, and crime. The whole subject of charitable relief was as misunderstood as that of penal imprisonment before John Howard. There will be criminals, was the theory, and they must be punished. They must therefore be secured in jails, and the object of imprisonment is intimidation from crime, not the improvement of criminals. The result of this view was that society dismissed the subject, and regarded prisoners as mere outcasts, so that the inhumanity of their treatment was revolting. Happily the neglect revenged itself. The jails became sores. They were nurseries of loathsome disease. Judges and sheriffs were smitten by the pestilence that exhaled from prisons; and John Howard, like a purifying angel, in cleansing the prisons began also to cleanse society.

So alms-giving and the relief of the poor arrested the attention of humane persons who were not content with Elia's philosophy. They had sometimes watched the skillful street performer, and had seen him slip around the corner and spend at the gin palace in a dram the money which, with such fine histrionic genius, he had besought for the sick wife and the starving children. They found that the wife was also an accomplished histrione, and that the children were receiving parental instruction in the same calling. They found that the amiable, careless, unquestioning alms-giving was breeding a class of paupers, people who did not seek work nor wish to work, but who lived, and who meant to live, by beggary, who bred their children to do likewise, and whose haunts and associations and habits became great nurseries of crime. The evil had become enormous, and was most deeply seated before it was accurately observed. But wise men and wise women every where are now, and for some years have been, earnestly engaged in studying how to save society from the curse of pauperism, while taking care that all helpless and innocent suffering shall be relieved. This is what Elia and his amiable, thoughtless friends denounce as "machine charity." But their amiability is only selfishness. How many of those who decry machine charity ever went home with a single street beggar to whom they give, or ever ascertained or cared whether his story was true, or told for any other purpose than to get the price of a dram? What they call their Christian charity and common humanity and apostolic alms-giving is often the mere fostering of lying, drunkenness, and crime, and the indefinite increase of suffering.

It is upon this spirit that knaves and charlatans play and prey in establishing great charitable agencies, of which they are managers, and, in the vivid French phrase, touch the funds. There are thousands of kind-hearted people in every city who devote a share of their income to charity. They know that there is immense suffering, and they would gladly do their share in relieving it. But they do not know how to do it. They are conscious that there is deception upon all sides, and they can not spare the time to ascertain for themselves who, of the host of the poor, are proper objects of charity. But it is only less difficult to decide upon a trusty agency. Here is the chance of the ingenious and plausible rascal. If he can only obtain the co-operation of those whose names make societies respectable, and who will permit him to be the society, and especially to disburse the moneys, he will be as satisfied as Ferdinand Count Fathom with any of his "little games." It is not always difficult for such a rascal to secure the conditions of his success. The consequences are both lamentable and ludicrous. For under this solemn form of a Christian charitable foundation the most selfish purposes are served, and when the mischief is exposed, it is denounced as one of the abuses to which delegated or "machine" charity is inevitably liable. To perfect the comedy, this criticism is usually made by those whose own alms are generally transferred from their pockets directly to the till of the dram-shop.

It is evident from letters that have been written to the newspapers during this winter that there are those who sincerely think that careful inquiry regarding poverty, and regulations of relief based upon it, must somehow deaden human sympathy and deepen the suffering of the poor. This is so ingeniously incorrect a theory that it would be exceedingly amusing if it were not so sincere and even general. The very first thing that careful investigation accomplishes is to acquaint the comfortable class with the real condition of the suffering, and to show the latter that

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they are not forsaken or turned off with uninquiring alms. They are conscious of an intelligent sympathy with which falsehood will be of no avail. They are taught self-respect by the perception that they are not forsaken, and self-respect is the mainspring of successful exertion. When the street beggar understands that his tale will be tested, that if he needs succor he will surely receive it, and that if his plea is but asking for a dram he will not receive it, the number of street beggars will sensibly decrease. And the sturdy tramp and professional pauper, when they know that they must go to the work-house or starve, will often conclude that even work is better than the poor-house, and they too will cease to be a nuisance and a terror.

Nor need it be feared, on the other hand, that if irresponsible street giving is stopped, nobody will investigate the actual situation of the poor. What is asked of the street giver is not that he close his pocket and his hand and his heart and his soul, but that, if he will not take the trouble to inquire before giving, he will give his alms to somebody who will take that trouble, that his alms may be true charity, and relieve suffering, instead of relieving nothing whatever, but fostering vice and crime. The street giver must first of all clear his mind of cant. He must cease to be a Pharisee. He must see that he is not a good Christian exercising the heavenly gift of charity, but an indolent and reckless citizen who is promoting poverty and multiplying the public burdens of the honest poor. He is that lazy, absurd boy who wishes to eat his cake and have it. He would satisfy his soul that he is good because he gives, without seeing that to give ignorantly is, socially, to be bad. Nobody is exhorted to surrender inquiry to others. Every one may inquire for himself. If a beggar stops you and asks for a penny in the name of God, and says that his family is starving, go and see if it is so. If you have not the time or—O sophistical Sybarite—inclination, send him to those who, as you know, will inquire. Will his family starve in the mean time? That is something you do not believe yourself. Do you fear that the visitor will not go? Then go yourself. Do your engagements prevent? Then you know that it is a thousand to one the story is but a plea for whiskey. Will you take the chance? Then you become an immediate accomplice in the vast multiplication of hereditary pauperism and crime. The pretense of your giving is Christian charity and humanity, the real cause is indolent self-indulgence and saving yourself trouble.

The charity that is beautiful in the old stories is actual charity. It is the friendly feeding of those who are really hungry, and the clothing of those who shiver with the cold. But Elia's charity is only a refined selfishness, a whim of humor. He rewarded the deceit, he did not relieve the suffering. Of course his plea was an exquisite jest, and so he felt it to be. But his jest is made earnest and changed into a sober rule of life by gentle Sybarites, who, if they have ever heard of the Englishman Edward Denison, are lost in amazement and cigarette smoke as they meditate his career. His story may be found in a tender and graphic sketch, in the entertaining volume of papers by the author of the admirable *History of the English People*, J. R. Green. Edward Denison, born in 1840, was the son of the Bishop of Salisbury, and nephew of the Speaker, and was educated at Oxford. Then he travelled on the Continent, and studied the condition of the Swiss peasantry. Returning to England, he engaged practically in the work of poor relief as an almoner of a charitable society. He soon learned the uselessness of relief by doles, and, determined to deal with the subject thoroughly, he withdrew from the clubs, Pall Mall, and Mayfair, and taking lodgings in Stepney, made himself the friend of the poor, built and endowed a school, in which he taught, gave lectures, and organized a self-helping relief. He went to France and into Scotland to study their poor-law systems. In 1868 he was elected to Parliament, where his knowledge upon the general subject would have been invaluable. But his health failed before he took his seat. He sailed for Melbourne, still intent upon his life's purpose, and died there seven years ago, in his thirtieth year. A little volume of his letters has been published, and Mr. Green's affectionate and pathetic sketch draws the outline of this true modern knight and gentleman, the Sir Launfal of this time. The street giver, seeking a rule of conduct, may more profitably heed the counsel of Edward Denison than the delicious humor of Charles Lamb.

The old saying that corporations have no souls is constantly verified, but it is amusing to see how little practical benefit results from the perception of the truth. An obvious application is to governments. Government is a huge corporation, and its want of soul is shown in the follies of which those in whom the power is officially vested are constantly guilty. They do, as members of the corporation, what they would individually resent the imputation of doing in their own affairs. And this justifies the jealousy of the undertaking of great works by government, and certainly of its undertaking little works, for such works inevitably become great jobs.

This is the moral of a subject which is exciting much attention and a great deal of indignation in the State of New York—the building of a Capitol. Private citizens of the State have no difficulty in erecting at reasonable prices such buildings as they require for any purpose. But they come together in a public capacity, and economy, intelligence, capacity, desert them, and a huge job is the result. Ten years ago the insufficiency of the old State-house in Albany became intolerable, and it was resolved that a new Capitol should be built. Immediately the bee of "the Empire State" began to buzz in the bonnets of all concerned. The Capitol of New York must be the architectural representative of the majesty and grandeur of the State. It must be an impressive, enduring, magnificent public work. There must be nothing mean nor small in the palace of the people. There were visions of marble walls, and spires and pinnacles, and domes and towers, and splendor and space; and as New York was the greatest of States, she must have the grandest of Capitols.

But, in fact, no stately pleasure dome of Xanadu was demanded. The State needed a building with ample accommodation for the Legislature and its committees, the necessary executive offices, and the library. It was as easy to know what was required as it is when a private citizen builds a house. And having ascertained what accommodations were wanted in the new Capitol,

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it should have been easy, apparently, for the State to do next what any private citizen would have done. When he had decided that he would build a house of two stories, with a spacious drawing-room, library, and dining-room, that he would add a smoking and billiard room, a conservatory, and a breakfast-room, and that he would have plenty of chambers and dressing-rooms, he would have summoned an architect and builder, and having told them how much money he proposed to spend for his house, and assured them that he should spend no more, he would have signed a contract with them, and would hold them responsible for any failures. This is the method pursued by private citizens. But when they become servants of the public and officers of the government, it immediately appears that, while each of them individually has a soul in his private body, the public body or corporation which they collectively form has no soul whatever. The State having determined to build a Capitol, and deciding what it wanted, also resolved to spend four millions of dollars for it. It was a vast and unnecessary sum, but, on the other hand, it was the Empire State. This was ten years ago. The Capitol has advanced to the second story. The State has paid eight millions of dollars, and it is supposed that four millions more must be paid to finish the building.

This comes of the fact that corporations have no souls, and that a work which required soul was undertaken by a corporation. In this instance it was inevitable, because a Capitol is a public building. But the Capitol at Albany, like the Tweed Court-house in New York, will be a permanent monument of the immense and apparently inevitable jobbery of great public works. The moral is plain enough. It is that governments should not be asked to do "outside work," and that when circumstances compel a State to do something out of its proper sphere, it should summon the assistance of those whom it knows to be masters of the subject, and who will make jobbery impossible. When the State decided to spend four millions of dollars for a Capitol, it should have taken care that no more money was spent. If it could not be responsibly assured in advance that the work should be done for substantially that sum, it should have reconsidered its action. A perfectly adequate and noble building for a Capitol could have been erected for four millions of dollars. The vast structure which has been undertaken, according to the official and professional reports, is not only extravagantly costly, but ludicrously inconvenient. The Assembly of the State contains one hundred and twenty-eight members. But the chamber provided for them is an immense and lofty hall suitable for a vast popular concourse, in whose great space the eloquence of honorable members will awfully reverberate in hollow, inarticulate thunders, spreading dismay, but not persuasively imparting information. Even the style of the commentator, as the reader perceives, amplifies itself in sesquipedalian grandeur by the mere fact of contemplating the spaciousness of the hall.

It would be an extraordinary result of this new Capitol if the vast and chilly solitude in which the unhappy one hundred and twenty-eight are to shiver and thunder should cause the Legislature to propose a constitutional amendment enlarging, for the mere sake of civilized neighborhood, the membership of the Assembly. It would be a result worthy the commemoration of the ancient historian of the State, the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker, whose annals record nothing more consonant with his own spirit than such an enlargement would be. He would, in his gravest strain, describe the spell of gloom which the huge space imposed upon the dignified body, and give to immortal admiration the name of the brave statesman who had solved the problem which perplexed the fathers of the commonwealth, by proposing that as they had built a chamber too large for the Assembly, they should now make the Assembly large enough for the chamber. What political consequences might flow from such action even that statesman or that historian would scarcely dare to calculate. What radical changes in the State, what political subversions, what benign or baleful policies, not even they could foretell. Perhaps—although the suggestion is quite beyond the present possibilities of human credulity—the change might bring into the Legislature members who could be bought, members who were accessible to corrupt influence, strikers, attorneys, agents of private interests. It might—for all things are speculatively possible—introduce into the Legislature of the Empire State, whose grandeur, it seems, demands the magnificence of the Capitol, men totally unworthy to represent her character and her greatness. If so grievous a result as this could ever follow the erection of the new Capitol, it must be considered dear even at so modest a price as twelve or fifteen millions of dollars. Our posterity may be imagined as reproaching us that even to secure so superb a structure and so large a hall we had been willing to take such a risk.

This is one of the morals to be drawn from the text of the soullessness of corporations. Of the fierce contest of the "styles" that has followed an investigation of the progress and promise of the work, the Easy Chair says nothing. There has been some proposition to crown Romanesque with Gothic, or Saracenic with Greek, or some other monstrous violation of architectural morality. This is, however, but a secondary sorrow. The great fact remains that the State of New York, laboring under the impressive consciousness that she is an "empire" State, is building a huge and inconvenient empire State-house at a vast expense, and that the people of the State would have been spared a heavy taxation if those who have managed the business had conducted it upon the principles that would govern them in their private transactions. It is an argument for the limited function of government, and the new Capitol will be a permanent illustration of the truth that corporations have no souls.

The terrible calamity of the Brooklyn Theatre produced the usual outburst of excitement and demand for the surer protection of audiences, and led to an examination of similar buildings, which proved, what every body suspected, that they were in great part traps for a panic-stricken crowd. There has been and there can be no radical remedy in the case of the old buildings, except by a reconstruction, which will not be made. But the condition of the public mind was shown in the sad accident at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, two months or more after the Brooklyn tragedy. The church was crowded for a Lenten service, and

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chiefly by women, one of whom fainted in the gallery. There is now so general a timidity in crowds, arising from recent catastrophes, that there was instantly a flutter of excitement. Some one, perhaps from a mere nervous impulse, cried fire, and there was at once a panic, a rush, and a struggle. Two women fell upon a stairway and obstructed the crowd, and in the mad crush that followed, five women were killed. The priests promptly sought to pacify the throng, and the service continued. But the panic had already secured its victims. There is scarcely a church in the country in which a similar panic would not follow a similar alarm, and with the same melancholy result. It shows the universal sense of the insecurity of such buildings, and it is a feeling founded, certainly, upon too general an experience.

The other great disaster of the winter, the falling of the Ashtabula bridge, in Ohio, on the night of the 29th of December, 1876, has been the subject of very careful and thorough investigation, and a very decisive report in the form of a verdict of the coroner's jury. Engineers and experts were skillfully questioned, and the conclusions may be received as fully justified. The jury report in substance that Mr. Amasa Stone, who was president of the road when the bridge was built, had been a builder of wooden Howe truss bridges. He designed a wrought-iron bridge upon the Howe truss plan, superintended the drawings and the erection of the bridge, without the approval of any competent engineer, and against the protest of the man who made the drawings under Mr. Stone's directions. The jury have no doubt that he believed that he had built a safe and competent bridge. But iron bridges were few when this was built, and the best engineers agree that the ability of a bridge to bear a severe strain before the work of the road begins, is no test of its power to bear subsequent and constant strains. "The sure rule is to leave a large margin of safety, as shown by a careful computation and distribution of the strains." The jury find that the fall of the bridge was due to defects and errors in designing, constructing, and erecting, which they clearly describe. They find that the railroad company used the bridge for about eleven years, during all of which time careful inspection by a competent engineer could not have failed to discover the defects, and for this neglect the company is alone responsible, and that "the responsibility of this fearful disaster and its consequent loss of life rests upon the railroad company, which by its chief executive officer planned and erected this bridge."

This is a much more satisfactory verdict than "died by the visitation of God." For terrible accidents, for the loss of life by burning theatres or churches or halls, or by the falling of railroad bridges, somebody is responsible. There is always, or in almost every case, some human agency, and holding this agency to its responsibility and punishing it severely is the way to prevent similar tragedies. Should suits be brought against the company, and the verdict be sustained by the courts, travellers could set out upon their journey by that railroad with some security. If the management of such public conveniences learned by experience that for every disaster it would not only suffer in the reputation of its road, but that its dividends would be imperiled by the damages it was compelled to pay, the managements would be alert and thorough, and "running for luck" would cease to be their policy.

It is not surprising that the actual experience of the opening and working of thousands of miles of railroad all over the country has somewhat modified the theories of many persons as to the government management of such enterprises. We have just been smiling at the results of buildings undertaken by governments, but there are many old disciples of Bentham and Jefferson who are wondering whether experience has fully vindicated the superiority of private control in the general management of railroads. This, at least, is established, that private enterprise of this kind will take great risks with human life and limb unless it is held in close check by authority of public law. Private greed may be quite as grave a danger as government indifference. Sure penalties will doubtless check that greed; but, on the other hand, the immediate responsibility of the government to the people would necessarily tend to that true economy which springs from assured safety. The principle of private enterprise, however, in such concerns will not have been fairly tried until exemplary damages are swiftly decreed for every loss. Since the Ashtabula verdict there are well-authenticated reports of railroad companies making the most careful scrutiny of all doubtful points upon their tracks. But it is not the verdict alone that will secure the good result, it is the mulcting under the verdict. If, as we have just now been lightly saying, corporations have no souls, they certainly have pockets, and it is in them that the remedy against these too frequent tragedies must be found.

THE most tranquil Easy Chair, remote from madding crowds, can not fail to perceive the hope of intelligent neighbors of every political sympathy that the public service may cease to be the service of mere private aims and ambitions. That it can ever be any thing else is, of course, stoutly denied by those who would keep it what it is and has long been. If there be a man in the country who is not respected for a lofty and what may be called a Washingtonian view of politics, and who "goes for his party" through thick and thin, he is the man who is loudest in his contempt of any suggestion of a change in the glorious doctrine that the spoils belong to the victor. This class of men is very numerous and amusing. They are of the type of the old Tory fox-hunter in Addison's *Freeholder*. They have known no good weather since the Revolution. They are of opinion that any kind of reform is mere popery and wooden shoes. To whom should the spoils belong, if not to the victors, they ask, with a conclusive nod of the head; and in a free government, if the public service is not spoils, what is it? It is a delightful logic, worthy of the charming old Jacobite who had not been much to church of late years, but who had assisted at the pulling down of several Dissenting chapels. They are very sure that the amiable theorists who think that party politics can be carried on without a huge system of patronage and bribery of all kinds are fit only for angelic politics in a heavenly sphere. They know very well what kind of people hold such silly notions. They know them, in a word, to be visionary fools. If this amusing kind of American Tory had any knowledge of literature, it would prob-

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ably describe the innovators, in the Yellowplush vernacular, as littery fellers. This is but natural, for Toryism of every kind has an instinctive aversion to knowledge. Intelligence and generosity of view are holy water to it. There is no spectacle in history more innocently amusing than that of the little men pitying the great men, and supposing that meanness, selfishness, cowardice, and ignorance are the real driving-wheels of human affairs. "The truth is, Sir," says Mr. Jefferson Brick, "that Washington and the fathers held to the doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils of his enemy. They were men of sense, Sir. They agree with me."

Brick is wrong, of course, as usual. These littery fellers, who, as he assures the Easy Chair, ought not to meddle in business which they do not understand, but should leave politics to politicians, have the presumption to show that he greatly misrepresents Washington, whose principles of public action are safe principles.

In January, 1789, four months before he was inaugurated, he wrote to Samuel Hanson that if he entered upon public life again, he meant to be "not only unfettered by promises, but even unchargeable with creating or feeding the expectation of any man living for my assistance to office." He said "the ear of the nominator ought to be open to the comments on the merits of each candidate, and to be governed primarily by the abilities which are most peculiarly adapted to the nature and duties of the office which is to be filled." He was determined to go into the chair of government perfectly free; and in March, 1789, he writes to Benjamin Harrison that in making appointments "a due regard shall be had to the fitness of characters, the pretensions of different candidates, and, so far as is proper, to political considerations." He constantly repeats this principle, adding, on one occasion, the distribution of positions of importance to various parts of the Union as indispensable to the happy beginning of the government. But fitness is always the foremost condition.

When Washington had entered upon the office of President, he felt that nominations for appointment were among the most delicate and difficult of his duties. One of his earliest letters upon the subject is to the widow of General Wooster, the hero of the action at Danbury, during the Revolution. The letter is very tender and considerate, but firm and self-respectful. "As a public man, acting only with reference to the public good, I must be allowed to decide upon all points of my duty without consulting my private inclinations and wishes." And in the same letter: "All that I require is the name and such testimonials with respect to abilities, integrity, and fitness as it may be in the power of the several applicants to produce. Beyond this, nothing with me is necessary or will be of any avail to them in my decisions." In November, 1789, he writes to Joseph Jones: "In every nomination to office I have endeavored, so far as my own knowledge extended or information could be obtained, to make fitness of character my primary object." In February, 1791, after honorably and faithfully following this course, he writes to General Armstrong: "In a word, to a man who has no ends to serve nor friends to provide for, nomination to office is the most irksome part of the executive trust." Making the just distinction between political and non-political offices, he writes to Timothy Pickering in September, 1795: "I shall not, whilst I have the honor to administer the government, bring a man into any office of consequence knowingly whose political tenets are adverse to the measures which the general government are pursuing, for this, in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide."

If Mr. Brick should remark that there were no parties in the time of Washington, he must not also say that Washington was as strong a partisan as any body else. Whether there were or were not parties, the principles that he announced as governing his action are as sound for similar action to-day. When Mr. Jefferson came in, party spirit was certainly fiery. There was an immense pressure upon him to remove every body. He said that it was like a torrent, and would require all his force to withstand it. But he wrote to Dr. Rush in March, 1801: "Of the thousands of officers, therefore, in the United States a very few individuals only, probably not twenty, will be removed, and those only for doing what they ought not to have done." There was a great outcry from the gentlemen who thought that tearing down a Dissenting chapel was as good as going to church. But Jefferson held essentially the principle of Washington. That principle is as good as ever, and the practice would be better than any known for half a century.

Editor's Literary Record.

The Papacy and the Civil Power (Harper and Brothers), by Hon. R. W. THOMPSON, who, since the completion of this book, has entered President Hayes's cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, is a beacon-light such as the ancient Scottish clans used to light on the hill-tops to give warning of the approach of a foe. The author regards the Roman Catholic Church wholly in the light of an army with banners. The great immigration, which in twelve years has raised the Roman Catholics in the United States from one-twelfth to one-seventh of the entire population, he regards as the incursion of a compact, well-organized enemy. It is no whit less dangerous because the masses of the private soldiery, trained to habits of unquestioning obedience, are entirely unaware of the purpose of their military commanders. That purpose is the subversion of free institutions. Their principles are entirely inconsistent with a republic founded on freedom of conscience, of opinion, and of speech. On the ruins of the republic they propose to found a spiritual despotism. Driven by the stronger governments of Europe from Germany, France, Spain, and even Italy, Jesuitism, though still clinging with the tenacity of a perverted conscience to its old abodes, yet looks with brighter hope to a re-establishment of its empire in the great and growing West. It must be conceded that if the prudent man foreseeth an evil, and the simple pass on and are punished, the

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majority of mankind are very "simple." Foresight is a rare virtue. Almost every moral campaign has its Shiloh. The army, confident of its strength, sleeps on its post till the battle-cry of the invading host rouses it to a late preparation, and therefore a needlessly terrible conflict. This is, in brief, the view of the author of this work and the spirit in which it is written. It is not, and does not pretend to be, a complete portraiture of the Roman Catholic Church. It avowedly avoids all discussion of the peculiar theological tenets of that Church, and says little or nothing about its past historic services to mankind. It is silent respecting the heroism, the patient endurance, the self-sacrificing love, the mistaken yet admirable self-abnegation of the women and the minor clergy. Its author indicates no familiarity with such aspects of clerical life and character as Hamerton has depicted in some of his pictures of French life. But a courier who comes flying through the country to arouse a sleeping people to the fact that a foe is upon them can not be expected to stop to dilate upon the bravery of the invading army, or its genuine but mistaken heroism, or the admirable character of its hospital service. Mr. Thompson has made a careful and diligent study of Roman Catholic literature. If he has not penetrated the designs of the leaders in the camp, it can only be because there is, in truth, no camp, the leaders are not clear of their own designs, and the whole symbol of campaign is misapplied and misleading. Whether this be so or not, whether the Roman Catholic Church is as compact and obedient a body as its greatest admirers and its most inveterate foes claim, is a question which perhaps future events can alone answer. Certainly Mr. Thompson has demonstrated that there is a large and influential party in the Roman Catholic Church who believe that the principles of a free government are subversive of divine order, and that it is their sacred duty to wage unceasing war against them; he has demonstrated that this party is influential, if not absolutely dominant, in the Papal Church in America; he has demonstrated that it controls the offices of honor and power in the organization, from the Pope down; and he might easily have demonstrated—and his book would have been more effective had he done so—that though there is a more progressive and tolerant party in the Church, catholic in theology, but not papal in politics, it lacks the courage of its opinions, and is at present, therefore, no factor in any well-considered estimate of the aims, the purposes, and the probable future policy of the Church as a hierarchy. The volume abounds in elaborate quotations from Roman Catholic authorities. The author fortifies his positions at every step by witnesses whom certainly the Church will hardly dare to question. While his book is antagonistic to the pretensions of the Papal Church, it is not vituperative. Its force lies not in its rhetoric, which is calm and dispassionate, but in its array of facts, which are marshaled with great effectiveness, and the influence of which is greatly enhanced by the candor with which they are presented, and the general apparent justice of the inferences drawn from them.

Contributions to Operative Surgery and Surgical Pathology, by J. M. CARNOCHAN, M.D. (Harper and Brothers). The medical profession and students of science in general will welcome the appearance of this work now publishing in a series of quarterly numbers, quarto size, elegantly printed, and illustrated with drawings *d'après nature*.

The book is conceived, planned, and successfully carried out wholly on the inductive principle. Its teachings, following closely the Baconian system, are based on pure and rigid observation, aided by experiment. Hypothesis, usually so rife in medical literature, finds no place within its pages. The author has gathered facts laboriously from nature, and carried them forward by careful generalization to the establishment of laws. The Introductory Address on the Study of Science with which it is prefaced is a document of great power, itself deserving of thoughtful perusal and study. It is impossible to exaggerate the necessity of establishing scientific methods to the research of natural truths, and the benefits that must follow the application of truly scientific principles to the means of prolonging human life. There could be no more fitting introduction than this masterly essay to a book of this nature. The subject proper of the work—that is, the history of cases selected from a large and long-extended private and hospital practice—is admirably treated. The descriptions are graphic, accurate, and minute; the investigations most searching; the observations accurate; the comparison and differentiation of cases thorough. Keeping pace with the most recent discoveries in pathological and microscopical anatomy, the work of classification is based more upon histological than simply clinical grounds. The inductions are clearly drawn, no conclusion or generalization being established without deliberate and discussive debate. The bibliography of each special subject is exhaustive, not only placing in possession of the reader all the facts relating to the case which have been accepted by leading authors up to the present day, rendering it at times necessary to append lengthy but extremely pertinent quotations in the original language of the writers, but exhibiting likewise extensive statistical tables giving the results of similar modes of procedure in different countries by different professors, thus imparting to the work of comparison and analysis something of the exactness of a mathematical computation. In fine, let us add that although the subject-matter of this work is not new in its entirety, some portions of it having been published in former years in the *New York Journal of Medicine*, the *New York Medical Gazette*, the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, etc., the abundant aggregation of new substance, the careful revision of the old, matured by time and experience, the adequate colligation of both the old and the new, and the high literary finish of the whole, combine to make this a work of unusual excellence, and an invaluable addition to the library of both the practitioner and the student.

The *Life and Writings of St. John*, by JAMES M. MACDONALD, D.D., of Princeton (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is announced as a companion volume to Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*. It is unmistakably modeled after that recognized religious classic. Its kinship is further established by a warmly commendatory but measurably discriminating introduction by Dr. HOWSON. It contains an introductory chapter on the historical era in which John appeared; an account of his life, drawn from the four Gospels and the Book of Acts; and his later history as

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recorded in the ecclesiastical traditions. It contains also his writings—the Apocalypse, the Gospel, and the Epistles—with brief accompanying notes. Externally the publishers have made a very handsome volume. The maps are excellent; the illustrations are all full-page, most of them copies of scenery from photographs. There are no small pictures, and no illustrations of manners and customs. In typography and general make-up the book is a work of art. The author, too, it is evident, has written it *con amore*. He has made a liberal preparation for it by a wide course of reading—possibly somewhat discursive and indiscriminating, but certainly not narrow. The volume shows more evidence of wide reading, however, than of profound study. Doubtful questions of learning and chronology are disposed of with small recognition of the doubts; and the author's theory of interpretation of the Apocalypse, if it be the correct one, which, with Dr. Howson, we gravely doubt, at least deserved to be somewhat more vigorously defended than it is by Dr. Macdonald, who hardly recognizes that there is any other. The most serious defect in the volume is one which, while it will not impair the value of the work to the reader, is almost fatal to its use by the scholar. The life of Paul was full of romantic adventure. It was full of incidents that need to be read in the light which research into ancient manners and customs and geography can throw upon it. The volume of Conybeare and Howson is, therefore, crowded full of information; every sentence is weighty, almost every word significant. The life of John was that simply of a disciple and an author. There is little in it which requires elucidation or interpretation from extrinsic sources; almost nothing, indeed, apart from the life of the Lord and Master, whose companion and hearer John was. The consequence is a book in style the antipodes of Conybeare and Howson's; diffuse where that is compact; abounding in very doubtful surmise, where that abounded in valuable information. As an addition to our literature of religious reading, Dr. Macdonald's book may be welcomed very heartily; as an addition to our library of religious knowledge, its value is not at all commensurate with the size, the artistic beauty, and the general pretensions of the volume.

Warren F. Draper republishes from the English Dr. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE'S *Commentary on the Book of Psalms* in two good-sized volumes. It contains an introduction in which the author treats of the poetry of the Hebrews, the use of the Psalter by the Church and by individuals, the theology of the Psalms, the position, division, etc., of the Psalter, and the inscriptions of the Psalms. He recognizes the typical and prophetic character of Hebrew poetry. The imprecatory Psalms he regards as "permitted under the Old Testament rather than justifiable under the New." In spirit his general treatment may be described as both rational and Christian—the treatment of one who believes in the Divine authority of the Scriptures, but who interprets them in the light of eighteen centuries of Christian culture, not in that of the age in which they were written. He furnishes a new translation, which will certainly never take the place of the old, and which, we judge, was not intended to do so, but which will greatly aid the English student in understanding the old version. His notes are both critical and exegetical, but he occupies no space with homiletical remarks. The book would be more valuable to the ordinary student, but less so, perhaps, to the professional scholar, if the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin phrases which are used in the notes more or less frequently were translated.

There are some features of evident value in *Chambers's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* (R. Worthington), especially for teachers and scholars. It is very compact, being comprised in a little less than 600 pages. It is very complete. Its publisher announces that it contains every English word, except obsolete and very rare words and technical terms. It contains in an appendix a list of prefixes and affixes, words and phrases from the Latin and Greek, abbreviations, and a pronouncing vocabulary of Scripture names. It gives all forms of each word —participles, adverbs, etc.; gives the pronunciation without the use of marks, by a system of simple phonetic spelling, and gives the etymology of every word. It comes to us with the highest indorsement of teachers and others from the other side of the water, and seems to us to well deserve their praise. Its greatest defect to the American is in the fact that it is of English origin, and accordingly wants some common American words that are yet good English. The brevity of its definitions makes it inadequate, too, as a substitute for a larger dictionary; but this is the common and necessary fault of all small dictionaries.

Mr. E. G. SQUIER'S previous works of exploration in Central America—his *Central America*, his *Nicaragua*, and his *Waikna*—have prepared the reading public to look with anticipations for his *Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas* (Harper and Brothers). They will not be disappointed. The romance of the field has found a worthy illustrator and interpreter. Several years of previous exploration and study of other but analogous fields, and a year and a half not of mere journeying and sightseeing, but of careful explorations, were his preparation. Over 400 plans, sections, and elevations, and nearly as many drawings and sketches, were his harvesting; and a volume of nearly 600 pages, with upward of 250 illustrations, besides maps, is the sifted wheat he gives to the reader. We have heretofore given in the body of the Magazine a glimpse of his work; it is needless here to do more, therefore, than to refer to its publication. What Dr. Schliemann is doing for the ancient civilizations of Greece, and Dr. Smith has done for those of the farther East, Mr. Squier has done for the aboriginal civilization of South and Central America. His theme has the greater popular interest, or at least his treatment recognizes more wisely and effectively the popular elements of interest. He is not a mere antiquarian. His book curiously combines ancient history and modern travel, and enlivens both with the romance of reality.

Silver and Gold, and their Relation to the Problem of Resumption, by S. DANA HORTON (Robert Clarke and Co.), has an uncommon fault; it is too condensed. The author has compacted his facts and thoughts into sentences so heavily weighted and so epigrammatic that it is not easy to get his meaning. He writes as one who is oppressed with his own knowledge, and we are not always quite sure that he comprehends clear-

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ly what his own opinion is. He perceives the difficulties of our financial situation more clearly than he does any solution to them. He gathers from many sources many views; affords, if not a complete survey, at least a considerable glimpse of French and German theories; devotes a chapter—and a very suggestive and instructive one—to the example of England; and disposes of some current and popular heresies sometimes in a single paragraph, or even in a single trenchant sentence. If he does not altogether succeed in leading the way to a clear and definite solution of our monetary problems, he at least has accumulated a great deal of very useful statistical and historical information on the subject. If we apprehend aright the solution which he would recommend, it would include resumption of a specie basis, payment of bonds in silver or gold at our option, monetary treaties with other nations—England, Germany, Austria, and the Latin nations—and, as a result, the establishment of a double standard, silver and gold, the world over.

The Battles of the American Revolution (A. S. Barnes and Co.), by Colonel H. B. CARRINGTON, of the United States Army, is, in the strictest sense, a military history of the Revolution. The author is Professor of Military Science in Wabash College. He begins his volume by introductory chapters on the general principles of military science. In these chapters, which elucidate the general rules and principles which constitute the fundamentals of military science, he fully recognizes the truth that rules can neither make a great general nor win a victory. Indeed, the first of these introductory chapters is one on "Providence in War illustrated." These general considerations are explained with a clearness, considerably aided by diagrams, which makes them quite intelligible to the non-military reader. If they are mastered, as they easily may be, the application of them in the exposition and elucidation of the great battles of the Revolution is not difficult of comprehension. It is a book not to be read, but to be studied; but while it will prove peculiarly attractive to students of the military art, the clearness and simplicity of the author's style give it value to all who desire to know not only the romance but also the science of the American Revolution. The maps of the battlefields, which are numerous, are admirable, much the clearest, most accurate, and best that we have ever met with in any Revolutionary history.

Dr. T. S. VERDI has done and is doing real service by giving counsel to women in health—subjects which have been too long treated only in professional schools and opened only to professional students. *Mothers and Daughters* (J. B. Ford and Co.) is the second volume of this description that has issued from his pen. The first was addressed to young mothers, and dealt with the dangers and duties of maternity. This volume deals with the health problems of young womanhood. It is pure in its tone and delicate in its treatment; its counsels are generally wise; it treats health rather than disease, gives more attention to the conservation of health than to its restoration, which is the specific work of the doctor. It is remarkably free from notions, and commends no nostrums. It is a book which is eminently desirable for mothers to read as a preparation for the care of their own daughters, and which the daughters themselves, under wise maternal direction, would do well also to use as a text-book in hygiene.

The anonymous author of *Student Life at Harvard* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.) is guilty of a monstrous wrong; the publisher is participator in the wrong. The universal law of all good society is to treat anonymous charges with contempt; no editor publishes an anonymous letter, or if he chooses to conceal the name, he avows his irresponsibility for the unknown draughter of the indictment. If the apparently photographic pictures of life at Harvard, furnished here by one who purports to be a graduate, are true, there is almost as much need of a United States corporal and his guard to protect Freshmen at Cambridge as negroes in Louisiana from bulldozing. The description of "hazing a Freshman" is an indictment of the faculty which suffers under its government such scenes of brutality to be enacted, of the alumni who are cognizant and silent, of the under-graduates who acquiesce, if they do not approve such savagery. The man who prefers such an indictment ought to put his name to it; he ought not to hide his accusation under the guise of a story, and thus prefer a charge which, if it be true, can not be investigated, and if it be false, can not with dignity be denied.

How shall we describe ROBERT BUCHANAN'S *Shadow of the Sword* (Lovell, Adam, Wesson, and Co.)? It is a prose poem, a drama, a melodrama, a tragedy, a historical picture, all in one. The basis of the story is a wild Breton legend; the centre piece of the story is the resistance, courageous, heroic, wildly heroic, of a single soul to the tyranny of conscription in the days of Napoleon the First. The lesson, the power of a single soul to fight out to the bitter end, against external tyranny and against its own despair, the bitterness of war as seen in its effects on a sequestered village and on individual hearts and homes, has taken too full possession of the author; he feels more than he can express, and the great idea that fills his soul he does not clearly develop to the reader. He attempts too much; labors; fails of that ease which is the first requisite of the divinest work. But the novel is nevertheless a rare one; rare in its pictorial effects; rare in its dramatic effects; rare in its moral impressiveness; rare in its real power; possibly not the less powerful that something of that poetic mysticism which characterizes its title characterizes it throughout.

The Golden Butterfly (Harper and Brothers) is a unique novel, centring about a plot as impossible as that of the *Count of Monte Cristo*, and not less entertaining. In the prologue, Gilead Beck, an American, is rescued from a grizzly bear by two Englishmen. His sole property is his "luck"—the golden butterfly. This is a nugget—"two thin plates of gold delicately wrought in lines and curious chasing, like the pattern of a butterfly's wing, and of the exact shape, but twice as large. They were poised at the angle—always the same—at which the insect balances itself above a flower. They were set in a small piece of quaintly marked quartz, which represented the body." An old Indian squaw had given it to him, with the assurance that it would lead to luck so long as he preserved it. When the story proper opens, it has led to luck—he has struck oil, made an immense fortune, and is at the "Langham," in London. We shall not follow his adventures further, leav-

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ing that to our readers. The two most strongly drawn characters in the book—and they are decidedly originals—are Gilead Beck and Phillis. The former is a typical self-made American. He is exaggerated, certainly, but he is not a mere travesty, nor patterned after the Yankee of the stage. He is good-natured, shrewd, yet easily deceived; without culture, yet very earnestly set on acquiring it. His experience with the picture dealer is no travesty; and his literary dinner party, though a broad burlesque, is a very good one. Phillis is wholly unique. She has been educated by an impossible old guardian, who uses her to experiment with in a trial of his ideas of education. She is nineteen when the story opens, and has lived a solitary life within her guardian's grounds—has never met a lady or gone into any kind of society; has never seen a picture-gallery; has not learned to read, because mischief comes of too early reading; can play and draw and sing a little, but is utterly unacquainted with the proprieties of society, and as unconventional as absolute ignorance can make a pure girl. She is a peculiarly fascinating heroine. There is little pathos but abundant humor in the book, which is wholly and almost fantastically imaginative in its construction, but not unnatural in its detail.—*The Widow of Windsor* (Loring), by ANNE GASKELL, is a story of middle upper class life in England. The plot is very simple. The accustomed novel reader will find nothing in the situations to stimulate his interest or even to pique his curiosity. But the pictures of life appear to be truthful; incident is not wanting; and though the characters are somewhat prosaic, as they are apt to be in the middle upper class, it is not an uninteresting story, and is full of good points. It may be characterized as entertaining, but not absorbing.—*The Duchess of Rosemary Lane* (Harper and Brothers) is B. L. FARJEON'S latest novel. The prologue shows his genius, and the marks of genius are not wanting throughout. There are few other living novelists that could tell the story of seduction and desertion, the story of love and shame, so clearly, yet so purely and simply. Though love makes many such a tragedy, it may be well questioned whether these secret dramas should be brought forth to be played before all the world. If so, no one could ask a better playwright than Mr. Farjeon. The story then makes its plunge into Rosemary Lane, a world of society a trifle above those of Angel Court and Paradise Row, but a life in which poverty, ignorance, and crime dwell in horrible contention and more appalling content. Mr. Farjeon's descriptions of low life are always effective. He has done himself no injustice in his pictures of the life of Rosemary Lane. The dramatic power of the author is here at his best; and though his materials are repulsive—and no art can make them otherwise—their employment in combination is admirable. The plot, too, is well managed, and the Nemesis with which the story closes is the more effective that the punishment which falls upon the seducer is of no melodramatic sort, but just that punishment which his proud nature would feel most keenly, and because it is left to the imagination of the reader to complete the unfinished picture in a conception of the remorseful life of the father deserted by his only son.—*The Great Match* (Roberts Brothers) is the latest volume of the "No Name Series." It can only be pronounced a success by the critic who regards it as a burlesque. The plot is nothing. A New England town wholly given up to base-ball is a monstrosity; so are the young ladies who talk a slang not known in the polite circles of New England, if any where; so are the young women who "glide" and the young men who "steal away;" so are the lovers who sit "holding each other's hands in a sweet communion of spirits." The implication of the publishers' advertisement is that every volume of this series is to be written by "famous hands." *The Great Match* will add no fame to the writer. It would be actionable to attribute it to any recognized American novelist.

The Long-look House (Noyes, Snow, and Co.) is the first volume of a series of books for boys and girls, by EDWARD ABBOTT. The reader will insensibly compare it with the inimitable books of his father, Jacob Abbott. There is something in common in the works of father and son. *Long-look House* is the reverse of the sensational. It is full of useful information, and it is thoroughly healthy and pure in tone from beginning to end. But it is not as simple in language as it might be; incident is wanting; and we should expect that it would be found more useful for elders to read to the children than attractive for children to read for themselves.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—Asteroid 171, of the twelfth magnitude, was discovered by Borelly February 5, and Comet I., 1877, by Borelly, on February 8. This comet has a nucleus, and has the usual comet spectrum. It was observed at Washington on February 9, 10, 12, 13, and 17.

It is said in *Nature* of January 18 that the measurements of the French photographs of the transit of Venus is not progressing favorably, unforeseen difficulties having arisen. Only forty-seven out of one thousand have been measured.

The continuation of the Royal Society's Catalogue of Scientific Papers (1864–73) is nearly ready for distribution. It contains over 95,000 titles, and will be printed in two volumes, uniform with the former volumes. The Proceedings of the Royal Society contain biographies of Hansen, Delaunay, and Hansteen.

The Wilna Observatory was destroyed by fire on December 28, 1876. In spite of strenuous efforts, only some of the books and smaller instruments were saved. The refractor and the photoheliograph were totally destroyed. This is much to be regretted, as we owe to Wilna a large number of excellent photographs of the sun, a regular series of which was kept up. It is to be hoped that the negatives of these photographs have been preserved.

Dunér publishes in the Proceedings of the Stockholm Academy, 1876, No. 1, a paper on Coggia's comet of 1874, accompanied by nine

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drawings; and his important work on double-stars is just issued in a large quarto of 268 pages. His measures are confined chiefly to Struve's stars, and have been prosecuted from 1867 to 1875, on 2679 nights. The measures are given in the form adopted by Struve in the *Mensuræ Micrometricæ*. A second section of the work contains a *résumé* of the observations by various astronomers on the several stars, accompanied in many cases by full discussions of the apparent orbit. The work will be consulted for valuable data in many ways, the variations of relative place, of brightness of the several stars, etc., being fully treated. A list of Struve's stars classified according to their motion in their orbits is added.

Volumes X., XI., and XII., of the *Annales* of the Paris Observatory, have arrived in the United States. They are mainly occupied with the development of Leverrier's theories of the motion of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Vol. X. contains an important paper by Wolf and Andre on the "black drop," with experiments. The observatory has also published a series of six ecliptic charts in continuation of Chacornac's. The memoir of Christie on the motion of stars in the line of sight, and on the rotations of the sun and Jupiter, is completed in the *Monthly Notices*.

Dr. Henry Draper, of New York, has published in *Silliman's Journal* the results of an examination of the astronomical conditions of the atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains, made during the past summer. On the whole, his conclusions are that the *steadiness* of the telescopic images seen by him is less than at New York, while the *transparency* of the air is much greater at the higher elevations.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy for 1876 contains that of the Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, which gives an account of the work of the past year. The 26-inch equatorial continues to be used in the observations of the faint satellites. The transit circle, besides its regular work of observations of the sun, moon, and major planets, has made a very large number of observations of asteroids, and is also engaged in the formation of a catalogue of the B. A. C. stars between 120° 0′ and 131° 10′ of N. P. D. The old meridian instruments are in use for completing Yarnall's catalogue, of which a second edition is in preparation. The investigation of the moon's motion is continued. The transit of Venus reductions are in progress, the computation of the longitudes and latitudes of all the stations being nearly finished. The photographs of the transit are now being measured. The division errors of the ruled-glass scale micrometer have been carefully determined. The Secretary's report contains also a report on the astronomical instruments of the loan collection of instruments at South Kensington, by Professor Holden.

In *Physics*, a number of papers have appeared that are worthy of record. Sir William Thomson has described in *Nature* the results which he has obtained with his new astronomical clock, devised in 1869 with a view to improve both the compensation for changes of temperature and the form of escapement. The latter is a modified Graham's dead-beat escapement, the escapement wheel consisting of only one tooth, being simply a piece of fine steel wire attached to a collar fitting loosely upon the shaft, and driven by friction from it, the shaft being connected with a suitable train of wheel-work with uniform motion, moving a trifle faster than the keeping of accurate time requires. To the lower portion of the pendulum bob two pallets are attached, near the end of the escapement-wire, so that at each semi-revolution of the shaft the wire, if too fast, will strike the pallet, and be retarded till the pendulum swings clear of it, the motion of the collar being thus governed by the pendulum. In the clock in the author's house, the arc of vibration does not exceed half a centimeter on each side of the vertical. As to the compensation, the zinc and platinum compensation at first adopted have been discarded, and mercury and glass substituted, with the most satisfactory results.

An extended posthumous paper upon the constants of aneroid barometers and upon those aneroids which have scales attached for measuring heights, by Professor Jelinek, of Vienna, has appeared. It contains a complete *résumé* of previous results obtained by various observers.

Reusch has described a simple form of apparatus for measuring co-efficients of expansion as a lecture experiment or for students' use. Upon a horizontal axis, capable of rotation, a mirror is fixed at one end, while near the middle, but out of line with the axis of rotation, is an abutting screw, against which one end of the bar to be measured presses, the other end being supported by a similar screw in the base of the apparatus. Any increase of length in the bar will rotate the axis and the mirror, and so may be observed and computed in the usual way. The bar to be measured is surrounded by a tank with glass sides, which may be filled with liquids at different temperatures. The price of the apparatus is only fifty marks.

Bruhns has given a description of a new psychrometer and barometer, devised by Bogen, of Chili. The former is a modification of Regnault's instrument, only instead of using the evaporation of ether to cool the bulb, the solution of ammonium nitrate in water is made use of. The peculiarity of the barometer consists in the method of filling, which is said to be very simple. It is the subject of a patent.

Plank has determined the conducting power for heat of several gases. Calling that of air 1, that of nitrogen is 0.993; that of nitrogen dioxide, 0.951; that of ammonia, 0.917; and that of illuminating gas, 2.670.

Haga has re-opened the question of the absorbing power for radiant heat by aqueous vapor, and shows by his experiments that when columns of dry and moist air are allowed to ascend in front of a thermo-pile, arranged differentially, the effects are due to two causes: first, to the direct radiation of the air column, which has been cooled by passing it over moist pumice, or warmed by drying; and second, to the evaporation from the face of the pile caused by the dry air, which cools the pile, or to the condensation of moisture upon the face by the moist air, which warms it. These two causes act in opposite directions; the second is the greater, and is temporary.

Crova has described an actinometer which he has used to measure the calorific intensity of the solar radiations and to determine their absorption by the terrestrial atmosphere. It consists essentially of a large alcohol thermometer, suitably incased, the bulb of which is exposed to the

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direct rays of the sun. Observations carried on daily and hourly enable the author to trace the curve representing the calories received by each square centimeter per minute. The differences observed in different hours of the day and days of the year enable the calorific intensity to be calculated as a function of the thickness of the atmosphere traversed, and to calculate an approximate value for the solar constant. Between 80 and 94 per cent. of the solar radiations traverse unit thickness of the atmosphere.

Aymonnet has examined the specific absorbing power of bodies for radiant heat, using a thermopile and prism, the solution to be examined being placed between them. From his results he concludes that the atomic absorbing power appears to be constant, first, for all elementary bodies dissolved in the same menstruum; and second, for all these bodies when existing in compounds of analogous chemical constitution.

The same author has studied calorific spectra by a modification of the ordinary method. He concludes that heat spectra contain easily recognized minima, that these minima are periodic, that they change their position when the source of heat is varied, that these variations are also produced by absorption, and that by these absorption changes much light is thrown upon the mechanism of solution.

Bezold has contrived a convenient method for comparing pigment colors with spectrum colors. It consists simply in replacing the scale of an ordinary spectroscope by a vertical slit a millimeter wide, before which the color to be studied is placed. The eye sees then the spectrum color by refraction and the pigment color by reflection, and by a movement of either slit the two colors may be brought into exact coincidence.

Rood has called attention to and confirmed an observation made by Tait which bears on Young's subjective color theory. Tait observed that on awaking from a feverish sleep a lamp flame assumed a red color, lasting for a second. Rood first noticed the same result twenty years ago, in Munich, on recovering from anæsthesia by chloroform, when the face of the operator appeared ruddy and his hair purplish-red. He now has observed a chronic condition of the same sort, lasting for a couple of weeks, during convalescence from typhoid fever. White objects appeared orange-yellow. On Young's theory this result is explained by supposing that the nerve fibrils of the retina which are sensitive to red resume their functions soonest. Hence the author infers that the apparatus in the eye for the reception of waves of medium length is more liable to be overstrained than those designed for waves of greater or lesser length.

Soret and Sarasin have investigated the rotatory power of quartz, extending their observations to the ultra-violet rays as far as the line R, using in general the method of Foucault and Fizeau, modified by that of Mascart. The numbers obtained agree well with those calculated by Boltzmann's formula.

In *Chemistry*, Maumené has published an extended memoir on an improved method of alcoholometry for determining the strength of wines, by distilling them first after making them alkaline, and then the distillate after making it acid. The memoir discusses at length the effects of the various foreign matters present in wine upon the result, and concludes that the improved method leaves nothing to be desired.

Pierre has communicated to the French Academy his experiments to test the question of the existence of sugar in the leaves of the sugar-beet, where it is undoubtedly elaborated. The difficulty of extracting the sugar as such led him to adopt the much simpler method of fermenting the entire juice, distilling off the alcohol, and calculating from this the amount of sugar present. From 158 kilograms of leaves, coarsely chopped, thirty to thirty-five liters of juice were expressed, which, after fermentation for five or six days, yielded on distillation 275 cubic centimeters of alcohol of 68 per cent., corresponding to 198 c. c. of absolute alcohol. Hence the leaves from one hectare of ground would yield 173 liters of absolute alcohol. This corresponds to 350 kilograms of sugar per hectare.

Prunier has continued his researches upon quercite, and has obtained other products than benzene in reacting upon it by an excess of hydriodic acid. Among these are hexyl hydride, quinone and hydroquinone, and phenol. The author hence regards this sugar as intermediate between the fatty and the aromatic series.

Boutmy and Fancher have proposed a new plan for the manufacture of nitroglycerin, by which they have succeeded in making it in large quantities without developing the heat which is so dangerous to the ordinary process. First, sulphoglyceric acid is made by treating glycerin of 30° by three times its weight of sulphuric acid of 66°. Second, nitrosulphuric acid is made by mixing equal weights of nitric acid at 48° and sulphuric acid at 66°. After cooling these liquids separately, they are mixed so as to get 100 parts of glycerin, 280 nitric acid, and 600 of sulphuric acid. The temperature never rises more than 10° to 15°, and the nitroglycerin may be directly decanted and washed. The yield is from 160 to 195 per cent.

Mineralogy.—In the examination of the internal structure of the supposed meteoric iron of Ovifak, Greenland, M. Daubrée has found evidence of the existence in it of the protochloride of iron. Grains of the same mineral were some time since separated from a Tennessee meteoric iron by Dr. J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, and in mentioning this fact M. Daubrée proposes that the substance should receive the name *Lawrencite*, after its first discoverer.

Mr. Field has recently described a new Cornish mineral under the name of *Ludlamite*. In composition it is a basic phosphate of iron related to vivianite. Its hardness is 3.4; its specific gravity 3½; and its crystalline system monoclinic. It is transparent and brilliant, and in color clear green. It occurs associated with quartz, siderite, vivianite, pyrite, etc.

A new mineral, *Strengite*, occurs in spherical, mammillary form, having a radiated structure, and a drusy surface; isolated crystals are rare. In color it is red to white, and is sometimes nearly transparent; the lustre is vitreous. Hardness, 3–4. In composition it is related to scorodite, but it is a phosphate instead of an arsenate of iron; the iron, moreover, is in the sesquioxide state instead of the protoxide, as in the new mineral Ludlamite. The crystalline form is orthorhombic, and the form of the crystals is related to those of scorodite. Strengite is found with ca-

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coxene in the iron mines at Eleonore, at Dünsberg, near Giessen. It is named by Nies in honor of Dr. Streng, of Giessen.

Microscopy.—At the meeting of the Philadelphia Academy, in October last, Dr. Leidy gave an interesting account of a cannibal *Amœba* (*A. limax ?*), which, after a period of seven hours, succeeded in digesting, or at least absorbing until it disappeared among the granular matter of its *entosarc*, another *Amœba* (*A. verrucosa*), thus appropriating its structure to its own, just as we might do a piece of flesh completely, without there being any excrementitious matter to be voided.

M. Henneguy, in a paper recently read before the French Academy, states that *Volvox minor* is diœcious, while the *V. globator* is monœcious. The former is a colony of unicellular algæ, sometimes composed of vegetative cells only, having young colonies in their interiors, sometimes containing male elements (*androgonidia*), situated in the thickness of the gelatinous wall, and sometimes female colonies, containing only *gynogonidia*, or oospheres, in the interior.

The *androgonidia* are formed at the expense of a vegetative cell. The *gynogonidia* likewise spring from a differentiation of a vegetative cellule. The fecundation is effected through the liberation of antheroids by the dissolution of the antheridia wall. These volvocina, male, female, and neuter, seek the light and keep near the surface of the water, but when the female colonies are fecundated, they get away from the surface.

In a paper read lately (September 26) before the Cryptogamic Society of Scotland, Mr. Worthington Smith, F.L.S., explains very fully the structure of the common mushroom. The entire substance is made up of excessively small bladder-like cells, one and a half billion to every ounce of the mushroom's weight. The spores are produced apparently two at a time at the base of each basidium; there are really four, for at the time of dropping off the first two, the last two appear. These spores will, on germination, reproduce the species, but their life is very short. Once germinated, however, and forming the spawn or mycelium, this has great tenacity of life, and is commonly if not always perennial.

Mr. F. Buckland states, in a late number of *Land and Water*, that the green-bearded oysters found not far from Southend, Essex, owe their green color to the sporules of the sea-weed called "crow-silk," which grows abundantly in the Roach River, and that chemical analysis does not show the slightest trace of copper or other mineral, while the vegetable pigment itself imparts a peculiar taste and agreeable flavor to the meat of these plump little oysters.

Dr. Cohen, of Heidelberg, finds that the *specks* in the Cape diamonds are sometimes due to crystals of specular iron, the larger faces of which lie parallel to the octahedral face of the diamond.

Dr. Leidy, at a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Academy, stated that examination of the cut opals from the Queretaro mines, Mexico, shows the brilliant display of colors to be due to reflection from facets one-quarter to one mm. in breadth of irregular polyhedral forms, a sort of mosaic pavement on a basis of amorphous opal, but which are distinctly parallel striate, the striæ changing in direction on the different facets, so that the whole consists of an aggregation of particles, of a striated or finely tubular structure, imbedded in a basis of more amorphous opal, and in polished sections emitting the varied hues for which the precious opal is so much admired, according to the varying fineness of the striæ, and their inclination.

Professor Hertwig announces the discovery of nuclei in Foraminifera, already independently observed by Schulte, but which, singularly enough, had not been detected by the naturalist on board H. M. S. *Challenger*, who devoted so much time and attention to the pelagic Foraminifera. Although Hertwig's observations do not as yet prove *all* Foraminifera to be nucleated, probably they really are so, and as the whole of the soft body of a many-chambered *Polystomella* or *Rotalina* normally has but a single nucleus, it follows that the whole animal has but the value of a *single cell*, or, in other words, that the Foraminifera at large must be regarded as *unicellular animals*.

Anthropology.—No part of the human body amenable to comparison is regarded as unimportant by the anthropologist. Dr. Hamy, of Paris, has been making a study of the finger-nails, especially in the Mongolian races. It is not rare to find men and women in China and Indo-China whose nails measure from three to four centimeters, and M. Hamy has photographs of hands on which the nails are twelve centimeters in length.

Mr. W. St. C. Boscawen, Dr. Sayce's successor as lecturer on the Assyrian language, makes the following statement in *Academy*, January 27, with reference to George Smith's last collection of antiquities from Babylon: "The tablets are the commercial papers or checks of a Babylonian banking firm named Egibi. From the connection with the court, it seems to have been a sort of National Bank of Babylon." Mr. Boscawen has succeeded in finding out from the tablets the genealogical succession of these bankers, giving a complete series of annual transactions from the first of Nebuchadnezzar to the thirty-fifth of Darius. "The fifth year of Nabopolassar is fixed by a lunar eclipse mentioned by Claudius Ptolemæus at 621 B.C." Among the tablets of Mr. Smith documents are found of all the kings from this year of accession to the reign of Cambyses.

M. Eugène Révillout has deciphered a papyrus in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, No. 215, containing a portion of an ancient Egyptian chronicle compiled apparently under the Ptolemies. The document confirms the opinion that Manetho's history was based on earlier chronicles. The time covered by the papyrus is that obscure period of Egyptian history which commenced with the expulsion of the Persians, from B.C. 410 to 345.

In *Nature*, January 25 and February 1, Dr. Abbott and Mr. Thomas Belt refer to the evidences of tertiary man in America. It is an old principle that the accumulation of doubtful evidence increases the doubt. Professor Whitney was reported by Dr. Jeffreys Wyman as having collected positive evidence of the antiquity of the Calaveras skull. Of this we can not judge until the evidence is forth-coming; but of the "flint tools" in the Richmond gravels the best American archæologists have expressed the opinion that they are not of human workmanship.

In his paper on the origin of bronze, M. De Mortillet spoke of tubes with movable rings attached. In India, rings are worn on the staff to

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drive away poisonous serpents. In some parts of Germany the rings on the cane are the badge of the herdsman. M. Mainof has also noticed the custom in some parts of Russia of attaching rings, and even bells, to the walking-sticks.

Zoology.—We are just beginning to receive the publications giving the results of English zoological research in the polar regions. The first installments are the reports upon the biological results of the *Valorous* expedition, by Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys and Dr. Carpenter, as well as the Rev. A. M. Norman and others, contained in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of London. The *Valorous* was a store-ship sent out with the recent British polar expedition, and on her return from Disco Island dredged and sounded with most interesting results. Living *Globigerina* were captured on the outward voyage, and "countless numbers of a microscopic mite, which swarmed every where, and appeared to be busily engaged in eating the outer layer of the sea-weed, as well as the spawn" of a mollusk and the animal of a polyzoon. Some remarkable brachiopods, a new genus of sea-urchins, new shells and worms, several of which are fossil in Sicily, occurred at depths between one thousand and two thousand fathoms. Thirty-three species of shells were added to the list of Greenland shells, while the lists of *Crustacea*, *Tunicata*, *Polyzoa*, *Radiata*, etc., were greatly increased, as this is the first time that dredging has been carried on at such depths off the coast of Greenland. Mr. Jeffreys suggests that the marine fauna of Greenland is rather European than American, while Mr. Norman, on the other hand, believes that the fauna of Davis Strait is American rather than European. It seems to us that the reporters overlook the fact that the polar deep-sea life is neither exclusively American nor European, but *circumpolar*, with features of subordinate importance characterizing each side of the Atlantic. The map showing the ocean bottom of the North Atlantic is of much interest in connection with recent speculations as to the former existence of a tertiary polar continent connecting Europe and Greenland with America.

Certain minute parasitic worm-like organisms, called *Dicyema* and *Dicyemella*, which live in the liquid bathing the spongy bodies (perhaps renal organs) of cuttle-fishes, have been studied in all their phases of development by a Belgian naturalist, E. Van Beneden, who concludes that they form the type of a new sub-kingdom of animals, which he calls *Mesozoa*. An abstract of this important paper is given in the *American Naturalist* for March.

While Mr. Carter continues, in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, his papers on sponges, a beautiful memoir by Professor Haeckel, of Jena, has just been received. The work forms the second number of his *Studies on the Gastræa Theory*. It contains, however, besides considerable theoretical matter, many new facts regarding certain simple sponges called *Haliphysema* and *Gastrophysema*. They are so simple in organization as to bear considerable resemblance to the "gastrula" form of sponges, which, it may be remembered, consists of a two-layered hollow sac. It is illustrated by six well-drawn plates.

A severe *critique* on Dr. W. B. Carpenter's views regarding certain groups of Foraminifera, by Dr. G. C. Wallich, appears in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for February, which also contains an abstract of a paper by Dr. Carpenter on the structure of the *Comatula* star-fish, with a note on the nervous system and muscles of the sea-urchins.

We had occasion only a short time ago to notice an elaborate work by Professor Weismann on the theory of descent, and now comes an octavo of nearly two hundred pages on the natural history of the Daphnia and its allies, the "water-fleas," so common in fresh-water pools. One chapter is on the formation of the egg in the Daphnoids, another on the dependence of the embryonal development on the germinal fluid of the mother; while the last is on the influence of conception on the production of winter eggs. As a contribution to the physiology of reproduction, the essay is of a high order of merit.

Researches on the mode of respiration in certain crabs, by M. Jobert, and a note on two new species of crustacea from New Zealand, by A. Milne-Edwards, appear in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*. In the same journal is an illustrated account of the metamorphoses of species of the common garden mites of Europe, by P. Mégnin.

An extended and fully illustrated paper on the post-embryonal development of flies, caterpillars, etc., by Professor Ganin has just been received. Unfortunately the work is entirely written in Russian, with no abstract accessible to an ordinary linguist.

A notable paper, entitled "History of *Phyciodes Tharos*, a Polymorphic Butterfly," by W. H. Edwards, appears in the *Canadian Entomologist*. He finds that there are four generations of this butterfly at Coalburg, West Virginia, the first of which is *marcia* and the second and third are *tharos*, and none of the larvæ from these have so far been found to hibernate; and the fourth, under exceptional circumstances, has produced some *tharos* and more *marcia* the same season, a large proportion of the larvæ also hibernating. In the Catskill Mountains there are two generations annually, the first of which is *marcia*, or the winter form, and the other is the summer form. Mr. Edwards adds that, in a high latitude or at a high altitude, we might expect to find this butterfly with a single brood, and restricted probably to the winter form, *marcia*. And this is precisely what does occur in the island of Anticosti (about latitude 50°), and on the southern coast of Labrador opposite, *tharos* being the more northern form. All these varieties are produced, according to Mr. Edwards, by changes in climate or temperature. We would add that, in this and similar cases studied by Weismann, we see species produced by causes easily understood and measured by the ordinary naturalist, and that phase of evolution called "natural selection" does not enter into the matter at all as a *vera causa*, and we doubt not that Darwinism, as such, has been much overestimated as a factor in producing species—a dogma being mistaken for a genuine cause.

In his experimental researches on the functions of the swimming bladder of fishes, published in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, Moreau attempts to define the hydrostatic function of this organ by means of a number of experiments. The office of the swimming bladder is to render the density of the fish equal to that of the water, by incessantly correcting the changes of density which new pressures cause in the fish, by an increase or diminution of the air within proportion-

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al to these pressures. Authors generally state that muscular efforts produce changes of density favorable to locomotion or stability, but Moreau finds, on experiment, that the changes are not due to muscular efforts, but to a suitable change in the quantity of internal air. The function of the natatory bladder is, then, to give to the fish the density of the water at all pressures, and without muscular exertions—an advantage that fishes without a swimming bladder, and always denser than the water, never possess. This leads to some experiments on respiration, while different experiments show that the swimming bladder of certain species of *Trigla* is an organ of sound, and that the two nerves which are sent off from the spinal cord beneath the pneumogastric nerves preside over this function by exciting the muscles and the diaphragm.

In this connection a timely paper on "Traces of a Voice in Fishes" appears in the *American Naturalist* for March. Dr. C. C. Abbott finds that our native spineless perch, mud sun-fish, gizzard shad, mullet, lamprey, cat-fish, and eel have more or less well marked vocal powers.

Among communications of theoretical interest are articles by Mr. W. H. Dall, "On a Provisional Hypothesis of Saltatory Evolution," and by Dr. W. K. Brooks, on "A Provisional Hypothesis of Pangenesis," both published in the *American Naturalist*.

A *Naturalists' Directory*, containing the names of 1431 naturalists of this country, and also of chemists, physicists, and meteorologists, has just been published by the Naturalists' Agency at Salem, Massachusetts.

Agriculture and Rural Economy.—The *American Journal of Science* reprints an article, by Dr. J. H. Gilbert, "On some Points in Connection with Vegetation," which treats of the subject of the nitrogen of vegetation in general and of agricultural production in particular, especially as viewed in the light of the results of the well-known experiments at Rothamstead, England, in which Dr. Gilbert has, in connection with Mr. J. B. Lawes, been engaged for some thirty-three years or more. As a summarizing of those results by themselves and in comparison with those of other experimenters, it forms a most valuable contribution to our still extremely incomplete knowledge of the ways of supply of nitrogen to crops.

In referring to the well-known fact that leguminous crops, which are very rich in nitrogen, are benefited more by mineral and less by nitrogenous fertilizers than are the gramineous crops, which contain less nitrogen, Dr. Gilbert remarks that "mineral manures, and especially potash manures, as has been seen, increase in a striking degree the growth of crops of the leguminous family grown separately, and coincidently the amount of nitrogen they assimilate over a given area." This is quite in accordance with the fact that, as considerable experience has shown, the German potash salts are particularly useful for clover, beans, vetches, and other leguminous crops.

The article by Professor Slade on "The Art of the Farrier" is a valuable essay on the much-neglected and poorly understood subject of the treatment of horses' hoofs. Professor Slade says that "the operation so universally adopted among farriers of 'opening up' the heels is one of the most barbarous, senseless, and useless proceedings that could possibly be devised. . . . The equally useless and unreasonable method of paring the sole and of destroying the bars, of whose existence many are profoundly ignorant, should not be practiced when the parts are in healthy condition. . . . Paring out the sole of the healthy foot can not be defended on any ground; neither can any artificial substitute be employed that can take the place of the natural protection." We may perhaps hope that treatises like this may prepare the way for the culture and application of the knowledge of matters connected with veterinary science in our country, such as is already found to a most fortunate extent in Europe.

Vermont farmers, by-the-way, are particularly fortunate, not only in the possession of an unusual amount of intelligence, but also in having two such active and useful organizations to foster and increase it as their State Board of Agriculture and State Dairy-men's Association. At a late meeting of the latter were reported some interesting experiments, by Mr. Cooley and Mrs. Douglass, on milk setting. These accord with those of Tisserand in indicating that a low temperature favors the rising of the cream. Mr. Cooley says, "If we want the cream to rise quickly and in the best possible condition for making a first-class article of butter, we must cool the milk thoroughly immediately after milking, down to at least 45°, and the nearer we approach to this, the better will be the result." Such experiments by farmers, carefully planned and accurately conducted, are among the most hopeful signs for the future of our agriculture.

The *Scientific Farmer* reports some very interesting and instructive experiments, by Dr. Sturtevant, on the relation between the amount of water which falls in rain and that which percolates through the soil. These are made by means of a lysimeter with an area of one-five-thousandth of an acre, on the plan of those performed at Rothamstead, in England, and other places in Europe. The soil was a gravelly loam. The total rain-fall during the year 1876 was 43.88 inches, of which only 4.76 inches leached through to a depth of twenty-five inches. That is to say, only 11 per cent. of the total amount of water which fell percolated to this depth, while in European experiments (under varying conditions of soil depths at which tests were made, etc.) the percentage of percolation varied from 20 to 42.5 per cent. Dr. Sturtevant infers that the waste of fertilizing elements from New England soils by drainage must be much less than in England.

The *Scientific Farmer*, in which the above experiments are reported, furnishes another most encouraging indication of the progress of rational agriculture. That a journal of the character indicated by the name, and devoted to elucidation and enforcement of the abstract principles that lie at the basis of the right practice of farming, should come so soon into a large circulation, proves a great and increasing interest in such subjects on the part of thinking farmers. It supplies, at the same time that it increases, an important demand, and is rendering most useful service to the agriculture of the country.

In *Engineering*, we may record that the question of a tunnel at Detroit is again being mooted, but, according to the opinion of a well-informed authority, with little prospect of realization until the business of the railroad companies interested in it becomes more prosperous.

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We glean from the *Railroad Gazette* that, during the year 1876, 105 railroad companies laid track on 2442 miles of road, increasing the number of miles of track in the United States to 76,640, which, according to the best estimates of present population, gives one mile of railroad to 600 inhabitants. The following figures show the amount of railroad extension in the country for a series of years:

	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.
Miles constructed....	7340	8883	2025	1561	2442

Induced, doubtless, by the unfortunate railroad disaster at Ashtabula, Mr. T. C. Clarke, one of the most prominent of American bridge builders, has published a proposition, conceived in the interest of public safety, that the general government shall establish and maintain a corps of competent bridge inspectors, to whom shall be submitted all plans for new bridges. He would vest in this body the power to reject absolutely any plans which it might deem unsafe, and the power to enforce what it might consider to be necessary repairs and alterations of existing structures. He finally suggests that the government engineer corps could be drawn upon to supply the material for the body or commission which he proposes to establish. This suggestion bears some resemblance in its general features to the government inspection system proposed some time since by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., but appears to be better calculated to meet the requirements of the case than that of the last-named gentleman, inasmuch as while both propose government inspection, the latter would have the commission report and recommend without power to enforce its recommendations, while the former would give vitality and utility to its operations.

Captain Barrett, commanding the United States steamer *Plymouth*, has just given a very favorable report upon the progress of the Eads jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, in which he affirms that they are "a perfect success." He reports furthermore that at the time he passed through the jetties his vessel was drawing 17½ feet. The greatest depth of water found in mid-channel was 30 feet, and the least depth 18 feet.

The secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association has just published the statistics of our domestic Bessemer steel industry for the year 1876, from which the following facts and figures are taken: There were eleven establishments engaged in the manufacture of Bessemer steel during the past year. The number of net tons of pig-iron and spiegeleisen converted by the Bessemer process was 539,474, against 395,956 net tons in 1875, and 204,352 tons in 1874. The number of net tons of Bessemer steel ingots produced in 1876 was 525,996, against 375,517 tons in 1875, and 191,933 tons in 1874. The number of net tons of Bessemer steel rails produced in 1876 was 412,461, against 290,863 in 1875. In the ten years during which the Bessemer industry in this country may be said to have had an existence, the total production of rails in net tons up to the close of the last year has been 1,163,028. It is affirmed also that during the year 1876 not a single steel rail was imported into this country.

The *Railroad Gazette* reports up to March 1 the construction of forty-one miles of railroad in the United States during the present year.

The same authority, which publishes the only reliable statistics of train accidents, reports as follows upon this important though unwelcome topic, for the year ending with January last: number of accidents, 1069; number of killed, 330; number of injured, 1216.

From abroad comes the report that the government of Brazil has guaranteed seven per cent. interest on $55,000,000 to be invested in railways in that empire. The daily press likewise lately contained the statement that the ceremony of opening a railway between Osaka and Kioto, in Japan, was performed on February 5, in the presence of a large assemblage of native dignitaries and the representatives of foreign governments.

The German technical journals affirm that the under-ground telegraphic system, already very successfully in use in Germany, is about to be increased by the construction of new lines from Berlin to Hamburg, Hamburg to Kiel, Halle to Leipsic, Halle to Cassel, Cassel to Frankfurt-am-Main, and Frankfurt-am-Main to Mayence. The laying of these cables will be begun as soon as the ground is free of frost, and the anticipation is expressed that all will be at work by the month of September next. The Halle-Berlin cable, which has been for some time in operation, is affirmed to have given great satisfaction, and the experience made with it has materially conduced to the contemplated extension of the system.

The electric light, according to numerous accounts, is in nightly use in Paris, in the works now being carried on in the Trocadero in connection with the new Exhibition buildings. The authorities of the city of Milan, it is also affirmed, have given their assent to the proposition of certain gentlemen, who propose to attempt the illumination of some of the prominent avenues of that city. The experiment is also about to be tried of illuminating with its aid the docks and harbor of Antwerp, to guide vessels into port and to facilitate the loading and unloading of their cargoes.

Herr Stein, a well-known German mechanician, who some time since proposed the use of normal weights made of quartz (rock-crystal) as a preferable substitute for the usual weights of metal (platinum, gilded brass, aluminum, etc.), has lately proposed to the German Chemical Society of Berlin to construct the beams and scale pans of balances of the same material. The advantages which he urges in favor of quartz for this purpose reside in its lightness, inflexibility, non-expansibility, and practically perfect indifference to atmospheric and chemical influences of change, from which none of the metals are quite free. The rock-crystal weights of Herr Stein have been warmly praised by eminent analysts, Fresenius among the number. For the same reasons, Herr Stein advocates the use of rock-crystal for producing standards of measure, whether longitudinal or circular, and for the construction of normal thermometers.

M. Rabuteau has lately proposed the use of hydrobromic ether as an anæsthetic agent. He has affirmed, before the French Academy, that it may be administered without difficulty, that it is rapidly and completely eliminated from the system, and that it is perfectly harmless.

It is reported that a rich vein of silver ore has been discovered at Woodstock, in Maine.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of March.—The counting of the electoral vote was completed March 2, and the result was announced by the President of the Senate. Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected President, and William A. Wheeler Vice-President, each receiving 185 votes. On the 4th, the Forty-fourth Congress finally adjourned. There was a great deal of unfinished business. The Army Appropriation Bill failed to become a law, and this will render necessary an extra session of the Forty-fifth Congress during the summer. The Resumption Bill was laid over until next December.

The new President and Vice-President were publicly inaugurated on the 5th of March.

A special session of the Senate was opened on the 5th. On the 7th, the President sent to the Senate the following cabinet nominations: William M. Evarts, Secretary of State; Senator Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury; George W. M'Crary, Secretary of War; R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy; Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior; D. M. Key, Postmaster-General; and General Devens, Attorney-General. These nominations were referred to committees. On the 8th Senator Sherman's nomination was confirmed, and Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, was appointed to succeed him as chairman of the Committee on Finance. The other cabinet nominations were confirmed on the 10th. The Senate adjourned March 17.

The President's inaugural address repeated the promises made in his letter of acceptance. While he did not definitely announce his Southern policy, he indicated that it would be conciliatory. President Grant, before retiring from office, appeared to question the policy of sustaining Southern State governments by military force. In his dispatch to Governor Packard, of Louisiana, March 1, he said that he did not believe public opinion would "longer support the maintenance of the State government of Louisiana by the use of the military." The political situation in Louisiana was made the subject of special discussion in President Hayes's cabinet on the 20th and 21st of March. It was decided to send a commission to that State to investigate the subjects under review.

The New Hampshire State election, March 13, resulted in a Republican majority of over 3500.

On the 21st of March the Pennsylvania Legislature elected J. D. Cameron United States Senator from that State, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Simon Cameron.

The General Assembly of Ohio, in joint session, March 21, elected Stanley Matthews United States Senator from that State, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John Sherman.

General Porfirio Diaz has been elected President of the republic of Mexico.

Colonel Gordon, in a private letter, dated Cairo, February 17, says: "His Highness the Khedive has given me over the Soudan, in addition to the provinces of the equator and the Red Sea coast, absolute authority. It will be my fault if slavery does not cease, and if these vast countries are not open to the world. The whole secret of the matter is in the government of the Soudan, and if the man who holds that is against slavery, it must cease."

The commission appointed by the French Academy of Sciences to investigate in regard to the phylloxera (insect) report that twenty-five departments have been ravaged, and in many districts poverty, privation, and misery have replaced affluence, in consequence of the destruction of the vine culture. Traffic on railways and canals has diminished, and the public taxes do not yield enough to pay for collection. Besides the damage already done, the districts of Burgundy, Champagne, Loire, and Cher are now threatened. If since 1867 the phylloxera has gained ground to such an extent, it will complete its work in a much shorter time, owing to its unlimited reproduction, and for many years to come one of her principal sources of wealth will be lost to France. If nothing be done, the evil is sure to spread beyond hope of recovery. By doing something, however insufficient, the danger may be averted for a time, and those parts not yet invaded may be saved. The commission therefore recommend various measures for the isolation of the infected districts and the destruction of the affected vines.

A treaty of peace has been ratified by Turkey and Servia. As we write, negotiations are pending between Russia and England having in view a protocol to be agreed upon by all the great powers as a preliminary to the demobilization of the Russian army. The purpose of Russia would seem to be to commit the powers to the policy of coercion; but it remains to be seen whether Russia will in return for that advantage consent to the demobilization of her army. The negotiations for peace between Turkey and Montenegro are still pending, and the uncertainty of their issue complicates the general situation.

DISASTERS.

March 6.—Burning of the Waltham Building, in New York. Loss of $1,661,000.

March 8.—Panic in St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York city, occasioned by a woman's hysterical fit, followed by a cry of "Fire!" Seven persons trampled to death.

OBITUARY.

March 3.—Announcement by cable telegram of the death of Joel T. Hart, the American sculptor, in Florence, Italy, aged sixty-seven years.

March 6.—At Columbia, South Carolina, Franklin Israel Moses, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, aged seventy-two years.—In New York city, Dr. Gurdon Buck, a distinguished physician and surgeon, aged seventy years.

March 7.—In New York city, Matilda Agnes Heron, the actress, aged forty-seven years.

March 13.—Near Augusta, Georgia, Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert, author of the celebrated *Souvenirs of Travel*, aged sixty-seven years.

March 17.—At Cambridge, Massachusetts, ex-Governor Emory Washburn, of that State, aged seventy-seven years.

March 13.—At Genoa, Italy, Charles Cowden Clarke, a well-known English writer, aged ninety years.

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Editor's Drawer.

A RADICAL Senator's attack upon the incoming President, as soon as the ball opened, reminds your correspondent of an occurrence some twenty-five years ago in Cincinnati, where a firm which had failed in delivering, according to contract, 5000 barrels of pork, or some trifle of that sort, sued the party, whom he thus made defendant, to his great astonishment. Judge William Johnston being employed to defend the suit, came one day into the office of your correspondent, and leaning back in a chair and resting his legs on a desk, said, "Ned, look over that brief." Ned did so. After the customary recitation and some memoranda of authorities, the reader was surprised to notice clear across the page a roughly drawn wrought nail, as big as a spike, and a mighty poor one at that.

"What's that for, judge?"

"That's to remind me when I come to that point to tell a yarn."

"As how?"

"Well, you see how the party derelict has by a flank movement put my client in the position of defendant?"

"Yes."

"Well, once upon a time there was a nail-maker of the old order, who was working at his trade, with a lot of nail rods in the fire, and ever and anon he took one out, laid it on his stake, forged a nail, and cut it off, letting it fall into the keg. Presently he came to a rod with a flaw on the side, making a big sliver which would not weld down; so he put it in the fire again for another heat, and took the rod next in order. After a bit he takes out the troublesome rod, but the sliver won't weld down. A third attempt after a while has no better luck; so he cuts it off and lets it drop into the keg, with the remark, 'Dash the man that drives that nail!'"

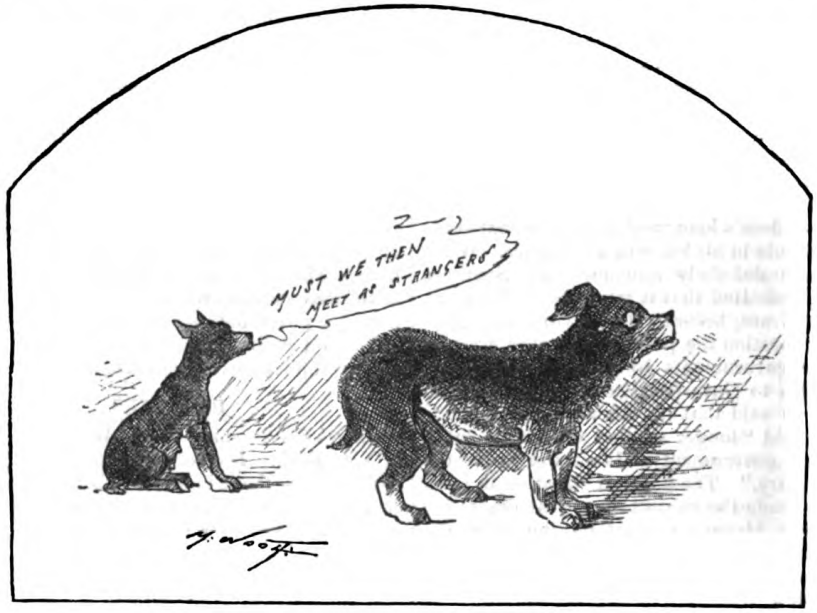
"Why so? How does he know who's going to drive it?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know who's going to drive it, but he's sure to say, 'Dash the man that made that nail!' and there's something in having the start."

THE following original and characteristic anecdote of President Lincoln comes to us from a Western correspondent:

I am reminded very forcibly of an interview which I once had with the martyr President by reading in the Editor's Drawer of your Magazine what one of your correspondents relates in regard to a similar interview. I called upon Mr. Lincoln soon after he was first installed in the White House. In the room where Mr. L. granted interviews, etc., were several persons who were waiting their turn to speak with him. I listened to the requests of several men and women, and I saw that very few were granted what they solicited. I had a seat at or near one end of a long table. Mr. Lincoln sat at the other end. Soon after I was seated, in walked several officers in the Spanish navy to pay their compliments to Mr. L. By some means they were directed toward my end of the table, and I saw they took me for the President. Mr. L. saw the same thing, and hastily signaled me to "go ahead," as he expressed it, and receive them. I rose, shook hands with each officer, and exchanged a few words with them, which would have been, I suppose, appropriate, had I indeed been President. The moment their backs were turned I looked toward Mr. L. He was shaking with laughter. I thought now I had paved the way to win the position I had come to ask. I made up my mind to address the President in a new way, and thus add to the hold I already had upon him. So, when my time came, I stepped up to Mr. L. and said,

"Sir, I have seen the annoyance to which you are subjected by so many and often-repeated requests for innumerable positions, etc. Now if



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you will permit me to shake hands, I will try and smother my desire for a certain position which I *had* come to ask from you."

Mr. L. jumped up, and grasping my hand, said,

"Sir, you are one man in a thousand. I am *doubly* indebted to you. You have been the means of conveying to those Spanish officers that the President of the United States is a very handsome man, and then you do not even ask an office. But," he added, "*hurry home. You may repent.*"

It is sufficient to add that I hurried.

A Western man sends us this: A reverend brother of the Methodist Episcopal Church was, many years since, alone in the ministry on Lake Superior. His wife died, and he was compelled to preach her funeral sermon. After an impressive discourse on her many virtues, he concluded by saying: "Brethren and sisters, you all knew her well, and that she was a dear, good woman; and the good Lord only knows where I shall get another like her."

They have men even in Canada who are addicted to the use of objectionable expressions. A correspondent at Drummondsville, in the Province of Quebec, says that in that vicinity there are certain steam saw-mills, called the "Cuban Mills," as most of the lumber there sawed was shipped to Cuba. The boss of the mill was Captain B——, as good-natured and kind an American as could be found; but he was an unmitigated swearer. One day he bought a fiery young Canadian horse, and was driving him home, when the animal took fright and broke the wagon to pieces. The captain got entangled with the reins, and was dragged quite a distance, but finally got clear of them, and lay unconscious, with his leg broken, and covered with blood. He was found by two French Canadian girls, who knew him, being neighbors. They lifted him into their wagon, and drove six miles to the village doctor. Next they went for the Rev. Mr. S——, a particular friend of the captain, and also a great joker. The news spread at once that the captain was nearly if not quite dead, and the people crowded to the doctor's to know the truth. The first person met was the clergyman, and all began to ask him, "How is the captain?"

He lifted up his hands for silence, and said, "The captain, gentlemen, is very, very low. *He can just swear above his breath.*"

Mr. Charles G. Leland has written a great many humorous things in different sorts of German. Latterly he has dropped into a new vein, showing that he perfectly appreciates the Indian and the Yankee, as in this story of the good minister of a Massachusetts village and a shiftless, whiskey-loving Indian, who in time of a revival became one of his converts. The excellent clergyman greatly rejoiced at having "rescued another;" while the Indian, in return, one night expressed with solemn joy his assurance, "Me no go *Hobamoko* [that is, perdition]—Injun soul save—all right." But the day after this affecting scene, the minister, thoughtfully riding along, discovered his convert lying in a rocky corner near the road, deeply, dreadfully tipsy. Sighing much and sadly, the minister rode on, but was scarcely a rod from the spot when his ear was struck by a guttural grunt, which was solemnly and impressively repeated. Turning his head, he saw the Indian maintaining himself with the greatest difficulty in a sitting posture and gazing sternly at his friend, as if from the height of some great idea, while he beckoned to him as one having authority. Slowly the minister rode back and paused.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian; "you know dat little business me talk you 'bout lass night?"

"Yes, Benjamin, I do know," was the reply; "it was about your salvation."

"Yes," grunted the unabashed; "me 'clude to let dat little business go. Injun soul," he added, with a patronizing smile, as if wishing to diminish the clergyman's disappointment—"Injun soul berry poor concern—small 'fair—no great matter anyhow."

It is commonly thought that the phrase, to buy "on tick," is modern slang. It occurs, however, in the year 1696, in the Diary of Abraham de la Pryme, published by the Surtees Society, of England:

"Here is very little or no new monney comes yet down amongst us, so that we scarce know how to subsist. Every one runs upon *tick*, and those that had no credit a year ago has credit enough now."

The late Rev. Henry Price, Wesleyan minister in Ireland, was an earnest and successful preacher of the Gospel. He was highly esteemed in whatever circuit it pleased Providence to cast his lot. He was a man of very amiable disposition, and had the reputation of being the most polite clergyman in the Conference. Every one who met him was impressed with his courteous deportment and polished language. Politeness, however, may sometimes be carried too far, and its excess become irony or ridicule.

A pious old lady on the Londonderry circuit lay upon her death-bed. During her sickness her spiritual and temporal wants had been diligently ministered to by her faithful pastor. The end was fast approaching, and the good old lady was aware that her hours on earth were numbered.

During the last visit of Mr. Price at the dying bed much edifying spiritual conversation took place, at the conclusion of which the departing saint informed her pastor that she had one last and dying request to make.

"Whatever that request may be, my dear madam," replied the pastor, "shall be cheerfully complied with."

"When I am dead and gone, then," continued the dying woman, "I wish you to take the entire management of my funeral."

With his accustomed politeness, the pastor replied, "I shall do that, my dear madam, *with a great deal of pleasure.*"

From Vermont:

In a town not a thousand miles from down East (that's the way they begin, isn't it, Mr. Editor?) there lived an old farmer who had two sons, one of whom will make his mark by-and-by. It was the custom of the old gentleman, upon the advent of a circus into the town, to take the boys to the village and allow them to see the grand cavalcade as it paraded the streets prior to opening the exhibition. He always returned home with them, however, without giving them the coveted sight of the wonders of the ring.

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This was tantalizing in the extreme, and the boys' exasperation at it found vent one day, as the same occurrence was about to be repeated, in the injured tones of the younger: "Say, father, you've let us see the *cir* a good many times; ain't it 'most time to let us see the *cus*?"

OLD BOOTS.

IN MEMORIAM.

Old boots! fond mem'ry treasures days long past
When I possessed you in your glossy prime,
As freshly from the manufacturer's last
You bade defiance, seemingly, to time.

Along life's pathway we together trod;
Long water-proof and tight your stitch did stay;
O'er decks well holy-stoned and slippery sod,
Where'er my easy walk or toilsome way.

"Mine eyes from tears and feet from falling" oft
Did your broad soles and well-nailed heels prevent:
I think my little cherub there aloft
Watched every stitch and peg with kind intent.

Oh, would that, in the daily walks of life,
Friendship like yours had been from man vouchsafed!
You never led me into angry strife;
You grasped not tightly nor impatient chafed.

'Tis said that "c'est le premier pas qui coûte;"
I did not find it so, dear friends, with you!
The first young step of each unbroken boot
Was one of promise for the journey through.

We've sauntered on Parisian boulevards,
And on Ben-Lomond trod the heather down,
Amid the scenes that Scotia's gifted bards
Have made immortal, like their own renown.

We've stood upon the classic banks of Rhine,
Under the frown of Ehrenbreitstein's walls,
Threaded our way where blooms the fruitful vine,
And waked the echoes in baronial halls.

With me you've paced on "India's coral strand,"
Waded through surf that rolled on sea-girt isles;
Dipped in the founts that "wash down golden sand,"
Where the warm sun on Afric's deserts smiles.

We've been where palms and red pomegranates grow,
Where man is born of idleness the slave;
We've slid along o'er barren Russia's snow,
Where slaves of glory found their wintry grave.

For, spite of progress, all mankind is still
Subservient to some fellow-man or thing;
Men boast possession of their own free-will,
And cry, "God save our sovereign lord the king!"

Surrender thought divine to human creeds;
Trust in false prophets, Obis, missal leaves;
And following where superstition leads,
Believe what e'er the priest, perhaps, believes.

And we, "the forty million sovereigns," fooled
By demagogues of "state" or "civil" right—
We look at men by single tyrants ruled
Through cracks in beams that blind our partial sight.

Old boots! beyond the equinoctial line,
Where first Da Gama sought his course to shape,
'Neath Capricorn's far distant southern sign,
We've doubled round the stormy mountain cape;

We've traced the shores of Rio's peerless bay,
Beheld from Corcovado's towering height;
O'er the lone pampas trod our trackless way
Till Andes' snow-clad mountains loomed in sight.

And on this northern continent of ours,
The heritage that Liberty has found
Impregnable by Europe's hostile powers,
Her standard planted on her chosen ground,

We've gone from north to south, from east to west,
Far as the iron horse his course could run,
Until the watery barriers bade him rest
From his hot race to catch the setting sun.

Thus have we tracked the world's wide regions through,
O'er plains and mountains and on ocean's foam;
Then, like the needle to the loadstone true,
Old boots, you pointed back the way to home.

And now, your upper leather wrinkled o'er,
And patches pasted on from heel to toe,
Half-soled and soled till there is place no more
For patch on your original to go,

You've reached life's confines, and decrepit age
Condemns you to the doom of all—decay,
And writes your epitaph upon the page
Of all things passing in their turn away.

Farewell, old boots! a tender last farewell!
Inanimate, but mourned as if with souls
Instead of soles; I'll find for you some dell
Where, though no bell your requiem tolls,

You peacefully may lie beneath the ground,
As I myself may lie when life is done.
For you and me alike the grassy mound
Shall show the race is o'er and rest is won.

Why one Western town has no Sunday-school is thus explained by a young lady who endeavored to plant one in a flourishing village in Missouri:

Desirous of establishing a school, and recognizing the necessity of proceeding cautiously in a locality in which Sunday-schools are regarded, to say the least, with no special favor, I resolved to begin in a manner compared with which the plots of Macchiavelli should fade into insignificance.

I began by inquiring of the most eligible youth of my acquaintance whether there were any schools in the vicinity. "Yes, ma'am." Then, in a careless manner, eminently calculated, I fondly trusted, to deceive the unwary and allay all suspicion, "Had there ever been any Sunday-schools?" "No, ma'am," came the answer. Very meekly I suggested that if he knew of any boys who would like some books to read, they could have them by meeting at a certain place Sunday afternoon. Thus skillfully did I imagine I had concealed my designs. But, alas! the mind of the youthful Missourian is agile and quick, and he no doubt saw through me, as the boys say, so, remarking that he'd speak to a couple of "fellers," he withdrew. In two weeks came the answer: "Them fellers didn't want *nothing to do* with no Sunday-schools." I was crushed; but the mind of the resolute ever rises superior to the obstacles which a cruel fate may interpose, so, though I rested on my oars, it was but for a short time. The next victim was younger, and practice had perhaps improved my tactics, so I think the youth saw nothing beyond the offer of a book, which was accepted. With great care I selected a volume in which, unlike most Sunday-school books, the bad boy did not go fishing and, as a logical sequence, fill a watery grave, nor did the good boy, in consequence of having resisted the beguilements of his wicked companions, pursue the even tenor of his way to become a missionary. Yet the book, selected with care, and enlivened by a runaway, a steamboat explosion, and a lost purse, failed to satisfy the cravings of the youthful mind, as I afterward found. In a short time the book was returned. "Yer hain't got no Dream-Book, has yer?" inquired the borrower. Sorrowfully and sadly I confessed my inability to supply that style of literature, and heaving a sigh as the prospect of such a treat vanished, he refused the offer of another book and departed. I now sought to interest an acquaintance, who listened and seemed pleased, but insisted that the school must meet in the morning. Wishing to know the reason of his preference for the morning, I was told that he was the captain of a base-ball club, which always held its meetings Sunday afternoons, and that these important gatherings

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could hardly yield to a Sunday-school. This obstacle, insurmountable as I afterward found it—for every body to whom I applied was either first or second base, catcher or pitcher, of that redoubtable club—proved a sad impediment. And these are the reasons why as yet, though we have hopes for the future, no Sunday-school adorns one of the fairest villages of Missouri.

THOSE Frenchwomen sometimes hit the nail immediately atop. The other day, Edmund Yates tells us, in the studio of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the bright artist of Paris, half a dozen visitors were discussing the origin and position of a certain Russian, who has recently attracted a good deal of attention in Paris. Opinions were divided as to whether he is a prince, a brandy dealer, a baron, or a *chevalier d'industrie*. One of the speakers declared positively that he is a man of birth, and supported the assertion by saying, "Yesterday, in the Bois, I saw him get out of a carriage which was covered with armorial bearings." Thereon Madame Sarah Bernhardt looked up from her sculpture, and observed, "Vous lui avez trouvé un ancêtre. Il descend de sa voiture!" (He descends from his carriage.)

THE ideal happiness of married life was recently explained by one French bachelor to another, in answer to the question, "Why don't you marry?"

"I can't, my dear fellow. I must have perfection."

"What do you call perfection?"

"Why, I would enjoy all the happiness of married life in one week."

"But that is too much to expect, is it not?"

"Oh no; quite simple, in this way: You marry a very rich girl on Monday; you have a son and heir on Tuesday; he is baptized on Wednesday; on Thursday you take out letters to administer the property of your mother-in-law, who dies on Friday, and whom you bury on Saturday; and on Sunday you touch your inheritance."

THE present Archbishop of Dublin, the gifted author of the work, so widely known, on the *Study of Words*, is not in very robust health, and has been for many years apprehensive of paralysis. At a recent dinner in Dublin, given by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his Grace sat on the right of his hostess, the Duchess of Abercorn. In the midst of the dinner the company was startled by seeing the archbishop rise from his seat, and still more startled to hear him exclaim, in a dismal and sepulchral tone, "It has come! it has come!"

"What has come, your Grace?" eagerly cried half a dozen voices from different parts of the table.

"What I have been expecting for twenty years," solemnly answered the archbishop—"a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching myself for the last twenty minutes, and find myself entirely without sensation."

"Pardon me, my dear archbishop," said the duchess, looking up to him with a somewhat quizzical smile—"pardon me for contradicting you, but it is *I that you have been pinching*."

A FRIEND in Tioga County, Pennsylvania, sends this anecdote, told by a Scotch gentleman, now a prominent denizen of New York, who was building a large iron foundry and machine shop, and employed many workmen of various nationalities, among them several Germans.

A Scotchman, who had been in his employment for a long time, was made overseer of one of the gangs. He was active, zealous in his employer's service, and intelligent. On one occasion he came into the office somewhat excited, saying,

"Mr. D——, I canna manage wi' ane o' thae new men."

"What is the trouble?" said Mr. D——.

"Oh, he disna understan' English ava."

"What did you say to him?" asked Mr. D——.

"I tell't him to tak the hurlbarra an' wheel thae stanes doon there, an' he just stude an' glower't at me."

Of course Mr. D—— laughed; but he did not mortify "Bobby" by telling him that his standard of "English" was somewhat different from Webster's.

A BOSTON correspondent sends us the following anecdote of "Tom" Corwin:

The following characteristic anecdote, hitherto unpublished, having come to my knowledge, of this famous man, it occurred to me that its recital might bring a smile, to say the least, to the lips of some of his many admirers.

It was when "Tom" was at the zenith of his popularity, and when a word from him turned the scales generally. It is a well-known fact that he never affiliated with any Church, creeds being of secondary importance, and the definition of Christianity, for him, being found in James, i. 27. He was always a firm supporter of the Gospel, however, in the town of L——, and he regularly held a pew at the church where his wife was a devoted member; but as for himself, its four walls seldom or never held him. Poor Tom Corwin!

Now the minister at L—— being, in the course of things, about to leave, a younger aspirant for pulpit honors made his appearance in due time, and before his predecessor should depart, he made it in his way to converse with him freely and fully on the various members of the church and congregation. Of course Mr. Corwin came in for a full share of the discussion, and the incoming pastor made very minute inquiries concerning this persistent "black sheep" who wouldn't allow himself to be washed. Being assured that in a long ministry it had been impossible to impress him, the awful sense of his duty in the matter so overpowered our friend that he determined to call upon Mr. Corwin and endeavor to the best of his ability to talk him over.

So, accordingly, one day—a marked one it proved to be in his calendar—he presented himself at the door, and was delighted to find the object of his search at his table. Seeing another gentleman present, however, he felt called upon to remark that "as he had come for a private interview, he would," etc., etc. Mr. Corwin answered him that the gentleman in question was his brother-in-law, and, as such, the recipient of his most secret thoughts; consequently, any thing of a confidential nature was perfectly safe with him, and could be said then and there.

Seeing thus no alternative, the devoted helper of souls opened fire, and for an hour poured into the courteously attentive ear of his listener his torrent of alternate invective, entreaty, threatening, and promise. When he ceased for want of

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breath and words, Mr. Corwin, in the mildest way possible, answered thus:

"My dear friend, you have done your duty as you see it, and I thank you for your apparent interest in my spiritual welfare, but I can best answer you, in return for your kindness, by relating a dream I had only last night. Do you know Jones?"

"Oh yes, he is one of our deacons, and a very fine man."

"Do you also know Smith?"

"Yes, indeed; he is another of our first men, and renowned for his piety."

"And Thompson — do you happen to know him?"

"Certainly, certainly," quoth the parson; "he is one of the pillars of our church."

"Well," proceeded honest Tom, "my dream relates to all of them as well as to myself. In my dream, which is singularly distinct, we all died, and started together on the same road toward the bar of God for our final judgment. As we approached the gate of the Celestial City, we were very much surprised to see that the great tribunal was being held outside the walls. Upon a high and commanding seat we saw the judge, in whom we recognized Father Abraham in judicial robes, his firm-set features and long flowing beard alike proclaiming him to be the true patriarch. Great crowds were all around, and I must acknowledge my knees trembled under me, and there was a sore quaking at my heart as we drew near. A man at his feet had a well-thumbed ledger on his knee, in which he made search as Father Abraham called out, one by one, the names of that countless throng. Soon I heard the name of Jones called, and Jones left my side to attend the summons.



Boy. "Oh, what a scared cat!"

"'Jones,' said the patriarch, 'are you the Jones who is deacon of the church at L——?'

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'Look out Jones's account there.'

"The man searched for it in his ledger, and, finding it, handed it up.

"'I find you accredited with having given twenty-five dollars toward the belfry of the church. Is that so?'

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'I also find that you have given ten dollars yearly to the support of the Gospel.'

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'But, on the other side, you are charged with oppressing the poor, collecting enormous rents, and forgetting to pay your just dues. *I'll have none of you! Take Jones away to the left!*' And I saw poor Jones vanish from before my eyes into the throng of goats.

"'Smith!' Tremblingly Smith awaited his doom at the patriarch's feet.

"'Give me Smith's account. Smith, are you the Smith so conspicuous for piety in the church at L——?'

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'I find you accredited with fifteen dollars toward building the church. Is that so?'

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'I also find that you paid five dollars toward the expenses of the church. Is that true?'

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'But, on the other hand, I find that you have traded with your fellow-man in a way that is hardly up to the golden-rule standard. It is recorded that you used two measures in your business, one large, to buy by, and the other small, to sell by. Is that so?'

"Low came the words, 'Yes, Sire!'

"'I read here, too, that your evil tongue has crept around lies, and hasn't hesitated to bear false witness against your neighbor.'

"Lower still: 'Yes, Sire.'

"'*Away with him! wolves in sheep's clothing have no entrance here!*'

"And then I heard —and it was like the blast of a trumpet to my awed ear—'Tom Corwin! Is Tom Corwin here?' and I, shaking in every limb—for I knew I had been nothing to the church —answered, and staggered up to hear my doom.

"'Tom Corwin,' said the stern voice of Father Abraham, 'are you the notorious Tom Corwin of L——?'

"'Yes, Sire,' I answered.

"'Have you spent any thing for the belfry?'

"'No, Sire.'

"'Have you waited upon the service of the church every Sabbath?'

"'No, Sire.'

"'These things I find charged against you, Sir; but, on the other side, are you the man who signed a note for your friend to shield him, and then suffered such loss that you beggared yourself?'

"'Yes, Sire, but it was a long time ago.'

"'Are you the man who dares to give rents to the poor when they can not meet the demands?'

"'I am afraid so, Sire.'

"'Are you the man who keeps the ninth commandment, and lets your neighbor rest in peace? *Sheriff, bring me the keys! Tom Corwin, enter the Golden Gate!*'"

And "Tom," the incorrigible, smilingly bowed the parson out.

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